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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. BT. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Intolerance.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"I CAN not pray unless I see her beauty,"  
 A sad soul said, where ruthless hands had torn  
 The fair Madonna from her hallowed corner,—  
 "I gaze, am dumb, and then can only mourn."  
 "He can not pray unless he sees his idols!"  
 So said the bigot of the dried-up heart.  
 "I can not pray unless I see her beauty,  
 Which in God's house has ever had a part."  
 "You feeble one!" spoke the stern bigot proudly,  
 "I do not need the help of pretty paints;  
 I do not pray in murk of incense rising,  
 Or fill my ears with old Gregorian plaints."  
 "I can not pray unless I see her beauty,  
 Or feel His Death without the crucifix;  
 O splendor of the light upon the incense,  
 O golden glow of chalice and of pyx!"  
 "I who have lost a father and a mother  
 Do love their pictures as I saw them last,—  
 That's only reason! But your foolish figures  
 That never lived!" says fierce iconoclast.  
 "Or, if they lived, are most unlike your symbols,  
 The silly pomps of older, darker days."  
 "I can not pray unless I see her beauty,—  
 The beauty of the Spouse in earthly ways."  
 "O fool, pray in the grandeur of the mountains,  
 Or even near the daisy in the sod!"  
 "I can not pray unless I see her beauty,  
 Made by our heart and hand to honor God."  
 Iconoclast stands on his mountain, sneering,  
 And looking down on the poor, humble heart  
 Which only asks (iconoclast is haughty!)  
 That God shall be adored by Love in Art.

## Our Lady of Help.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.



THE Trinitarians, founded by St. John of Matha and St. Felix of Valois (at Rome, in 1198) for the redemption of captives taken by the infidels, had at one time as many as two hundred and fifty houses, seventeen of which were established in the British Isles. During the first four centuries of its existence, the Order is said to have rescued some thirty thousand Christians from slavery. Besides its houses, the Order established, notably in France and the Low Countries, two brotherhoods for the laity,—one for devotion to Our Lady of Help; the other of the Blessed Trinity, to aid in the work of redeeming Christians from slavery. Most of these brotherhoods were suppressed at the French Revolution, and were not afterward restored; the need for them being no longer felt, because then the power of the Barbary corsairs to capture Christians and keep them in slavery had been broken. It is to the glory of the United States, the British and the Dutch navies, that they largely contributed, in the early part of the last century, to put down piracy in the Mediterranean.

Two of these brotherhoods, however, still exist, as devotional associations, in the church of St. Giles, in the town of Bruges in Belgium; and the memory of the good work they did of old is recalled by an historical group that figures in

the parochial procession from that church which takes place on every alternate Trinity Sunday.

Bruges is without a rival in its religious processions, of which there are at least seven annually. That in honor of the relic of the Holy Blood, kept at Bruges for more than seven centuries and a half, enjoys a world-wide renown, and every May strangers from many lands throng to see it. This and the Corpus Christi procession are escorted by horse and foot soldiers, while the civil authorities participate in them. In all these processions, except that of the Holy Blood, the Blessed Sacrament is carried. The demeanor and good behavior of those looking on at these processions are, as a rule, most reverent; but the devotion of the people of Bruges is best shown during the parochial processions, at which few strangers assist. The fronts of all the houses, in the streets through which such processions pass, display the black, yellow and red national flag of Belgium, while in the windows of every house lighted candles are set. Often between these some treasured household ornament is placed in the humbler dwellings of the poor, such as china figures of youths and maidens in Louis-Quinze costumes, or a gaudily framed, highly colored cheap lithograph, depicting some wholly incongruous subject. Thereat the æsthete may stare aghast or the puritan feel shocked; but Our Lord, who regarded the widow's mite, will, in passing, accept this simple homage of the lowly.

The parish of St. Giles is among the poorest in Bruges, but in the number of its processions, in the beauty, variety and freshness of the costumes worn by those composing them, leaves nothing to be desired. Three large banners are remarkable for their beauty, and are said to rank among the best processional banners of Bruges, of which the various churches contain many fine examples. Two of these, in the St. Giles procession were, I learned, the work of an Irish embroiderer, Mr. H. English, whose life-work has been done

in the old Flemish city. One of these banners, all worked by hand, was of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold. In the centre is a fine figure of Our Lady of Help, called in French *Notre-Dame de Remède*, a vocable not to be confounded with that of Our Lady of Ransom. Beneath the figure of the Blessed Virgin are figures of several Trinitarian Fathers, and of some Christian slaves in chains imploring help.

This title took its origin from the devotion paid to a white marble statue of Our Lady long preserved in a convent of the Trinitarians at Valencia in Spain, or, according to others, at Cordova. It seems that in the year 1560 a ship set sail from Genoa for Spain, having on board many passengers and a rich cargo, part of which was a white marble statue of the Blessed Mother of God. The ship was captured by Barbary pirates, and its crew and passengers taken to Algiers to be made slaves. Now, there were in the town at this time certain Trinitarian Fathers, who had come with money to ransom Christian slaves. They saw the pirates, in derision of the Mother of God, put up the white marble statue of Our Lady for auction in the slave-market. The Fathers ransomed it with all the money they had with them, trusting that she who is the Help of Christians would not allow any of her children to suffer for lack of the money spent in ransoming her statue. Their trust was rewarded. Not only were the slaves for whose freedom they had been in treaty set free, but the captured ship, with its crew and passengers, together with the Fathers and their freed slaves, was allowed to depart in peace and to sail away for Spain. There the Fathers began the devotion to Our Lady of Help, and they erected brotherhoods of it wherever their work for redeeming captives was being carried on. The confraternity of Our Lady of Help was erected in the church of St. Giles at Bruges in 1648. In the same place and year a brotherhood of the Blessed Trinity for



the redemption of captives was founded.\*

The moving spirit in establishing this brotherhood was the parish priest of St. Giles, named Jennyn. He wrote and published several small books to make it known, as well as the indulgences to be gained by those who gave it their support. He also travelled in the Netherlands, collecting alms for the brotherhood. Its resources were otherwise limited to the subscription of its members, and to money placed in collecting boxes in the Commerce Hôtel at Bruges, and on the barges which plied with passengers between that city and Ghent and Ostend.

The affairs of the brotherhood were managed by a council of twelve leading citizens of Bruges, with the archdeacon of the cathedral as their provost. One of the most notable men on this council was Emanuel d'Aranda, a native of Bruges, but descended from a noble Spanish family long settled there. About two years before the brotherhood was founded, he had paid a visit to the land of his forefathers. It was while returning by sea to Flanders that his ship was taken by Algerine pirates off the coast of Brittany, and for nearly two years he was a slave in Algiers. After his liberation, he wrote a book describing his experiences as a slave. Written in French, it went through several editions, and was translated into Latin, Flemish, and English. It would have been impossible to find a person better qualified than this author to give advice to the council of the new brotherhood. The minutes of its meetings, its correspondence and its accounts have been preserved, and show how active the brotherhood was

in carrying on its charitable work during nearly a century and a half.

In conjunction with similar confraternities in the Low Countries and France, it helped to ransom nearly two thousand five hundred Christian slaves. Among them were three natives of Bruges. These, in thanksgiving for their liberation, on returning home, walked in the procession which took place, after Mass, on every fourth Sunday of the month, under the auspices of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Help. The chains and dress they had worn as slaves were worn in the procession. The chains of one of these liberated slaves were formerly to be seen suspended as an *ex-voto* offering beside the statue of Our Lady of Help in the church of St. Giles; but they were lost when the church was desecrated during the French Revolution. The statue of Our Lady was put up for sale and bought by the treasurer of the Confraternity to which the statue belonged, and so was saved from destruction. The last slave ransomed by the brotherhood of the Holy Trinity was a youth named De Mulder.

De Mulder was the only son of a potter, who was doing a small business in Bruges. Not caring to work at his father's trade, he enlisted in the Austrian army, from which he deserted. He is next heard of as a slave at Mascara in Algeria. The brotherhood resolved to restore him to his aged parent; and, after prolonged negotiations with agents at Marseilles and Algiers, he was ransomed at a cost of over five hundred dollars of our money, besides considerable other expenses. He returned by sea to Dunkirk, where he was met by his father. But his troubles were not at an end. As a deserter, he was liable to be shot if he returned to Bruges, then under Austrian rule. After much opposition from the military authorities, De Mulder was pardoned by the Emperor Joseph II., and returned home, reaching Bruges on April 22, 1781. That same day he walked in the monthly procession of the brotherhood that had freed him. He

\* For all details about these two brotherhoods I am indebted to Chanoine E. Rembry's learned work, "De Bekende Pastors van Sint-Gillis te Brugge"; and to his article on "Le Dernier Esclave Brugeois," published in the *Annales de la Société d'Emulation* of Bruges for 1905. The author, who was V. G. of the Bishop of Bruges, died soon after this last article was published. He was a man equally remarkable for his piety, humility, and learning. R. I. P.

settled down to his father's business, and died full of years and much respected in 1828.

The two brotherhoods in the church of St. Giles were suppressed, along with other religious confraternities, by Joseph II.; but were restored after that Emperor's death. They were again broken up during the French Revolution, and were subsequently revived as devotional associations; but their active work for the redeeming of Christian slaves was ended. As we have seen, it was no longer needed.


The memory of that work has been kept alive by a group in the procession of St. Giles' parish. It was first formed in the great Jubilee procession of the relic of the Holy Blood in 1850, when every parish of Bruges was called upon to send a group. The St. Giles' group represented the freeing of De Mulder, as it still does in the parish procession. It is now headed by the banner of Our Lady of Help already described, immediately followed by a group of Christian slaves in chains, guarded by cruel-looking slave-dealers holding whips in their hands. Behind these comes the Dey of Algiers, with his officers and guards, followed by some Trinitarian Fathers in white habits, marked with a red and blue cross on the right breast. With them walk slaves, carrying in their hands their chains, entwined with flowers, showing that they have been ransomed. The last of these represents De Mulder, accompanied by his father and members of the brotherhood of the Holy Trinity. The group is completed by the captain, officers, and some of the crew of the French ship *Active*, which brought home the last Christian slave that was ransomed by the brotherhood.

The Confraternity did a good work in its day, and its memory should be kept green. But times have changed. The Church, however, adapts itself to the age; and already tales are told of how motor cars, wireless telegraphy, and even aeroplanes, have been her instruments in freeing sinners from the chains of sin.

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### I.

 FROM an artistic point of view, Camphill was a model town. It lay in so narrow a valley that the back windows of the houses on either side of its single street looked out on grassy slopes; and from the church, which stood at one end of it, nothing but the roofs of the houses at the farther end was visible. With this church, whose pre-Reformation date was marked by its carvings of Our Lady and the saints, began the beauty of the village. At the foot of the old grey walls nestled a group of almshouses, only less old than they; and although the trimness of the rectory, with its neat flower-beds and spotless muslin curtains, struck a more modern note, the house itself was of the same picturesque period as were its neighbors.

The wide street straggled lazily along, winding with the natural curves of the valley; so, although its whole length, from the church above to the last deep-eaved picturesque cottage on the edge of the plain, measured over half a mile, the view from each individual house was limited. There was, indeed, one stretch, called by courtesy the market-place, where the comings and goings of each house were visible to at least a dozen of its neighbors; but even here there was seldom anything worth seeing.

So thought Ula Plunkett, as she sat in the ivy-covered bow-window of the Corner House in the market-place, with her diary open before her and a pen firmly wedged between her teeth. There was a big mirror over the mantelpiece; and had she then looked at the face in it, of which she tried conscientiously not to think too often, she would have seen a frown that ought not to have furrowed the low, white forehead, and a most



unbecoming circle of discontent around the pretty lips.

It was not only in the market-place that nothing ever happened: the whole of Camphill was as uninteresting as ever it could be. Life was as dull in it as it would have been—in prison; and Ula looked round the big, homely room with a defiant air. She knew that she was ungrateful and idle and discontented. In fact, she herself as well as the life she was forced to lead was detestable.

Then, without a moment's warning, all dulness, all thoughts of self-condemnation, were forgotten; the diary was pushed aside; the pen was allowed to fall unnoticed to the floor; and, springing to her feet, Ula stared out into the hitherto uninteresting street, her face expressing both delight and amazement, and her eyes sparkling with expectancy.

On the opposite side of the street, and some distance from the ivy-clad window, a signboard hung out from a quaint old building, proclaiming to the passers-by that here was the White Hart Inn; and it was a figure coming out of the door of this hostelry that had wrought the quick change both in Ula's thoughts and in her appearance. Tall and dark, the stranger—for it was evident he was no inhabitant of Camphill—walked with an easy stride that soon brought him opposite the Corner House. There he paused for an instant, as though undecided whether to cross the street or not; and whilst he did so Ula, who instinctively had hidden herself behind the nearest curtain, held her breath and a flash of color came to her cheeks,—which, however, died away as the man she was watching passed on and was soon out of sight. Then, with a long-drawn breath, she sat down suddenly, and, turning from the window, gazed before her into the familiar room with unseeing eyes.

Stuart Leigh had come back again. It was a month since he had gone away,—the longest month, Ula thought, of all the twelve since she had left school;

and perhaps this time his uncle would have him to stay at the old Court Farm, and—and Camphill would no longer be dull if there was a chance of meeting any one so amusing and interesting every time one went out.

The object of Ula's thoughts would not have been elated had he known that, even to herself, she owed to no greater interest in him than this. He had flattered himself during the weeks he had already spent at Camphill that Oliver Plunkett's pretty little sister was very much more struck than this with the charm of his personality; in fact, he had felt secure that he needed only to hold out his hand to capture as pretty a little bird as he had met for quite a long time. And, indeed, had there been no such thing as the important matter of ways and means, Stuart Leigh would willingly have submitted to the attraction which now held him unwillingly more than half prisoner.

He was one of those unfortunate beings who are born with expectations, and who, in consequence, never set to work steadily to do anything for themselves. His uncle, Mr. Stuart of the Old Court Farm, gave him a small allowance; and when he came to Camphill, as latterly he had taken to doing, there was always a welcome for him, but never any word or act to show whether he or his cousin, the old man's only other remaining relative, was to be the heir. Certainly Stuart was the elder sister's son; but, on the other hand, his cousin seemed to be the favorite; and it was in the hopes of ingratiating himself with his uncle that he had begun to frequent the White Hart at Camphill. He had travelled much and was a brilliant talker; and Oliver Plunkett, who had been tied to his office stool ever since he left college, had been fascinated by him; though had he been asked if he considered Stuart Leigh as a friend, he would unhesitatingly have replied in the negative. Bird & Plunkett was an old established firm of solicitors; and Oliver had been only

a year in the office when the death of his father had brought him at the same time a junior partnership in the firm and the care of two younger sisters. Maura, though a year his junior, seemed to be much older than he; and at twenty-four she was looked upon by nineteen-year-old Ursula as a veritable old maid.

Perhaps she had taken her responsibilities more seriously than was necessary; for, up to this, things had gone well with the trio; and life in the Corner House, if uneventful, and, in Ula's eyes at all events, altogether dull, had been free from any real care. Their father had left them each with an income, which, when clubbed together, sufficed for their very simple wants, and each year Oliver's earnings in the office were increasing.

The present, therefore, was free from worry. But lately Maura had been looking to the future, and, for her sister's sake, a feeling of uneasiness was growing upon her. Ula was no longer contented at home. The domestic duties, and the small round of gaieties that had sufficed her during the first months after she had left school, were beginning to pall upon her; and, though she struggled intermittently against this feeling of discontent, she could not hide it from Maura, who was distressed and uneasy because she did not know how far Stuart Leigh was responsible for it.

She did not realize that Ula was thinking seriously of him, because she knew she would not marry a man who professed no religion whatever. But she was willing to be amused by him; to take her part in what to her was a most innocent flirtation, but which Maura feared might lead her into really caring for a man who, her every instinct told her, was neither to be admired nor to be trusted. She had vainly tried to persuade Oliver to ask him less often to the Corner House. But he had only laughed, and declared that the fellow asked himself. And what did it matter when he would be leaving Camphill so soon? Then, to Maura's joy,

had come his departure. But her rejoicing was short-lived; for Ula's fit of moping and discontent had made her fear that already more mischief had been done than she had thought; and Stuart Leigh's reappearance had now come to add to her perplexities.

Ula's discovery of his return to Camphill was somewhat belated; for it happened that he had already been back for several days before she saw him coming out of the White Hart. She had had a cold, and, in consequence, had neither been out herself nor seen any one who would have told her the news. Miss Amy Venn and her sister, Miss Lucy, who were the Plunketts' oldest friends, and who still occupied the house that in their father's time had been known as "The Doctor's," had paid her more than one visit; but the old lady looked upon Stuart Leigh as the acme of everything undesirable, and she would no more have mentioned him to Ula than Maura would have done. Indeed, with the kindest intention in the world, she had warned Maura that his visits to the Corner House were being commented upon by the gossips of the village; and then had learned with pleasure from old Anne, the Plunketts' faithful nurse and friend, that she had received orders to say "Not at home" to Mr. Leigh unless he called at Oliver's invitation.

The Doctor's house was nearly opposite the White Hart; and, by watching the outgoing of its guests, and then craning her neck as far as dignity would permit, Miss Lucy had been able to report that twice within four days Stuart Leigh had been refused admittance to the Corner House. It was, then, no wonder that he hesitated, as Ula had seen him do, before making a third attempt. But she, quite unaware that he had tried at all, was unduly disappointed; and when the door opened, and Maura came to break in on her reverie, she turned an animated face to her and addressed her quickly.

"Do you know who is at the White Hart?" she exclaimed; continuing, without



waiting for an answer: "Mr. Leigh has come back."

"Yes, I know," replied Maura, in her most tranquil voice. "He has come to say 'good-bye' to his uncle before going back to the Cape, or wherever he was last year." (This piece of information she had just received from Anne.) "He has been in the town for some days, I believe."

"For some days!" repeated Ula, in a tone of disappointment. "And he has not been to see us! How horrid of him—"

To Maura's relief, the door that she had just closed was at that moment reopened; and Anne, coming in to summon Ula to one of the extra meals which were a part of her convalescence, relieved her of the necessity of making a reply, which, under the circumstances, would have been difficult to do; for she did not want to tell Ula of the unsuccessful attempts Mr. Leigh had made to see her; and yet, if actually questioned, she would have been obliged to reveal them.

(To be continued.)

### A Strange Vocation.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

#### I.

IN searching the pages of the lives of the Blessed Margaret Mary and the Venerable de la Colombière, and the correspondence of their contemporaries, we meet with records of a less eminent life than the first mentioned perhaps, but one with a peculiar charm of its own, that of an original and vivacious personality,—the story, namely, of Mademoiselle de Lyonne, afterward Sister Marie Rosalie of the Visitation. Gathering together these scattered touches of description, and setting the whole in the surroundings of the time, the country, and the history of the quaint old town of Paray-le-Monial, we have simply endeavored in this paper to form a complete picture of the beautiful Marie de Lyonne.\*

In its present diminished state, Paray is very different from the active and complete little township it formed about 1675, closely surrounded by its circle of walls and pointed mediæval turrets. But the old parish church on the hill then raised its three towers to the clear blue sky, as it greets modern pilgrims nowadays. The river still runs its winding course, but then it was spanned by two bridges. One, called "La Bourbince," was lined with houses on both sides, much as London Bridge was formerly, as shown in old prints. We might pass then through the Perier Gate, and visit St. Nicholas' Church, near which was the small Jesuit College, not long founded then, but soon to be rendered immortal by the presence of Father de la Colombière as its superior.

All these sights were very familiar to the little Marie, who grew up, carefully guarded, in her country home near the town, looking down on the strong castle forming the citadel which was commanded by Marie's uncle, François de Reclesnes, and from whose lofty keep could be seen a fine panorama of the pleasant and fertile country of the Charollais. We can imagine the grim captain of many wars lifting up his niece to look over the battlements when she came to see his mother and sister Marie, who lived with him there.

The little girl was the youngest child of an adoring family. Her father was the Seigneur de Lyonne, Antoine de Reclesnes; and her mother, "Dame" Anne de Baudinot. Being left a widow before the child grew up, and having married off her elder daughters, the mother centred all her affections on the beautiful youngest girl; although some mention is made of her having brothers.

Paray was then as busy a little town as a hive of bees. There were tanneries,

\* Authorities quoted: "L'Histoire du Venerable Claude de la Colombière"; complétée à l'aide des documents inédits, par le R. P. Pierre Charrier, S. J., 1894; also "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary," from contemporary records, published by the Visitation Convent at Paray.

and looms weaving materials for the inhabitants, some of whom farmed the lands of the *grands seigneurs* living around. Each trade had its own guild. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the place had been overrun by Huguenots, and for many years they formed the majority in the town. At one time, indeed, there remained only a dozen families faithful to the old religion (as is mentioned by Father de Barry, the first superior of the Jesuits there), and these were reduced to the condition of laborers and peasants; while the Huguenots, strange as it seems, obtained possession of all the professions. They were the notaries, the surgeons, secretaries, and lawyers; and one of them even obtained the post of official to carry out the execution of the Edict of Nantes. In the time of Mademoiselle de Lyonne they were still very powerful, rebellious to both civil and ecclesiastical powers, and actively influencing the bourgeoisie.

The great bell of St. Nicholas was a familiar sound to the ears of our heroine. It rang the hours of the church; but it also rang to summon the meeting of the syndics, composed of four notables and the mayor of the town. When we read that in this little town there were eleven lawyers, five notaries, and a magistrate, we feel that there were at least enough people to manage its affairs.

Mademoiselle, however, knew little of this active civic life. She grew up in the circles of the great nobility, living in their various castles; for they were mostly related to one another, and were also very powerful. Many, however, were attracted away from the country to the larger interests of the court of Louis XIV., and many others joined his wards. They interfered with the little town only so far as the interests of their estates were concerned. But they formed, we gather, a brilliant society, Catholic by race, though probably not very serious in practice, and profoundly disdainful of the Huguenot citizen magnates. Marie was one with

them, both in charm and tastes; and her sweet temper and unusual beauty soon made her a great favorite,—almost, as we shall see, a little queen in this brilliant circle.

Madame de Reclesnes gratified every whim of her daughter; and though Marie was willing enough to take advantage of this fondness, her sweet disposition and purity of heart kept her wonderfully unspoiled by it all. Like her circle and family, she was not at all inclined to be *dévoté*, or pious; and as a child she had a great dislike to convents, of which there were several in the town. Once, indeed, she almost fainted, or pretended to faint, when taken close to the *grille* to see a nun. Yet her grandmother could remind her that when she was four years old, and was passing the Visitation Convent, she unaccountably remarked: "What a beautiful house! I shall die in it."

Contemporary writers are unanimous in speaking of her beauty, and especially of her "wonderful blond complexion." We can picture her face of the type of old France, which still meets us occasionally in families of the ancient *noblesse* or on the walls of the Louvre Galleries,—the perfect oval; the small, scarcely curved nose; the arched eyebrows and large dark-blue or brown eyes; the small, curved mouth, with its arch smile,—for one of Mademoiselle's charms was her ready wit and quick, vivacious repartees, as became a daughter of France.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the most distinguished young nobles around rivalled one another in asking Madame Lyonne for her daughter's hand; and, although the good lady doubtless thought it her duty to represent to her daughter the respective merits of the most eligible of these offers, yet we may suppose that she was not altogether sorry when Marie declined to consider them, one and all, with a toss of her head and a little characteristic laugh, that showed she was quite heart-whole. The young *Sieur Henri de Bectoz* was perhaps rather



a favorite with her; although she was unaware of the depth of his devotion, which was one day to be shown in a tragic and unexpected manner.

Our heroine enjoyed her life such as it was. She delighted to attire herself in the richly flowered silks which were then the fashion, and, accompanied by her mother, to attend the social gatherings of the châteaux. There was, we know, the château of the Comte de Damas de la Clayette; that of the Marquis de Vichy-Chauvron; that of the Comte de Montmorillon; that of the Comte Bains de Digue, and many other high-sounding names now passed away from the roll-call of France, but doubtless well known to the De Lyonne de Reclesnes family.

There were at this period brilliant fêtes given in the old walled gardens, and graceful dances, such as the pavane, slowly paced on the summer sward; and, as mention is made even by Father de la Colombière of Mademoiselle's love of dancing, we may well imagine that she was an adept at this pastime. The pavane was a measure paced by one couple at a time. The gentleman, with his short velvet cloak flung over his left arm, his richly ornamented sword hanging beneath it, gave his right hand to the lady, holding it high up as he bowed before her. She, attired in all probability in a sweeping brocade dress covered with sheeny flowers, stepped noiselessly in many turns backwards, forwards, and sideways, with graceful deep curtesies to her partner. All was measured, stately, and slow in those far-off days, when dancing was a fine art, and the double-whirling of modern times undreamed of.

But there were other amusements at these gatherings. There were recitations of verses and quaint conceits; many of them subtly turned to the lady's praise, no doubt; and often spoken by the author himself, standing in the centre of a circle most willing to be pleased, and bowing low before the queen of beauty. There were *masques*, too, and the singing of

madrigals to the twanging of mandolins; there were plays and charades acted under the trees, and the guessing of enigmas, and those *jeux de mots* so much appreciated then,—for we do but picture the amusements of gay France under *Le Roi Soleil*. There were doubtless moonlight walks on the stone terrace under the castle walls; above all, there were, we may be sure, showers of compliments, and possibly bouquets for the most admired beauty of the circle. How, then, did Mademoiselle keep herself so unspoiled by the world she lived in? She was so used to this life that she took it as a matter of course, and harm seemed to fall away from her, as rose petals fell from the folds of her dress.

At last, however, a shadow of weariness began to fall on her. She was, in fact, sated with success; and, as so many others have found before her, she began to suspect that it was but a hollow bubble after all. As she nevertheless still believed that the world held nothing but sweets and smiles for her, the lilies and roses in her cheeks were undiminished by this slight care. She was to have a rude awakening from her dream.

## II.

Mademoiselle de Lyonne was in the state of mind of being a little tired of her world of admirers, when an incident occurred, which, however unromantic and even absurd, has often been related of our beautiful heroine, because of the great effect it had on her, in putting an end to her love of the world, its pleasures and frivolities.

One afternoon Marie was returning, richly dressed as usual, from Vespers at the parish church of Paray, with quite a little crowd of her friends and acquaintances following her, when they met a herd of swine returning from the fields,—no unusual sight at Paray in the evening hour. The herd was a large one—about fifty animals. The party scattered on all sides to let the herd pass; but Mademoiselle Marie, sad to say, was too late.

She was caught by the onrush of the animals; and the leader of them, with a loud snort, would have knocked her down, had she not managed to fall on the creature's back. Though she cried for help as loud as she could, it was of no avail; and behold our poor beauty carried through her native town on the rough beast's back, clutching his ears and tail—anything she could—to steady herself, and in terror of being thrown and trampled in the mud! The bitterest part of it was the absurdity of the position, and the loud shouts of laughter and quizzing ejaculations from those behind, whom she had thought her slaves, and some, no doubt, whom she had called her lovers. Yet not one of the light-hearted band rescued her from her painful predicament, until at last her strange Pegasus was stopped in his mad career by a wall, and poor Mademoiselle managed to slip off,—but in tears and sadly splashed with mud.

This, however, was not the end of the misadventure; indeed, she thought she would never hear the end of it. French "malice," or the sense of the ridiculous, is a remarkably strong trait, and neither good-breeding nor charity could silence this voluble enjoyment of the situation. Possibly some slight spirit of revenge for any past snubs received from the queen of their society, polite as she was, added zest to the young people's merriment at her discomfiture, now that they were assured that she was not really injured by the adventure.

Next morning quite a number of witty poems, lampoons and caricatures at her expense, were laid on our poor beauty's toilette table by a too willing maid; and, though it has not been recorded exactly what they contained, one can imagine that, in the fashion of the day, "swine," or its equivalent, was made to rhyme with "beauty divine"; that she was likened to a modern Circe; and that she was accused of tiring of her sway over human hearts, and preferring brutes to men. In fact, there is no end to the

"conceits" to be suggested by the theme, and we feel sure that the classical dictionary was ransacked by the poets for fables illustrating the incident.

Not daring to move from her room, the poor girl spent the day in tears and disillusionment, vowing she would never believe in any one again, and refusing to be consoled by her mother's tender flatteries. Whether the *Sieur de Bectoz's* name was among those of the versifiers, we can not say; but we are inclined to think, from the seriousness of his devotion, that it was not to be found there. The same penance was inflicted on her for days; for in a small provincial town like Paray, people were glad of a laugh and a bit of gossip; but at last the busy pens tired of the joke. Fortunately, Mademoiselle's sweet temper and quick wit came to her rescue; and she saw that the best thing to do would be to laugh with the rest and *at* herself; and, in fact, to make the best of the incident, with her French light-heartedness.

But something of a sting was left by it all in her heart, and she ceased to care for society so much, and began to seek out works of charity to interest herself in; to give up reading romances and to study "The Imitation of Christ." She was more gentle to others; her *hauteur* had disappeared. She visited the convent of the Visitation, to invoke its founder, St. Francis of Sales, to give her an increase of true knowledge; for his counsels to people living in the world were well known. She began to wonder what was God's will in her regard, and to try to follow it. She was rewarded by an inward monition or presentiment that some one would shortly be sent to her, to show her the way.

The narrative now takes a serious turn; and a short sketch of the means which Providence had been preparing for her help and guidance, will not be amiss.

(To be continued.)

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Food and clothing and home-shelter never have yet won love.—*John Ayscough.*



## The Visitation.

BY G. M. HORT.

*The Mother of my Lord is come unto me.*

I.

THE Mother of my Lord is come!  
 Her shadow falls across my home,—  
 A shadow fairer than the sun.  
 This salutation in the door  
 The heart could hearken evermore,  
 And ever deem it new-begun.

II.

The Mother of my Lord is here!  
 She comes to bless,—she knew my fear.  
 She comes to grant the soul release.  
 My unhorn hope with life is fed,  
 And barren fields to harvest spread,  
 And yearnings touch the Gate of Peace.

III.

The Mother of my Lord is come!  
 My house is husht, my spouse is dumb.  
 How can I give her welcome meet?  
 And yet with light and wine and song  
 The Angels of the Presence throng;  
 The threshold flowers beneath her feet.

IV.

The Mother of my Lord is here!  
 All Hail! The darkling dreams grow clear.  
 All Hail! The unseen morrows shine,  
 When tears shall feed the springs of grace,  
 And sword-like sorrows only trace  
 A pathway for the Will Divine.

I NEVER performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church; or when I read my abjuration, and publicly professed the Catholic Faith. For the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility; and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's word on His own authority.—*Dr. Brownson.*

## How Our Lady Came Back to Goldling.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

MRS. WYATT was a great woman, a very stately and wonderful old lady. She was now in her eighties, and she had reigned a queen at Goldling Manor House since she had come there as the Squire's lady sixty years ago. She was gracious, she was kind; she was a perfect friend, and she numbered many great people among her friends; she had the most beautiful manners; she had, in the eighties, the heart and the wit of a young woman. She had just one prejudice—and that prejudice was quite in the picture, seeing what a staunch Conservative the old lady was,—she was bitterly anti-Catholic; and in so sound and sweet a nature as hers the bitterness was a strange thing.

Like most things of the sort, it had an explanation. Her only son had married an Italian wife. The marriage had estranged mother and son. Before the estrangement had had a chance of being bridged over, Francis Wyatt had died. His widow had not survived him very long. Little Francis had come home to his grandmother,—a beautiful child, with eyes of the South and his father's golden hair as a strange contrast. To his grandmother had fallen the bringing-up of little Francis.

In the result, he was a bitter disappointment to her. To herself (to no one else) she said that the boy was un-English. The late Squire, her husband, had been a bluff, unimaginative English gentleman, honest and courageous, with a love and a knowledge of dogs and horses and land and cattle; very deficient in book-learning. His wife had adored him. She had intellect enough for two. She would have liked young Francis to resemble his grandfather.

And here was Francis dreamy, gentle, absorbed in books, especially poetry; a

lover of music and the arts,—in all essentials the child of the Italian mother, not of the English father. His liking for sports was tepid; he abhorred the public school, though he stuck it out; at Oxford he found a set like-minded with himself, and was happy enough.

Nothing to quarrel with, observed Mr. Morrell, the vicar, when Mrs. Wyatt grumbled. Francis had attended the extremely low services at the parish church all those years, and had not complained. Some rumor of his having been seen at St. Aloysius' at Oxford reached his grandmother one day. She had sent for her solicitor and added a codicil to her will. Every penny she could leave away from Francis was left elsewhere, if Francis became a Catholic or married a Catholic. She told him of this when he came home in the long vacation. He had answered that at the moment he had no intention of becoming a Catholic. Nothing more was said between them on the subject, but Mrs. Wyatt's prejudices were fanned to a flame.

While she was angry, she evicted an old gardener on the estate whom she discovered to be a Catholic. There was some feeling about it among the people. He was taken in by a coreligionist, so there was no great harm done; but to a temerarious person who remonstrated with Mrs. Wyatt, she had replied that no Catholic had entered the doors of Goldling Manor since the Reformation, and, so far as it lay in her power, neither the Manor House nor the estate should harbor any of that "pestilent breed." The one who had remonstrated—who was no other indeed than the amiable Mr. Morrell—had gone away saying that Mrs. Wyatt's being so angry proved that she knew she was in the wrong.

It was an unpropitious moment for the Alcantarines to make their appearance as Mrs. Wyatt's neighbors. Benets at Kingcup, just over Mrs. Wyatt's borders, had been long untenanted. It was an old farmhouse, quite among the fields, which had been a portion of a Benedictine monastery. It was within sight of the Manor

House windows, where the fields dipped to a valley; and, whereas all around was Wyatt land, Benets was on a little tongue which had belonged to an old man living in London, who never visited it.

If Mrs. Wyatt had known that Benets was in the market, she would have bought it. It had always been something of a Naboth's Vineyard in the centre of the Wyatt land; only it had been so unobtrusive that it had become part of the landscape. No one ever visited it. Smoke never rose from its chimneys except when a fire was lit there to keep it from falling to pieces with damp. It was furnished, though very sparsely; and if old Mr. Sowerby up in London forgot all else about his scrap of property in the Essex hills, he remembered to have a fire lit now and again by some one from the village.

Mrs. Wyatt was returning home one February evening. She still went about quite unattended, although it made some of her friends shiver to think of the old lady alone up in London. She had taken a hansom to Liverpool Street station,—taking care to select a horse with good legs, and refusing the cabman's order of precedence. She always looked for a horse whose legs she approved, to the intense and not always silent indignation of the cabmen whose horses failed to satisfy her.

Getting out like a young woman, she stopped to say a word in season to the cabman about being kind to his horse. Then she went into the station, walked along the platform, and was aware of a crowd.

Some one made way for her to see what was going on. She had an imperious air which made people give way to her. Not an accident. The crowd was a good-tempered London crowd. There was a great deal of rough cockney humor being freely exercised on some one or something. At first she could not see. Then a little cockney pushed her into the front row of spectators, saying:

"Right you are, mum! All the fun o' the fair an' nothink to pay. 'E ain't a guy,—not 'arf."



What Mrs. Wyatt saw was a group of bearded men, with brown Italian faces—bareheaded, barefooted in their sandals,—clad in the brown habit of St. Francis. One who seemed to be the leader was saying something in Italian pleadingly. His companions were doing nothing, only standing meekly, bearing with the horse-play of the crowd.

Friars! Mrs. Wyatt had seen the habit before in the Umbrian country, by the vineyards under the olives. That was before Francis the elder had married the Italian girl. She remembered to have looked at the figures with admiration, thinking them a part of the picture. It was re-creating the past for her,—dear St. Francis and his companions, under the blue skies, against the grey of the olives and the white houses. But in England! She had a fierce feeling of repulsion for the friars. England had long ago spoken her mind concerning them. They were some of those foreign "monks" whom England was sheltering when they had been cast forth by her wiser neighbors.

Still, a lover of animals like Mrs. Wyatt could not hate the dear St. Francis, though she would have liked to claim him as a Protestant saint. And the man who was the leader of the little band, whose dark, appealing eyes looked from one grinning face to another while he poured forth his soft Italian speech, was as like as possible to a picture of St. Francis which hung on Mrs. Wyatt's bedroom wall, side by side with Queen Victoria and Nelson and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Besides, her instinct of fair play was aroused.

The friar's eyes came back from the amused crowd and rested on the intelligence and dignity of the old face, the eyes of which were regarding him coldly. He began his entreaties over again. Would Madame explain? He and his brethren had just landed. They had no money to reach their destination: every penny had been expended in getting them to where they stood.

A policeman had appeared at the edge of the crowd. Mrs. Wyatt was aware of him. She hardened her heart. They had better go to jail till they could be returned to their own country as rogues and vagrants. Why should England be the dumping ground of the unprofitable?

Still, the instinct of fair play got the uppermost. If there were no other interpreter, she must act as one. She translated briefly what the friar had said, then turned about and made her way out of the crowd in the direction of her carriage. As she went she heard the chink of coin. Some one was sending the hat round for the friars. The good-natured crowd responded with roars of laughter as the coins fell in the hat or missed their aim and fell on the ground. The policeman stood at the edge of the crowd, grinning.

Mrs. Wyatt had a bitter distaste for the whole business. Stupid people to be giving money to the friars to proceed on their way! Yet she had been hardly less annoyed at the boorish merriment of the crowd. What would those foreigners think of England? A country of guffawing savages.

She opened her *Spectator* and tried to lose herself in it. She could still read without spectacles, if the light were at all possible. But she could not lose her sense of irritation, of vexation. That England should open her door to those mendicants! She wondered where they were going to settle down. Not far away from Goldling lived a Catholic nobleman. A little Catholic settlement had sprung up about him, beyond the village which had remained Catholic through the storms of the Reformation, because the family had had power to protect it.

The train reached the junction where the little loop-line train waited. Mrs. Wyatt alighted. She stumbled as she got down from the carriage (which was high above the platform), would have fallen if she had not been steadied. She looked up at the one who had helped her. It was the friar, the spokesman,—the prior she supposed he would call himself. His

soft Italian accents were at her ears, thanking her for what she had done in interpreting for him. "The good kind people!" That was what he called the yahoos at Liverpool Street station.

Mrs. Wyatt hurried into her carriage. She wished she had been beholden to any one rather than the friar. Even yet she had not realized. There were three stations before one reached Kingcup. She had made up her mind that the friar would alight at Ingestre. She stepped out at Kingcup to see them on the platform. They were looking for some one to direct them.

Mrs. Wyatt hastened on. It was only when the carriage had started that she began to feel a little mean about it. It was not till the next morning, when she came down to breakfast, that she heard the truth. She was moved to ask William, the old man-servant, when he brought in the teapot, if he knew anything about the destination of the friars.

"Why, yes'm!" said William. "They've bought up Benets. They do say as it was bought in trust, else they'd never have got it."

Mrs. Wyatt felt as though the trick had been played on herself. She was bitterly resentful of the coming of the friars, and angry with herself because she had helped them on their way. After breakfast, when she went upstairs, she could not help looking across the fields to Benets. A very thin spiral of smoke arose from the chimneys. In the field there were a few brown figures, apparently engaged in digging.

During the days that followed various scraps of information reached Mrs. Wyatt concerning the friars. Benets had been bought for them by a friend as a gift: they had no endowment; they were going to make a vineyard of their field on the sunny hillside, and grow flowers and vegetables in the long-neglected gardens.

She did not seek information. She was too resentful of their presence. She tried to ignore it as much as possible, never glancing, except by chance, through the

windows from which Benets was visible. In the morning as she lay in bed she heard the bell ring for Mass. She was aware, after a sleepless night, that it rang at intervals from three o'clock in the morning. At noon it rang for a meal; at five o'clock for another; at eight for bedtime.

All this jangling of bells was a great vexation to Mrs. Wyatt, who thought her own bell at St. Mary's pleasant to hear on a country Sabbath morning or evening. St. Mary's was an enormous church for a hamlet like Goldling. It would have housed twenty times the congregation it was called on to house, being one of the churches which marked the road of the pious pilgrims to Our Lady of Walsingham in pre-Reformation days.

No one ever went to Benets in response to the Mass bell or any other. Except for the bells, the place and the friars might have been non-existent. Meeting Mrs. Wyatt one day, Mr. Morrell mentioned casually that no orders came from Benets to the village shops; that nothing ever arrived at the railway station addressed to the place. Some boxes had arrived before the friars from a London store. After that, nothing.

"I believe," he said uneasily, "that they live on what they receive from charity over and above what they can make out of their garden and fields. I wonder what they are living on now?"

"It can't be any possible concern of ours what they live on," replied Mrs. Wyatt, stiffly.

She was put out that day because Francis had mentioned in a letter that he was going to stay with the Mohuns at Ingestre Hall during some of the Easter vacation. Lord Mohun was the Catholic peer who had taken in Mrs. Wyatt's evicted gardener. Francis had struck up a friendship with Denys Mohun at Oxford. There was a daughter, Agnes, a tall, slender girl with a spiritual face. Mrs. Wyatt knew the Mohuns slightly. She had admired Agnes as a child and girl.

Some days passed. One morning at break-



fast, William, doing something contrary to all his traditions, volunteered information.

"They say, mum, as those yere monks are starving," he said. "Leastways they 'aven't been seen in the field nor in the garding."

"But their bells have gone!" said Mrs. Wyatt, with a horrified expression.

"Yes, their bells 'ave gone, mum," said William, stolidly. "There's them as peeped in the windows says that they sit to an empty board a-crossing of theirselves, that they give thanks a-crossing of theirselves, an' go out empty as they come in. Two of them was in Horner's shop yesterday. He couldn't make out their queer lingo, and he didn't try to. He said he'd served the Manor House and his father before him, and he wasn't going to halienate your custom now. He said they were no more than skellingtons."

"William," said Mrs. Wyatt, "order the carriage at once.—No, thank you! I don't require any more food. See that wine and soup and jelly and bread, and everything you can lay hands on, is put into the carriage. I am going to investigate this matter for myself."

She said afterward that she had a very bad quarter of an hour while she drove the long détour that took her to Benets. She had always looked on herself, despite that incident of the Papistical gardener, as the mother of Goldling and Kingcup. It had always been a matter of conscience with her that none, whose lot she could alleviate, should be sick or sad or sorry within her borders.

She had worked herself up to that pitch of expecting to find the dead and the dying that she almost fell on the neck of the hollow-eyed young friar who admitted her. She walked past him into the great hall-kitchen, the glory of Benets, which apparently had been made into a refectory by the friars. Above the huge fireplace hung a crucifix. There was no fire, and the March day was bitterly cold. Besides the crucifix, with its outstretched arms, there was no other furniture except

the long tables and benches of oak which had been there six hundred years.

It was apparently the breakfast hour. Mrs. Wyatt had risen late. The friars sat in their places before bare platters, with bent heads, the cowl hiding the gaunt starvation of their faces.

Mrs. Wyatt, if she had heard of enclosure, would have said that it was not for her: she was the Queen of Kingcup and Goldling. She went straight to the prior and poured out a flood of speech in his own language,—all reproach. Did they think they were not in a Christian country that they should be left to starve to death? Did they think it became them as Christian men so to die? There was food and in plenty, and there would be more when they needed it. It was an infamy that she had not known.

She sobbed as she spoke. They were infants, these children of the South. They had not known where to turn in this strange land, where they had no interpreter. The gaunt emaciation of their faces shocked her. The cold struck to her heart. She waited while the food was unpacked; then drove off to the village and sent up coal to go on with. If they had died at her gates! The poor things! They had been so gentle and so grateful. The deep Italian eyes had looked at her with such gratitude.

A few days later came Francis for the Easter holidays,—Francis, with something to tell. He would neither eat nor drink till he had said his say. He was going to marry Agnes Mohun, and, as a preliminary, he was to be received into the Catholic Church.

"I know you will show me the door, Granny," he said. "I am so sorry to grieve you. My mother's religion has always called me. I think you have expected this. I am prepared for all pains and penalties you can lay upon me. Neither Agnes nor I will mind very much. The one thing we both mind is the grief this will be to you."

She looked at him strangely.

"Your dream was to bring back the old religion to this place from which it has so long been banished."

"How did you know?" he inquired, startled. "Yes, it has been my dream. I think it grew with my growth: to set Our Lady up again here where she was honored once and has long been dethroned. I used to dream of it in the gardens long ago, and see her glimmering white among the flowers in the arbors."

"You have been anticipated," she said. "The Alcantarine Friars of St. Francis have set up a house at Benets."

"I know," he said joyfully. "I bought the place for them. They did not know who was the donor."

"And I kept them alive," she added. "They were starving, and I fed them. Don't expect me to go all the way with you, Francis. I am too old to change. But I have found good in the Alcantarines, and I shall not make you suffer. You are Squire of Goldling. The place must not starve because I am too English to believe in the Pope of Rome. Goldling Manor House will be a stronghold of the old religion again. I will not say that it is not bitter. But I have foreseen it as you grew. I will not keep you long waiting for your inheritance."

Mrs. Wyatt thought her heart was broken; but she was mistaken. She lived to see her great-grandchildren about her. The day came when instead of going across the Common to her old place by the open church door she went to Benets. Some people thought it was a pity decay had seized on so fine a mind. Mr. Morrell thought she was influenced by her love for her children's children. Mrs. Wyatt knew better. Her mind was as sound as ever it had been when she and her youngest grandchild laid wreaths in a flowery May at the feet of the statue of Our Lady which Francis had set up in the Manor House gardens,—a restoration, he said, not an innovation. Mrs. Wyatt knew that she had been led by the simplicity, the humility of the friars.

## Maria-Benedetta.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



IN the early months of 1912 we had occasion to present to the readers of *THE AVE MARIA* a holy Cistercian nun, Sister Maria-Benedetta Frey, whose suffering life, extraordinary patience, and rare sweetness made a lasting impression upon the visitors who were admitted to see her.

A Swiss by birth, Penelope Frey came into the world at Rome in 1836. Her parents died when she was a baby; and an aunt, Margaret Ridolfi, proved herself a kind and wise guardian to the little girl. In 1857 Penelope, who from her childhood was remarkably drawn to holy things, determined to become a nun. She was at that time a sweet, gentle, attractive girl, a born musician, with large dark eyes that lighted up an expressive countenance. The Convento della Duchessa at Viterbo belongs to the Cistercian Order. There, on March 21, 1858, after a year's novitiate, she made her vows, and upon this occasion took the name of Maria-Benedetta.

In 1861, after enjoying excellent health for four years, The young Sister was suddenly afflicted with a complication of maladies that culminated in a grave disease of the spine, the consequence of which was partial paralysis. At first she seems to have had some difficulty in bowing to the fate that awaited her. Then she understood that, if rightly accepted, suffering may do as much for the glory of God as action; and thenceforth, in spite of the excruciating pain that day and night racked her limbs, she was the very personification of peace and cheerfulness.

From 1861, when she took to her bed, till May 10, 1913, when her happy soul winged its flight to heaven, Maria-Benedetta was never a moment without suffering. Gradually the fame of her



patience, and of the graces obtained through her intercession, spread abroad. Visitors, with special permission, were occasionally admitted to see her; and (as we have already told the readers of *Our Lady's* magazine) in November, 1911, the convent was thrown open for nine days in honor of what the townsfolk called Maria-Benedetta's "Golden Wedding with Suffering,"—the fiftieth anniversary of her imprisonment. During those eventful days the people of Viterbo came in crowds to see 'their saint'; her cell was filled with flowers; and at the foot of the Infant Jesus, whose statue was the companion of her suffering life, were laid the letters that poured in from all parts of the world, asking for prayers or giving thanks for favors received.

This statue of the Bambino had been brought to the convent by the recluse. It stood on the altar that was placed in her cell, and where, by permission of Pope Pius IX., Mass was said every morning. To the Infant Jesus she attributed the answers to prayer that came so abundantly, and that inspired Maria-Benedetta's clients with so much confidence in her intercession. She had a tender sympathy for suffering souls—*I tribolati*, as she called them,—and her own life of pain made her singularly warm-hearted and pitiful.

Since her death, almost two months ago, the Italian and French papers have been full of the accounts of her funeral. It was attended by fifty thousand persons, of every social rank and position, many of whom came from Rome. As her coffin was carried along the picturesque streets of the little city, flowers were showered upon it from the windows; and at the cemetery a moving discourse was pronounced by Don Grossi, chaplain of the convent. He reminded his hearers that the dead nun had been dear to them all; that none could have known her without loving her; that her long martyrdom, so patiently endured, was a lasting testimony of the beauty of the religion that she professed. When, after alluding to the

honor that her presence had bestowed on Viterbo, he bade her adieu—"O Maria-Benedetta, a riverdici!"—the tears of those present fell fast.

The part played in the spiritual world by the bedridden recluse of the Viterbo convent can scarcely be estimated here below; only when the secrets of souls are unveiled shall we be able to measure the influence she exercised. By degrees she had become known far beyond the narrow precincts of the city; sometimes as many as one hundred letters came in one day to beg her prayers; and the last three Popes seemed to sanction this confidence by the favors they bestowed upon her, and the facilities they gave her for receiving visitors. Queen Margaret of Italy, mother of the present King, is said to have more than once written to enlist her sympathy and ask her prayers.

Living as she did among a people whose spiritual sense is singularly acute, and who are naturally emotional and easily moved to enthusiasm, Maria-Benedetta was credited by the townsfolk of Viterbo with supernatural gifts. She is said to have more than once prophesied the future. Miraculous cures are attributed to her intercession. It was whispered that the curious linen bandage which supported her forehead concealed marks of the Crown of Thorns, and that mysterious sufferings such as have been the lot of God's saints were added to the physical ailments that were the consequence of her spinal complaint.

Be this as it may, we can only wait and feel certain that the Church, if she judges it necessary to express her views on the subject, will not fail to do so in due time. Meanwhile Maria-Benedetta's religious Sisters speak of her as a holy cripple, whose suffering life was an example of patience. They enlarge on her kindness, sweetness, cheerfulness, and human sympathy, but never allude to any of the supernatural manifestations that the citizens of Viterbo are inclined to attribute to 'their saint.' The nuns' attitude in

the matter is to be commended, and their reserve and discretion deserve high praise. The real lesson of Maria-Benedetta's life lies in the extraordinary self-forgetfulness that made her so warm-hearted and sympathetic toward those whom she called *I tribolati*; and her great charm was her naturalness and simplicity.

From the lips of several of her visitors we have gathered the same impression. She looked like a martyr; and the curious linen bandage that was necessary to support her head, naturally impressed those who saw her for the first time; but when she spoke, the feeling of awe gave place to one of perfect ease. The Sister seemed so cheerful, so natural, so interested in her visitors that they soon forgot her sufferings and felt only the charm of her gracious welcome.

She was not above being pleased with, and grateful for, the kindnesses that brought small pleasures into her life. A gift of some cream or of some fruit, or again the supreme joy of having an harmonium in the room next to hers, elicited warm expressions of gratitude. This brightness and sweet simplicity on the part of one who for fifty years had never known a moment's respite from acute pain, was the most eloquent of sermons. It taught a lesson of Christian submission in its most heroic and attractive shape.

A letter lying before us, written by the abbess of the Convento della Duchessa, tells us that the cell where Maria-Benedetta suffered and prayed is now used as an oratory. Every day the community assemble before the statue of the Bambino that she loved, and pray for the souls who still look to the dead Sister for assistance. "Unite yourself to us," adds the good nun, "with true faith; have confidence, and your prayers will be heard." Who can doubt that from the land of peace, where she is probably reaping the fruits of her lifelong martyrdom, Maria-Benedetta is as willing and as able to help *I tribolati* as she was on her sick bed in the Viterbo monastery?

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*July 6, Feast of the Precious Blood.*

THIS festival, which always falls upon the first Sunday of July, is of comparatively recent institution. It owes its origin to the gratitude of Pope Pius IX. on his freedom to return to Rome after being driven from it by the revolution of 1848. It was in the beginning of July in the following year that the Pope's enemies were overthrown, and this feast was placed upon the first Sunday of that month in consequence.

The Collect sums up the spirit of the whole liturgy: "Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast appointed Thy only-begotten Son to be the Redeemer of the world, and hast been pleased to be appeased by His Blood: grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate with solemn worship the price of our salvation, and to be on earth so defended by its power from the evils of this present life, that we may rejoice in its perpetual fruit in heaven." The Precious Blood of Christ, the price paid by our Redeemer for our ransom, is the everlasting proof of His love for mankind, and the stimulant of our responsive love. As the blood of the God-Man, it is worthy of our highest worship. It is the centre of the whole liturgy. It has won for us the right to heavenly bliss, and affords us constant help, through the Sacraments, toward the attainment of that end. Therefore, we pray that we may here so appreciate it and realize its power that we may not lose its eternal fruits. We shall find the liturgy, in its different formulas, giving expression to these truths.

The Introit celebrates the merciful love of Christ, who founded His Church in His blood: "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom." "The mercies of the Lord," says the



accompanying psalm, "I will sing forever."

The Gradual praises that same mercifulness: "This is He that came by water and blood, Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood." Christ came by water through the Sacrament of Baptism; by blood, in dying for us. There is a contrast here between John, who baptized with water, and Christ, of whom John testified that He was the Lamb of God, who was to take away (by His blood-shedding) the sins of the world. We may see, too, an allusion to the blood and water from His pierced side, also typical of the Sacraments.

The Epistle shows the prophetic nature of the sacrificial worship of the Old Covenant. The blood of the sacrifices typified the coming oblation of the Divine Victim, who was to obtain, through the shedding of His own blood, "eternal redemption."

In the Gospel we have the account of St. John, an eye-witness of the events he narrates,—of the death of Our Lord, and the subsequent "opening" of His sacred side by the centurion's spear. "Immediately there came out blood and water," says the Evangelist; and, to impress the truth of the fact, he reminds us that he saw it with his own eyes. "He that saw it hath given testimony, and his testimony is true." He speaks in the third person, through modesty, as A. Lapiere, the renowned commentator, observes. St. Thomas, with other theologians, says that the water flowing from Christ's side was pure water, and that it came by miracle out of Christ's dead body, as did also the blood.

The saints have said many beautiful things of this opening of Our Lord's side, and of the fountain that gushed forth. St. Bernard calls the pierced Heart "the home of love, the throne of the Blessed Trinity, the ark of wide-reaching charity." "Therefore was Thy side pierced," he says, "that an entrance might stand open for us." "Out of this fountain," observes St. Cyprian, "flow all the sweetness of

God's mercies and all the tenderness of His love."

The Offertory verse sings of the love which has made that Blood our refreshment here below: "The Chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ?" The Communion verse hails that love also, which led Our Lord to offer Himself "to exhaust the sins of many."

We may add in conclusion the beautiful Post Communion Collect, which expresses concisely the spirit of this festival: "Having been admitted to the Holy Table, O Lord, we have drawn waters in joy from the fountains of Our Saviour. May His Blood, we beseech Thee, become within us a fountain of water springing up to eternal life."

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#### The Industrial Workers of the World.

THE recent labor troubles at Patterson, New Jersey, and the prominent part played therein by the members of the I. W. W., the organization whose full name forms the caption of this article, have evoked from a number of publicists tentative answers to several questions propounded by a metropolitan daily: "What shall be done with the Industrial Workers of the World? Is this menace to the American Republic and to American society to be allowed to continue in its present course? If not, what should be done to check the danger which threatens?"

As to the origin of this "menace," an authoritative writer on Labor questions, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, says: "The condition of the Socialist movement in America also helped this [revolutionary strike] kind of propaganda by action. In its earlier stages, that movement came into violent conflict with Trade Unionism, which, under the guidance of Mr. Gompers, was ultra-conservative [sic], and its attack was partly critical and in opposition to the American Federation of Labor, and partly constructive, attempting to

create from the discontent which it was rousing up, a new unionism, which it called industrial unionism. From this industrial unionism arose the Industrial Workers of the World."\*

Qualifying the organization and its principles at the present time, Mr. William M. Ivins, former Comptroller of New York, declares that the Workers are members of trade unions and are also Socialists. Their members differ from the members of the ordinary trade unions in this, that the latter still believe in the wage system, whereas the Industrial Workers of the World believe that the wage system should be destroyed. They teach openly and fiercely that "property is robbery," that "labor is slavery," and that "all instruments of production, including lands, buildings, tools and machinery, and the control of the national wealth, should be socialized; if by no other means, then by confiscation through force." They preach the doctrine of the "general strike," which means the universal and simultaneous paralysis of all industries; and they also teach "direct action and Sabotage," which means the application of violence and the destruction of machinery or product in aid of strikes. They believe, finally, that "the cure for lost strikes is more strikes."

It is probably true, as is held by the publicist just quoted, that the vast majority of Americans have no idea that the Republic is actually being menaced, and seriously so, by this revolutionary organization; and hence, even at the risk of being called alarmists, it behooves good citizens, the friends of law and order, to learn the facts in the case, and spread the knowledge of those facts throughout their own social circle. "Once the question is thoroughly understood, all the issues known, all the tremendous possibilities of disaster realized, bulwarks of safety will be erected in public opinion or, in any event, public opinion will be ripe as an instrumentality for the repression of a distinct social class which has entered into 'war upon organized society.'"

If this appears to the reader to be an exaggerated view of impending social dangers, let him weigh well this preamble

to the platform adopted by the I. W. W. at their fourth convention:

There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life. Between these two classes the struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

And, be it said, the members of the old society—organized society as it exists to-day—are, by their supineness, carelessness, and misguided sympathy, actually aiding and abetting their own downfall. We say "misguided sympathy"; for, deserving of loving-kindness as undoubtedly are thousands of insufficiently paid laborers, the Industrial Workers, by their avowed principles and the concrete acts based thereon, have placed themselves outside the pale of effective sympathy from law-abiding citizens. They have shown that, in the spirit and the letter, they agree with their French progenitor who in 1897 declared: "We are as resolutely partisan for the suppression of private property, as are all the other Socialists; but we are more than they—rebels every hour; men really without a God, without a master, without a country."

It is needless to add that the ranks of the I. W. W. is no place for a Catholic workingman, even if the hardship of his lot in a given case be extreme. That he may join labor unions, and at need take part in ordinary strikes, with no fear of incurring the censure of the Church, is patent from actual practice in America and elsewhere. But there is a limit to his antagonism to the injustice or heartlessness of employers: he must stop on this side of the law of the land, which is normally also the law of God,

\* "Syndicalism," p. 36.



## Notes and Remarks.

Perhaps the institution of a "Mothers' Day" in this country has something more than mere sentiment as its basis; and may, accordingly, in the course of time, if it survive, be productive of good results. Those results might be the respect of children for parents, especially for the mother; and the respect of grown persons for parenthood, especially the practical respect of married women for motherhood, which will induce them to become mothers, and mothers of large families, if God wills. But we are reminded by the thoughtful suggestion of a Protestant Episcopalian, writing in the *Living Church*, that the movement lacks adequate religious sanction, the inspiration of a high religious ideal. The suggestion referred to is that the date of "Mothers' Day" be changed so as to make it fall on the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation, which commemorates, as all Christians should know, the beginning of the Incarnation and the Blessed Virgin's motherhood. Some such association as this would give the new "Mothers' Day" more than a mere natural grace—a religious flavor, lacking which, we fear, it may fall short in significance of any day in the year on which Catholics are bidden to look up to the highest symbol of wifehood and motherhood—the Woman with the Infant in her arms.

The pathetic endeavors—always futile, though persistently renewed—to devise undogmatic religion and undenominational instruction in church and school are plainly a direct result of the decay of dogma among our separated brethren. It is amazing that they do not see the futility of their efforts, which has been pointed out times without number by non-Christians. An agnostic member of the London School Board once declared that 'the result of unsectarian teaching would be to establish a new form of religion which

has nothing in common with historical Christianity or any other form of Christian teaching. By taking away everything to which any one objects, they leave something which is really worthless. . . . The result of unsectarian teaching is a colorless residuum, which I should think would be as objectionable to the earnest Christian as it is contemptible to the earnest unbeliever.'

In an article contributed to the *Rationalist Review*, Mr. F. J. Gould says:

I have a good deal of sympathy for the position of the Roman Catholics in the present struggle as to State-aided education. They thoroughly believe in their religion. Not only so, but they are convinced that no school discipline is worth the name of education unless it is strongly influenced by the Catholic atmosphere. That atmosphere is a very real thing. I have been in a few schools attached to this venerable cult, and I can testify from observation. . . . Externally, the school buildings may sometimes be inferior, and the social status of the children mean and sordid; but there is an air of reverence, and even of dignity, in these institutions which is perfectly distinct.

Our exceptionally well-informed French contemporary, *Les Missions Catholiques*, discusses the actual condition of Catholicity in the Balkans and Roumania. Up to the present, the profession of the Catholic religion has been forbidden by law, and in fact as well, throughout Servia. Only two Catholic priests have been tolerated there, and they owed their distinction to the fact of their being chaplains to the Austro-Hungarian legation. There is, however, a promise of better conditions, "if," says the *Missions*, "we may credit the authenticity of this declaration made to the Archbishop of Uskub by King Peter: 'We have rescued our brethren from the blackest of tyrannies, and we now wish to preserve the immense benefits secured by our success. The Catholics aided our bloody struggle with their prayers, and we shall never forget it. I think I may speak for all the allied sovereigns. One of my first cares on the conclusion of the war will be to come to

an understanding with the Holy See as to the situation of the Catholics in these countries." Later dispatches appearing in European journals confirmed the report that the Servian Government was negotiating with Rome some such concordat as exists between the Papacy and Montenegro.

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As corroborating the position taken in these columns a few years ago concerning the relative claims of John Barry and Paul Jones to the title, "Father of the American Navy," we quote the following statement of the assistant secretary of the United States Navy, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt:

Barry left his own land to take part in the Revolution, and offered himself and his ship to the American Government. When the navy was started, the first ship, the *Lexington*, was given to Barry; and the first British flag ever struck to an American naval officer was struck to Barry. Off the coast of Cuba, he engaged in the last sea encounter of the Revolution. Washington commissioned him Number One in the navy, and he held his commission until he died. Lord Howe, from New York, tried to win Barry over, and you know the answer he got—that Barry would not be seduced from the cause of his country for the value of the entire British Navy.

The Government having spoken through its accredited representative, the matter may be regarded as definitively settled: to Barry, not Jones, belongs the hitherto disputed honor.

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Recent issues of such reputable periodicals as the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review* have contained articles permeated with anti-Home Rule views, and presenting considerable special pleading about the imminent danger of civil war in Ulster in case Home Rule becomes a legal, constitutional fact. The purpose of the articles is apparently to induce the world to believe that the bluster of Sir Edward Carson and his brother Unionists is not bluster, but "business." Unfortunately for these magazinists, a libel case recently tried in Dublin threw a white light on the so-called determination

of the Protestants of Ulster to oppose Home Rule by force of arms. The testimony of three gentlemen who had signed the "Ulster Covenant" made it abundantly clear: (1) That people who signed the "Covenant" did so without the slightest intention of ever fighting in arms against the concession of Home Rule; (2) that anti-Catholic prejudice was the main cause of their signing the document; (3) that there is no ground whatever for the existence of this prejudice.

There will be no civil war in Ulster; but there may be, owing to the utterances of Sir Edward and company, some anti-Catholic outrages in Belfast on the coming Orange festival, July 12.

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Mr. E. B. Phelps, of Boston, Mass., who is spoken of as one of the greatest life insurance experts in this country, is quoted as saying recently:

The present generation of rich and middle-class Americans is dying off. It will be built anew, however, with the children of the men and women who are reaching these shores with bundles on their heads and backs.

The highest birth-rate in the United States at present is among our Catholic fellow-citizens. Their Church teaches the doctrine and desirability of large families. I am sounding no religious or sociological tocsin. That is not my business. I am giving a statistical fact.

Our college men and women are marrying later and later in life, and are having fewer children than was the case with their parents. Aristocratic neighborhoods, as we know, are almost childless. Children are burdensome to women who like to eat at restaurants.

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An uncompromising document is the London *Tablet's* characterization of the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the Putumayo horrors. It declares that the committee is satisfied Señor Añana and his partners knew of, and were responsible for, the atrocities. The British directors are found guilty of culpable negligence because they did not know what they ought to have known. What they did not know was what their employees were doing,—men who are



described as "a gang of ruffians and murderers, who shot, apparently from sheer lust of blood, or burned, tortured, and violated in a spirit of wanton devilry." The report apportions the blame due to the directors thus: "It is hard to believe that Mr. Gubbins, with thirty-eight years of business life in Peru, or that Mr. Read, with his knowledge of Peruvian conditions, had not had warning of an attitude toward the Indians too common in Peru; and the responsibility of these directors on that account is proportionately great. Sir John Lister Kaye, on the other hand, had no knowledge either of the country or of the conditions, or of the trade in which his company was engaged; he did not know the language in which the proceedings of the board, of which he was a member, were frequently conducted. He deserves censure for taking a directorship under conditions so humiliating, and for allowing his name to be used as an inducement to attract investors into a company of whose business and proceeding he knew nothing at all."

Among the multitudinous addresses recently given at university, college, and high-school commencements, few that have come under our observation surpass in sanity of viewpoint and timely practicality the discourse of Mrs. Honor Walsh to the pupils of the Philadelphia Catholic Girls' High School. Here is a specimen paragraph:

What may be called a thoroughly efficient woman is one who is capable of making her own dinner gown, of cooking the dinner and entertaining the dinner guests, with everything superexcellent, from soup and fish to dessert and coffee, and with conversation even more delightful than any of the other dainties served. Countless numbers of bright women can do all this and then be ready to help the children with their lessons, to hear their prayers, and to tuck them into their little beds. And why not? Of what value is education to a woman if it does not make her at least as good a wife and mother and manager as her uneducated neighbor? And with all her advantages, it would be strange indeed if she did not make a more versatile hostess. The educated woman is expected to

be a lady—that is, a refined and cultivated woman—wherever her lot is cast. Poverty need not mean ignorance and vulgarity; wealth does not necessarily imply culture or noble ideals. The old word "gentlewoman" is most significant. A girl who is gentle and womanly is gentle and womanly in all circumstances.

There is much more, equally good,—so good, in fact, that we expect to see Mrs. Walsh's address reprinted as one of Mgr. McDevitt's excellent "Educational Briefs."

Writing from Madrid to the Canadian *Register and Extension*, the Rev. Dr. Roche speaks thus appreciatively of the Spanish people:

If there be one thing more than another that comforts me in this splendidly Catholic country, it is the wonderful devotion of the people for the Mother of God. It is Mary's land *par excellence*; and her altars and shrines are much frequented by men, women, and children. One can see more men here in the church on week-days than can be seen in supposedly pious Canada. In St. Heronim's Church, where I said Mass this morning, one-third at least of a large congregation was made up of the sinful male, and quite a number of them went to Holy Communion.

As for the political outlook in Spain, Dr. Roche is optimistic. "There is no danger," he writes, "of a republic in Spain. The royal pair are too much beloved, and the smell of the Portuguese Republic has penetrated to the farthest corner of the country."

If the Roman correspondent of the *Giornale di Modena* is not misinformed, we may expect to hear in the near future some ultra-sensational news from the Eternal City. Writing of the feverish activities, these days, of the Roman Masons, he says: "If my information is accurate, all this work going on in Palazzo Giustiniani has but one scope: that of organizing a clamorous revenge for the recent defeat in the matter of the army. In a word, Freemasonry is cunningly and perfidiously preparing the plot of a clerical scandal big enough to stifle any other scandal in which the Brethren may be

implicated. It is well that all honest men should know this in time, and that Catholics be prepared: All the information I can obtain about it is that before long the bomb will burst, and that it will have all the appearance of truth. Diabolically organized, it will deceive not a few, and will produce an enormous impression in Italy and abroad."

Forewarned is forearmed; and, accordingly, it will be entirely safe to discount very largely the next Catholic scandal that claims pre-eminence in the shrieking headlines of our yellow or yellowish American journals.

The editor of *Church Progress* quotes Mr. Stanley E. Bowdye, a non-Catholic correspondent and publicist, writing of a visit to Mexico city as follows:

I attended Mass there Easter morning. At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling in the cathedral,—an impressive sight anywhere, but in this setting of majesty, solemnity, and historic association, a picture of touching eloquence. And they knelt throughout the services; for Mexican churches are without seats. . . .

I stood in the shade of a pillar, to render my Protestantism less conspicuous. . . . There was no rustle of skirts; no vain, studied stride; no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to escort thoroughly belated Pharisees to high seats. It was one tremendous democracy of Mexican sinners—the rich, the poor,—kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the other's presence, and each showing an intensity of purpose that seemed to say: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" The thousand Masses they had attended had brought no callousness. Time had but intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, for they seemed to see no one save Jesus.

I left the church with this Pentecostal crowd, over whose faces a happy change had come because of the deposit of their sins with the sleepless saints. The morning chill had gone, and the capital of the Montezumas was again bathed in dazzling sunlight. The power of the Cross impelled us as we turned for a last look,—the grandest cathedral of the Western Hemisphere standing on the ruins of the most terrible temple of paganism.

There is a distinct satisfaction in quoting these extracts, because, as a rule, the

ignorance and prejudice of Protestants seem to become intensified in Mexico. With the exception of Spain, no country in the world has been more maligned by non-Catholics, chiefly ministers, than Mexico.

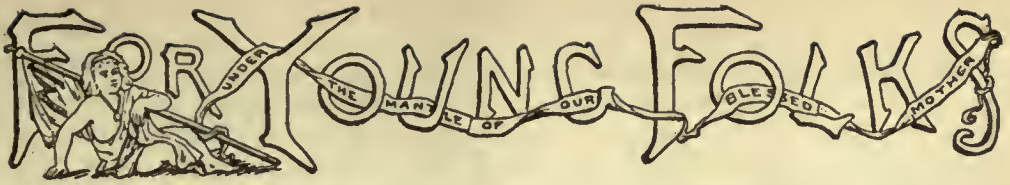
The recent death of Dr. William Croswell Doane, Protestant Bishop of Albany, N. Y., recalls much that is of great interest to Catholics, says the *Boston Republic*. To quote:

Religiously, it would be a little difficult to assign him correctly to any especial school of thought among the Episcopalians. He liked to 'keep up the Anglican customs. He certainly was not Low Church, nor could he be called Ritualistic. But his public utterances in Boston nine years ago, both in opposition to divorce and in favor of Church unity, savored of the Catholic spirit. On the latter subject, he spoke wistfully of how good it would be to get back to the "parting of the ways."

Bishop Doane's brother, George H. Doane, became a Catholic and a priest. "Their divergence in religion," says the writer in the *Republic*, "affected not the happy relations of the two brothers. Sometimes Dr. Doane would say to Monsignor Doane: 'Why didn't your Church make a bishop of you?' Whereto the latter: 'It made me a priest, which was more than your Church could do for you.' When the venerable Monsignor died a few years ago, two Protestant bishops—his brother and the Bishop of New Jersey—followed the coffin as chief mourners."

The *Catholic Standard and Times* tells a good story at the expense of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He was making an impromptu speech to a crowd of reporters at the Kaiser's reception, and, waxing earnest, said: "If the English, Germans, and Scotch were eliminated from the United States, I don't know what we should have left." "The Irish!" some one promptly replied. It is to the credit of the laird that no one laughed more heartily at this sally than himself, though he is a serious body.





### The Lesson of the Rose.

BY PHILIP A. RITCHIE.

WHEN Jesus trod His bitter way  
To Calvary, 'tis said  
Each little drop of blood that fell  
Became a rose of red.

And every rose stem bore a thorn,  
That followers might know  
How joy and sorrow side by side  
From the same root may grow,—

The joy that came to fallen man  
When Christ our ransom paid;  
The sorrow and the suffering  
That on Our Lord were laid.

### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

#### I.—THE NEW HOUSE.

RED and Alice Seymour were the only surviving children of a once large family, and were aged respectively fourteen and eleven years at the time when their father's business affairs necessitated the removal of the family from a quiet town in the upper part of the State to New York City.

This story, which deals with their residence in the metropolis, may be said to date from the moment when the hackney carriage bringing them from the station drew up at the new house. Eagerly the heads of the brother and sister were thrust out of the carriage window for a first look at that substantial mansion of brick, with brown stone facings, which was henceforth to be their home. A broad flight of stone steps led up to the front entrance, and the basement area was surrounded by an iron railing.

"Oh, look at the snow-white door!" cried Alice.

"And what a big silver handle it's got!" added Fred.

"Well, here you are at our new home!" exclaimed the father. "And what do you all think of it?"

His eyes, as he spoke, rested with a shade of anxiety on the face of his wife. Perhaps he divined that sadness which she was striving to overcome at the thought of the home which she had left, with its garden and its shade trees. But she answered, quite bravely and cheerfully, that it was a very fine house and much larger than she had expected.

"I think it's splendid!" declared Fred.

But little Alice's eyes, as she raised them to her father's, were full of tears.

"Hello!" cried he. "What's that I see? A tear? You mustn't let it fall on the threshold. It might bring bad luck."

Of course he was jesting. But Alice, taking his words literally, hastily dried her tears, and echoed Fred's statement that it was a beautiful house.

"And you'll like it better when you get it stocked up with some cats and a dog."

Now, this was an unfortunate allusion; for Alice the tender-hearted, who was devotedly fond of animals, bethought herself, with a new pang, of the brown curly dog, Prince, or Prinnie, which it had been necessary to leave behind. She had seen him borne away on the shoulders of a boy to whom he had been given, and whom she found herself unreasonably hating. So the tears which she had checked began to flow again; and, though her father did not notice, being busy in helping his wife to collect her small articles of luggage from the carriage, Fred whispered disapprovingly:

"I never thought you were such a cry-baby, Alice!"

"Ah, but poor Prinnie!" said the little girl. "I'll never like another dog so well."

"Oh, yes, you will!" prophesied the more hopeful Fred; though he himself felt a lump rising in his throat at thought of that faithful companion of many a sport.

However, with the swift transition of feeling peculiar to childhood, both brother and sister were presently thrilling with excitement, eager to see what was inside the great white door, with its silver handle. At last the key was turned; and the father, standing aside, motioned his wife to enter. The children, pressing close after their elders, found themselves in a spacious hall, in the middle of which was a large flight of stairs, with a lobby, furnished with a window, that, being unshuttered, lightened the gloom of the closed-up house, and greeted the newcomers like a cheerful face. In the background was a small room, into which penetrated the sunbeams through a Venetian blind. This room, the father said, was a library. There were closed doors leading into the drawing-room and dining-room; and, throwing open one of these, he hastily unbarred the shutters, and proudly displayed a splendid pair of drawing-rooms, with the dining-room attached.

"I think they're worth looking at, my dear!" he remarked complacently to his wife. "And, with the exception of the crystal chandelier in the centre, they're all gray and silver; for, you see, it was Quakers who built the house and lived here."

This new name, which she had never heard before, conveyed something terrifying and mysterious to Alice, who said aside to her brother:

"O Fred, what are Quakers?"

"Quakers," replied Fred, "are ladies that dress all in gray, and wear poke-bonnets like nuns. I have often seen pictures of them."

"Aren't there any men Quakers?" said the little sister.

"Oh, yes, of course! But men don't bother much about dress."

Alice asked no more questions, though her mind never entirely divested itself of a shadowy image clothed in gray that flitted about the house.

Mr. Seymour called attention to a large cupboard between the drawing-rooms, which was used as a receptacle for fine china, some pieces of which still lingered upon the shelves. This cupboard had a sliding panel communicating with a cupboard in the hall, which, as the new master of the house pointed out, could be made on certain occasions very serviceable.

"Especially when there happens to be only one servant in the house," observed Mrs. Seymour.

"That reminds me," said her husband, while the children were already busy experimenting with the panel, "that I have got you a nice Irish girl as cook. She is to come to see you this evening; and, if you are satisfied, remain. Her name is Mary Doyle."

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Seymour, with a sigh of relief. "I shall be so glad to have even one to begin with! You have thought of everything, Henry."

While they were thus conversing there came a ring at the front door that pealed with a vibrating sound through the house. The parents and children alike stood still in momentary surprise, wondering who had thus early discovered their presence in the house.

"Shall I go and see, father?" inquired Fred.

His father assented, but, on second thought, decided to go himself.

When he had gone into the hall, the mother, by a sudden impulse, drew her children close to her.

"O my darlings, I do hope we shall be happy here!" she said.

There was a little sob in her voice, that caused Alice to look up with wistful eyes.

"Why, of course we shall!" replied Fred, with gay optimism. "You can have lots of parties in these nice rooms, and we children shall have any amount of fun."



The mother sighed, she could scarcely have told why.

"It will be all very nice once we are settled," she said. "It is just that I am tired after the journey."

"You must rest," declared the boy, anxiously; for he knew that his mother was none too strong. "You mustn't try to do a single thing. Father and I can do everything."

"And I can help," put in Alice.

"Once the beds have come and are put up," said Mrs. Seymour, "we can take our time about everything else. And when the place is in order, I shall ask our pastor—your father says his name is Father Conlan—to come over and bless the house."

"That will be splendid!" agreed Fred.

Meantime they heard without the genial voice of their father. He had thrown wide the front door, and was uttering greetings and inviting some one to enter.

## II.—UNCLE JIM.

The mother and children waited expectantly, while steps sounded in the hall, and Mr. Seymour ushered in a tall man, announcing at the same time:

"Why, Margaret, here is James Forrester, come to welcome us to New York!"

The children, who were still gathered close to their mother, felt her shrink back a little, with a quick, instinctive movement. She recovered herself almost immediately, however; and, extending her hand, inquired politely:

"How do you do, James?"

"Oh, I'm well,—very well indeed, Margaret, except for occasional attacks of my old enemy."

Alice's eyes grew round; for, as she afterward confessed to Fred, she had really believed at first that he was alluding to a real person who from time to time attacked an unoffending victim. But *was* he unoffending? Alice asked herself, though not precisely in that form of words, as she studied, with her penetrating gaze, the sallow face, deep-set eyes, with dark

circles round them, and a black beard, which its owner stroked with a fat white hand.

"Yes, my old enemy," he repeated.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Seymour, sympathetically.

"My liver, you know," the man confided to the two elders; and Alice drew a breath of relief.

"Well, that is a bad enough complaint," observed Mr. Seymour, in his cheerful voice; "and you've been fighting it now for a good many years."

"For the last two decades, off and on," agreed the black-bearded man, solemnly. "But, bless me, Henry, how these children have grown! And what big eyes that little girl has!"

For, in truth, he had felt somewhat uncomfortable under Alice's steady gaze.

"Come over here, my dear, till I have a look at you!"

Alice, who was oddly reminded of the wolf in Red Riding Hood as the visitor smiled his grim smile upon her, showing rows of large teeth, nevertheless complied with the request.

"I suppose," he said, "you don't remember Uncle Jim?"

"I do," put in Fred, who was standing near. "Once, when I was a little chap, you frightened me."

"How was that?" asked his father.

"He knows," answered Fred. "It was awful!"

Uncle Jim's laugh was forced as he muttered something about not remembering.

Mrs. Seymour looked from one to the other, thoughtfully. It occurred to her that such reticence was not like Fred. She saw, however, that the subject was unpleasant for the visitor, and so changed it by some remark about the new house, which led Mr. Seymour to say that he had been told there was as much material under the street in their new residence as would build a modern house. To this Uncle Jim responded warmly.

"You may well say that. I know this house from garret to cellar, and I can

tell you it's solidly built. Old people call it 'Quaker Mansion.'"

As the husband and wife looked at him in surprise, Jim Forrester went on:

"I was a frequent visitor here,—a college friend of one of the sons. And I had charge of the house until a few weeks ago, when—when I had another attack of my enemy; and so, Henry, I narrowly escaped getting you for a customer."

"That was singular enough," remarked the other, while Mrs. Seymour asked what manner of people the former tenants of the house had been.

"Henry can tell you all about that," replied Uncle Jim, with a sidelong glance at Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, I just met old Mr. Spencer once!" Mr. Seymour declared. "My business dealings were almost entirely with his son-in-law."

"Charlie Berrian? A nice fellow, Margaret," Jim went on. "They were all fine people,—*very* fine people. They were Quakers. The old gentleman still wears the long-tailed coat and broad-brimmed hat. His wife, who has been dead some time, always wore gray. I could imagine I saw her standing here in this very room, in a gray gown, with a muslin kerchief at her neck. And, then, you know," he added, waxing confidential, "they had a good deal of trouble of one kind or another. Perhaps you heard, Henry, of the elder son's unfortunate marriage?"

"No, no!" said Mr. Seymour. "I heard nothing at all about their private affairs."

"Well, it was an unfortunate thing," continued Jim, shaking his head and looking mysterious.

Mr. Seymour was not particularly interested in this bit of gossip; but, as he could not object, he somewhat impatiently bade the children go over and sit down upon the sofa. It was a massive piece of furniture that had been purchased with the house; and the children, taking their station upon it, close to the front window, looked out upon the broad, unfamiliar thoroughfare, and conversed together in low tones.

"I don't think I like uncles," said Alice into her brother's ear.

"Not *that* kind," responded the brother. "But, then, he isn't our real uncle at all. His wife was father's cousin."

Meanwhile the unctuous voice of Uncle Jim went on:

"That story of the elder son will keep for another time. They didn't like his wife at all, and that led to trouble. And, then, there was the second son, who was at college with me. His name was Jeremiah. (They all had Scriptural names,—every one of them.) Well, Jeremiah—or Jerry, as he was called—once the Civil War broke out, wanted to go. There was the devil to pay. (Excuse the expression, Margaret!) For Quakers don't believe in war."

"And what was the upshot of the affair?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Jerry went to the war, though he was married only a short time. I myself saw him going down those steps, in his blue and gold uniform, with his sword at his side. I think he got a staff appointment."

"Down those steps!" echoed Fred, who was now listening intently. "Just think, Alice! A real soldier went down those steps to a real war. I wonder if he ever came back?"

"Listen!" said Alice, breathlessly, as the voice of Uncle Jim continued the narrative.

"The father went to the door, looking after him, proud of the son in his uniform. But the mother, Margaret,—she just shut herself up in that library, and wouldn't even glance at him. *There* was hardness for you!"

Mrs. Seymour's eyes were dim with tears as she exclaimed:

"Oh, but she must have been enduring agony! Did her son come back?"

"No, no!" answered Jim. "That was the worst part of it. He was shot riding over the battlefield, on his black horse, with dispatches for the general—Hancock, I think it was."

"O poor mother!" cried Mrs. Seymour,



while Alice's eyes filled with tears; but Fred's cheeks flushed and his face brightened.

"He was under fire all the time," continued Jim. "He turned and waved his hat to his friends, with some words that they couldn't hear; and a moment after he fell dead in the saddle,—for his feet were still in the stirrups. The horse galloped away with him into the enemy's lines, and his body was sent back under a flag of truce."

"The poor mother!" murmured Mrs. Seymour again, with her hand clasped to her heart, as if she could there feel what must have been the force of that blow.

"On her account," Jim added, pleased with the impression he was producing, "they hadn't a military funeral. But, anyway, the old lady just pined away and died. I guess she reproached herself for having been so hard."

He paused and looked round upon his hearers before he added:

"She had trouble enough, what with Jerry's death and the wife that David—he was the elder son—chose. *She* wasn't a very peaceable character. She made things lively, and they do say—"

Again he paused, and a gleam of something that was cold and crafty appeared in his deep-set eyes.

"They say—though, of course, that's all moonshine—that the old lady hasn't found peace in her grave, but walks about—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interposed Mr. Seymour, sharply. "I hope you won't be repeating any such absurdities."

Jim laughed his mirthless laugh; though he ventured, with a note of defiance:

"I'm only telling you what some people have been foolish enough to say."

A frightened look came into Alice's face, but Fred whispered:

"Rats! As if there were any such thing as ghosts!"

Alice, as if by a sudden association of ideas, asked her brother:

"How was it that Uncle Jim frightened you once?"

"It was when he came to stay with us years ago. I was in bed with a sore throat, and he came close to the bed, with a false face on. I woke up and saw him there, and I was nearly frightened out of my wits. Then he gave me a nickel and made me promise not to tell any one."

"Perhaps he is trying to frighten us now," said the little girl, shrewdly.

"It would be like him," agreed Fred.

At that juncture James Forrester rose to his feet, saying:

"I must be going. I'm glad to see you've arrived safe. And I suppose you will be very busy getting settled."

Mrs. Seymour did not urge him to stay longer, and there was no great cordiality in her tone as she bade him good-bye. For, somehow, she felt as if his rambling talk had cast a shadow over the new house.

Mr. Seymour, however, with his customary geniality, accompanied the guest to the door, remarking as he went:

"I did not know you were back in New York."

"Oh, I have been back some time!" Jim explained. "My old enemy gave me trouble. I thought I might be better here, so I drifted back again."

"Have you seen anything of William?" Mr. Seymour asked.

The man gave a short, bitter laugh.

"No, and I don't want to, Henry. He's the hardest man alive."

"I think you wrong him," answered Henry, gravely; "though I myself haven't seen him for years. He has been away ever since I came down here."

"Yes: gone with his wife (who is just as hard as he is) to the Hot Springs, for lumbago. But they came back yesterday."

"Oh, indeed?" observed Henry. "Then I'm sure to see him soon, here or at the office."

"Good-bye, Henry!" said James, as if he did not care to pursue the subject.

"Good-bye! Run in whenever you feel inclined," replied the hospitable Henry.

"Thank you! I will," said the other.

The two children, who had hastened to the window to see him pass out, noticed that he paused at the foot of the steps, and, gathering his black beard into his hand, stood there a moment, ruminating. Suddenly, as if conscious of their observation, he glanced up at the window; and in his eyes there was a malignant gleam, that caused Alice to shrink back. But Fred continued to regard him steadily, until the other, waving his disengaged hand, with the semblance of a smile, moved down the street.

"I'm never going to wear a beard when I'm a man," remarked Fred. "I hate them."

"So do I," declared Alice; "though some beards are a great deal worse than others,—just like people."

Their mother put an end to the colloquy by calling them to come and see the rest of the house.

(To be continued.)

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### An Honest Judge.

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Sir Matthew Hale was known as the Honest Baron of the Exchequer. His integrity was unquestioned, his word regarded as a bond. The cause of the poorest and most obscure man was safe in his hands. Only the dishonest feared him. One of the greatest peers of England once called at his rooms.

"I have a suit which is to be tried before you," said the nobleman; "and I should like to acquaint you with my side of the question before discussing the matter in court."

"My dear sir," answered Sir Matthew, "you have wasted your time in calling upon me. I never listen to one side of a question unless the other is ready to be presented. You can present yours in the court-room."

At this the nobleman was affronted, and, after berating Sir Matthew on all sides, finally complained to the king.

"Ah," said the monarch, "you can

thank your stars that you got off as well as you did! I believe that if I had gone to Sir Matthew on a similar errand I should have been treated in the same fashion."

Once when he was going about the circuit trying cases, a gentleman who had one on the docket sent him a fine deer as a present.

"Who sent this?" inquired Sir Matthew of his cook.

The servant told him the name of the donor.

"Pay him for it without delay," said Sir Matthew severely; "and take care never again to receive such gifts."

But the gentleman refused to accept payment, and sent word that he was not a dealer in venison, and that he had only followed his usual practice of presenting a deer to every judge who travelled that way.

"And I follow my usual practice in refusing to accept bribes," returned Sir Matthew. On this point he was inflexible. Nothing could move him.

At Salisbury the dean and chapter sent him six sugar loaves, saying they had a case in court, and that the present was no bribe, but that they simply observed an ancient custom.

"It is an ancient custom with me," replied the Judge, "to pay for my sugar." And pay for it he did.

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### A Strange Lizard.

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There is found in New Zealand one of the strangest and most ancient forms of animal life in existence. This is the tuatera lizard, a reptile remarkable for the fact that it formerly possessed four eyes but now boasts only two, having lost one pair in the course of ages. There are very few of this species of lizards left, and they survive in the most inaccessible localities. Collectors have much trouble in finding their haunts, although continually searching for them.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Across the Hills.

BY KATHLEEN COONEY.

HOW beautiful upon the holy hills  
The feet of her who journeys, marvelling  
At Heaven's descent; chaste bearer of the King  
On loving errand, as His goodness wills,  
Whose law of love His every law fulfils;  
The while she passes, all the noise of earth—  
The sigh of sorrow and the song of mirth—  
Into the wondering hush of worship stills.

Sweet visitation! type of all to be  
In Mary's love until eternity;  
Our every need her beauteous feet await  
In life and death. Oh, where the wonder that  
We look to see her, when life's day grows late,  
Greeting our souls with her *Magnificat*!

## An Island Mission.

BY THE REV. F. McCLYMONT.

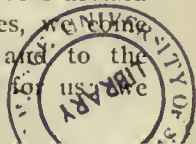
ONE of my friends has christened the island on which I live Patmos. It is solitary enough for a mystic; and if natural beauty is a help to contemplation, it has that also. It is one of the numerous islands of the Scottish Hebrides, and is called Eigg. This name probably comes from the Gaelic word *eag*, signifying a "notch,"—referring to the appearance of the island at a distance: a long ridge of rock with a cleft in the centre. This ridge represents only the highest part of the island. There is also a great deal of low-lying, fertile land,

not seen at a distance. The highest point, the Scur of Eigg, is 1289 feet above the sea.

The two small islands of Eigg and Canna have this special interest to Catholics—that the Faith has always been preserved on them from pre-Reformation times. Come with me in spirit for a visit to the island of Eigg. If, later on, you should come in the flesh—let it be in fair weather,—we will give you a Highland and island welcome.

It is a wild night as we near the island. in the steamer *Claymore*, and a matter of anxiety whether we shall be able to land. The doubt as to whether the boat will venture out is settled by our seeing a tiny light amid the dark waters. "Here comes the boat!" exclaims the genial purser. "You will get ashore all right." And the boat appears out of the night, rearing and plunging as she makes for the gangway. "I can take no cargo to-night," says Donald, the ferryman,—“only passengers.” And, as my reader and I are the only passengers, we wait in turn for a favorable rise of the boat. A step on the gunwale, and somehow or other we tumble in.

Away across a half mile of stormy sea, the surrounding blackness is lighted by white-crested waves. "Look out, Donald! Here comes a big wave!" It lifts us high up for a moment, and away it passes harmlessly, except for the drenching we get from the spray. Passing rocks around which the sea furiously surges, we plunge at length into quiet water and to the boat slip. It is not yet rest for us.



have a four-mile walk before we reach the Mission House on the northwest of the island, and it is here that most of the people live. Down comes the rain heavily and the wind increases to a gale. We are lucky in being ashore. A little longer and it would have been impossible to land. Such is a typical experience in the winter.

Before you are introduced to the people, I must tell you something about them. They are Gaels and have plenty of Gaelic. Where their forbears originally came from it is hard to say. It was certainly from either this or one of the other islands, or from that part of the mainland which originally belonged to their former chief, Clanranald. As I have mentioned, there were always Catholics in Eigg, but they have not always been of the same stock.

Eigg has had a chequered career, with changes of population. If one goes back far enough, there have been several massacres. First of all, St. Donnan and his fifty-two monks, who brought the Faith to the island about the end of the sixth century, were all martyred by order of its pagan queen. Later on, the Danes swept over all the island with fire and sword. Lastly, in the fifteenth century, there was the famous massacre by the hostile McLeods, when all the inhabitants sought refuge in a cave with a very small entrance; and the McLeods, discovering their place of hiding, lit a fire at the mouth of the cave and smothered every creature within. Whether any of the people were away at the time is uncertain. There is a tradition to that effect; and, if it be true, some of the people may be descended from the natives of those days. One of the present families actually claims descent from a ravaging McLeod, who subsequently came to Eigg, how or why I have not heard. The story goes that, while in hiding, he was fed by one of the maidens of the repopled island; and, upon her interceding with her clansmen, the McLeod was pardoned and married his protectress.

The people are strong and handsome, and, with their physical fitness, tireless workers. The chief means of livelihood is the rearing of cattle on their crofts, and these are sent regularly by steamer to the Oban market. It is the "stirk" in Eigg that pays the rent. With time over and above for the work on their own little bit of land, they also get employment from the laird, who farms Eigg and the rest of an extensive property. Then there is the fishing. All take a turn at that. Salt fish is a staple food, and several of the men make their living from the catching of lobsters, which are sent south to the great towns of Glasgow and even to London and Manchester. There is quite a big trade for lobsters between the large English towns and the Hebrides.

The Eigg man, being a Gael, is psychically interesting. There is always that spiritual element, which, if not watched, tends to the superstitious. Maybe even in its excess it is more pardonable than the opposite. Eigg is the land of fairies and spirits. In the Scur you have a loch where the waterhorse lives. One time, many years ago, when there were people living on the southern side of the hill—people of whom the only traces now left are the ruined walls of their houses,—a certain girl wandered away from the "clachan" after dark. Presently she saw a beautiful white horse; and, as he stood and allowed her to come near, an irresistible attraction made her wish to ride him. She jumped on his back. Alas! it was the dreaded waterhorse, and the disconsolate inhabitants were just in time to see him wildly gallop up the steep hill. That was the end; for, plunging with his rider into the mountain tarn (his dwelling-place), she was never seen again. I may say in passing that this story of the waterhorse is told of other parts of the Highlands as well.

Then, of course, there are fairies and spirits. Here is what happened to the father, now dead, of a man who told me the tale. You must know that one of the



spirit-infested spots is a small stream on the way to the post office. It is a bleak and lonely place. One day Ian's father and another man were coming by this road, and when near the stream they saw a strange little woman. Said Ian's father: "I must go to see what that is."—"Better not," rejoined the other, cautiously; "I don't like the look of her." However, Ian MacIan (as I shall call him) was determined to find out who this strange little being was, and he followed her. But the quicker he went, the faster she glided in front of him. He ran as fast as he could, away across the peat moss. At last he seemed to gain on her, when she suddenly turned her head and looked at him. "Whateffer it was, it fair put the fright into him," his son told me, "and he went quickly back to the other man."

This is only a sample of our ghost or spirit tales, for there are a number. I would not guarantee that any native nowadays believes in such things as the waterhorse, but I am sure no one doubts the existence of other more orthodox spirits. Talking of spirits, there used to be another kind of spirit made on the island. The place is shown where the last sma' still did its work in grandfather's early years.

Let us now join a "ceilidh" and we shall learn something further about the mission. (A ceilidh, is a gathering in some house for a fireside chat.) One is being held in the house of Donald the piper. Among the guests are Widow Isobel, an old lady of fourscore and seven; and Aonghus Fhindladh (to give him his Gaelic name), not seventy yet, but whose father lived to be over ninety. These two are links with the past. Then there is Duncan the story-teller, and Sandy the fisherman, and others. Widow Isobel is particularly interesting; for she can prove her descent from the Glengarry chiefs, and will give you her pedigree offhand.

But we want to hear something of the mission. Widow Isobel well remembers

"Maighistear Anthony," the priest who, in 1810, changed the headquarters of the mission from the east to the west of the island, and he had been on the other side for many years. There were two other priests before him, after the "rising of '45." Records show that there was also a priest in 1700; but, for the most part since the Reformation, the Faith was kept alive by visits from missionary priests; and twice in those days did a bishop visit the island,—no easy thing then, as Father Forbes Leith, S. J., shows in his "Narratives of Scottish Catholics."

"Yes, Father," says Angus, "the times are changed. It is not very long ago, before flagstones were put down in the old chapel, that we used to sprinkle sand on the mud floor; and, at service, any one could bring a peat to kneel on if he had a mind."

"And do you mind, Angus," joined in Duncan the story-teller, "how the Father kept his calves at one end of the chapel? That part was boarded off. One time during the sermon a big calf got his head out and fair roared, and the Father was no well pleased with some of us for laughing."

"As I was telling you," resumed Angus, "about the change of times. I suppose, Father, you have lived in better houses than the one you have lately built. But you mind what the old one was like? This one is grand compared with the other, and that used to be much poorer than as you knew it. It was put in order after Mr. Gillis' time. Poor man! The very windows wanted glass then, and he would have the holes in them stuffed with rags, or anything to keep out the wind. And then he would be shivering over three lighted peats. That's just the number he would have,—three lighted peats!"

I must tell the reader that for exactly one hundred years (1810-1910) the lower part of this old farmhouse was used as a chapel, and for various other purposes, as we have seen; and the priest lived on the upper floor, in a room which served



as sitting-room, bedroom, and sacristy.

Before leaving the ceilidh, Donald gives us a turn at the pipes. "Let it be a reel, Donald." And so, after much manipulation of the drones, and tuning, and discordant sounds, he at length strikes up a lively "strathspey," to which the assembled company beat time with their feet.

We shall meet our friends again at evening devotions in the new but simple little church, and there we shall see everybody; for, though it is no special occasion, all make a point of coming for devotions whenever they may be; and we shall see them praying with much fervor. Their hardy ancestors, who kept the flag of the Faith flying during all those centuries of persecution, have handed down to their descendants a double gift of faith and piety.

After Benediction you will say goodbye—*Bennachd leat!*—to all; for next day, if suitable, you must come with me to the island of Canna, twenty miles off. Sandy the fisherman will take us in his wee boat, if it is fine. Let me say *that* emphatically; for if not fine, we must not venture. How often I am prevented from visiting that little flock of sixty souls or so, by the difficulty of crossing those twenty miles! I live in hopes of a fairy godmother presenting me with a good sea boat propelled by motor. What a blessing it would be to the poor Catholics in Canna, and indeed in the other islands where now they can never see a priest on account of his inability to get at them! With a boat of this kind, one could revive the missionary work of St. Donnan and his fifty-two monks, though more safely and speedily than in the skin-covered boats of yore.

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THOSE who are at sea rest, though the ship be in perpetual movement, and the needle is still true to the pole. Let us regard God alone in all our actions, so shall we find interior rest in the most agitated life.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### II.

MAURA was satisfied that her refusal to see Stuart Leigh would make it evident to him that his presence was not generally welcomed at the Corner House. But she also knew that Anne's ultimatum of "Not at home" would have been given without the smallest attempt at diplomacy, for she made no secret of disliking their persistent visitor; and Maura was afraid that if Oliver heard from his friend what had happened, he would be angry with her.

It was a relief to her that Ula was still in the kitchen when the sound of the latchkey told her that her brother had come home; and, going into the passage to meet him, she decided to tell him of the gossip which, in Mr. Leigh's absence, she had thought it unnecessary to repeat, but which now must be her excuse for what she had done.

"Is that you, Oliver?" she asked. "I was just wanting you." And then, fearful that Ula would return, she plunged hastily into the subject that was foremost in her mind. "Tell me, have you seen Mr. Leigh?"

"Yes, I have," replied her brother. "But what is this sudden interest you are taking in him? He tells me he has called here twice and that our old dragon, as he calls Anne, would not let him in. Is that the case?"

"Yes, it is," said Maura; "and that was what I wanted to speak to you about. I was afraid you would be annoyed. But—you know what people are, and they were beginning to talk about him and Ula."

"Ula!" cried Oliver, really surprised; for he had thought if either of his sisters were the attraction it must certainly be Maura herself. "What rot! Why, she's only a baby!"

"She's nineteen," retorted Maura,

smiling, "and very pretty. In some ways she is still a child; for instance, in the way she used to speak of Mr. Leigh. But since he went away, I am afraid she has been thinking a good deal about him."

"Little goose!" said Oliver, with brotherly frankness. "He's pleasant company, and all that sort of thing. But—"

"That's just it," assented Maura. "We see the 'but,' and so would Ula if his visits were not the only things of interest that have come into her life lately. It is dull for her; though, until recently, she has never found it so. And I am sure if he goes away again soon, and she does not see him—at least not often,—she will forget him."

"Then you don't want me to ask him here?" questioned Oliver. "It's rather hard, because he used to be in and out; and one hates to be a weathercock, especially as I hear he and his uncle have fallen out. He has come back, I believe, to try to explain things away; for the old man has got wind of some doings he does not approve of. Stuart himself told me that his allowance has been stopped; and, unless he can get round the old fellow, he says he will have to go off to the Colonies. So matrimony is not likely to be in his mind at present."

"There is no question of matrimony," answered Maura, in a voice that for her was unusually sharp and severe; for it seemed almost a desecration to think such a thing as a marriage between the little flower-faced sister, whom, in spite of her contradiction of Oliver, she looked upon as very little more than a child, and this man, whose face, good-looking as it was, repelled and disgusted her.

"No, of course not," agreed Oliver, who, not only from instinct, but from what he knew, and especially from what he had lately heard, would have been quite as averse as Maura to this man as an admirer of Ula.

The opening of the kitchen door warned them to say no more; and whilst Maura moved forward to help Oliver out of his

coat, he, in a manner that he prided himself was most diplomatic, began to tell her of the extra work that had fallen to his share that day because of Mr. Bird's absence in London. One advantage of the senior partner's absence was that Oliver had no home work that night. Often there was copying to be done after hours, in doing which both he and Maura were able to add to their not considerable income. But when no folios were forthcoming, Oliver devoted his pen to the more congenial task of writing articles and stories which he was beginning to be able to place with various magazines; though, as Ula often said, it was their favorites which met with the severest treatment from the editors.

Fortunately, supper passed without any reference to Stuart Leigh. Oliver was on his guard; and Ula, too, was silent, partly because she was hurt at his seeming indifference, and partly because she was afraid of betraying the interest she had at last owned to herself he had for her. As soon as they had settled themselves again in the sitting-room, Oliver took out his latest manuscript, and, heedless of the advice never to impose on the good-nature of one's family, he read aloud what he had written; and it was late before the reading, and the criticisms upon it, were finished.

Maura, however, was destined to hear more of the lateness of their hours. Miss Amy taxed her with it the very next morning, as she was leaving the beautiful little chapel, which had been lately built in a style to correspond with the almost medieval architecture of the village, and which therefore was an added beauty instead of a blot upon the landscape, as were the equally modern dissenting conventicles.

The two old ladies had known the Plunketts all their lives; and, since the Corner House had been left with no older head than Oliver's to guide it, Miss Lucy, and particularly Miss Amy, had taken them as a special charge. In Miss Amy's



eyes they were still only children; and her suggestions and corrections, even when unreasonable in themselves, were prompted by such true kindness and affection that both girls took them in the spirit in which they were made, and only loved her the better for her fussy and old-fashioned fancies.

"My dear," she began, taking Maura's arm as they left the chapel together, "tell me how you are this morning, and how is Ula? Not any worse, I hope? No. That is right. But, Maura love, are you quite wise to let her stay up so late at night? Young people want plenty of sleep, and for that the early hours of the night are the best. Nine o'clock is a good hour to retire. Our dear parents always wished us to be in bed soon after nine. Nowadays I suppose ten o'clock is allowable; but eleven! Ula will be dragging on with this cold for goodness knows how long if you keep such hours as you did last night."

"But, Miss Amy, how do you know what time we retired?" cried Maura, surprised at so accurate a knowledge of their doings.

"Well, my dear, have you no neighbors?" — and Miss Amy pointed to the window opposite the Plunketts' house, where two big blue and red glass bowls proclaimed the occupation of the householder even before the passer-by read the inscription above the door: "Redgrift, Chemist." "My cough was so troublesome last night that I went in as I passed for a few of Redgrift's excellent lozenges — by the way, if Ula's cold threatens to go to her chest, she could not do better than try them, — and I asked him if he had seen you go out to Mass. He said he had seen no one from the Corner House, and that perhaps you would not be coming out, as you had been up so late last night. He had seen a light in the bow-window up to eleven o'clock."

The cough, which had only been allayed by Redgrift's lozenges, now came to stop

the little old lady's flow of language; and she stood still, so as to take from her pocket some of her favorite remedy.

"I thought," she continued, as soon as she was able to speak again, — "I thought, and I still think, love, that eleven o'clock is too late, and especially as Stuart Leigh was of the party."

"But he was not!" cried Maura quickly. "We have seen nothing of Mr. Leigh since his return, and Oliver tells me he is going back to Australia immediately."

"Ah, I am glad of that!" Miss Amy drew a sigh of content. "For, after what dear Lucy and I thought it better to say to you about him, it would have grieved us sadly to think you had taken our warning so lightly."

"But, Miss Amy," observed Maura, smiling, "do you think you are quite reasonable about Mr. Leigh? You see, you don't like him —"

"My dear, it is not a question of liking or of disliking," interrupted Miss Amy: "it is simply that I think him an undesirable acquaintance for you, and especially for Ula, because I distrust him."

Maura was silent. What the old lady said agreed perfectly with her own feelings. She, too, distrusted Stuart Leigh; and yet she was able to see the attraction that had captivated Ula's imagination, and had made Oliver more willing to overlook things that would have been unpardonable in a man less amusing and interesting than Miss Amy's bugbear.

"My dear," said the old lady, stopping suddenly and looking up into Maura's face, "you are not angry with me for my interference?"

"Interference!" repeated Maura, in a tone of reproach. "How can you say that! Don't you know that we are grateful to you for caring enough for us to speak as you do?"

And this, indeed, was true; for there were not more loyal friends in the world than the two old ladies. And even if their old-fashioned warnings were sometimes a cause of amusement in the Corner



House, their advice was always accepted gravely, and often, as in the present case, acted on as well.

"Besides," continued Maura, "it was the greatest relief to be able to tell Oliver that people were talking. He quite understands now that Mr. Leigh is—well, what he is; and I think we shall see very little more of him."

"That is a great comfort," said Miss Amy. "But I am afraid Ula will miss him; and now, after her cold, she may be inclined to mope. Lucy and I hope you will bring her to tea this afternoon, love! It is not much amusement for young things like you." She sighed, but then smiled her old bright smile. "Susan shall make the potato cakes Ula is so fond of. Tell her that. And say she will be doing an act of charity in bringing some sunshine into two old lives."

Thirty years before, Miss Amy had been the belle of the little colony that had settled in and about the village of Camp-hill. No one knew why she had never married; and, though loquacious about other things, she seldom spoke of her own life as separate in any way from her sister's. Miss Lucy, however, had been known, on occasions, to be less discreet; and more than once she had been heard to say that Miss Amy had not remained single "for want of asking." But as to the reason for the implied refusals, the Plunketts, at any rate, had never been informed.

Ula, in moments of despondency, was apt to say that she and her sister had nothing before them but to grow year by year more like Miss Lucy and Miss Amy. For all that, however, she spoke of their fate as "such an awful one," she loved them very dearly and never thought of refusing them the sunshine of her presence, as they were wont to call it, whenever she was asked to the Doctor's House; and virtue was rewarded when the attraction of Susan's potato cakes was added to the invitation.

(To be continued.)

## Hymn of the Early Christians.

BY R. O'K.

THE rising sun bids us awake,  
And prayer to our Creator make,—  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

His Hand hath kept us through the night,  
And led us safely to the light,—  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

Our tongues restrain we through the day,  
That blameless they at eve may pray,—  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

Our thoughts contain, our senses guard,  
We serve the vineyard of the Lord,—  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

All worldly appetites repress,  
And ever our Creator bless,—  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

Thus, daylight passed, to God on high  
Once more with hallowed lips we cry:  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

## A Strange Vocation.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

### III.

ON the 2d of February, 1675, Father de la Colombière was appointed to be the superior of the small Jesuit College at Paray-le-Monial, having just been professed in the novitiate house of the Jesuit Fathers (St. Joseph's) at Avignon; and his arrival in the little town was to help on the great change in the life of our heroine, Mademoiselle de Lyonnet, at this crisis in her career. Small as it then was, the Jesuit College at Paray was to attain world-wide celebrity.

It was in 1619 that the Marquise de Ragny, wife of La Charollais, the governor of this district, had asked the superior to send two Jesuits to Paray to preach the Lenten sermons, and so counteract the influence of the Huguenot faction then paramount in the town. Father John de Villars, the former con-

fessor of St. Jeanne de Chantal, was the first to be sent there, with a companion; but so great was the anger of the Huguenots on hearing of their arrival, that they left no stone unturned to prevent them from obtaining a lodging, persuading all the inhabitants to close their doors to them. The Fathers were obliged to take refuge in a tumble-down sort of out-house, where they passed Lent. But such was the effect of their eloquent sermons on the people that, at the end of the holy season, some of the better citizens, ashamed of the inhospitality shown to the strangers, presented them with four small houses in a good location, and one of them was speedily transformed into a small chapel. These houses were on the site of what is now the Visitation convent, containing the humble cell of the Blessed Margaret Mary; for an exchange was made in 1632, by which the Fathers removed to the original Visitation convent, and the nuns took possession of the four houses and courtyard.

Both these places were to be intimately connected with the future of our heroine. The Jesuits' house soon became popular in the town, and the Fathers founded a small college there. In 1652 the town offered them a trifling annual pension on condition that they kept there five religious, three of whom were to be priests. When Father de la Colombière arrived, there were but three priests; and the small chapel, only 35 feet long by 13 wide, was large enough to contain both scholars and professors. In addition to the Visitation convent there was also an Ursuline convent at Paray; though at the time of which we write it was in an unfinished state.

To return to our story. Marie de Lyonne was at a pleasant afternoon party—she had not entirely given up society,—when she heard the bell at the Ursuline convent ringing for Vespers, and summoning the people to the sermon which was to be preached by the new superior of the Jesuits. She had already heard him once or twice, and from the first moment had

been much impressed by his fervent eloquence. Stopping in the midst of the game the gay company were playing, she exclaimed: "It would be much better for us all to go and listen to Father de la Colombière than to amuse ourselves in this fashion." (He was also distantly related to her family; so was, no doubt, known to this aristocratic set as "one of us.")

She had not lost her sway over the giddy circle; and, partly to please her and partly to see their beauty in a new phase, they all agreed to follow her to the chapel. Once there, Marie could not but feel that the preacher seemed to speak straight to her soul, as if for her alone. It was St. Augustine's Day; and as he repeated the words of the great saint, "O Beauty ever ancient and ever new, too late have I known Thee, too late have I loved Thee!" her heart was touched with a strange emotion, and she felt how little she really knew of the Church in which she had been brought up, how neglectful of her duty she had hitherto been.

At this time Father de la Colombière was not much over thirty; and in the reproduction of the portrait\* of him, which we have seen, he is represented as slight and delicate-looking, with a refined oval face, slightly arched eyebrows, a lofty forehead, and a sweet expression, with a mobile, well-formed mouth. He wears a thin surplice, with full sleeves, and fine pleated lace falling about the neck, round the top of the sleeves, and down the front in two graceful ruffles, according to the fashion of the day. A high black collar within the lace adds to the distinguished effect of the well-poised head. It is thus we may picture him in the pulpit that summer afternoon, facing his brilliant audience. At the same moment, not far from this chapel, the humble future saint, Margaret Mary, knelt at her devotions in her retired cell—and prayed perhaps for Mademoiselle de

\* Now in the possession of the Comte Lombard de Buffières.



Lyonne's conversion; for she must often have heard the lady's name. Surely the angels looked down lovingly on these three destined souls in the little town so soon to be favored with the revelations of the Sacred Heart.

From this moment all was changed in Marie de Lyonne's life. She regarded Father de la Colombière as the guide whom God had promised her, and placed herself under his direction. The Father soon understood that this generous soul had been preserved from the corruption of her surroundings in a wonderful way; and he even told Mother de Saumaise, the superior of the Visitation convent, that she was as an angel, and had preserved her baptismal innocence. He immediately endeavored to lead her to progress in the way of perfection, but with such prudence that she herself was hardly aware of it. The history of a soul is a human document of perennial interest; and, though the theme of our narrative must now become graver, we can promise that it is only more strangely interesting.

Marie's worldly circle hardly noticed the change at first; for, in order to avoid any rude shock to her, the Father allowed her to act as before in indifferent matters, and, by his leniency, made devotion so easy and attractive to her that she soon forgot the terrible pictures her imagination had always drawn of *les dévotes*, as she would have called them. Naturally generous and sincere, she soon told her director that she feared she made her conversation in society too amusing at the expense of exactness; for one of her chief charms had been her witty discourse and repartees. She owned that she thought her friends would soon look down on her if she dropped this for more accurate if drier talk; but he replied truly enough that they would not take any notice. She then conscientiously gave up the little affectations and turns of speech so much the fashion at the time, and found that no one said a word to her about it. She asked for certain relaxations,—to

have certain things which she said she 'really could not do without.' The Father willingly granted them, adding: "God will tell you Himself what He desires of you." In fact, she soon felt a great aversion to these trifles and a desire to sacrifice them to God.

The Father accepted her invitation to join her family at Selorre, a property (three leagues from Paray) to which they often went; and by his presence sanctioned the innocent pleasures she arranged for the amusement of herself and others. We have mentioned her love of dancing, and she was overjoyed to find that the saint willingly agreed that she should pace a graceful measure now and then; for we must remember that the modern waltzing and whirling *à deux* was a thing unknown at that time. But he would not permit her to leave on her plate all the dainties offered her to eat, saying she might deny herself one dish that she preferred.

Although her joy at having found so kind a guide to lead her on in the way of perfection was genuine, she was very much afraid that he might wish her to be a nun; and she told him with her usual frankness that she would obey in everything but that, begging him not to press it on her.

Mademoiselle now turned her natural activity and charm into making piety attractive, not only to herself, but also to her circle of friends, by interesting them in her works of charity; she even gaily persuaded them to give up their winnings at cards for her poor,—and all this without estranging them. On the contrary, they now began to admire her virtues as much as they had previously admired her beauty.

When her director counselled her to measure with an hour glass the time she spent at prayer, she emphatically exclaimed: "No! I trust that God will prevent my measuring out His own time to Him." And she remained in prayer as long as the attraction to it lasted.

In the autumn after her conversion, she



again retired to Selorre with her family; and Father de la Colombière wrote to her as follows: "I rejoice much at your perseverance, and I hope you have made still more progress since your departure. When God has once conquered a heart, He does not remain idle in it. But, though the exterior is under control, it does not follow that all is finished within. The world is quite satisfied; it admires, it praises; while a soul really enlightened by Heaven still finds a hundred things to reproach in herself, and can not but marvel at the blindness of those who admire her virtue. I do not think that there are any souls in the world with whom God is less content than those who think they have some cause for self-satisfaction. As soon as the soul begins to experience how sweet the Lord is, it must be without feeling if it does not love Him more; and when one loves much, one thinks one has never done enough for Him. I do not write all these things to you in the fear that you will entertain a vain opinion of your piety, but only to excite you to advance still further.

"Make the most of the grace of God, Mademoiselle. You are very fortunate in having been chosen among so many, and drawn from the darkness which has enveloped a host of others. If you seek the cause of this inestimable blessing, I think you will be puzzled to find it in yourself. After what God has done for you, I should consider you the most unfortunate person in the world if you were only moderately grateful to Him, or tepid in His service."

These beautiful letters were a stimulant to a naturally great and generous soul; and when Father Colombière went on to beg her not to oppose God's designs—for what He had already given her was as nothing to the divine favors in store for her,—and to beg her, in the name of Jesus Christ, to be faithful in following His inspirations, and to say that he should never be consoled if she put any obstacle to God's will in her regard, she was

indeed touched. "But I do not fear such a misfortune," he concluded. "Jesus Christ is too interested in finishing the good work He has begun, and you are too generous not to desire it also."

Next year Marie de Lyonne began to esteem holy poverty, and to feel the burden of her riches, while fearing to be without them. The Father endeavored to calm her after the manner of the saints. "Yes, you must no longer think of your fortune," he wrote. "You must leave all to the discretion of your good mother. Let her dispose of your revenue as she pleases. *You* say that the worst that could happen to you would be to serve others, to be forsaken in your illnesses, and to be reduced to extreme destitution. And *I* tell you that it is the best thing that can happen to a soul that loves God, and understands what an honor it is to be like Jesus Christ."

It was a great grief, an unexpected blow, when Mademoiselle learned, at this time, that her perfect director was obliged to go to England for an indefinite term. He was appointed by his superiors to the high post of confessor to the Duchess of York, Mary of Modena, wife of the future James II., of England; and he left for this difficult mission without delay. All know how well he fulfilled it among the grievous surroundings of the court of Charles II.; how he preached the devotion of the Sacred Heart first in London; how he was thrown into prison during the Titus Oates plot against Catholics; and how, after two years' absence, he returned to France, broken in health, to spend as an invalid the few short years that remained to him.

Before leaving, he sent the following lines to Mademoiselle de Lyonne: "You may write to me as often as you like; but do not speak of my departure, nor of the grief which it causes you. I forbid this grief; for your heart should feel sorrow only at having offended God."

He often wrote to her from London, as to a soul of whom he had great hopes

for God's glory. Only a few of these letters have been published; for, with her usual generosity, Mademoiselle parted with these precious letters to friends, who were eager to have some remembrance of the "saint." In the few that remain the Father exhorts her to continue to obey her mother as if she were under a vow of obedience to her; to be kind to her sister and brothers; and not to spend more on charity than her mother allowed, — all very sensible advice for one living at home. For Marie was so lavish that she would give anything in the house to the poor, seizing dainty dishes from the table to carry with her own hands to some poor hovel in the neighborhood. This had, not unnaturally, often caused annoyance to her mother.

(Conclusion next week.)

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### After Long Years.

BY MARY CROSS.

#### I.

FROM "the flaming monstrosity of the west" the sun shed a rosy splendor upon the shorn fields and the white walls of farmsteads. The loch lay like a great pool of wine touched here and there with gold. Between high banks sweet with honeysuckle and gay with foxgloves tired harvesters plodded homeward, casting sympathetic glances toward a cottage at the door of which the doctor's gig was standing. For it was known throughout the village that Mrs. Morar, wife of the factor of a local estate, was going to a private hospital in Glasgow "for an operation," — an ominous phrase which conveyed sentence of death to the rustic mind so surely that all the fireside physicians agreed that it was a shame to send the old lady away "to be killed" amongst strangers.

Inside the cottage, she, white-haired, wan-faced, and wasted, reclined in an armchair; and the two men who stood beside it were glad that she had turned

from the light, so that they could see only a dim outline of her features.

"Try not to distress yourself, Mrs. Morar," advised the doctor. "You will be quite well and strong after the operation, and free from that dreadful pain."

"If only it could have been done at home!" she sighed. "It is the going away that is so hard to bear."

"But think of the coming back! They will take care of you in the hospital, and there is no more skilful surgeon anywhere than the one in whose hands you will be."

There was no reply. Probably the doctor did not expect any. He said "Good-evening!" and the sound of wheels died away in the stillness of the twilight.

Mr. Morar had come with his wife from the remoter Highlands to this village some years ago. They were a quiet, reserved pair, who kept rather strictly to themselves. They went regularly every Sabbath to the Free Kirk, which stood at one end of the one street, whilst the United Free Kirk stood at the other, and the established Kirk dominated the landscape from a pine-clad height; and, therefore, they were accounted very religious.

"James!" Mrs. Morar stretched out her thin fingers and touched the hand on which his head was bowed. "Don't grieve so. I'll come back cured, if it is the Lord's will. He has spared us a long time together, and perhaps He will not part us yet. If it is not presumption to say it, I'd like to live a little longer, not to leave you all alone. If only Elsie had been here!"

It was long since Elsie, their only child, had been banished from her home, and they knew not whether she were living or dead. The wife of the laird of Glenbine, in whose employment Morar had been at the time, had taken much interest in the pretty, modest girl, and would often have her at the great house, teaching her many accomplishments, and cultivating a nature that already was exquisitely refined.

As a result of that companionship,



Elsie became a "Papist," even as was the lady, — which, to parents born and bred in the narrowest and most rigid form of Calvinism, was the tragedy of the unpardonable sin. James Morar, in a flame of wrath that seemed to consume all natural affection, had forbidden the girl to come near him or enter his house again until she gave up the abominations of the "Scarlet Woman." Though wounded to the core of her heart by her child's defection, the mother had inclined to mercy's side. But her pleading for the "sinner" was all in vain: Morar could not condone a wilful following of idols. Besides, he honestly believed that stern measures might bring the girl all the more speedily to repentance. The laird and his wife soon afterward went abroad in search of health, taking Elsie with them; and a few years elapsed, during which death was busy; the Glenbine estate passed into the hands of strangers, and Mrs. Morar felt that almost the last link with her daughter had been snapped.

Eventually a letter from Elsie herself bridged the wide gap of silence with a plea for reconciliation, and an humble prayer for her parents' blessing on her approaching marriage to a Catholic gentleman, who would be a son to them, and was worthy of their affection. "As if on such a marriage any blessing could rest!" said the indignant Morar, and he sent back the letter unanswered, the lingering spark of his hope that she would repent extinguished by her choosing as husband a follower of "the Man of Sin." The measure of her iniquities was indeed filled up.

During the twenty-six years that followed, Elsie had made no sign. The Morars had to leave Glenbine, and James took office under a new master in a strange locality. Old times were changed, old manners gone. But ever in Helen Morar's heart was a longing, deepened and intensified by illness, for the child who would have comforted her in the long hours of pain, and brightened her solitude.

At the prospect of going away, perhaps to death, leaving James to be tended in his old age by strangers, she was filled with a very anguish of regret.

"I was over-hard,—I can see that now," he conceded sadly. "If I thought I was right, so did she; and it was between her and her Maker, after all. She would have been a help to both of us now. My girl!"

His voice broke, and again the thin fingers touched his.

"You didn't mean to be hard, James. If ever she does come back, and I am not here, tell her I loved and blessed her always, and every day of my life prayed the Lord to be her guide unto salvation."

## II.

"This is for you, Mrs. Morar. I got it specially for you, to remind you of your native Highlands," said the nurse; and Mrs. Morar raised her languid eyes to the bunch of white heather in the other's hand.

Her pale lips quivered with a smile that had kinship with a sob; and memory led her back to days of courtship when James was young and comely, and she a light-hearted girl, searching with him for white heather; to the days when Elsie had walked beside her through the dewy greenness of the glen or the purple splendors of the moor,—first a little thing clinging to mother's hand; then a graceful, shy maiden, whose eyes were homes of wistful thought.

The operation was over, and the patient practically out of danger; but her recovery was retarded by moods of melancholy which enveloped her like a cloud, and perplexed and worried both doctors and nurses, who, of course, did not know the explanation—a heart-hunger for lost Elsie sharper than all physical pain.

"How did you know I was Highland, nurse?" she asked.

"Well, when you were under chloroform you spoke in Gaelic," replied the nurse. "Mr. Morar, too, is unmistakably from the 'North Countrie.' I have just sent a post-card to tell him how well you are."

"You have all been very kind to me,"



said Mrs. Morar. She looked round listlessly, with no interest whatsoever in her surroundings; though, in the hope of dispelling her depression, she had been brought from the private ward to a large one, where there were several convalescents, whose friends visited them, bringing a breath of new life from the outer world.

"Is that gentleman one of our ministers?" Mrs. Morar asked, indicating a cleric who was talking to a patient opposite. No minister had visited her during her illness, and she was beginning to wish for a word of comfort or counsel.

"He is a Roman Catholic priest," replied the nurse.

"Oh! Are priests allowed to visit here?"

"Why not, when we have Catholic patients?"

Mrs. Morar surveyed the priest with a painful kind of curiosity and wonder. He was of that Faith which had cost her so dear. There was nothing about him to suggest the tyrant of Free Kirk imaginings, the fetters of Rome, the iron heel of a despotic priesthood. He appeared to be simply a tall, slight young man, with calm, clear grey eyes, and a mild and peaceful countenance. She gazed at him steadfastly. Was it outside the limits of possibility that somewhere, sometime, he had met or heard of Elsie?

"What is his name, nurse?"

"Father Alan Mackinnon. He is the son of a famous Edinburgh lawyer, and half, if not wholly, a Highlander, too."

"I should like to speak to him," said Mrs. Morar, slowly; and then her lips took a resolute curve. "But I should prefer to call him plain 'Mister,' because he is not my father according to the flesh, nor is he my spiritual father; and the Bible says we are to call no man 'father.'"

"His Reverence wouldn't mind, as you belong to one of the denominations," said the nurse. She thought that calling him "Mister" did not make him any the less a priest. He was a favorite with most people, whatsoever their creed. She had

had experience of his gift of imparting fortitude and cheerfulness to others, and she hoped that he might scatter some of the gloom gathering round this fragile old patient.

"Has he a kirk of his own, nurse? He looks too young to be set above other people. But the ways of Romanism are unlike ours."

"Oh, he has not been long ordained, and is only curate at one of the city churches! It is built in a slum, as most Roman Catholic churches here are. We Protestants have to admit that the priests live amongst their poor, haven't we? Before I came to this institution, I was on district duty; and I saw Father Mackinnon on what I may call district duty, too. It was a revelation. I shall never think ill of priests again, after what I have seen him do for the most wretched persons, — at their beck and call night or day, ministering to unfortunate creatures afflicted with all sorts of loathsome diseases. What a life for a young man who, as the only son of a wealthy father, might be taking his fill of pleasure and ease! But that is the life he chose, and in the choice and in the life there seems to me to be something Christlike."

"You will be turning Romanist yourself, nurse."

"Not I. As a matter of fact, I haven't much time to think about such things. But I know a really good man when I see one."

Mrs. Morar closed her eyes, and between the lids was the glitter of tears. Could any good come out of Rome? Had Elsie been won over by something which the nurse's words indicated — some high example, some saintly sacrifice of self, — not, as had been thought, by gorgeous ceremonies and rich music and the flattery of social superiors?

"Ask him not to go away without speaking to me, if he can spare the time," she said; and the nurse consented, knowing that she could ask any favor of Father Mackinnon.

Not even the most bitter bigot could have denied him possession of a winning kindness of speech and manner. At first Mrs. Morar was conscious of an inward recoil from him, of distrust and suspicion which had their roots in old prejudice; but those were swept away by the floodtide of another feeling impossible to define or account for. He spoke only a few words of sympathy, admired the white heather, quoted a rhyme of an old poet in connection with it,—nothing more; yet the desolate heart had thrilled and glowed as if his mere voice had some strange power.

When again she saw him, she introduced a controversial subject, such as he was careful to avoid.

"Do you think it is right for children to leave the religion of their father, Mr. Mackinnon?"

"Yes, should they find that that religion is not the true one. Would there have been any Christians if the Apostles had not left the religion of their fathers?"

"It was right for them to do so, because the Lord Himself called them."

"As He calls others to-day. He tells us that He will. You remember His words? 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.'"

"A person might mistake another voice for His?"

"Ah, no! The voice of the Good Shepherd is too clear, too sweet, too compelling. When He calls, one *knows*."

She lay silent for a time, her hands pressed hard together.

"I am very, very lonely," she said; there was a mute, pathetic entreaty in her eyes that touched the heart of the gentle priest.

"Have you no friends in Glasgow, no relatives anywhere who could come to see you?"

"None. My husband has duties to attend to, and he is a long way off. We have outlived all our relatives—except,

perhaps, Elsie. She was my daughter, my only one. Years ago she left us. She married, and we do not know even her name now, nor whether she is living or dead. I'd give all that's left to me of life to see her again. My heart is breaking. If you can do anything to comfort a poor, lonely, sorrowing old creature, won't you do it?"

He looked at her with a compassion so beautiful, a sympathy so entire, that she marvelled. For he thought how, through no fault of her own, this sincere and reverent soul had been deprived of the treasures of consolation that the Church can give to her meanest child.

"Will you, *can* you do anything for me?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he replied very simply and quietly. "I will ask the Queen of suffering mothers, her who stood by the Cross of her only Son, to pray for you. And I know that she will."

At that point the surgeon entered the ward. Consequently all visitors had to retire; so Father Mackinnon deferred the question he had been about to ask. Mrs. Morar thought over what he had said, and presently opened her Testament—which was always at hand, for she was a diligent searcher of the Scriptures. Still, she had never until to-day "searched" with the definite object in view of ascertaining what "the Word of God" said about the Mother of Christ, whose name is on the first page of the Gospel story.

"They found the Child with Mary His Mother." How lovely and tender a picture those few words presented! Even He, Divine Redeemer of the world, had once been a helpless Infant dependent on mother love and care. "They have no wine." That simple statement, that was not even a request, sufficed for Him; His Mother made it, and in response He wrought His first miracle, though His hour had not yet come. "And His Mother saith: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." That precept, if followed, meant the attainment of perfection; it was an



all-sufficient motto for a Christian life. "Now, there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." A hot mist blotted out what followed; she read no more, but pondered the fact that at last as at first "they found the Child with Mary His Mother."

"God knows my sorrow!" Helen Morar murmured to herself, her face pressed into her pillow. "If it is not a sin against Him, I would like to think that 'Mary His Mother' knows too, and pities me. If He did that for her at Cana, if she was sorry then only because they had no wine, she will be sorry now for me, who have no child, and—O Lord, forgive me!"

She broke off in sudden terror. Whither were her thoughts leading her? How pitiable is the fear that God will be offended if we love His Blessed Mother, and believe that He will hear her prayers as well as our own!

Mrs. Morar was better and looked brighter when next Father Mackinnon saw her. She told him that he had done her good, though it would have puzzled her to say how.

"I wonder if it would not be possible to trace your daughter?" he said. "Since you told me, I have been thinking over the matter, and would like to ask you for a few details. Something might be done to ascertain at least what has become of her."

"She went over to your Church," said Mrs. Morar, eagerly; "though she was brought up a Presbyterian, like her father and me. He is a good man, but he was angry with her for becoming a Romanist, and would have no more to do with her. You see, he thought—"

She paused, with a faint flush in her sunken cheeks. It was not possible to tell this young priest what her husband believed of the Catholic religion and its priesthood. But Father Mackinnon understood. He knew, too, what conversion often entails on the convert.

"If you will tell me her name, I will try what can be done to trace her," he said,

tactfully ignoring the other's confusion.

"Elsie Morar."

"I thought your name was Murray!" he exclaimed.

"We are Morars of Glenbine," she replied proudly.

She wondered why he looked at her so intently, why his color ebbed and flowed, why he made a slight gesture with his right hand—the Sign of the Cross, had she but known—and bent his head for a moment.

"I should like," he said, speaking less clearly and distinctly than usual, "to bring my mother to see you. She visited Glenbine not a great while since."

As he left the ward he put a question to the nurse, who promptly answered:

"Quite the contrary. A little excitement will do her good. What she wants is something to rouse her out of continual fretting."

A day later a stately matron, with deep, soft eyes and dark hair touched with silver, stood at Helen Morar's bedside. As the eyes of each met, she sank on her knees with hands outstretched, and the thrilling music of a thousand fond recollections was in her voice:

"Mother—mother dearest! Thank God for sparing you to me!"

Thus, after long years, were mother and daughter restored to each other.

When her own child had been born, Elsie had tried to find her parents, hoping that the innocent little one might be the instrument of reconciliation. But, as they had left Glenbine for an obscure village, and had told no one of their destination, her quest had been vain. Nevertheless, through the child, now grown to manhood and "serving the altar," had come the reconciliation.

"My grandson a priest! I never thought to see such a thing," said James Morar, grimly; though he had shed tears of joy over Elsie.

Other things he had never thought to see were in store for him. His frown



would have been darker and grimmer still had any prophet told him at that moment that his wife would follow Elsie into the Fold; that he himself would receive from the anointed hand of the priest that Bread which is the Life of the world. Yet these things were to be. With such magnificent bounty was the appeal to "Mary His Mother" to be answered.

### A Poet-Saint of Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IN these days, when so much is written about poet-priests, it may be worth while to write of a poet-saint, who really *was* a poet. He was of kingly descent, too; though there is no record that he ever used the accident of birth to make his poetry popular.

Columba, Columbkille, or "Columba of the Churches," as he is sometimes called, was born in County Donegal, which is a good two-thirds bounded by the sea. The old Irish chroniclers, who were careful observers, tell us Columba was of a ruddy complexion and had auburn hair. "In temperament," they add, "he was hasty and passionate, but withal generous and forgiving." He himself testifies with sinking of spirit that he was not without human imperfections. His faults were the result of an earnest, eager nature, ever zealous for justice. If there were times when he might have tempered justice with more prudence and moderation, at all events, the fault at its worst was an overreaching zeal.

His trouble with O'Dermid, King of Connaught, will serve as an example. St. Finian had a very beautiful manuscript book of the Gospels, of which St. Columba desired a copy. Fearing he would be refused if he asked St. Finian's permission to make a copy of the book, he made a hurried transcript secretly. Finian learned what Columba had done and reported the matter to King O'Dermid.

The King reviewed the case and rendered his decision as follows: "To every cow her calf, and to every book its copy. Therefore, to Finian belong the book and the copy."—"This is an unjust decision, O King," cried Columba, "and I will be avenged on you." In the war that ensued Columba and his friends were victorious, but the triumph brought to the saint only remorse and sinking of spirit. He sought help and counsel from St. Molaise of Devenish Island. For penance he was exiled to the island of Iona. He felt the pain of parting from his "dear Derryland" as a personal sorrow, and from the gray shores of Iona he sang of home:

There is a gray eye  
That looks back upon Erin  
Which in life I shall not see.

My vision over the brine I stretch;  
Large is the tear in my soft gray eye,  
When I look back upon Erin.

Were the tribute of all Alba mine,  
From its centre to its border,  
I would rather the site of one house  
In the middle of fair Derry.

O I love dear Derryland  
For its quietness, for its purity,  
For its numerous white angels,  
From one end to the other!

He founded, at Darrow, one of his most famous monasteries, which he left in charge of his disciple, Cormac, when he set out for Iona. Of this foundation he sings in the land of exile:

How happy the son of Demma, of the devout  
Church,

When he hears in Darrow, the spot of his heart,  
The sound of the wind against the elms;  
When the blackbird sings his joyous note...

There is a pretty story told of a wounded bird blown by the storm to Columba's Ionian home. The saint gathered the bird to his heart, gave it assurance of rest, then sang to it a love message of home. The words have been rendered into English verse by Thomas D'Arcy McGee; we quote certain stanzas:

Lay close thy head, my Irish bird,  
Upon this bosom, human still!  
Nor fear the heart that still has stirred  
To every tale of pity heard  
From every shape of earthly ill.

For you and I are exiles both.

Rest you, wanderer,—rest you here.

Soon fair winds will waft you forth

Back to our own beloved North—

Would God I could go with you, dear!

Above the crofts of Irish saints,

There pause, my dove, and rest thy wing.

But tell them not our sad complaints;

For if they knew our spirit faints,

There would be fruitless sorrowing.

Perch, as you pass, amid the trees

At noon or eve, my travelled dove,

And blend with voices of their bees;

In croft or school or on their knees,

They'll bind you with their hymns of love.

Thou wilt return, my Irish bird,—

I, Colum, do foretell it thee.

Would thou couldst speak as thou hast heard

To all I love—O happy bird,

At home in Eri soon to be!

During a visit which his friend Cormac made to Columba while he was in exile, he thus eulogized the saint:

O Columbkille of a hundred graces!

Thou art a prophet, thou art a true poet;

Thou art learned, a scribe happy, perfect,

And a devout, accomplished priest.

Thou art a king's son of renowned valor;

Thou art a virgin, thou art a pilgrim.

Not only was Columba a true poet himself, but he was a friend and protector of poets. During his lifetime, King Aedh pronounced formal banishment of the bards from Ireland. There seems little reason to doubt that at this period the bards—many of them—richly deserved some sort of punishment. They were accustomed to travel about the country from house to house with a large following of disciples, making their stay now with one family, now with another. To feed a bard and some twenty or thirty disciples for a week or two may have been an honor, but the honor was expensive and burdensome. Moreover, while bard and followers chanted the praises of the master of the house and his family, the "pot of avarice" was held out for gifts and rewards. If these were not poured in generously, praise was changed to biting satire. So the people grew weary of the bards, and the King ordered them banished. The saint came to their rescue,

and influenced him to change his decision. As a result, their number was reduced, and their privileges curtailed.

Columba returned once from his exile to visit his country and the monasteries which he had founded. He did not remain long, however; but went back to Iona, where he died on the 9th of June, 597, the seventy-seventh year of his age. The poetic setting is not wanting to his death. He ascended a hill overlooking his monastery, where he lingered for a short time. With uplifted hand he blessed his brethren of Iona and "dear Derry." Then he returned to the monastery, where he spent the afternoon in his cell, writing portions of the psalms. In the evening he paused at the words, "They that seek the Lord shall not want for any good thing." Next day he quietly passed away.

Viewing St. Columba over the reach of centuries, our estimate of him must be imperfect at best. Only the romantic events of his life are recorded, — what appealed to the imagination of an imaginative race. In the language of to-day, we would say he was a "great Irishman." He was not nimbus-circled from the cradle: he became holy by virtue of continuous struggle. No doubt this is true of most saints, though their biographers do not always make it appear so. Columba was patriotic,—his patriotism was a part of his religion. He loved his people, and from Iona dreamed of them. He loved his country, and chanted of its fields and of its rivers that leap to the sea.

He lived in the days of a free Ireland, when laws and traditions were in the making. Religion formed men and women then, and since then religion has held them in the mould. Some, indeed, have sold their birthright—but not many, considering all that has happened. The "dear Derryland" has become the home of the Orangemen; and if one can wonder in heaven, the saint must be wondering at the change. No doubt he is praying, too, that his land may join in the song of thanksgiving when the Dawn breaks,



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*July 13, Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.*

IT is to the Gospel that we must look for the key to the signification of the liturgy of this Sunday. It is that in which our Blessed Lord, weeping over Jerusalem, foretells its dire destruction. The choice of this Gospel for a Sunday falling during the month of July or August (as this particular Sunday must do, unless Easter be unusually late) is strikingly appropriate; for the actual destruction of Jerusalem took place in the course of those two months. This Gospel, besides its literal signification, may be explained in a spiritual sense, as the Fathers of the Church show; it is this secondary interpretation which the liturgy has chiefly in view on this Sunday.

In His brief moment of public triumph, Our Lord, amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd surrounding Him, poured forth piteous lamentations and sorrowful tears over the fate of the city He loved and had desired so earnestly to save. "If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace," He cries; "but now they are hidden from thy eyes." And He proceeds to describe literally the awful fate of the city that refused the light. Less than forty years after, everything was exactly fulfilled. After incredible sufferings during the siege, the wretched inhabitants fell a prey to the Roman conquerors, their city was totally destroyed, and its site rendered desolate. Eleven hundred thousand had perished during the siege; ninety-seven thousand were taken prisoners, destined for the mines, the amphitheatre, or the slave-market.

Jerusalem represents the soul of each individual Christian, specially loved and sought by God. The soul that rejects His warnings, is deaf to His calls, is heedless of His reproofs, has to expect final

and complete overthrow at the hands of a formidable enemy, with no hope of relief from a woe that will be eternal. It is in the light of this interpretation that we must consider the liturgy.

The Introit prays confidently for God's protection of His faithful ones in the evil day. "Behold, God is my helper, and the Lord is the support of my soul. Turn back the evils upon my enemies, and cut them off in Thy truth" (destroy them, that is, in accordance with Thy promises, always faithful and true), "O Lord, my Protector!" The psalm continues: "O God, in Thy name save me; and deliver me in Thy strength."

The faithless Jews were powerless to obtain God's help in distress. We pray that He may direct our petitions that they may be always for such things as are pleasing to Him, and consequently effectual. "May the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord," says the Collect, "be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants. And, that Thou mayest grant what Thy petitioners desire, make them to ask those things which are agreeable to Thee."

St. Paul, in the Epistle, recounts the list of sins and chastisements of God's people in their early days. Their neglect of God's warnings led gradually to their final crime (the rejection and crucifixion of the Redeemer), and to their total ruin as a nation. "Wherefore," says the Apostle, "he that thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall." For that fall may lead to final rejection, after the example of the apostate Jews.

The Gradual extols God's power in our defence: "O Lord, our Lord, how wonderful is Thy name over the whole earth! For Thy majesty is above the heavens,"—since the whole world can not contain it. The Alleluia verse is a supplication, following naturally from the thought of this power and glory: "Rescue me, O my God, from mine enemies; and from them that rise up against me, deliver me." The enemies mentioned here, as in other portions of to-day's liturgy, must be



understood to be the implacable enemies of God and man—the devil and his angels.

The Offertory verse sings of the joy which the service of God brings to the faithful heart that loves to listen and obey. "The justices of the Lord are right, rejoicing hearts; and His precepts are sweeter than honey and the honeycomb; and therefore doth Thy servant observe them."

The most effectual means to secure constant union with God, and consequent fidelity to the end, is the frequent reception of the Sacrament of His Love. This is expressed in the Communion verse: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him, saith the Lord."

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#### The Aftermath of Convent Commencements.

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HUNDREDS of Catholic girl graduates from the collegiate courses of convent schools, and thousands of their sisters who have finished the less advanced academic courses in these institutions, are now at home, their schooldays over for good. A considerable number of both categories will doubtless turn such education as they have received to practical account by assuming the duties of teachers, or securing lucrative positions in some of the various spheres of commercial and industrial activities which in our day are open to women. The others—and we hope they form the great majority—will remain at home for the next few years, taking an active part in the management of household affairs, and serving a practical novitiate preparatory to their allotted future life-work—the making and ruling of genuine Catholic homes of their own.

In whichever class the convent-bred girl may find herself, whether self-supporting or still dependent, there are certain considerations of which she should never lose sight,—certain obligations, individual and social, more rigorously incumbent upon

her than upon her less favored sister who has been denied the privilege of convent training, and who faces the problems of life with no better preparation than the purely secular instruction acquired in a public school, or, still worse, a non-Catholic college. To our convent graduate much has been given, and there is Scripture warrant for the statement that of her much will be justly required. *Noblesse oblige*; and the girl or young woman who has had the good fortune to spend a few years in the refining, elevating, religion-permeated atmosphere of a convent school owes it to herself, to her parents, to the Sisters who have trained her, and to the Church for whose advancement and glory those Sisters are so zealously working, to be an exceptionally praiseworthy member of the society in which she moves.

In the first place, her personal conduct should be so irreproachable that the wildest and most insidious agents of evil shall discover therein no faintest indication of willingness to dally with temptation. Such propriety of conduct is in no way incompatible with well ordered recreations, pleasures, and "good times." No sane moralist expects a girl in her teens, or a young woman just out of them, to be as soberly staid and reserved and indifferent to amusement as a matron or spinster of twice her age; but her gaiety should be innocent, her amusements free from moral danger, her recreations, such as leave no sting of remorse to mark their passing.

Closely allied to propriety of personal behavior is the matter of dress. While the imperious decrees of Fashion may not be entirely set aside and flouted as of no consequence, every modest lady feels that the demands of good taste and decency are paramount, and knows also how to conform sufficiently to prevailing styles to escape being called a "dowdy" or a "fright," without adopting the extreme modes which too often provoke the merited censure of the judicious. A gratifying incident during the recent

commencement season was the appointing of a committee by the alumnæ of one well-known convent school in this country, for the purpose of studying how best to exert a chastening influence in the matter of clothing. No convent graduate worthy of the name will dress in a fashion that will render her conspicuous in any assembly of social equals, unless indeed (as may sometimes occur) her attire is conspicuously modest among "creations" that are lamentably the reverse.

If convent training should produce a gratifying aftermath in one sphere more than another, it should presumably be in the religious sphere. Other conditions being equal, the convent graduate should be theoretically a better informed, and practically a more devout, Catholic than the young woman or girl who has lacked the teaching and the daily example of Sisters. She should be, of all members of her parish, a frequent communicant, a devoted member of church societies, and a loyal assistant on whom her pastor may count for generous service in any one of the hundred ways in which the interests of religion are dependent on lay help and co-operation.

To mention last what might well come first and foremost, the graduate of a convent school should be the angel of her home; the never-failing consolation and joy of her parents; the sympathetic comrade and confidential intimate of brothers and sisters; the ready helper in household duties not less than the promoter and leader in family festivities; as fully acclimated to the kitchen as to the drawing-room; and not less competent and willing to lessen, by sharing, father's worries and mother's cares than to surround the younger members of the family with an atmosphere of loving-kindness and innocent joy. In brief, she will be fulfilling her complete duty only inasmuch as she is regarded by the world around her as a living advertisement, proclaiming silently but effectively the incomparable advantages of convent education.

### A Delightful Letter.

CATHOLIC readers, students of history in particular, are indebted to the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* for many interesting and important original articles, as also for the preservation and publication of numerous valuable documents relating to the history of the Church in the United States, the existence of which was generally unknown or unsuspected. But we have found nothing in the current number of this excellent quarterly more readable than the subjoined letter, dictated by a Negress named Liza (Eliza) Nebbett, and addressed to Mother Randall, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, when she was superior of the house of her Order in Madison Ave., New York,—probably about 1880.

The "ole Archbishop" mentioned in Liza's letter was Mgr. Perché, Archbishop of New Orleans. Mother Hardey was the successor of Mother Audé as superior of St. Michael's Convent, in St. James' Parish, La. Mother Moran was Vicar of the establishment of the Order in that State when Liza sent her letter, which is headed, "St. Michael's Plantation," where she had her cabin in the Negro quarters belonging to the convent.

We are informed that Liza was given to the saintly Mother Duchesne at Florissant, Mo., by Mgr. Dubourg, about 1821. She was then a sickly, neglected child of six or seven years, whom the Archbishop had found somewhere during one of his journeys. She grew up strong and sturdy, however; and in 1827 Mother Duchesne gave her to Mother Audé for the foundation of St. Michael's, St. James' Parish, La. She lived there until her death in 1888, serving the community with entire devotedness:

DEAR MOTHER:—It seems as what it is an age since I received de letter what you sent me fur to have a Mass said fur yore 'tentions, and fur to have all de darkies in dese parts to exist at de Holy Sacrifice. But I has been so



upside downwards fur dese last six weeks dat I ain't had no time to think ob nothin' but my pore ole soul, what has had a heap o' sorrow and tribulations. But I wants you to have a good understandin' of what fur I had not sent you a letter long afore dis present time.

First and foremost, I was a waitin' fur dis here Lady what is a sittin' in my cabin now, a writin' down all what I tells her to say; 'cause she knows you and all dem Yankees up in your part ob de world. And I knowed she was comin' up here wid my chile, Madame Mary Moran, fur to see our ole Archbishop, what is stayin' on dis here convent plantation fur to be took good care ob till he gets over his spell of sickness. Dat is de why and de wherefore dat you ain't done got a letter from Liza long afore now. I hopes dat you has a good understandin' ob my 'pology, 'cause I was riz by de Ladies ob de Sacred Heart, and I don't want to bring no disgrace on dem by bad manners. Fur Madame Duchesne and Madame Aloysia Hardey was mighty partiklar when they was raisin' me to show Liza what was right and what was left. So I knowed politeness 'most as well as de white folks and fifty times better than any ob my kin and color.

All de members ob dis here colored congregation sends dere bess love and compliments to all you Ladies. Dey will join in de Mass when our direetor says it next week. Dey has all been invited to exist at de Mass and communicate. Maybe I'll go, and maybe I'll not; 'cause, you see, I's in great affliction at dis present time. My legs is swelled up like two drums, and my feet is so sore I can't put on my shoes. De Father says: "Liza, put on a long gown and go to de Holy Table in yer bare feet." But I says: "No; I ain't goin' to make any show like I was so virtuous when all de folks knows dat Liza ain't no saint." I ain't goin' to do no such thing! De Lord 'flicts me; and when He thinks dat I's done suffered enough, den He'll make de way smooth. But now it's all hills and hollows, and de pebbles and de sharp bits o' rock sticks in mighty smart. But, den, de Lord knows how many thorns He put on de briar-bush, and it seems like He'll soon tell me to quit, — dat He's tired 'flictin' pore old Liza and wants to give her a rest. I don't say dis to grumble 'bout His hand what is laid so heavy on me, but to splain de reason dat may prevent me to exist at yore Mass. But de Lord is in my ole cabin, and I can pray dere fur all you Ladies ob de Sacred Heart.

My chile looks mighty smart; but I done cried a hogshead ob tears, 'cause she can't be 'suaed to come and live here quiet at Saint Michael's. Sence she's been superior she's like a spirit going everywhere. I blames Madame

Aloysia Hardey — I do — fur givin' des superiors here in Louisiana dose idays about flittin' from house to house. Afore she was come down here, dey was all quiet and contented to stay in de same convent from de beginnin' to de end ob dar days. But she comes and gives 'em a taste for cars and boats, and since den dey is every one like de moon what's always a changin' and a changin'. But I ax de Lord to leave my chile here to me, so I can keep an eye after her health. She's so waluable to dis here Society dat she ought to be took double care of. Ef I see her cheeks a sinkin' in, and her complexion gittin' white like whitewash, I'll keep a jawin' and a grumblin' till dey send her back to dat dere Halifax; fur I don't never want agin to see her look like chalk, like she used to.

I's taxed wid de rhumatiz and a heap ob other misfortunes, and it 'pears to me like ole Liza won't do much more in dis world; it seems like her web is 'most spun, — dat dere ain't much yarn left on de spool, and de Lord's pretty nigh settin' His foot agin de wheel fur to stop it from whirlin' round any more. So if you don't hear any more from Liza, you needn't be sprized. Please present my compliments to all you Ladies ob de Sacred Heart, and tell "How-de" to every one ob dem. I love dem all: dey is all locked up in my heart, 'cause dey was 'fectionate and 'tentive to my pore sick chile, Mother Moran.

I draw my letter to a close wid love,

LIZA NEBBIT,

*Colored chile ob de Sacred Heart, first slave what was brought in dis convent by Mother Duchesne.*

Liza's letter was well worth preserving in the *Records*, if only as a specimen of dialect; but, as every reader will agree, it is much more than that.

### An Open Confession.

THE following statement is from the pen of Mr. William H. Sloan, formerly a Baptist missionary in Mexico and for twenty-two years head of the missions maintained there by that denomination. He is now a Catholic, and the editor of a Catholic paper published at Las Cruces, New Mexico. His statement was prompted by the receipt of copies of a widely-circulated anti-Catholic sheet, of which he writes as no one that we know of could write. In returning a corrected proof of this open confession which we had sub-

mitted to him, Mr. Sloan says: "I am quite willing you should republish the enclosed. I am sorry I am too busy just now to polish it and to add to it; but I may before long send you something more satisfactory."

We ourselves were engaged in writing and preaching such stuff probably before the editor of the *Menace* was born—for his articles show that he is yet in the "puppy" age as well as of the "puppy" character,—and we know all about the origin and source of the lies and calumnies that he gives the public every week. We ourselves have waded through all the disgusting mire of slanderous attacks on the priests and the nuns; we have anathematized the bishops who wanted to take public funds from the treasury for the support of Catholic institutions; we have cried to Heaven to defend our public schools against the insidious attacks of Rome; we have accused the Pope of lying awake at night to devise some way by which he might surreptitiously win over the United States to the "Romanist" cause; we have painted the ignorance of Mexico and South America in most lurid colors; and we have reason to believe that much of the bigoted drivel now going the rounds of the Guardians of Liberty press, and heard in bigoted Protestant pulpits, had its origin in our sophomoric declamations years ago, when we travelled through the States in search of funds with which to carry on our work of Protestant propaganda, and inveighed in most bitter terms against "superstition, immorality, ignorance and vice" as found among the Roman Catholic people where we labored.

We were not entirely to blame: we were paid for doing it (as is the editor of the *Menace*), and we were easily persuaded it was all true. We learned the truth after a while. A compassionate God took hold upon us, lifted our feet out of the mire, and placed them upon the Rock.

All things considered, we must say this is one of the most remarkable statements that has ever come under our notice. An open confession seems an exactly appropriate description of it. What will our separated brethren think when they read this testimony of a former leader among them,—one who for more than twenty years was the head of the Baptist propaganda in Mexico? We have only to add that if Mr. Sloan's words are not echoed on all sides, it will be criminal neglect.

## Notes and Remarks.

Two admirable works of Catholic charity are flourishing in France: that of Assistance to Churches in Paris, and that of Assistance to Country Missions. Count Jean de Nicolai has just given his report of what has been accomplished by the latter during the past year. The society extends its activities as far as Madagascar. Its chief source of revenue comes from city-dwellers, which is but fitting; for the best elements of cities are drawn from the country. A reservoir of life, health, virtue, and energy is found in the provinces, and all towns depend on it for their well-being and their general progress. Towns and cities are, therefore, interested in preserving to the country-dwellers their ancestral faith; and for this purpose the society addresses itself to parish priests for mutual counsel and assistance. In 1912 it distributed over 34,000 francs among poor priests, bestowed sacred objects for use in worship to the value of 12,000 francs, created several circulating libraries, and organized as many as 2400 missions. A number of large crucifixes also have been provided for remote districts in the Alps. The society has, moreover, contributed 60,000 francs for free schools.

An ikon of the Blessed Virgin which is usually preserved in the Russian Orthodox church of Pojayeovski, on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, had been removed to Warsaw during the late international crisis. As soon as Russia and Austria began to demobilize their troops, and peace seemed assured, the ikon was again transferred with great pomp to its former home. Pious crowds gathered, and accompanied it on foot part of the way. Governor General Salaviof and a Cabinet Minister assisted at the ceremony in Warsaw, where public prayers were offered by a bishop and hymns were sung by the people. In its journey, the venerated



ikon was made to halt at Pekov and at Jitomir, where the citizens came to meet it and strewed flowers before it.

Russians have a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which fact makes Catholic apostles of reunion confident that they are bound one day to re-enter the Fold of Christ.

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At the request of Mgr. Hojan, of Kremsier, in Moravia, the London *Tablet* calls attention to an important Congress of Catholic Slavs, to be held on July 24, 25, and 26, in Velehrad, the ancient capital of Moravia. "Saints Cyril and Methodius, who ten hundred and fifty years ago began their apostolate among the Slavs, are their special patrons. Pope Leo XIII., in the encyclical *Grande Munus*, praised the work of both these apostles, and called on the whole Church to honor their memory. Thousands of Slavs come yearly to thank God in Velehrad church for the gift of the true Faith, and to pray that their fellow-Slavs in Russia and the Balkans may return once more to their ancient allegiance to the See of Peter. In the Jubilee year of 1885, 1,000,000 came. The present King of Bulgaria, Ferdinand, some years ago made a pilgrimage to Velehrad to implore protection and help for his people. The chief concern of the coming Congress is to prepare the way for reunion of East and West, and so it should interest Catholics the world over."

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Although written for the latitude of London, the following reference, in the *Catholic Times* of that city, to one of the activities which may laudably engage the attention of the Catholic layman loses none of its pertinence when applied on this side of the Atlantic:

It was a very different matter for Catholics to attain to public office thirty years ago from what it is to-day. Participation in public life by Catholics is now admitted to be their just due in every quarter. Speaking generally, it will be allowed that here opens a field which the Catholic layman may claim as his own, and

which may be productive of immense benefit to the Church; indeed, it can hardly be doubted whether the Church can reach the fulness of her prosperity unless the Catholic layman shall not only hold but fill it to its utmost capacity. If the Catholic layman is to use public office to the good of religion, he can not forget or be ignorant of the responsibilities which public office entails. He will be a party man, but we trust not the puppet of his party. Loyalty to a party, we expect, but not loyalty at any price. Circumstances may arise in which the child may not always remain "loyal" to its parents; and there are circumstances in public life where the Catholic must remember that not only Catholic principles, but also Catholic ideals, may not be bent to suit a party policy. The Catholic layman, actuated by the lofty aspirations of Catholic citizenship, using public office for no mere selfish end, but for the public weal and the welfare of the Church, commands the respect of his representatives and the esteem of his coreligionists, and wins from an appreciative public a reverence for the Church which is proud to be the mother of such sons.

In virtue of their numbers, American Catholics may legitimately demand a far larger share of public offices than can with consistency their English coreligionists,—a much larger share, be it emphasized, than they actually enjoy. All the more reason, then, for honorable service in those of our Catholics who do hold such offices.

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The presumption that our new Secretary of Commerce, Mr. William C. Redfield, is somewhat conversant with conditions in the business and industrial worlds, and with the ethical forces that bring about such conditions, is surely an allowable one. This being so, the Secretary's statement (in the *Churchman*) that the conscience of the business world is being aroused, and that contemporary events therein, as in the world of industry, are evidences of inner moral growth, makes pleasant reading. To quote one paragraph of his interesting paper:

It is common knowledge to-day that the political leader who does not tell the truth is lost, and hence it is well known how careful politicians are about saying definitely what they will or will not do. The development of the civil

service idea has arisen from the public belief that the spoils system is wrong as well as inefficient. The sentiment embodied in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is one which holds the pernicious sides of trust activities to be morally wrong. The revolt against the tariff has not been for merely fiscal reasons, but also because the masses of our people have felt there was a large element of wrongdoing in it. The cry against special privilege is the protest against the wrongs to the public involved in such privilege. The criticism against unfit appointments springs from the sense that right has been offended by the improper choice. The so-called Progressive Party claims to be chiefly a protest against public and social wrongs. Through our whole industrial fabric the feeling begins to run that there have been wrongs done to the human factor in industry, and that these must be righted. Our affairs of State are moving to-day under the impulse of an aroused popular conscience, which is becoming more and more clear in its vision and increasingly strenuous in its demands. This has found clear expression in the results of certain criminal trials in New York.

Pessimism is as futile as it is common, and we welcome the utterances of our optimistic Secretary of Commerce.

China is at present an object of commanding interest to all students of world politics; it should be of interest, too, to all whose view of religion and its progress is wider than parochial boundaries. All such will read with that peculiar pleasure which comes from the stimulus of surprise an article on "The Missions of China," contributed to the *Month* by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge. The surprise will be due to the abundant data presented on the flourishing condition of the Church in that country. The concluding paragraph of this article shows in what hopeful spirit Mr. Atteridge writes:

It is often argued that even the progress so far accomplished must count for little in comparison to the enormous field of operations before the missionaries; that even a million and three-quarters of converts are but a handful among the 350,000,000 of China, and the conversion of the country is an impossible task. But we must remember Our Lord's words of the leaven that was to leaven the great mass, and not forget the small beginnings of Christendom in the whole world. In China the time of difficult

beginnings is past. The fire that at first flickered here and there as if on the verge of failing is now spreading more and more rapidly and widely. Look back, for instance, at the typical facts already given for the Kiang-nan mission. If the rate of increase in the last ten years had been the same as the average of the previous four decades, it would have been only 12,500 instead of over 75,000. Another indication of more rapid progress may be seen in the vast number of catechumens preparing for baptism. A few years of peace and stable government will mean for our Chinese missions such a rapid extension as has been rarely seen in the whole history of the Church.

Anglican tributes to the Blessed Virgin have of late years become so common as no longer to attract especial notice; but adherents of the other sects are much less given to eulogies of the most blessed among women. Occasionally, however, the sheer justice of Catholic devotion to the Mother of Christ impels them to utter some such sentiment as the following from Bishop Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

If I were a Romanist instead of a Protestant, I would have a picture of Mary, the Virgin Mother of the Saviour, who sanctified motherhood, in every room of my house. And even now, although I am a Protestant, I have her image indelibly written on the walls of my heart, giving me a greater love for the mother who directed my early steps.

We forgive Brother Moore his use of "Romanist" because of the sanity of the context.

As everyone knows, all graduates in medicine in the United States must pass an examination before some State licensing Board in order that they may lawfully practise their profession. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* makes it a practice to collect the results of these examinations from the secretaries of the various Boards, and publishes them regularly at the close of the school year. In the year just concluded, 1243 young doctors failed to pass, while 5110 were successful. This is an appalling percentage of failures. For the



sake of those who may not be able to secure a copy of the *Journal*, we quote from page 1635 of its May issue the table there given. We notice with gratification that a Catholic institution — St. Louis University — stands in the forefront of high class schools. Passing over such as have great percentages of failures, let us place side by side the record of our Catholic institution and that of the best known universities in America. St. Louis University had 91 graduates examined, with 3 failures; Columbia University, 105, with 10 failures; Rush Medical College, 166, with 8 failures; the University of Pennsylvania, 79, with 7 failures; Harvard University, 81, with 10 failures; Johns Hopkins, 95, with 5 failures.

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As an offset to a Montenegro prelate's (Archbishop Dobrecic) singing "God Save Ireland!" noted a week or two ago, here is an incident told to *St. Augustine's Magazine* by R. J. McHugh, war correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*. Mr. McHugh was attending Mass in Uskub. He says: "The Gospel was read in Albanian, and the sermon and 'Hail Marys' after Mass were in the same tongue. It is a very ancient language; and when the time came to join in the 'Hail Mary,' I felt it would be out of place to use so new a language as English; so I said my 'Hail Marys' in Irish,—probably the first time since the Crusaders that this language was heard in the Balkans."

A rather notable instance of sensitiveness as to congruity, or the eternal fitness of things.

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At the end of an exceedingly practical sermon on Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, enforcing the lesson of the marriage feast at Cana, Father Bernard Vaughan said:

There is little religion to-day because people have got a wrong idea of it. It is friendship, it is love. I have been all over the world, but God never changes. What could you have more? I have passed Him on, and you are to

make Him your best Friend. He may not give you the best wine now, but His Mother's prayer will obtain it at the time you need it most. It is the best wine of His true love, and will strengthen you on the journey from earth to heaven. Life is simply glorious with such an end.

An old Indian chief lay dying, and the red men and squaws were seated about his wigwam. He raised and stretched himself upon his bed and said to his tribesmen: "I am going hence. Men, I have done my hunting and my fishing; my life is spent. I am going to live with the Great Spirit who for fifty years has lived in my lodge with me and my family. I go from beneath the moon to above the stars. I am going to my best Friend, whom I have never offended since I was taught His Christian love. And, men, may the Great Spirit receive you as now He receives me, cleansed of all sin, and my heart full of trust in His great mercy and in His great love!" And he sank back upon his buffalo skin and never spoke again. That red-skinned Indian chief possessed religion.

And he went down to his grave justified, as did another great Indian chief, who, dying without the priest, made his act of contrition, and left his sins etched on a deerskin, with the injunction that this strange manuscript be handed to the first "black robe" passing that way. In all reverence, one may conclude that the recorded offences were only skin-deep.

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The London University has conferred the degree of D. Sc. in psychology on the Rev. Francis Aveling. The *Tablet* states that this mark of distinction is the first of its kind ever conferred on a Catholic priest by the University; and is, moreover, unique in being the only one presented in this department of science this year.

We republish this item—with a certain omission — from one of the June numbers of THE AVE MARIA. By one of those provoking blunders which *will* happen, even in the best regulated printing offices, the price (2s., 6d.) of a book noticed in the same column, was transposed from its proper place to the end of the paragraph above reprinted. It was a bad mistake, but we hoped that no one would notice it, least of all Dr. Aveling. Alas! the item is quoted in the current issue

of the London *Universe*, and, as if to render our discomfiture complete, apparently by the Doctor himself. But there is balm in his good-natured comment: "The degree (although not subject to discount) is the essence of cheapness at the price, and certainly no presbytery should be without one." Another consolation is that the item in question did not refer to some one's reception of an ecclesiastical honor.

It is too much to hope that such a mistake as we have thus frankly acknowledged will never again occur in our office; but we can at least give our readers the assurance that whenever we do anything to be sorry for we are willing to be forgiven.

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Commenting on the proselytizing efforts of the Protestants as one of the sources of danger to the Filipino, the Rev. J. P. Monaghan, S. J., is quoted in the *Extension Magazine* to this effect:

I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that whenever I have expressed my mind to Protestants of high character, both at home and in Manila, my views have met with their approval. Moreover, I am convinced that if the self-respecting Protestants of the United States knew what use is being made of their money in the Philippines—if they were aware of the dishonest and disgraceful methods employed by salaried missionaries to destroy the faith of fellow-Christians, if they realized the disastrous results of religion and morality which their well-meant contributions bring about,—the revenues of the proselytizers would dwindle to insignificance, and their zeal for the foreign missions would diminish in proportion. Great, indeed, has been the devastation wrought in God's vineyard by the secret societies, by a religionless education, and by the paid proselytizers of the Protestant ministry and of so-called "Christian" society. Greater havoc is in store if these influences continue unchecked.

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Writing to the London *Catholic Times* of "New Miracles at Lourdes," a correspondent in Italy says:

Monsignor Martin, who was the leader of the three thousand Pinerolo pilgrims, has published the following account of the mirac-

ulous cure of the Hungarian nun: "We were witnesses of bodily cures, pronounced miraculous by scientific men; and, amongst others, that of Sister Rosalia Rimpfel, of the Order of the Saviour, who had lain motionless on her bed for five years, owing to tuberculosis of the bones, and particularly of the spinal column. She was declared to be incurable by the doctors. But she became suddenly sound and healthy as she left the bath. She walked by herself to the Grotto to give thanks to Our Lady, and left her plaster cast there, as a trophy attesting her miraculous cure. Our pilgrims were blessed by the Lord, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, with several cures, which we may not yet qualify as miraculous, but which, if they prove lasting, we may certainly call prodigies."

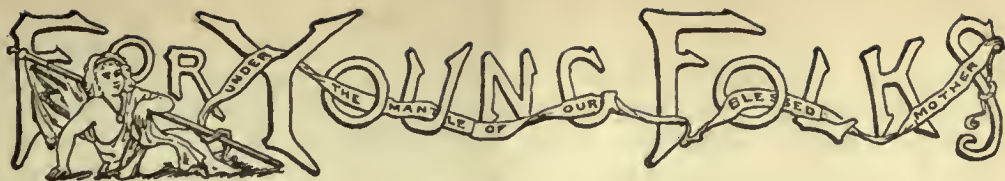
Lourdes thus continues to be the veritable wonder-spot of the world,—the place above all others where the supernatural viewpoint is the normal one, and where cures which Science pronounces impossible are a matter of common occurrence.

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Feeling sure that many who read the interesting account of an island mission in our present number will wish to contribute toward the purchase and outfit of a motor boat for "the priest of Eigg," in order that he may be enabled to extend his ministrations to other islands of the Scotch Hebrides, but especially to visit more frequently the Island of Canna, most of whose inhabitants are Catholics, as their forefathers have been from pre-Reformation times, we give the full address to which offerings may be sent: St. Donnan's, Island of Eigg (by Oban), Scotland.

It is too bad that the zealous efforts of Father McClymont should be restricted by the need of two or three hundred pounds, which would enable him to secure a serviceable motor boat. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles warmly approves of this appeal, and gives his blessing to those who respond to it. They may also count upon the fervently grateful prayers of Father McClymont and his Gaelic flocks, whose piety is greater even than their poverty.





## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

### III.—A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

**I**MPOSSIBLE to follow that tour of inspection through the various portions of the house, where everything was, to the children, a new wonder and delight; but it may be at least possible to take note of those salient features which, in a greater or lesser degree, are connected with this narrative. Amongst these was the attic, with its four large, well-lighted rooms, and a broad, open space, all of which was to constitute the children's kingdom. From the attic, the father and Fred went up to open the skylight; and there poured in a flood of sunlight, that, like a fairy conjured up by an enchanter, rushed into the dark corners, and slid up and down the projecting beams of the roof, gilding that dull interior as with exquisite gold; while the soft May air refreshed and sweetened the atmosphere.

"I say, father," began Fred, who was looking through the skylight, "wouldn't that be a splendid place to fly a kite?"

"Capital!" replied the father, with an enthusiasm that had floated back from a long lost boyhood.

For, looking up into the blue sky that seemed so near, and 'out over the roofs and chimney-pots, he could fancy himself sending a spheroid of paper, properly ballasted, out there into those azure spaces, where excitement and adventure seemed to lurk. Suddenly he realized that the roof outside had a dangerous slope,—just the thing to tempt the adventurous Fred to venture forth for the better launching of his kite. The boy within him was subdued, and sank to

his place behind the pile of years that had accumulated; and he cautiously remarked that the roof was too dangerous, and that he would show him a better place for the fascinating exercise.

On their way downstairs, as they reached the window of the first lobby, Mr. Seymour caused the children, by means of an oaken window-seat that stood there, to step out upon a broad, flat roof, at the far end of which was an arbor covered with a vine. Already this latter was putting forth leaves, giving promise of thick foliage.

"They tell me," said Mr. Seymour, "that, later on, it will bear a lot of scarlet flowers, from the shape of which it is called a trumpet vine."

It seemed to be, in fact, a delightful spot, in the pleasant shade of which the children foresaw many pleasant moments.

Mrs. Seymour, naturally, was much interested in the kitchen, with its hard-wood floors, its shining copper boiler, and cupboards; but the children were eager to descend to the basement, which their father praised very much, and which might hold an element of the mysterious. It proved to be large and dry, with a wine cellar fitted with perforated shelves to contain the wine bottles, and a latticed door. There were, besides, many compartments for coal and wood, and for the storing of vegetables. But interest, in so far as the children were concerned, reached its climax when their father, calling Fred to give him a hand, opened up a trapdoor about the centre of the floor. A gas jet being lit above, there was plainly displayed to view a dark, cavernous space into which a ladder led.

"When I have lit it up below," said Mr. Seymour to his wife, "you will see what a fine cement floor it has, and how well it is adapted for keeping butter or

other things that need coolness. Even that hook that you see there is part of a pulley for lowering things."

Fred, having begged to be allowed to go down, preceded his father, who made a more cautious descent, and disappeared into the shadows. Almost immediately the lad uttered an exclamation that was almost a shriek. His mother called him to come up at once; and his father, hastening forward, found the boy leaning against the wall and pointing toward a dark corner, whence looked out a face ghastly white. Mr. Seymour was startled for a moment; but, advancing bravely, burst into a laugh. Presently he lifted from the shelf an object, singular indeed, and strangely unsuited to the surroundings. It was a large white bust, or phrenological cast, with little strips of paper pasted over its surface, to indicate the different bumps of the head. Having explained its use to the children, he replaced it, with the remark that it might as well be left there as anywhere else. But Fred, as the father perceived, shrank from it, with repulsion.

"It felt so cold and clammy!" he said.

"As it naturally would down here in the cellar," answered his father.

But the circumstance, trivial as it was, made a curious impression upon the boy, and he was glad to see the trapdoor shut again.

Mrs. Seymour, too, remarked to her husband, after they had gone upstairs again, and assembled in the library, that it seemed a curious place for such an object to be set up.

"Oh, I suppose," said Mr. Seymour, carelessly, "some one wanted to get it out of the way!"

"But why carry it so far?" persisted his wife.

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mr. Seymour. "Possibly some of the boys, in a spirit of mischief, put it there."

But his wife's thoughts recurred more than once to that bust.

"And, now that we have seen every-

thing," she suggested, "it wouldn't be amiss if we knelt down, all together, and thanked God for bringing us safely to the end of our journey, and ask His blessing on our new house."

This proposal of the mother's seemed quite ordinary and natural, since prayer was so much interwoven with the daily life of the household. All through the year the various devotions were entwined like garlands of everlasting flowers, and the saints and angels had somehow become dear and interesting personages. Many a story and legend of them the children had heard in their mother's quiet voice; and their father had done his share by bringing home well-written biographies of those who had joined the ranks of the beatified.

Mr. Seymour, kneeling, said an "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," to which the mother added a short prayer to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. It was a scene that impressed itself, with many another, upon the young brother and sister, and continued to do so long after those voices that prayed had become silent. The memory of it was always associated with the soft May air blowing in through the windows, redolent of many budding trees, the fresh green of leaves, and the twittering of birds, who were also making for themselves new habitations in the trumpet vine above.

The prayer concluded, the father suggested that he and Fred should go out and forage. He said he had noticed, just round the corner, a nice-looking bakery, where fresh bread and buns might supplement the sandwiches they had brought with them. Alice thoroughly enjoyed getting out odd pieces of china from the cupboard in the drawing-room which, by the aid of some cloths they had brought in their trunks, were washed bright and shining, and set out a table in the library for the first meal.

Fred, meantime, accompanying his father, took his first walk in the city of



New York, on that far-off day in the sixties. He observed how broad were the flagged sidewalks, how distant seemed the other side of the street, and how different from those to which he had been accustomed were the houses. Chiefly of brick, with brown stone trimmings, they rose up square and massive, with no more ground around them than the yards in the rear; also that quick observer noted that the boys who went whistling past him, or turned to stare at some indefinable difference in his costume or appearance, seemed wide-awake, alert sort of fellows. They somehow made him feel young, as if fourteen were not, after all, so magnificent an age; and they caused him to think rather wistfully of the "fellows" who had been his comrades in many a game in the home town "up State."

Once arrived at the bakery, his attention was attracted by the shopkeeper, Mrs. Horton, trim and tidy, with dark wavy hair primly parted on either side of her face, one who described herself as "an old country woman." When she heard that the Seymours were newcomers in the neighborhood, and when the father had chosen some of her delectable wares to bring home, she readily consented to have made for them a good pot of tea just as soon as the kettle boiled. While waiting for that process, she entered into conversation with Mr. Seymour; and regaled Fred with some fresh, crisp Shrewsbury cakes, which the hungry boy found very delicious.

"They don't know how to make Shrewsbury cakes in this country," she remarked.

And, during the talk that followed, Fred, who was listening only vaguely, having his eyes fixed on the street without, heard her deplore the lack of many another thing in this great city, to which she had come a decade or so before. The boy's wandering attention was caught, however, when he heard Mrs. Horton say:

"So it is the big house of the Spencer family you have taken?"

Answered in the affirmative, she began to expatiate on the gentility, coupled with affability and open-handedness, of the late owners.

"I have heard everything to their credit," declared Mr. Seymour, "and have found them most satisfactory in their business dealings. Some new and interesting details concerning them were given us by a visitor who called at our house this morning."

"Who was that?" the woman inquired, with a frank curiosity that caused Mr. Seymour to smile. But he answered good-humoredly:

"Mr. Forrester?"

"Mr. James Forrester?" echoed the storekeeper, her tone becoming dry.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I know him well enough," Mrs. Horton responded acridly. "He seemed to be always hanging about when the family was there—aye, and since they left, too, until—"

"Perhaps I had better inform you," said Mr. Seymour coldly, "that Mr. Forrester is a connection of mine by marriage."

"Oh, indeed, is he?" quoth the woman, instantly dropping the subject; and, declaring that the kettle must now be boiling, she hastened to put down the tea to brew. One thing was very clear, though, even to Fred; that the fact of being connected with James Forrester did not tend to exalt them in Mrs. Horton's eyes.

Later, Fred confided to Alice that the woman at the bakery-shop, who had praised the former owners of the house very highly, did not think much of Uncle Jim.

"It doesn't seem quite square to be talking against a relative," said loyal-natured Fred; "but I don't like him either."

"We can just say that to each other in a low voice," observed Alice in her quaint way; "and then it won't do him any harm. We don't want to be uncharitable."

Mr. Seymour, too, though he did not mention the subject to his wife, looked

thoughtful and somewhat disturbed when he sat down to his first impromptu meal in the library. It was not so very long, however, till the matter was put out of his head. Presently a vigorous peal at the bell announced that for the second time visitors had come to welcome them to New York.

(To be continued.)

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### About Crowns.

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Although crowns are now almost always associated with royalty, they were at one time used for the simple purpose of keeping uncombed hair off the eyes. Originally made of flowers and plants, they were subsequently formed of horn, and finally of metal. Jupiter wore wild flowers; Bacchus, ivy; Apollo, laurel; Minerva, olive; and Venus, roses. But artificial crowns, so far as can be discovered, were first worn in Egypt.

In ancient times not only kings and leaders, but priests, athletes, victims, and even ordinary citizens, seem to have worn crowns. The Romans had many kinds of crowns. A crown made of grass or weeds, gathered on the spot, was often presented by a beleaguered city to the general who raised the siege. The civic crown was made of oak leaves, and was given to a soldier who in battle saved the life of a Roman citizen. This crown won freedom of taxation for the wearer and for his father and paternal grandfather. The camp crown, made of gold, was given to him who first entered the enemy's camp; the naval crown, to him who first boarded an enemy's ship. To him who gained a victory over pirates on the high seas was presented a crown of myrtle. The triumphal crown was held over a victor after his triumph, and was originally made of bay or laurel; afterward, however, it was made of gold.

The Roman birthday crown was of laurel or parsley, — the same as that given to athletes. Gladiators had crowns of fennel, the emblem of strength. The

nuptial crown was plucked by the bride herself, and consisted of vervain or verbena. Sacerdotal crowns were generally made of green wheat; and funeral ones, as a rule were of flowers. Crowns held in the hand, as we very often see on tombs and in paintings, are intended to represent that the deceased led a blameless life. The crown of thorns placed on the head of a victim was a sign of special ignominy. Thus was our Blessed Saviour crowned, and to us this crown has become one of the most cherished emblems of His Passion.

From Persia, through Alexander the Great, the kingly crown reached Europe. Nero is said to have been the first of the Roman emperors to wear a gold crown, though some claim that distinction for Caligula.

In Vienna to-day may be found the most famous of all European crowns—that of Charlemagne, which consists of four large and four small plates of gold hinged together, and highly enamelled with Scriptural subjects. A crown made in the sixth century, called the Iron Crown of Lombardy, was the one with which Napoleon was crowned at Milan in 1805. It was of gold, with an inner circlet of iron, thought to be made from one of the nails of the True Cross.

Much could be written on the history of the various European crowns. From the string of pearls worn by the chiefs of Briton in the time of the Romans, to the present crown of the British Empire, is a long story, and one of intense interest. That mass of brilliant stones, made up principally of the jewels taken from old crowns, rich in historical associations, is an epitome of English history, and recalls many a tale of heroism and daring, as well as of intrigue, cruelty, and massacre.

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### One "Hail Mary."

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SHE was asked to say three "Hail Marys"

For her teacher, a gentle nun;

And she said: "I'd be glad to do it,

But I only know just one."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of Spanish classics, which should have a special interest for Catholic readers, is now being issued by Messrs. Nelson.

—"Notes for Catholic Nurses," by the Rev. J. R. Fletcher, has been so favorably received that a second edition, in which are embodied a few corrections, has been called for. Published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—"The Faith and Duties of a Catholic," by the Rev. W. A. Daly (Catholic Book & Church Supply Co., Portland, Oregon), is a thirty-two page brochure containing brief and lucid expositions of dogmatic and moral truths.

—We welcome new and cheaper editions of Mr. A. F. Pollard's *Henry VIII.*, one of the best studies of him in the language (Longmans, Green & Co.); and "*The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture*," by H. Zimmer, translated by Jane Loring Edmands (Putnam Sons), a valuable statement of what the Irish accomplished for the early Middle Ages.

—The third volume of the Very Rev. L. Brancherau's "*Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests*," translated and adapted, has been brought out by Benziger Brothers. It is an attractively bound and compact volume of some 500 pages, and deals specifically with the priestly life. The admirable qualities that elicited our praise of the former volumes, notably the combination of sterling piety and clear-cut practicality, again appear in the present volume, which may congruously find a place not so much on the priest's bookshelf as on his prie-dieu.

—The many readers who were charmed and helped by "*Thoughts for All Times*" will find in the latest work of the Rt. Rev. John Vaughan, "*Happiness and Beauty*," an appeal greatly similar. It is remarkable to what simple terms Bishop Vaughan reduces complex issues, and with what lucidity he sets them forth. Into this attractive little volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages he has compressed all the Catholic philosophy on the question of happiness in life, stinting the development of his theme neither in the aspect of happiness as an end nor in the treatment of the means whereby it is to be attained. "*Beauty*" he discourses of as the hall-mark of God's work in the universe, dwelling particularly upon the beauty of the soul. This little book is a gospel of good cheer in the true sense; for it makes the basis of joy an understanding of the great

things that have been done for us by God, and a realization of the still greater things which are to be accomplished in us. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—A list of forthcoming English books includes "*An Average Man*," a new novel by Mgr. Benson, an American edition of which will be issued in the early autumn by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, jointly with Dodd, Mead & Co.

—In a list of recent publications by the University of Manchester we notice "*Patience, a West-Midland Poem of the Fourteenth Century*," edited, with Introduction, bibliography, notes, and glossary, by Hartley Bateson, B. A., Faulkner Fellow of the University.

—In the current instalment of "*Applied Idealism*" ("chapters of a possible autobiography"), Col. Roosevelt again bestows praise on Kathleen Norris' charming little book, "*Mother*," and expresses the wish that people would use it now and then as a tract. There is interesting proof; in the same instalment of his autobiography, that he does so himself.

—In a brochure of fifty-five pages, "*The Litany of St. Joseph*" (Dublin: *Irish Messenger* Office), the Rev. Albert Power, S. J., gives a clear exposition of a comparatively recent prayer. He divides the twenty-five invocations of which the litany is composed into three groups: the first eight treating of St. Joseph's dignity and greatness; the next eight, of his personal virtues; and the last nine, of the influence for good which devotion to him is exerting in the world.

—"The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother," is described by its author, the Rev. Joseph H. Stewart, as "six essays on the position of Mary in Catholic Theology." A handy volume of some hundred and eighty pages, it is the only book we know of in English covering the ground in question from such a viewpoint. For its object is neither devotion nor controversy, but a plain setting forth of the theological basis of the Catholic attitude toward Mary. As an indirect result, on the other hand, the literature both of devotion and controversy is thereby enriched. The topics treated are: Creature-Worship in General, Mary-Worship in Particular, Mary-Worship as a Safeguard of the Incarnation, the Second Eve, and the Throne of the Virgin Mother (two parts). First written, as the author tells us, at the request of a convert friend, there is

a certain "sweet reasonableness" about these essays that does not detract in the least from the compelling force of their logic. The volume is published by Burns & Oates, and is sold in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—"Your Next Door Neighbor the Anarchist" is the title of an admirable address delivered by Mr. Theodore F. MacManus at the second annual banquet of St. John's College Union, Toledo, Ohio. In its published form it makes a pamphlet of forty-one pages. The "anarchist" described is the moral anarchist—the disciple and promoter of that modern false progress which consists, not in making the world over to established principles, but in changing our principles to meet temporary conditions. With this understanding as a point of departure, Mr. MacManus trains his guns upon such modern bulwarks of "progress" as vice reports, sex education, eugenics, divorce, and Socialism. The fire of his logic is swift and deadly, and he expresses himself with the pointed forcefulness of the trained journalist. It is high work throughout, of admirable tone and temper. It is a pity that no publisher's name is given, as this pamphlet deserves the widest circulation.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.
- "Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. J. Brancherau. \$1, net.
- "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.
- "St. Gilbert of Sempringham. \$1.25.
- "Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.
- "St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.

- "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartmann Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Practical Catechist." Rev. James Nist. \$1.75.
- "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.
- "The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.
- "Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.
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- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "Levia Pondera." John Ayscough. \$1.75.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Heart of Revelation." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Three Years in the Libyan Desert." J. C. Ewald Falls. \$4.50.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssen, of the diocese of Belleville; Rev. George Durnin, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. W. H. Lynch, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Valentine Czyzewski, C. S. C.

Mother M. Gonzaga, of the Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. James Featherstone, Mr. John Copeland, Miss Mary Cotter, Mr. George Staincliffe, Mr. John Bannon, Miss Gertrude Hart, Mr. John S. Wright, Mrs. Ellen Curran, Master Clarence Payne, Mr. Michael Kilcoyne, Mrs. Mary Huber, Mr. James O'Hara, Miss Julia Smith, Mr. John J. Moran, Mr. B. L. Fischer, Mrs. Elizabeth McAvoy, Mr. Manley Howe, Mrs. Jane Murphy, Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Charles Loeb, Mrs. Christian Lee, Mr. John Kolig, Mr. Quinlan Leary, Mrs. J. L. Morris, Mr. John Hurley, Mr. Philip Faulstich, Mr. Alfred Goodall, Mrs. C. Seery, and Mr. Charles Jones.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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### To Mothers.

BY C. L. O'D.

AND will He keep you waiting  
In dawnlight, cold and dim,  
Whose Mother in the darkness  
Waited, sweet, for Him?

From throne and bending angels,  
Down the great, shining floor,  
He'll come with arms wide open  
And greet you at the door.

To Christ, of manhood perfect,  
Your perfect worth is known:  
He'll haste to meet the mothers  
And lead them to His own.

### The Blessed Virgin in Liturgies Other than the Roman.

STRIKING evidence of the universality as well as the antiquity of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is furnished in the liturgical prayers of all churches possessing any right to the title of Catholic. The various liturgies of the East and the West, differing as they do in style and in many points unessential to the validity of sacrifice or sacraments, possess in common the character of reverential and tender love for Mary, Mother of the world's Redeemer.

First among the rites not only of the West but of the world is the Roman. It is the mother liturgy; and, in virtue of its triple character of antiquity, author-

ity, and unity, is pre-eminently the universal one. The reader's familiarity with its treasures obviates the necessity of dwelling upon the wealth of veneration and affection therein lavished on Mary. That she, from all eternity, was predestined in the divine plan to become the Mother of the Incarnate Word; that she is incomparably the fairest and most favored of all creatures; and that she is humanity's most powerful advocate at the Throne of Mercy,—this is the lesson which, in Missal, Breviary, and ritual, the Church of Rome continually impresses upon the faithful.

With the other liturgies of the West—the Old Gallican, the Ambrosian, and the Mozarabic,—as with those of the Oriental churches, most of our readers are probably less familiar. Some extracts from these old formularies may, therefore, prove interesting. Our first selection is a Preface from the Old Gallican Liturgy, which was exclusively used in France till the eighth century, and from which our present Roman Missal has received many additions. The old Roman Rite was simpler, more austere, had practically no ritual beyond the most necessary actions; and, though its nucleus still remains in our present liturgy, it has been considerably embellished by additions from the Gallican Rite:

"It is meet and just, Omnipotent God, to return Thee thanks at all times, but particularly on this day. It is the day on which Thy chosen people went out of Egypt, and also that on which the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, quitted earth and

took her flight to Christ. For Mary did not undergo the contagious shame of corruption: for her the tomb held no decomposition. . . .

"Fittingly to praise the merits of the Virgin we must compare her with Eve. The one brought into the world the law of death, the other restored us to life. The one ruined us by her transgression, the other elevated us by the generation of her Son. The one, by eating the forbidden fruit, smote us with the deadly stroke; from the other, as from a superb stalk, burst forth the beauteous Flower destined to delight us with its perfume and heal us with its fruit. The one engendered malediction in sorrow; the other, benediction in salvation. . . . Hence it is time that our ancient sighs should give way to new rejoicings. Hence we return to thee, fruitful Virgin and virginal Mother. The birth of thy Son, far from impairing thy virginity, was but an addition to thy glory!

"Blessed art thou, O Mary! As we rejoiced in thy nativity and exulted in thy maternity, so to-day do we hail with delight thy passage to heaven. To have sanctified thee from thy entrance into life would not have been enough, had not Christ especially beautified the death of such a Mother. . . . The Apostles honor thee to-day with their praises, the angels with their songs, and Christ with His filial embrace. The clouds serve thee for chariot. Thy assumption transports thee to Paradise, and thy glory holds there the first rank among all the choirs of the blessed. Thou art enthroned near Christ our Lord, whom angels and archangels unceasingly proclaim, '*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus!*'"

The Ambrosian Liturgy, which is still used in Milan, though it has become considerably Romanized in the course of time, was completed and enriched by St. Ambrose. It contains a Preface hardly less beautiful than the one just quoted:

"It is right and good, Almighty God, unceasingly to offer Thee thanks, and to celebrate with the invocation of Thy

divine power the festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. To whom, in truth, do we owe the gift of the Bread of Angels if not to the Fruit of her womb? Has not Mary restored to us that of which Eve's sin had robbed us? On the one hand is there not crime, on the other expiation? Between the Virgin and the serpent what an abyss! Between their works what diversity! To the latter we owe the effusion of deadly poison; to the former, the mysteries of salvation. The serpent introduced death into the world; and, behold, the Son of Mary rises, restoring its liberty to poor captive human nature! All that humanity lost in Adam it has recovered in Christ. It is this same Christ whom, with Thee, Omnipotent Father, and with the Holy Ghost, the angels adore; whom the archangels venerate in trembling; whom Thrones, Dominations, Virtues and Powers praise; whom, in fine, Cherubim and Seraphim with common jubilee glorify. Permit us to join our voices with theirs — humbly to sing, '*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus!*'"

The Preface for the feasts of our Blessed Lady's Nativity, Presentation, etc., has these changes:

"The Virgin Mary, the Virgin without stain, has shone on the universe as a beautiful and luminous star: Eve shut against us the gates of Paradise: Mary has opened them wide. We were plunged in deepest gloom: she has recalled us to the joy of the ancient light. Pray for us, O Virgin Mary, Immaculate Mother of God!"

From the Mozarabic Liturgy, still in use in Spain and Salamanca, we quote an eloquent passage on the Assumption of Mary:

"Eternal God, Supreme Father, behold us prostrate before Thy merciful divinity! Thou didst lead by the hand the most glorious Virgin Mary; and Thy Son, who is also her Son, conducted her after death to the inconceivable heights of heaven, amidst the splendid army of angels, the brilliant legion of prophets, the glorious



troop of Apostles, and the shining choirs of virgins. No man was ever the subject of an assumption so elevated, and Mary is the only woman admitted to this glory. And if she alone has attained those heights, it is because she alone remained a virgin after becoming a mother; because she gave birth to the God of heaven and earth; because she carried in her womb the Word made flesh.

"O Virgin Mother of God, whose Assumption to the celestial heights we celebrate, we beseech thee, unworthy sinners though we be, to merit, through thy holy prayers, to be one day raised to that beatitude where shines the glory of thy Assumption,—of this new miracle with which God has honored thee, O Mary! May thine admirable virginity intercede for us before Him who, after thy sleep and the consummation of thy temporal life, ineffably transported thee from earth to heaven! And through thee may our prayer be ever present before the throne of God. Cleansed from every stain, may we merit to dwell one day in heaven above, in the company of angels. Amen."

The liturgies of Jerusalem, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, and Ethiopia contain praises of our Blessed Mother no less enthusiastic. We give a selection from each in the order named:

"We adore Thee, O God, and without ceasing we make special commemoration of her who is truly blessed; of her whom all nations of the world agree in praising — of the holy and blessed Mother of God, Mary ever Virgin!"

"Deign to remember, Lord, all those who from the beginning of the world have pleased Thee—holy Fathers, patriarchs, Apostles, prophets; all those who have announced the truth—Evangelists, martyrs, confessors; and all holy souls who have lived their lives in the faith of Christ. But, above all, remember the most holy, the most glorious, the Immaculate One, whom Thou didst load with thy benedictions, — Mary, Our Lady; Mary, Mother of God; Mary ever Virgin. Amen."

"O my God, we commemorate in Thy presence all the saints whom we are about to name! As intercessors in our behalf, we present to Thee Mary before all others,—Mary, who is the Holy Mother of God; then the Precursor, John the Baptist; the first deacon and first martyr, Stephen; and the whole army of saints: yes, all the prophets, all the Apostles, all the martyrs, all the confessors, — all, in fine, whose names are written in the Book of Life. Deign, in Thy divine tranquillity, to hear the prayers of all these intercessors, and let Thy mercy receive them favorably."

"O Virgin, at the very moment when Gabriel pronounced the words, '*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*' the God of all creation became incarnate in thee as in a sanctuary. Great are the heavens, but far greater than wert thou who bore the Creator. Glory to Him who took up His abode in thy womb! Glory to Him who was born of thee! Glory to Him who by that blessed nativity delivered the world!"

"I beg to receive absolution from the mouth of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; I beg it in the name of Mary, who is the second Eve. Hail, Virgin Mary; hail, Mother of God! Thou art the golden censer which bore the burning coal,—the coal of fire. Happy he who receives this divine coal, which effaces and destroys all sins; for it is the Word who became incarnate in thy womb, and who offered Himself to the Father as incense and a precious sacrifice. O Christ, we adore Thee!"

Another beautiful passage, as follows, occurs in the Greek Liturgy of St. James, which was used once a year by the orthodox at Zacynthus and Jerusalem:

"Immaculate Mother of our God, no one on earth—no one is innocent as thou art innocent. Thou didst conceive the true God, the vanquisher of death. Thou art the spotless vase, the unprofaned temple, the most holy ark, the virginal sanctuary, the beauty of Jacob, the choice of God. Power and Glory were born of thee, O Lady, for the salvation of those

who were perishing! And thou dost snatch from the gates of hell those who proclaim thee Blessed. Through our original transgression we had fallen to earth. Thanks to thee, there is no longer corruption or death; and thy hand, O Mary, raises us from earth to heaven! The Judge of the living and the dead, whom thou supernaturally didst clothe with the mantle of our flesh, — that supreme Judge saves from the torments of the other life whom He will; but those especially who love Him, honor Him, and praise Him, and those who love, honor, and praise thee, O Virgin Mary!"

From the Greco-Slavonic we quote the following passage, which only the purity of the Queen of Heaven could inspire:

"Hail, cries all creation; hail, O Virgin all-holy; hail, O thou who hast produced the mystic grape; hail, gate of heaven; hail, joy of the Apostles; hail, joy of all mankind! O Virgin all-holy, extend over us those blessed arms in which thou didst carry the Creator, who in His goodness was made flesh; and beseech Him to deliver us from temptations, from evil passions, and from all dangers! O Virgin most dear to God, with the dew-drops of thy mercy extinguish the living coals of our vices; and relight the fire of our hearts with thy brilliant lamp, — with thy lamp of gold, O All-Immaculate!"

We conclude with an extract from the Armenian Liturgy, which was founded on the Greek one of St. Basil:

"Sanctify our souls, our intelligences, and our bodies; and grant, O Lord, that we may render Thee a fitting worship all the days of our life, through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God, and all the saints who have won Thy favor since the beginning of the world! . . .

"The Church of God proclaims the incorruptibility of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ. She it is who has given us the Bread of immortality and the Chalice of everlasting joy. Bless the Virgin, — bless her ever in devoutest song! O Mary Mother, pray for us!"

### The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### III.

HALF-PAST nine was Oliver's hour for going to his place in the office; but whilst Maura was at Mass he had received a message from his partner, who had returned late the previous evening, asking him to go to the latter's private study instead of to the office as usual. Such a request was almost unheard of, and Oliver's curiosity was excited as he hurried out to comply with it.

Mr. Bird was seated at his desk, which was strewn with papers; and his face wore an expression of interest that his clients' affairs seldom if ever drew forth.

"Is that you, Oliver?" he said, as his young partner entered the room. "You've been wondering what crochet I've got into my head now, — eh? But it's nothing to say to the firm this time, — at least," he added, with a laugh, "unless you condescend to place your business, later on, in its hands."

Oliver stood looking at him wonderingly, not understanding in the least what he was talking about. And Mr. Bird, seeing this, handed him a sheet of foreign paper, and signed to him to take a seat.

"See here, my lad," he said (for, though in public he addressed his partner with the most formal precision, in private he was always just the son of his old friend, the boy whom he had known since his childhood days). "You will find something in that letter that will surprise you as much as it has surprised me."

And, as Oliver ran his eye down the open sheet, the lawyer continued his thoughts, speaking half aloud to himself:

"After all these years! Well, well! It is unthinkable, unbelievable!"

As Oliver read, his expression of curiosity changed to one of amazement and finally of excitement.

"I suppose, sir, — I suppose it is true,"



he stammered, when he had finished. "It really does come from my Uncle Hugh, whom everyone has thought to be dead for the last — I don't know how many years."

"Certainly it is from him," replied Mr. Bird. "In the first place, a practical joker would not have troubled to send this for your expenses" (and he held up an American draft for two hundred and fifty dollars). "And, besides, years change a man's handwriting almost less than anything about him; and that is the same hand that used to bring the clouds down nearly thirty years ago, when your father and I were only clerks in this office (it was your grandfather's then); and Master Hugh was a gay gad-about, always writing home for money, — not for himself, mind you, but for some new scheme that was to make all our fortunes. For Hugh never had a notion of keeping a good thing to himself. Your father and I were always to share the profits; but those profits never came, — Hugh said because his father refused the funds."

"And then he went off and was never heard of again?" Oliver questioned, though he already knew the outline of his uncle's history.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bird: "he went off to the Australian gold fields, to make his fortune of course, — this time in spite of his father's refusal to help him. I have always suspected that the old man was rather bitter with him at the end; for Hugh's last words to me were that Camphill would hear nothing from him until he came back a wealthy man."

"That was the year I was born," said Oliver.

"Yes. He started about two months before you were born. Your mother wrote to him to the offices of the ship in which he had sailed, and the letter was not returned; so presumably he received it, and indeed this letter of his to-day proves it. But he kept his word. He himself never wrote, and other letters from your father and from myself were returned.

Then we heard that he was in the Mount Hilda Mine at the time of the great disaster; and, as no trace of him was ever found since then, we were all persuaded that he was one of the victims."

"Instead of which," said Oliver, looking again at the letter in his hand, "he has been wandering all over the world."

"And now, having made his fortune," continued Mr. Bird, "he has kept his promise and written again to Camphill. My word! What a fellow! But, Oliver lad, you see what he wants. You are to go out to him at once."

"But — but the office!" stammered Oliver who, young as he was, had already begun to look upon the office as an imperative mistress.

"Well, the office will have to get on without you," said Mr. Bird. "Reading between the lines, I fancy Hugh may want a successor in his business as well as an heir to his fortune; though in either case I expect Bird will have to get on without much help from Plunkett in future,—eh? Well, I don't deny that I shall miss you, lad; but I am not selfish enough to regret your good fortune."

"Then you advise me to go?" said Oliver, who had not as yet fully taken in the significance of his uncle's communication.

"To go? Why, of course you must go! Hugh wishes you to start at once. So go now and wire for a berth in the next available ship. You had better take your baptismal certificate, and your parents' marriage certificate, and a letter of identification from me,—though, indeed, unless Hugh has forgotten his sister, the letter will hardly be needed; for you carry your identity in your face. But they are sticklers for the law in America, I fancy; and we mustn't let them find fault with the Old Country's methods; so all your papers must be correct. Then I suppose you will want to tell them at home. I wonder what Hugh will say to two utterly unknown nieces in addition to the nephew whom he last heard of as a baby in arms?"

"Evidently he will take their existence

more as a matter of course than they will take his coming to life again," replied Oliver.

"Yes, yes, indeed it is an amazing surprise to us all!" said Mr. Bird. And then, as the clock struck the hour which invariably found him at his office desk, he arose and handed the draft and the letter back to Oliver. "It is ten o'clock, and business waits for no man. Take the letter and read it to the girls. Then, when you have made the arrangements for your journey, come back to me, and we can fix up the papers."

"Why, whatever has happened!" cried Maura, as, five minutes later, she came running downstairs in answer to an eager call from Oliver, whose return home at such an hour was almost unprecedented.

"Where is Anne?" was Oliver's only reply; for by this time he had thoroughly realized the excitement of the news he had to impart; and he was anxious to learn, from one who had known Hugh Carew in the days before he had set out to make his fortune, what kind of man this unknown uncle had been.

The sound of her own name, spoken in Oliver's voice at this unusual hour, had brought Anne hurrying from her kitchen.

"Praise be to God, Master Oliver!" she exclaimed, looking with alarm at the young man's excited face. "Whatever has brought you home, shoutin' an' screechin' for Anne at this time of day?"

"Tell me!" said Oliver without stopping to explain. "You knew Uncle Hugh. What was he like?"

"I knew your Uncle Hugh!" cried Anne. "Why, to be sure an' I did, God rest his soul! He was a beautiful, fine young man, an' he in glory these seven an' twenty years, unless your mother's prayers an' mine, not to speak of others that were said in plenty, went unheeded, which I'll never believe. An' he was the best-natured an' the innocentest soul I ever saw,—for an Englishman, that is."

"Well, you'll have to believe he's not in glory yet," said Oliver, laughing now,

and holding up Mr. Bird's letter. "For he wrote this not a fortnight ago from no nearer to glory than the city of Philadelphia in the United States."

If Oliver had desired to create a sensation he fully succeeded in his endeavors; for Anne, dropping suddenly into the nearest chair, was not able even to give vent to her ordinary expression of surprise, but sat gazing at the paper in speechless amazement; whilst Ula, who of course had joined the group, and even the usually sedate Maura had sprung forward and were questioning him eagerly. What did he mean? Was it Uncle Hugh who had died or been killed in Australia before they were born? Had he really been alive all the time? And what had he been doing? To whom had he written now, and what did he want?

"Stop!—for goodness' sake stop!" cried Oliver. "How can I answer five questions at once! Mr. Bird got this letter this morning; and when you have read it you will know as much as I know."

"Read it,—read it for us all!" said Maura, with a look at old Anne, who, though beginning to recover her power of speech, was far too agitated to read the plainest of print, much less a crabbedly written letter on flimsy foreign paper.

"Very well, then," said Oliver, nothing loath. "Here goes!" And, opening his uncle's missive, he read it for the third time from the very beginning:

151 WEST 18TH AVENUE,  
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

MY DEAR ROBERT:—I suppose you have thought all these years that I was dead, and I can imagine your surprise when you are reading this. Well, have you forgotten the vow I made long ago—that Camphill should hear no more of me until I made my fortune? The explanation of my silence is that I kept this vow; and as the fortune I sought has taken more than half a lifetime to secure, my silence has lasted an equal length of time. Twenty times in as many years I have said to myself: "Next week



I will write home." And then away went my prospective fortune, leaving me to start afresh as poor as when I left you all such a long time ago.

I have neither time nor space now to tell you how the twenty-seven years have passed since we said good-bye. I started, as you know, in the Australian gold mines; but the Mount Hilda disaster — in which, by the way, I dare say you thought I went under — sickened me with that venture. Besides, once adrift, I determined to see the world, and choose my own place to make the fortune that one day was to be mine. Since then I have visited most of the habitable spots in this Western Hemisphere. I have been a gold seeker, a diamond merchant, a sheep washer, a cow-boy, a coral fisher; whilst for the last five years I have been working my way upward as a merchant in Philadelphia, till at last I have reached the summit of my youthful ambition. I have achieved success and become a rich man. But, Robert, old fellow, I have to confess that riches have not brought me the happiness I expected. It may be that I am too old to enjoy them, — though it is only lately that I have begun to realize my age. Anyhow, I am a solitary creature, and I want some one of my own flesh and blood to be near me at the end. One of the few pieces of news that have reached me in my wanderings was the death of my sister and of Oliver. My father, of course, must have been dead for many a year.

I want you now to look up any children Ursula may have left. I know there was one boy, and he was probably the oldest of many. Give the lad the enclosed draft, and ask him to come out here to me. I will make it worth his while. If he can not or will not come, there must be others. Send a boy if you can; for a girl would be a bit of a nuisance, — though better than nothing. If there is only a girl available, I depend upon you to find a suitable companion for her, — one who would travel out and stay with her; for my

household consists of myself and one hanger-on, who, though an excellent cook and a passable housekeeper, could hardly add lady's maiding to his other accomplishments. Anyhow, send me some one of my own kin.

I am older than my years, and the doctors out here have not the same consideration in giving their verdicts as had the dear old man at home, who thought me such a prodigal in years gone by. Ah, well! I must not begin to ask about all old neighbors. The nephew will tell me when he comes.

Meanwhile good-bye to you, oldest and best of friends!

HUGH CAREW.

(To be continued.)

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### A Strange Vocation.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

#### IV.

ABOUT this time Mademoiselle paid a visit to Lyons, when a strange and terrible event took place, — indeed, it seemed that her career was never to be long undisturbed. We mentioned that a young nobleman, named Henri de Bectoz, had formerly been among her most devoted suitors. Not long before her visit to Lyons, Marie was grieved to hear that Henri had been killed in a duel. Saying an earnest prayer for the repose of his soul, not without a thought of the bright, gay season of her youth with which his name was connected, she had dismissed him from her mind in the many absorbing interests of her new life.

When at Lyons, however, on opening her eyes after a night's rest, what was her terror to see, within her room, the form of this young man\* kneeling, with

\* It is not known that "Henri de Bectoz" was really the name of Mademoiselle's suitor, as that name was given only in a romance written about her in more recent times; although the incident of the apparition is well authenticated by several records.

clasped hands, and with a sad and suffering expression of countenance! She uttered no sound, for she was paralyzed with fear, until she heard a low sigh, and a faint voice, with the well-known accent of De Bectoz, murmured: "Ah, Mademoiselle, how great is Almighty God! How good He is, how holy! Nothing is small in His eyes. Everything is weighed in the balance, punished or rewarded."—"Have you, then, obtained mercy?" Marie found voice to ask tremblingly.—"Yes," he replied; "and it was charity to the poor that saved me."

The rest of the interview she was never able to relate; but it lasted some time, and made an indelible impression on Marie's life, and even on her features. When she at length came downstairs, her mother was shocked to see that she was pale as death, and looked ten years older than when she had last seen her.

She recovered herself after a little, but the last links of her affection for the world had been broken. Though she still remained in it from love of her mother, and because of her conviction that she could do more good as a secular than as a religious, yet she thought seriously of the reality of the invisible world. Strange that poor Henri's long and hopeless devotion had been rewarded by his being the messenger to her of the vanity of all things human.

About this date Blessed Margaret Mary was inspired to write to Father de la Colombière and inform him that it had been revealed to her that Our Lord desired Marie de Lyonne for His own; whereupon the holy priest, faithful to his promise that he himself would not press her to be a nun, simply requested Mademoiselle to go to see Margaret Mary. Mademoiselle went to her, and was much touched by the interview. She promised to follow Margaret Mary's counsels, "except for the matter of the religious life, which must not be touched upon." For, strangely enough, her aversion to this seemed to be greater than ever, and

one day she even fainted on reading, in a letter from her director, the words, "We must die to ourselves, my daughter." She wept copiously, and refused to be consoled, alarming her mother by such a display of grief, the cause of which she was ignorant of. The whole household was so disturbed by her woes that no one dined in the middle of the day, to the dismay of the chef, who had prepared a bounteous repast. About two o'clock a friend called, and, finding everyone in tears and dinnerless, anxiously asked the reason of the trouble. Marie speechlessly presented her the letter; and when her friend read it she could find no word about the religious life, and speedily reassured the grieving lady and all her family. Then they began to smile again, and remembered their hunger.

Blessed Margaret Mary asked Mademoiselle to see her again; and the latter went to her at once, but dared not approach closer to the *grille* of the convent than the doorway, whence she asked what the Sister desired of her. She was told that Margaret Mary begged her to recite the 'Thirty Days' Prayer for her intention, which she readily promised. "It is to make me a nun I feel sure," she said to herself. "But I will manage better. My first intention in saying the prayer will be *never* to have a vocation."

At the end of the Thirty Days' Prayer Blessed Margaret Mary informed her director (then at his home, St. Symphorien, in order to repair his health on his return from England) that Our Lord had renewed the intimation of His wish to her with regard to Mademoiselle de Lyonne. The threads of her career in the world were now running short; for she soon received a letter from the Father, begging her to prepare for a great sacrifice which God asked of her, and adding that he wished to tell her himself. "It concerns," he wrote, "your giving the final proof—or rather the first one—of your love to the Divine Spouse; for, indeed, we have not given testimony



to our love for Jesus Christ for good unless we have given all we can. I rejoice with you in the mercy He has shown in calling you to His service, and for His desire to possess you entirely,—that is, that He may give Himself to you unreservedly in return, which is a boon no creature can merit, and which likens our happiness in this world to that of the angels."

Understanding at last her duty, Marie was cut to the heart, but did not delay a single day to go with her brother to her director, and receive her "sentence" from him. Some of her relatives, the Reclesnes d'Anthon, had property at St. Symphorien, and had intermarried with the De la Colombières, a niece of the Venerable Claude having married a De Reclesnes. This facilitated her stay at St. Symphorien, and Father de la Colombière was pleased with her instant obedience. She knelt before him, saying that she came 'trembling, but ready to obey his orders.' "My daughter," asked the saint, with his sweet look of inspiration, "would you refuse if Jesus Christ asked you to be His spouse? Would you refuse such an honor? Could you? Well, God wishes it," he concluded emphatically. At that moment all the repugnance and fear of the very thing that had mastered this poor soul so long, left her in an instant. She was filled with consolation, and seemed to be already in Paradise. Most willingly, then, did she promise to consecrate herself to God.

But how to break the news to her mother? She knew how Madame idolized her, especially now that she was all that was left to her. In fact, good Catholic as she was, the mother, on hearing her decision, vowed that she would never give her consent to Marie's entering religion. She was willing to allow her every freedom to practise her devotions at home, for Marie had never vexed her, she said; in any of these practices. "Only let us not be separated!" she exclaimed. Madame de Lyonne complained to the holy Jesuit

that he had formerly given her different advice. He replied in a graceful note, as follows:

"I take the liberty of writing these lines to you to beg you, for Christ's sake, to pardon all the grief I have unwittingly caused you. I was not able to conceal my feelings from a person who had some confidence in me, without silencing my conscience, and adding yet another crime to my other infidelities to God, which I do not wish to do. But, as I have no other interest or design than to procure the glory of Our Lord, I assure you that I shall be in no way vexed if my counsels are not followed, and shall have no difficulty in thinking myself mistaken, or admitting that I was deceived in thinking that you would make a sacrifice agreeable to God, in giving up to Him unreservedly so good a daughter as the one He has only entrusted to you for a while.

"Reflect, if you please, that all the reasons which prevent you from consenting to part with her would not perhaps have seemed so powerful if she had wished to marry and live a hundred leagues from you, even if you could not have gone to live with her, nor hoped to see her more than once a year; and that after your death your daughter would have poorer health than she has now, and that she would have more difficulty in accustoming herself to the religious life when your affairs allowed you to retire with her. Besides, you would then be making no sacrifice in consecrating her to Our Lord; while she would lose her chief merit, which consists in the parting from you.

"You find it strange that she should embrace a state of life for which she has not too much inclination. But it seems to me that one never has too much inclination for the Cross. I know that I had a horrible distaste for the life to which I had engaged myself when I became a religious; and I have never seen any one accept it without strange repugnance, except some young children whom God takes out of the world without

their well knowing what they are doing, because they would not have strength enough to overcome the difficulties if they saw them. Our Lord gives us, if He pleases, light enough to know His will, and courage to accomplish it. If He inspires you to consent to the retirement of your beloved daughter, you will do something worth more than any good you have ever done before.

"Perhaps no more than this may be necessary to atone for the sins of your lifetime. Remember that you will never again have so good an opportunity of winning God's Heart. It seems to me that God honors you much in asking for your daughter. You would have given her to a mere creature, and will you have the courage to refuse her to Him who created you, and will judge you perhaps sooner than you think?

"Farewell, Madame! I pray God that He may make you act in this matter as He would prefer, whatever it may be. I desire it for the love of your soul, which is infinitely dear to me, and which I desire to render as agreeable to Our Lord as that of the greatest saints."

#### V.

Nevertheless, the mother still refused to part with her daughter; and the latter was not sorry to stay a little longer in the world, which had treated her so well. Her fears of the religious life returned with full strength; and, although for a whole year she tried half-heartedly to obtain her mother's consent, she had not the courage to go against her wishes.

In September of that same year (1679) Father de la Colombière wrote to her: "I am not surprised at the difficulties encountered in the execution of the project; for the devil can not look without rage upon the efforts we make to sanctify ourselves and please God. But if you have courage and resolution, He who calls you to Himself will smooth the way and give you strength to conquer. I understand your tears and affection for your mother, but that does not prevent

my thinking this a good reason for separation; for if you belonged to Our Lord perfectly, as you wish, your heart would not suffer so much at the mere thought of leaving her. This last remaining tie, however innocent, is what makes God jealous, and should be sacrificed to Him."

But the end of the struggle was near. Let us take a look into the Convent of the Visitation at Paray on March 1, 1680. Blessed Margaret Mary went to her superior, Mother Greyfié, as if in an ecstasy, and exclaimed to her: "Mother, Our Lord absolutely desires this soul! He has told me that He will have her, whatever the price." Without delay, Mother Greyfié sent a messenger to summon Mademoiselle de Lyonne, for she was hearing Mass in the chapel at that moment. Much agitated, Mademoiselle entered the parlor, where Mother Greyfié and Margaret Mary were waiting; and both told her she must enter the convent at once, without returning to her mother; for "it is God's will." A terrible struggle took place in Marie's mind, and she declared to the friend who accompanied her that if purgatory were to open before her she would rather have thrown herself into it than enter the convent. Having thus relieved her feelings, she immediately, however, gave in; and, entering the door of the enclosure, she bade farewell forever to the world which she had loved too well.

Little remains to be told, for the rest is God's secret. After two months' postulate, she received the habit on the 1st of May; and she lived forty-five years as Sister Mary Rosalie in a convent where she thought at first she could scarcely live fourteen days.

Mademoiselle de Lyonne displayed the wonted ardor of her character by earnestly trying to acquire all the perfection of religious virtues as soon as possible; and she was most careful not to infringe the least observance, trying her utmost to do credit to the two holy friends that had so influenced her life.



Once more Father de la Colombière wrote to her:

"I rejoice exceedingly that Our Lord has opened His holy house to you; nor can I doubt that at the same time He has opened to you His Sacred Heart, to give you a place among His holy friends who make their perpetual home therein. Bless Him as much as you can for having drawn you to Himself; and praise Him all the more that it was done with so much trouble. Have confidence in our Blessed Lord, both for yourself and your mother. You will find, if your courage fails not, that all will turn out for the good of both, and that soon a great calm will follow the tempest."

These prophetic words with regard to Madame de Lyonne were soon verified; for on the day of the profession of Sister Mary Rosalie, Madame de Lyonne completely changed her mind, and was quite content to see her daughter become a nun.

Father de la Colombière, in writing to congratulate Sister Mary Rosalie on this eventful day, says from the fulness of a grateful heart: "How good God is, my dear Sister! He is so touched with our sorrows that He does not allow them to last long. He delights to prove our love for a time, because He sees that these trials purify us and make us worthy to receive greater grace. But He spares our weakness, and one might say that He suffers with us; for He hastens to comfort us. May He be eternally blessed and praised by all creatures!"

The holy Jesuit had now but a few weeks to live; and that letter, with the counsels which follow, bears the precious stamp of a saint's last words. For her future life he impresses upon her the virtue of humble simplicity: "I can tell you nothing better at present than to exhort you to live in great simplicity in God's house. Let yourself be governed like a child of six years old, with the same humility and candor as if you knew only your *Pater Noster*, doubting not that

your superiors will lead you to Christ, and open to you the door of His Heart."

They were to meet only twice more in this world; for the Father was soon after sent to Paray, apparently for his health, but in reality to die. For the first time he saw the once beautiful Mademoiselle de Lyonne in a nun's dress; and we can not doubt that the heavenly expression which now beamed from her countenance added even a higher beauty than her earthly charms. She stayed only a few minutes in the parlor. As soon as the bell rang for supper she said good-bye to her director, who was much edified with her punctuality. But he returned a fortnight afterward to continue his visit.

These two devout souls, in a sort of ecstasy of happiness and thankfulness, remained in silence, unable to speak for some time. But what need to speak when all is understood? When at last the Father spoke, it was to repeat the counsel in his letters that she should hold herself as a little child before God all her life, for she would find rest only in His paternal love; and then he bade her farewell. The Venerable Claude de la Colombière died on February 13, 1682; but his lessons had borne fruit, and Sister Mary Rosalie did not grieve for him. She even rejoiced when Margaret Mary, now her sister in religion, assured her that her beloved guide was already in heaven.

She retained her sweet childlike nature; and was it not like her to continue to speak out loud to the Father, as if he had been still on earth? Her confidence was rewarded by many favors from the saint; for on two occasions when she fell suddenly ill, she was cured as soon as she invoked him. We may truly say that "pure friendships are begun on earth to be finished in heaven"; nor can we help raising our thoughts to God and thinking how many centuries these three perfect friends, after earth's trials and tribulations, have been enjoying together the fulness of their reward.

"These Little Ones."

BY MARY T. LOUGHLIN.

CHILDREN in the sunny street!  
The games you play are old,—  
The children played them long ago,  
And always as the children grow  
Their steps are trod by younger feet,  
Their arts to others told.

O children with the voices clear!  
The chants you sing are old,—  
The riddle words of mystic rhymes  
That children sang in other times  
Ev'n yet to changeless childhood's ear  
Their ancient music hold.

O ready lips of innocence!  
What new, rude words are these  
Which, unaware, you learn and teach?  
Who spilled the nectar cup of speech,  
And all its mellowness of sense,  
And poured you loathsome lees?

O mirror minds of questing youth!  
What images are these  
That soil your brightness unaware?  
Who showed you sin and hard despair?  
Who mocked the wholesomeness of truth  
And bared a world's disease?

O children with the weary eyes!  
Untimely old and wan,  
Who thrust you from the children's play,  
And left you lonely in the way?  
Who stole your painful journey's prize  
And sent you struggling on?

O children! you are Heaven's delight—  
Sweet flowers that God has sown.  
He knows His garden through and through:  
The diverse plants that bloom in you,  
Their soil, their shade, their every blight,—  
To Him the whole is known.

For Him who bids you bud and bloom,  
Who moves the clouds and suns,  
The smitten flower may still be fair;  
But they who smote the beauty there—  
Ah, who would meet their rightful doom  
Who maim the little ones?

The Curé's Jubilee Bell.

BY JULES LEMAITRE.\*

THE little parish of Landes-Fleuries had an old church bell and an old priest. The bell was so cracked that its ringing was like an old woman's coughing. The sound was very unpleasant, and annoyed the plowmen and shepherds scattered over the fields. The curé, Abbé Corentin, was robust yet, in spite of his seventy-five years. He had the face of a child, wrinkled but rosy, framed in white hair like the skeins of flax spun out by the goodwives of Landes-Fleuries. And he was loved by his flock because of his gentleness, simplicity and charity.

As the date approached when the Abbé Corentin would have finished his fiftieth year in the priesthood, his parishioners resolved to offer him a generous gift to celebrate this anniversary. The three churchwardens made the round of all the houses; and when they had collected three hundred francs, they carried the sum to the curé, begging him to go to the city and select a new bell.

"My children," said the Abbé Corentin, — "my dear children, it is evidently the Lord Himself who, so to speak, in some manner—" He could say no more, so deeply was he moved.

The next day the Abbé Corentin started off to buy the bell. He was obliged to walk two leagues, to the village of Rosny-les-Roses, to catch the diligence which would take him to the city of Pont-l'Archevêque, capital of the province.

It was a beautiful day. The birds, the trees, the plants lived and rejoiced in the sunlight on both sides of the road. And the old curé, his head already full of the music of the chimes to be, walked gaily on, praising God, as did St. Francis, for the gayety of creation.

As he came near Rosny-les Roses, he saw by the side of the road a mounte-

\* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by Roy Temple House.



bank's cart. Not far from the vehicle, an old horse lay on his side, his four legs straight and stiff. An old man and an old woman, clothed in strange rags and cotton tights starred with darns, were seated on the side of the ditch, weeping over the old dead horse.

A fifteen-year-old girl rose from the ditch and ran toward the Abbé, saying: "Charity, Monsieur le Curé! Charity, please!"

The voice was hoarse and soft at the same time, and she cadenced her entreaty like the song of a gypsy. The girl was poorly clad; but she had beautiful black eyes, and lips like cherries; her yellow arms were tattooed with blue flowers, and a circle of copper bound her black hair, which spread out like a fan on each side of her slender face, as one sees it in Egyptian figures.

The Abbé slackened his pace and took from his purse a two-sou piece. But when he met the girl's eyes, he stopped short and began to question her.

"My brother," she explained, "is in prison, because they said he stole a hen. It was he that supported us, and we have had nothing to eat for two days."

The Abbé put the two sous back in his purse and drew out a silver piece.

"I know how to juggle," she continued, "and my mother tells fortunes. But they never let us set up in the cities and villages any more, because we are too miserable-looking. And now our horse is dead. What will become of us?"

"But," asked the Abbé, "could you not find some work to do in the country?"

"The people are afraid of us and throw stones at us. Besides, we never learned to work; we don't know how to do anything but play tricks. If we had a horse and a little money to pay for some clothes, we could make a living again as we used to do. Now there is nothing left for us but to die."

The Abbé put the silver piece back into his purse.

"Do you love the Lord?" he demanded.

"I would love Him if He would help us," replied the girl.

The Abbé felt at his girdle the weight of the sack with the three hundred francs of his parishioners.

The beggar studied the priest with her great gypsy eyes.

"Are you a good girl?" he queried.

"A good girl?" repeated the gypsy, astonished. She did not understand him.

"Say 'Father in heaven, I love Thee!'"

The girl was silent, her eyes full of tears.

The Abbé had unfastened the buttons of his cassock, and now he drew out the little bagful of money.

The gypsy caught the sack with the agility of a monkey, and said:

"Monsieur le Curé, I love *you*, because you are so good. The Lord will reward you,—He will pay you back double."

The Abbé went on toward Rosny-les-Roses, thinking of the great misery which God sees fit to allow many of His creatures to suffer; and he prayed Him to enlighten this little Bohemian, who apparently had no religion, and who perhaps had never even received baptism.

But suddenly he remembered that it was no longer necessary to go to Pont-l'Archevêque, since he had no money with which to buy a bell; so he started home again. He could scarcely realize now how he could have given to an unknown beggar, to a mountebank, a sum so enormous,—money, moreover, that did not really belong to him.

He hastened his steps, hoping to see the Bohemian again. But there was nothing now at the side of the road except the dead horse and the deserted cart. He meditated on what he had done. There was no doubt that he had been guilty of a grave sin: he had abused the confidence of his parishioners, he had violated a pledge, he had committed a sort of theft. And he saw with terror the consequences of his mistake. How could he conceal it? How could he make reparation? Where could he find another three hundred francs? And in the mean-

time what should he say to those who questioned him?

The sky grew dark. The green of the trees showed harsh and unpleasant against the livid horizon. Great drops began to fall. The Abbé Corentin was struck with the sadness of creation.

He succeeded in entering the vicarage unseen.

"Back so soon, Monsieur le Curé?" said the housekeeper, old Scholastique. "You didn't go to Pont-l'Archevêque, then?"

"I shall go there another day. But listen! You must not tell a soul that I have come back."

Next day he remained shut up in his room, and did not dare even to take the air in his orchard. But the following day they came for him to attend a sick man in the hamlet of Clos-Moussu.

"The Curé has not come back," said the housekeeper.

"Scholastique is mistaken: here I am," interposed the Abbé Corentin.

As he returned from the sick call, he met one of his oldest parishioners.

"Well, Monsieur le Curé, did you have a pleasant trip?"

"Excellent, my friend,—excellent!"

"And the new bell,—when are we to have it?"

"Don't be impatient, I pray you. First I must have engraved on it its baptismal name, the names of godfather and god-mother, and some verses from the Holy Scriptures. And you know all that will take time."

"Scholastique," said the Abbé, when he had reached home, "if I were to sell the armchair, the clock, and the cupboard that are in my room, do you think I could get three hundred francs for them?"

"You couldn't get thirty, Monsieur le Curé; for, if I may make bold to say so, all the furniture you have isn't worth four sous."

"Scholastique," persisted the Abbé, "I am going to quit eating meat. Meat makes me ill,"

"Monsieur le Curé," replied the old servant, "this isn't natural. There must be something wrong. It all began the day you started for Pont-l'Archevêque. What could have happened to you?"

And she tormented him with questions till he finally told her all.

"Ah!" she said. "I'm not in the least surprised. Your soft heart will be your ruin sooner or later. But don't worry about it, Monsieur le Curé. I will undertake to explain the thing till you have been able to raise three hundred francs more—somehow. I'll give good excuses to everyone. Trust me."

So Scholastique invented stories, which she told to all comers: they had cracked the bell in packing it, and it was necessary to cast it again; when the bell was cast, Monsieur le Curé had decided to send it to the city of Rome to have it blessed by our Holy Father the Pope, "and that is a very long journey."

The Abbé let her talk, but he grew more and more wretched. For not only was he troubled by his own reticence, but he felt himself responsible for Scholastique's fibs (some of which were big enough to be lies) as well; and all this, added to the embezzlement, as he called it, of his parishioners' money, formed in the aggregate a fearful weight of guilt. He was crushed beneath the load; and, little by little, on his wasting cheeks a dull pallor replaced the red roses of his innocent and robust age.

The day fixed for the Jubilee of the curé and for the baptism of his bell was long past. The inhabitants of Landes-Fleuries were astonished at so long a delay. Reports began to spread. Farigoul the blacksmith had said: "Mark what I tell you: the curé has lost or squandered the money intended for the bell."

A party was formed in opposition to the worthy servant of God. When he walked along the street, there were hats that remained on the owners' heads, and he could hear hostile murmurs as he



passed. The saintly man was crushed with remorse. He realized the full enormity of his fault. He felt the most painful contrition; and, nevertheless, do what he would, he could not arrive at complete repentance. He felt, through it all, that this imprudent alms, this charity with the money of others, had been given in spite of himself and without his having had even the liberty of reflection. He said to himself that this unreasonable charity might have been, for the ignorant Bohemian child, the most effective revelation of God and the beginning of a soul's illumination. And whenever he thought thus, he could see, so black, so gentle, and all full of tears, the eyes of the little mountebank.

Nevertheless, the anguish of his conscience became intolerable. His fault grew more enormous as time went by. One day, after having struggled in prayer for a long time, he resolved to make a public confession to his parishioners.

The next Sunday he mounted his pulpit after reading the Gospel, and in a trembling voice began his confession:

"My dear brothers, my dear children, I have a confession to make—"

At this moment a clear, limpid silver sound floated from the bell-tower and filled the old church. Every head was turned, and an astonished whispering ran along the ranks of the faithful:

"The new bell! The new bell!"

Was it a miracle? And had God sent the new bell by his angels, in order to save the honor of His charitable servant? Or was it that Scholastique had gone to confide her old master's perplexity to the two American ladies who occupied the beautiful château three leagues from Landes-Fleuries, and that these kind-hearted ladies had arranged a pretty surprise for the Abbé Corentin? In my opinion, the second explanation would in no sense exclude the first. However this may be, the inhabitants of Landes-Fleuries never learned what the Abbé Corentin had to confess to them.

## How Mgr. d'Hulst Once Practised Forgery.

BY B. D. L. F.

MGR. D'HULST, the well-known preacher at Notre Dame in Paris, was one day descending the stairs of the Catholic Institute, when the sound of a racking cough behind him attracted his attention. Turning quickly, he beheld a shabbily-dressed young man, evidently a student, leaning against the banisters in a state of great exhaustion.

"My poor fellow!" said the prelate sympathetically, as a fresh fit of coughing shook the slender frame and brought a delicate flush to the pale face. "You should lose no time in seeing a doctor. Dr. Falon—he is a great specialist, you know—does wonders in cases such as yours. Consult him as soon as possible, and let me know the result."

As he spoke, Mgr. d'Hulst drew from his pocket a visiting card, and, after writing upon it a few words of recommendation, handed it to the student.

Some months had elapsed, and Mgr. d'Hulst had almost forgotten this episode when it was recalled to his memory by the following note, written in a weak and tremulous hand:

DEAR MONSEIGNEUR:—I have not been able to call on you to thank you for your kindness, as I have been laid up for the last six weeks, and am unable to leave my room. Please excuse my seeming neglect, and believe me,

Most respectfully and gratefully yours,  
JACQUES TANRET.

The note was brief, but the prelate read between the lines. As the pale young face rose before him, he realized the suffering so patiently endured by the writer; and, donning his hat and coat, he hailed a passing cab. A short drive brought him to a dingy row of houses; and as he entered the one he was in search of, it became clear to him that his help would be sorely needed. Poverty was written

in large letters all around him, — in the foul air, in the low-hanging roof, in the dilapidated steps, devoid of paint, which creaked loudly as he ascended them.

Once on the landing, a short, dry cough directed his steps toward a door on the right, which, after a moment's hesitation, he pushed open and stood a silent spectator of a sad scene. The student, a shadow of his former self, sat by a table in the centre of the room, his head resting wearily on one hand, while the other vainly endeavored to scrawl a few words on a sheet of paper.

"My dear fellow, you ought to be in bed," said the prelate by way of greeting. "You are not able to do any work."

"I am not working, Monseigneur. I am writing a few lines to my father, which must be mailed to-day."

"Letter or no letter, you must go to bed at once," said Monseigneur. "Why, you are shaking all over with fever!" And, with as much skill as though he had been accustomed to nurse invalids, the kindly prelate helped the youth to his couch, rearranged his pillows, and soon saw him comfortably resting.

"Now for some quiet conversation!" he said, as he drew forward a rickety chair.

The student's story was that of many another youth in the great city. For several months after his arrival in Paris he had, by means of grinding toil, succeeded not only in supporting himself while working for his medical degree, but had been able to send home every month a small sum to his invalid father. At the end of a year, however, his health, never robust, had broken down under the strain; a severe cold, neglected at the outset, finally affected his lungs; insufficient food and scanty clothing had done the rest.

"And what did Dr. Falon say?" asked Mgr. d'Hulst, rather hesitatingly.

"He said something about spring and fine weather, but he could not conceal the truth. I shouldn't much mind if it were not for my poor old father!"

"If you have no objection, I will take

your letter and finish it at home, remarked the prelate, rising from his seat. "You will need this yourself," he added, taking a fifty-franc banknote from the table. "I will enclose another instead."

"But, Monseigneur," said the student, after vainly trying to express his gratitude, "my father will be anxious when he sees the strange handwriting."

"As to that," answered the prelate, with a twinkle in his kindly eyes, "I may tell you I have some genius for copying other people's handwriting. So you may set your mind at rest on that point."

A few days later Mgr. d'Hulst again visited Jacques Tanret.

"O Monseigneur," cried the latter, "I have just heard from my father! He thanks me ever so much for the money and for the nice long letter. You have been extremely kind and good to me. I could die in peace now but for one thing. When my father hears of my death, the blow will hasten his own, which can not be far off. If I could only spare him that last grief! I am his one hope, his only joy in the world (such as it is), and when my letters cease—"

"They shall never cease so long as your father lives," replied Monseigneur, deeply touched by such filial devotion. "I will write in your stead. It will be harmless deception, and when you are in heaven together you can explain matters to him. You will not forget to pray for me there."

The student's thin white hand slipped out from under the counterpane and clasped the prelate's strong one, while two large tears rolled down his cheeks, as, in a voice choked with emotion, he murmured:

"May God reward you! I never knew such kindness existed in this world."

Monsieur de Tinseau, who told this story on the occasion of Mgr. d'Hulst's funeral, added that the student's father never learned of his son's death, nor that the letters which brought him so much happiness were written by so illustrious a pen as that of the far-famed orator and author.



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*July 20, Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.*

WE find throughout the liturgy of this Sunday a constant reference to the necessity of a profound humility, joined with an unflinching confidence in God's loving-kindness to His children, if we desire His continual help in our regard.

The Introit has an unusual feature: it is not composed of consecutive verses of Psalm liv — from which it is taken, — but of various selected verses. The Introit itself is an expression of strong trust in God, gained from the soul's past experience: "When I cried out, the Lord heard my complaint against them that were coming against me; and He that was before all ages, and abideth forever, humbled them. Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will feed thee." How tersely, yet how beautifully, is God's eternal greatness contrasted with our comparatively puny enemies! The psalm is one of lowly petition; it was probably spoken by David during the persecution of Absalom, and is applied to the just man persecuted in this life by men or devils. It begins: "Hear, O God, my prayer, and despise not my petition. Look down upon me and hear me."

The Collect shows the confidence and courage of our mother the Church, who boldly reminds God that His almighty power is most strongly shown in pardon and mercy toward sinners. The thought is encouraging to Christians, and must fill them with greater confidence in approaching Him in prayer. It is the knowledge of God's goodness that leads us to ask Him to show mercy. Without that mercy we can never "hasten" to obtain possession of those "heavenly goods" which should be the continual aim of our hearts. The Collect prays: "O God, who dost chiefly manifest Thy omnipotence by sparing and showing mercy, multiply Thy mercy toward us;

that, hastening to the things Thou hast promised, Thou mayest make us partakers of heavenly goods."

The Epistle speaks of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, poured forth upon the Church, the depositary of God's graces. The Apostle touches upon those gratuitous favors so abundantly bestowed upon the early Christians—prophecy, miracles, the gift of tongues, and the like. Such signs and wonders were granted by God that the Gospel might be promulgated the more authoritatively by the help of such marvels, which only God could work. Though gifts such as these are rare in our days, we still depend upon the same Spirit for grace to serve God. Without His help we can do nothing toward salvation; for St. Paul reminds us that "no man can say, The Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost." We need His aid merely to confess the divinity of Christ our Lord. The thought that "all these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to everyone according as He will," must needs fill us with deep humility, however plentifully God may have endowed us with His graces.

The Gospel condemns pride and exalts humility. The lowly cry of the publican for mercy was heard in heaven. He "went down to his house justified. . . . He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The remaining formulas all breathe the like spirit of humble trust. The Gradual sings: "Guard me, O Lord, as the apple of Thine eye; and protect me under the shadow of Thy wings. Let my cause be tried in Thy presence. Let Thine eyes see justice done." The Alleluia verse breaks out into joyful praise, as though in anticipation of the prayer's being fully answered: "Alleluia! A hymn is due to Thee, O God, in Sion; and in Jerusalem shall a vow be paid unto Thee." The titles Sion and Jerusalem refer to the "New Jerusalem" above, where unceasing praise resounds.

The Offertory verse cries: "To Thee, O Lord, have I raised up my soul! My

God, I put my trust in Thee, let me not be put to shame; neither let mine enemies scoff at me. For none that rely on Thee shall ever be confounded."

"Thou wilt accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations and holocausts, on Thy altar, O Lord!" is the joyful song of the Communion verse. For the odor of our Eucharistic Sacrifice rises to Heaven with appealing power. Therefore does the Post-Communion Collect ask confidently for a continuance of the special help which it obtains for men: "We beseech Thee, O Lord our God, that in Thy mercy Thou wouldst never deprive of Thy graces those whom Thou dost continually strengthen by these divine mysteries."

Thus again and again does the Church keep setting before our minds the need of humble confidence, if we would win God's favor. Would that we might thoroughly learn the lesson she teaches!

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### The Religious Vocation: Its Character and Importance.

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FOR reasons which need not be enlarged upon, the following passage of a Pastoral by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Trier is no less timely in most sections of this country than in the district of Germany over which his Lordship presides. The words of our Blessed Lord, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few," apply with peculiar force to the United States. There is need of instruction on the religious vocation and the importance of fostering it; above all, there is need of prayer that many young hearts of both sexes may be inspired to consecrate themselves to the service of religion,—that the Lord of the harvest may send more laborers into His vineyard.

The Bishop, as will be seen, writes more especially of the cloistered religious Orders; however, his words have an application to the priesthood also, indeed to all forms of the consecrated life. His admonition to parents is especially timely; and his

answer to the question, What is the use of cloisters? worthy of the most attentive consideration.

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For those that are not held to the world by any necessary bands, and who possess the requisite physical and moral qualities to enable them to fulfil the duties of the religious state, the first and principal sign of a vocation is a decided, constant inclination of the will toward the religious life. When and how the call of God comes to the soul is hard to tell. In this the free choice of God rules. No age, no state, is excluded. St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius entered religion in their early years; St. Arsenius, preceptor of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, was an old man when he heard the words: "Flee the company of men and thou shalt live." Wealthy and powerful persons, as well as beggars and slaves, have followed the impulse of grace calling them to the life of the cloister. The heart is strong enough to devote itself to the religious life only because the Lord has in secret spoken to it, and has filled it with a love of the Cross.

We must not forget far less must we conceal from those that are desirous of turning their steps toward the cloister, that the religious life consists in Christian self-denial, in the mortification of the senses—in the Cross. If any one held other views and cherished other hopes, he would deceive himself. He that would seek in the cloister rest, peace, or a species of inward consolation, and allowed himself to be determined by such attractive motives, would certainly miss his aim. The path of the religious life is strewn with thorns, for it consists in the most perfect fulfilment of the Gospel precepts; and the Gospel is no more and no less than the law of self-denial, of constant warfare against self.

Where, then, is that peace which is so often proclaimed as making religious happy beyond measure? True, Our Lord promised His disciples peace, but such a peace as was directly opposed to their



views and ideas. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world giveth do I give to you." Peace in the cloister is founded on a constant restraint of evil inclinations and concupiscences, from which springs all our unhappiness. The religious will be happy and contented only in so far as he knows how to humble himself, to conquer himself,—to become obedient, poor, patient, industrious, and faithful in the observance of his duties.

When, therefore, a young person feels this holy longing after perfection; when, after serious consideration and with the advice of his confessor, he wishes to leave the world for Christ's sake, woe to them who place obstacles in the way! It is the right and duty of parents to try the vocation of their children; but when convinced that it is the call of grace, they are bound to permit those children of predilection to seek the solitude of the cloister, however painful separation from them may be. God will reward richly those who offer their children to the service of religion. The sacrifice will be a source of blessings on the whole family.

But what is the use of cloisters? One often hear this question asked nowadays, sometimes even by Catholics. The cloisters, it may be answered, are the garden of the Church on earth, in which the most beautiful blossoms of the soul are unfolded to the honor of God, and the richest fruits ripen for the benefit of the world. In them we find that chosen band who incessantly, with ever-renewed courage, lead the battle against all that is sensual and low, and by the heroic practice of virtue show forth the teachings, the light of the Gospel. They preserve their own innocence, and expiate the offences of their fellowmen.

To this call to a life of prayer, of works of mercy, of heroic sacrifice, the religious Orders have been faithful throughout the ages down to our own days. Now as ever they take the lead where it is question of carrying the glad tidings of salvation, of caring for the sick, of relieving those that

stand in need, of offering up their goods and lives for their fellow-creatures.

The divinity of Christ, which is denied by so many, is daily vindicated in a glorious manner in the vocation to the religious state. The noblest souls devote themselves to Him, to thank Him for the divine gift that He brought us; and the "sacrifice with which they bind themselves forever to His Holy Cross is the answer that human love gives to divine love—to that eternal love which sacrificed itself for us on the wood of the Cross."

It is precisely our age, which so restlessly seeks after money, after pleasure; in which millions look with envy and hatred on those that are blessed with earthly goods; in which respect for authority is fast disappearing—it is precisely this age that stands in need of the example of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience.

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### The Bankruptcy of Ethical Culture.

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SOME thirty-seven years ago there was formed in New York city the first Society for Ethical Culture. The avowed purpose of its founder, Dr. Felix Adler, and his several associates, was to provide a centre for such persons as had lost their attachment to "the traditional creeds," yet still desired to aid in seeking what is good, and in promoting individual and social moral development. Since 1876 other societies of the same kind have been organized in this country, as also in England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. At a congress of the American and European societies held in Zurich in 1896, the office of International Secretary was established, and Dr. Frederick William Förster was elected as its first incumbent.

The tenets of this international organization are briefly summarized in this statement: "Not affirming any creeds and not hostile to any, the Society for Ethical Culture teaches that moral ends

are supreme above all human ends and interests; and that the authority of the moral law is immediate and not dependent upon religious beliefs or philosophical theories." This declaration is interesting not merely as the manifesto of a specific organization, but as the embodiment of the whole theory of such characterization as is going on in our public schools. Let it be said, incidentally, that the clause 'not hostile to any creeds' can not be legitimately predicated of all Ethical Culturists, any more than it can be truthfully asserted of all public-school champions. Many persons in both categories are undeniably hostile to all religions, and, had they the power, would do away with denominational schools of every kind.

It is not necessary, of course, to decry the motives of the great mass of Ethical Culturists, but it is pertinent to call attention to the bankruptcy of their system. Such bankruptcy was indeed inevitable from the inception of their activities. Morality independent of religion has always been, is now, and will ever be, the merest sham, a meaningless conceit, a veritable chimera. Eliminate religion, or God, from one's conception of life and its development, and to the question, Why should I be moral? there is not and can not be a convincing reply. What we are particularly interested in, however, is the admission of such bankruptcy on the part of notable leaders in both American education and Ethical Culture. Let us quote from one representative of each body.

Two years ago, the New York State Education Department published "Religion, Morals, Ethics, and the School," a work by its Commissioner, Dr. Andrew S. Draper. One of his statements is very suggestive: "If it is difficult to separate religion from morals, it is *dangerous* to separate ethics from morals." We do not look, of course, for any direct condemnation, by Dr. Draper, of the American school system; but in his animadversions

on conditions in France, we find a quasi-avowal that a similar system is lamentably lacking in genuine efficiency. "Political and religious freedom have been enlarging their opportunities under the French Republic. In doing so they have been seeking education that is not limited by the dogmatic teaching of a church. And thus they have been pulling down a church without reforming it or putting another in its place. It is to be feared that this has been destroying faith altogether. Instruction about the moral virtues without faith and feeling may result in the superficial politeness which is perhaps a little better than savagery, more than in the sound character that is infinitely better than either." The reference to "faith and feeling" recalls Mr. Bird S. Coler's indictment: "Under the skilful operation of its Intellectuals, our [American] public-school system is producing a generation of atheists."

There is no more authoritative writer on Ethical Culture in the world to-day than the non-Catholic German scholar whom we have already mentioned as the first international secretary of the E. C. societies, Dr. F. W. Förster. More than any other living teacher he has tested the system, and he gives this testimony: "I know very well how far 'purely human' inspiration will lead the world of youth. . . . I understand what a severe blow it must be to those who would replace religion by ethics when my convictions force me to oppose them with all my energy, when I assert that just my thoroughgoing efforts in purely ethical instruction have convinced me that such instruction is insufficient—yea, that the ethical appeal, in order to become deeper, is forced by its own inner psychology to become religious; that the natural disposition to good must be impregnated, clarified, fortified by superhuman ideals before it can cope successfully with the inborn tendencies to evil."

On so comprehensive a declaration as this comment would be superfluous,



## Notes and Remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Wirgman (Anglican), in the Introduction of his learned work, "The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven," writes (page 8): "We need to review our position with regard to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, with the earnest desire to rise to the highest level of Christian thought; and we must feel that the omission of Catholic and primitive devotions to the Blessed Virgin and the saints from our public worship is a sign of reaction which plainly shows that the Reformers had mistaken their course, and cast out too hastily some of the precious lading of the ship." The Anglican Bishop of London, on the contrary, is in dread lest his coreligionists should honor too much her whom Almighty God honored so highly. The venerable hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*, is abhorred by this dignitary of the Establishment; and on two recent occasions he instanced the touching invocation, *Monstra te esse Matrem*, as a shocking example, of "modern Roman devotion" to the Mother of Christ; adding that no loyal son of the Church of England could ever conscientiously utter such a prayer.

The name of Dr. Pusey, to mention only one "loyal son," still carries weight amongst Anglicans of all parties at the present day. Let us quote some burning words of love and reverence to the Blessed Virgin occurring in his "Eirenicon" (p. 412):

Plainly, we could not love too much her from whom Jesus vouchsafed to receive a mother's care; who loved Him, the All-Holy, and her Redeemer too, as no other mother could love her son; whom He loved with a divine but also with deified human love, — love with which no other son could love his mother. The love of the Mother and Son were essentially different from all other love, because He was her Son after the flesh, but also Almighty God. And that same love must continue on now, only that her God-enabled power of love in the Beatific Vision of His Godhead must be unpeakably intensified.

As to the Bishop of London's characterization of that line of the *Ave Maris*

*Stella* as a shocking example of modern Roman devotion to the Blessed Virgin, a learned English Benedictine has already informed him that, as a matter of fact, there is nothing modern about the hymn in question. "Even if written (as it was once thought to be) by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, it would be of very respectable antiquity. But, considering that it is found in a ninth-century MS. of St. Gall, and is probably much older even than that date, the Bishop's description of it as modern becomes so inaccurate as to be actually ludicrous."

The axiom that the truth will prevail finds happy illustration in a recent discovery affecting the alleged "retraction" of the Blessed Joan of Arc. Even creditable historians, says *America*, held this against her, chiefly because satisfactory proof to the contrary was not forthcoming. But a series of letters has lately been found by a descendant of the Blessed Maid—Count de Makeyssie,—whose historical researches are already of note. Regarding these letters, our contemporary says:

The argument to disprove the retraction is deduced from the various signatures of Blessed Joan of Arc contained in them. It was known that in a document previously treasured at Rome, the signature "Jehanne" had already occurred. The writing was dated November 9, 1429, and the signature was set to it by a hand to which writing was evidently unfamiliar and difficult. The fingers had not yet become accustomed to the tracing of letters. In two of the epistles now discovered, dated respectively March 14 and March 18 of the subsequent year (1430), the same signature, "Jehanne," is again found, but the letters are now formed with clearness and decision. She had evidently utilized the leisure of the intervening winter season to learn the art of writing, which she acquired rapidly.

It is clear, therefore, that she could sign her name with ease and distinctness. When in the following year, May 24, 1431, she was bound to the pyre and was asked to sign the retraction then submitted to her, she could readily have done so. That document, worded in the first person, still remains. It is, however, unsigned. The last doubt, therefore, which remained until the present in the minds of

historians, is now completely dispelled. "She can sign, and does not sign the document. Therefore she has not retracted. Joan remained true to herself. Not a shadow now rests upon her."

The point is well taken. An unsigned document, of whatever character, purporting to express the mind of one who could have signed it, yet who avoided doing so at the cost of her life, is simply void of historical value.

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While an elderly priest was saying Mass the other day in Our Lady of Victories' Church in Quebec, his server became indisposed and had to leave the sanctuary. There being no other altar boy at once available, a layman from the congregation, a gentleman of three-score years, stepped forward and took the server's place. While there is nothing particularly remarkable in the incident itself (we recall a Chief Justice of Arizona and a famous American army officer doing the same), Quebec's citizens were edified—rather naturally, it must be admitted—upon learning that the sexagenarian altar boy was no other than Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, and, in the absence of the Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, acting administrator of the Dominion. It was this same Sir Charles, by the way, to whom the United States Senate paid an unusual compliment two years ago, by ordering his speech at the annual dinner of the Society of International Law to be printed, as "a valuable contribution to the general cause of peace and arbitration."

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A reverend correspondent has been taking *Rome* to task for making the Holy Father say to the whole world: "We by this present Letter grant and impart, in the form of a general Jubilee, a plenary indulgence of all *sins* to all." The italicized word represents the gravamen of the censure. An indulgence, says the writer, is the remission, not of sin, but of the temporal

punishment due to sin already forgiven. *Rome*, however, does not purpose being put thus cavalierly in the wrong. In a recent issue it publishes a short article in which the Rev. Dr. Cronin, Vice-Rector of the English College, Rome, deals with the question, and says in conclusion:

Be it understood, then, that when the Pope speaks of an "indulgence of sins," he means nothing more or less than the remission of the temporal punishment due to forgiven sins. . . . It may be further asked: "Granting the theological accuracy of the expression, is it right and prudent to use a form of words that is liable to be misunderstood not only by Protestants but even by Catholics?" We should reply (1), as regards Protestants, that this formula was in use by the Church long before there was a Protestant on the face of the earth; and that it is not for the Church to change her formulas to suit Protestants, but for them to come to the Church to learn the truth; (2) as regards Catholics, there is no need to suppress or to conceal from them the official formulas of the Church, but it is necessary that the clergy explain these formulas to their people.

Both portions of this reply are worth considering by a good many persons, clerical and lay, who live in a non-Catholic environment, and who may imperceptibly become unduly concerned as to the sensitiveness of their Protestant neighbors regarding indulgences or other doctrines of the Church.

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While the tendency of our State Legislatures to overload statute books with multitudinous laws is not wholly a praiseworthy one, few judicious citizens will quarrel with the framers of Ohio's new libel law, or with the body of men who gave it legislative sanction. The following brace of paragraphs contain the pith of the act:

If a newspaper company prints, publishes or circulates any false statements, allegations, or rumors pertaining or relating to any individual or association of individuals, it shall upon demand print, publish or circulate any statement or article setting forth in proper language the truth pertaining to such, which the person or persons affected, or representative, offers to it for publication.

Whenever demand has been made for such



publication, the newspaper company must print and circulate it in the next regular issue, or within forty-eight hours following its receipt. The statement or article must be phrased in proper language, and be printed without any additions to, or omissions therefrom, in the same color of ink, from like type, with headlines of equal prominence, occupying a like space in the same portion of the newspaper as was used in printing the original article complained of, and be given the same publicity in all respects, and, as nearly as possible, the same circulation as the original article.

Such action as is here laid down as compulsory must surely commend itself to enlightened public opinion; and hence there are excellent grounds for believing that the new law will not remain a dead letter, but will, on occasion, be enforced with due vigor and impartiality.

The difference between the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Ten Commandments is a periodical topic of discussion, an ever-recurring contribution to the "question box." Here is the explanation of the matter, furnished to an inquisitive correspondent by the editor of the *Examiner* of Bombay:

In using the Ten Commandments as convenient pegs on which to hang the whole of her morality, the Christian Church never regarded that text as its formal charter, and therefore never felt any need of producing the whole wording of it—as was the custom among the Jews. It knew that there was no necessity of producing the text at all, because its moral code stood on a divine basis.

During all the early and Middle Ages this was fully understood. It was only the Protestant reformers who introduced a note of dissension. Eager to catch up any point which would tell controversially against the Church they were antagonizing, they included this one: that the Papists had tried to cover their corruptions by tampering with the text of the divine law, especially on one point—namely, the clause concerning images. The result is, we have been forced to defend ourselves against the charge ever since; but, in point of fact, the charge ought never to have been framed. In this matter Protestantism was a harking back to the "beggarly elements," a reversion to Judaism. But they were not consistent. Had they been so, they would have been obliged to give up the Sunday and return to the Sabbath

instead. They would have been obliged to give up eating black puddings, or any meat "with the blood." They would have been obliged even to break a pot into which a spider had fallen, and to stone to death a woman taken in adultery. But their reversion to Judaism was not sincere. They merely used the Old Law as a cat's-paw in controversy where it suited them, and left the rest severely alone.

As usual, the *Examiner* goes to the root of the matter and furnishes that not too common reply to an inquiry—an explanation that explains.

Enumerating some of the qualifications desirable in a private secretary, Sir Ralph Williams, in his new volume of reminiscences, "How I Became a Governor," writes: "In the first place, he should not be too young and not too old; he should be at least moderately good-looking, and, more than all, a thorough, all-round gentleman. He should write a gentlemanlike hand, compose a good letter, and be able to say unpleasant things in a consistently pleasant manner. He should be able when the Governor says, 'Confound the man, tell him I won't see him!' to transpose these words into a regretful assurance that the duties of his Governor at the moment are so overwhelming that sheer necessity compels him to deny himself the pleasure of seeing the visitor."

Judging from the fairly exhaustive report, furnished by the *Morning Star*, of the tenth annual convention, at New Orleans, of the Catholic Educational Association, this year's meeting of that excellent organization was notably successful and inspiring. Our Southern contemporary speaks of the convention in these glowing terms:

It is the unanimous opinion of the distinguished delegates who took part in its deliberations that, for earnestness of purpose, thoroughness of preparation, and definiteness of results, this year's meeting has surpassed all previous conventions. It is, as it were, the culmination and crystallization of the laborious

study and unflagging efforts of a decade of preparation. A firm foundation has been laid for the building up of a system, logically and practically unassailable, which is destined to endure when the much-vaunted schemes of purely secular education have collapsed of their own weight.

It has become one of the commonplaces of journalistic humor to make sport of numerous conventions that result in magniloquent resolutions and — nothing more. To the credit of the Catholic Educational Association be it said that if its only practical effect were (as it certainly is not) to furnish an occasion for the publishing of the able and interesting papers annually read at its meetings, it would still justify its existence as being eminently worth while.

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All who are familiar with Southey's once popular ballad, "The Inchcape Rock" (every school child of former days knew it by heart) will be interested in the following paragraph from the London *Tablet's* "Et Cætera" columns:

One of the most interesting memorials of Catholic times in Scotland is the house of the Abbot of Aberbrothok, at Arbroath, which adjoins the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey, founded in 1217. A portion of the house is as old as the oldest part of the Abbey, but the rest is of more modern date. The house is still habitable, and has been tenanted until lately. Recently the Scottish Treasury has offered to take over the building and provide for its preservation; but the Town Council, with an eye to the financial rather than to the sentimental side of the transaction, asked £1000 for the building. This sum the Treasury have been unable to provide, and the Council have re-let the building. The Abbot, whose "warning bell" was blessed of old by mariners, was John Gedy, elected about 1350, and the builder of the Harbor of Arbroath.

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With something of the zest that used to be inspired by Father Lambert's exco-riation of Robert Ingersoll one reads this paragraph by the *Pilot's* "Looker-On":

All the twaddle about men in general turning away from religion may pass without contradiction in a crowd of godless materialists and

pothouse philosophers, who talk from the depths of their unfathomable ignorance of history and psychology; but it will not bother those who know human nature. The loudest praters against the faith of the Middle Ages and the foolishness of "superstition" are dabbling in Christian Science and waiting hours in the anterooms of clairvoyants and palmists. They who sneer at religious devotion are victims of a Voodooism that would shame a Hottentot.

Unfortunately, the godless materialists are more numerous by far than are the potthouse philosophers; and — O the pity of it! — scores of them are occupying chairs in our State universities, forming the characters of professional Americans.

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Colonel Roosevelt's suit against the editor who impeached his sobriety is not the only unusual case of libel in recent months. A Canadian Catholic, having been called a "Freemason" by a neighbor, brought suit against his libeller, and the court held that the epithet was "damaging to his honor, his good name, and his sensibilities." Although there was no evidence that the plaintiff suffered any evil effects from being called a Mason, damages to the amount of \$25 were awarded him notwithstanding. Presumably, there were no Masons on the jury that brought in the verdict; else its terms would have been different.

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The *Providence Visitor* is authority for the statement that the Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco, has been appointed a special commissioner in charge of things Catholic at the Panama-Pacific World's Fair in 1915. Father McQuaide is at present planning how the story of the Church in the California Peninsula may best be delineated. The directors of the Fair, it is said, will place at his disposal a man-of-war, should it be required to convey from Rome any treasures of the Vatican entrusted to him for the Catholic portion of the exhibition.



### The Works of Francis Thompson.\*

When the editor of *Merry England*, that undated day in 1889, took down a bundle of tattered manuscript from a pigeonhole in his desk, he little felt like a watcher of the skies, nor thought that a new planet, in the poetical order, was about to swim into his ken. Yet such was the destiny of that moment. The publication of Francis Thompson's first book of poems confirmed the judgment of friends who had followed his work in that magazine during the years immediately following his rescue from the streets of London. Thompson was at once acclaimed a poet of the first rank. The best critical judgment of his day set him a place apart with the immortals. Just where he stood in greatness, it was, perhaps, not necessary or profitable to inquire. Nor were other questions—his affinities with older poets, the matter of influences, speculations as to his further development—needful, though they were not wanting. The significant thing is that Francis Thompson, alone among the many young poets of that decade, was greeted as great. Yeats had charming moods; Lionel Johnson had the quality; John Davidson, power; Stephen Phillips, promise. But in this first work of Thompson there was achievement,—high achievement. Others had talent, he had genius. And he had the defects of genius.

In an essay, curiously whimsical and humorously philosophical—"The Way of Imperfection,"—published in the third volume of this complete edition, Thompson puts forth a theory that greatness has, indeed must have, or had better have, a redeeming littleness, else it will not be great. He instances Shakespeare, "in whom greatness and imperfection reached their height"; but goes on to say: "Since him, however, there has been a gradual decline from imperfection. Milton, at his most typical, was far too perfect; Pope was ruined by his quest for the quality; and if Dryden partially escaped, it was because of the rich faultiness with which Nature had endowed him. The stand made by the poets of the early part of the nineteenth century was only temporarily successful; and now [1889], we suppose, no thoughtful person can contemplate without alarm the hold which the renescent principle has gained over the contemporary mind. Unless some voice be raised in timely protest, we feel that English art (in its widest sense) will soon dwindle to the extinction of unendurable excellence."

From such fate Francis Thompson's own work was gloriously saved. If ever poetic power

was made perfect in infirmity, it is his. Equal in volume to the chorus which acclaimed the poet's greatness was the storm raised by critics who saw in him but a trickster of words, an iconoclast of language, a prophet of a harsh and stammering tongue. Nor was the disapproval all to be gainsaid. The answer that these critics were perfection-mad is not apt. Even a man "in tune with most audacity" might be left gasping in the wake of Thompson's innovations. He neologized, he Latinized, he solecized, he was superfluous of imagery, he was obscure, he was fantastic, he was cacophonous. Later, when writing of Coleridge and Shelley, he enumerates the very faults with which he himself had been charged, and says that every original poet at the outset of his career is thus indicted. In his own case, the clamor eventually died down; for it became more and more evident as Thompson's volumes followed each other that here were gifts for which to thank the gods. If he had faults, they were the faults of greatness. Most men resign themselves to the fact that the sun, not less than the leopard, does not change his spots.

A reconsideration of the work of this poet and his claims to a permanent place in English literature is warranted by the very recent bringing out of a complete and definitive edition of his work by his literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. Years ago, when *Merry England* was a thrice-welcome visitor to our table, THE AVE MARIA hailed the rising star of its young contributor, Francis Thompson; and later, when his "Poems" was published, one of the earliest appreciations of the poet to appear on this side of the Atlantic had place in our columns. In the interim, our allegiance to the seer has never lapsed because our initial conviction remained—namely, that here, in spite of faults, was a poet, inspired, elect, and one the splendor and strength of whose Catholicity was destined to be a power in that general quickening of interest in the Church which the last quarter century has particularly witnessed.

And now in three handsome volumes—two of poetry and one of prose—the world has all that Francis Thompson desired should survive him of the rich output of his genius,—all, that is, except his "Ignatius Loyola" and "The Life and Labors of Saint John Baptist de la Salle." It is not too much to say that the world has waited eagerly for these volumes, though probably with little thought of finding in them another ode like "The Hound of Heaven," or another lyric so perfect as "To a Snowflake." Of course, everything in a complete edition has value, but not all things equal value. There is much for the student here; and universities, it is our belief, will be busy with these volumes

\* In 3 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.

for years to come. They reveal a personality unique in the history of our literature; a poetic figure not to be facily tabulated, aligned with this or that forebear, enclosed in such a group or century. He was first and last and always himself, Francis Thompson. Affiliate him as you please, you but emphasize wherein he is different.

What are the marks of his greatness that so wore upon the world? Look you for imagery, vision, imagination, the high ode, the mighty line? Open Thompson almost where you will. Would you enter into the working of a master intellect, and know the secrets of a great heart, itself torn and fearful, and perplexed and calm by turns, but always gentle and tender? Would you meet a soul that has walked through terrible ways, come seared and bleeding from battles of all woe, but breathing ever of lilies; that walked with little ones as a child, and kept wide, wondering eyes fixed on the Everlasting Face,—a joyous spirit now, be it hoped, "in the nurseries of heaven"? If toward this high, sorrowful and splendid company your own heart burns and your soul aspires, then stoop and drink of this poet's spring, patiently and in awe, and you will arise to the vision of things unscen.

We quote a poem on Father Perry, "A Dead Astronomer":

Starry amorist, starward gone,  
Thou art—what thou didst gaze upon!  
Passed through thy golden garden bars,  
Thou seest the Gardener of the Stars.

She, about whose moonèd brows  
Seven stars make seven glows,—  
Seven lights for seven woes;  
She, like thine own Galaxy,  
All lustres in one purity:—  
What said'st thou, Astronomer,  
When thou didst discover *her*?  
When thy hand its tube let fall,  
Thou found'st the fairest star of all!

The spiritual value of Thompson's work can not be over-emphasized. After all, poetry is truth, and in him it is the highest truth. Tribute to the beauty and power of his form is paid by critics of whatever shade of religious belief; and the clearer-sighted among these have traced no little share of these qualities to the Faith which is their source. Catholics above all should recognize this fact, and be quick to take this poet to their own. Only the other day we were approached on a matter of literary discussion in a Catholic school. The point at issue was whether a certain well-known poem were pagan in its philosophy. The school contended it was not. It happened that they were wrong, so far as we knew our philosophy. But, that matter apart, we could not but grieve that their advocacy had not a better cause;

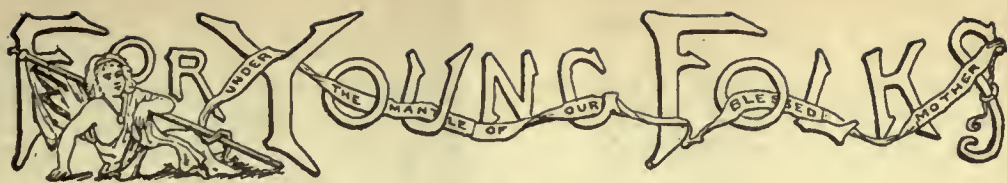
for the poem in question is but one of those vague and hollow expressions of a stereotyped Protestant piety become a shibboleth in the text-books of our so-called non-sectarian schools. Compared with Thompson's familiar "Anthem of Earth," for example, it becomes but as a glowworm's blur of light to the sun in broad noon.

Francis Thompson's prose, apart from the biographical works already mentioned, and the essay on Shelley, is not so well known as his poetry. However, readers of *Merry England*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Academy*, some twenty years back, will recall the luminous literary criticism he contributed to their pages in the form of articles and reviews. Many of these—Thompson's own selection, we are told by his executor—are now reprinted in the third volume of this series, together with the famous essay on Shelley and the brief ascetical treatise entitled "Health and Holiness." Of Thompson's prose it needs only to be said that it has a "correlated greatness" with his verse. Indeed, his literary criticism, at times, seems to have almost a poetic inspiration: it has an impulse and a ring and a beauty of utterance such as the veritable *afflatus* is supposed to confer. In a word, it is creative writing.

The range of subjects in Francis Thompson's prose writing is interestingly wide. One of his editors—Mr. Lewis Hind, of the *Academy*—said he wrote on anything. Thus we recall reviews of his treating war, politics, philanthropy, pottery, cricket, and all phases of literature. Not all of this work finds representation in the third volume of this complete edition. Even among the critiques we miss such a piece of indubitably creative writing as Thompson's review of the Henley edition of Burns, an article on Swinburne, and an appreciation of Henley himself. Yet, on the whole, it must be admitted that both the poet and his present editor have chosen and set forth in this edition the very best of Thompson's work.

Reverting to the poetry, one will not find another "Hound of Heaven"; it would be like asking of Dante another "Divine Comedy." But one does find "Messages," "Lilium Regis," and "Buona Notte,"—lyrics of as high quality as the century produced. It remains only to add by way of summary, and perhaps, too, as a moral, that the sublime works of a pre-eminent Catholic poet and prose writer are now to be had in beautiful, durable, and convenient form, and that it will be a puzzle to future ages if our own fails to recognize and acclaim his high worth in the practical way of owning and loving these volumes.





## A Boaster's Fate.

BY T. B. MURRAY.

**A** LONG the fields, one summer day,  
An aged Tortoise took his way.  
His shell, like armor, on him leant  
So heavily where'er he went,  
That those who slightly looked at him  
Had said he did not stir a limb.

Hop, skip, and jump! Now, who goes there?  
A speckled Frog, as light as air,  
Deriding as a piteous case  
The quiet creature's humble pace;  
Till, hopping near, with scorn he said:  
"You've got a house upon your head!  
Now, if you were but fresh and free,  
I'd bid you try a leap with me."  
Then head o'er heels the coxcomb rose,  
Descending near his neighbor's nose.

"Boast not," the gentle Tortoise cried,  
"The gifts that Goodness has supplied;  
Nor seek, by conduct light and vain,  
To cause less gifted creatures pain.  
I, too, have blessings kindly lent;  
And trust me, brother, I'm content.  
My shell, for instance, like a roof,  
Makes my old body weather-proof,  
And guards me wheresoe'er I go  
From strong attack and secret foe."

"Why, as to weather," said the Frog,  
"I live in all—rain, sunshine, fog;  
You've seen me dance along your path,  
Now you shall see me take a bath."

A hungry Duck, who wished to sup,  
Just at that moment waddled up,  
And, while his words were echoing still,  
The Frog was quivering in her bill.

Oh, let me still contented be  
With what kind Heaven bestows on me!  
And let me, more than all, refrain  
My lips from mockery and disdain.

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### IV.—RELATIVES FROM HARLEM.



**T**HE second ring at the bell,  
which was answered by Fred,  
disclosed the presence at the  
door of a handsome, if old-fashioned,  
family carriage, from which alighted a  
thickset, broad-shouldered man, in whom  
the observant eyes of the boy discovered  
startling resemblance to his father, save  
that the newcomer was older and of a  
darker complexion. He inquired if the  
Seymour family had arrived; and Fred,  
answering in the affirmative, introduced  
himself, and hastened to apprise his  
father, who came hurrying from the  
library. The interchange of greetings  
between the brothers (for such they were)  
was warm and cordial; for it was years  
since they had met.

"William," cried the owner of the new  
house, "it does me good to see you again!"

To which the elder brother answered:

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Henry,—  
very glad indeed! And my wife and two  
of the children are out there in the  
carriage."

Mr. Seymour hurried out to greet his  
sister-in-law, a beautiful woman, richly  
dressed, whom he saluted as Harriet. With  
her were a boy and girl, who were presently  
introduced as Willie and Katherine. And  
when all were assembled in the drawing-  
room, the children drew a little apart from  
their elders, and began at once to make  
acquaintance.

Willie was a short, dark, manly-looking  
boy; and Fred was particularly glad to  
recognize in him one of the "fellows"  
for whose society he had been wishing  
in order to complete his enjoyment of

the new surroundings; while Alice was naturally more interested in Katherine, whose brown eyes, red cheeks, and pleasing expression proved most attractive. She was a head taller than Alice, and handsomely and fashionably dressed.

"We live up in Harlem," the girl declared. "You may not know where that is, but it's quite near New York. And we've got a garden and an orchard."

"I love gardens," replied Alice. "We used to have one."

"Well, if you haven't got a garden here," observed Katherine, "you've got a nice big house, and a splendid sidewalk in front of it to play."

Alice's eyes brightened. This particular advantage had not occurred to her.

"We've got a big yard, too," put in Fred, who found conversation with his male cousin more difficult.

"May we go and see it?" demanded the impetuous Katherine.

And, with a word of explanation to their elders, the whole four were presently clattering down the gray steps into the yard. That limited but highly satisfactory enclosure was duly admired; and Katherine, who seemed to have the faculty of pointing out the best features of every place, at once observed and commented upon the flat roof of the extension, with its arbor and trumpet vine.

"That will be a lovely, quiet place to read or talk," she decided. "But how do you get out there?"

This having been explained to her, Fred began to tell her of the attic, which they were to have to themselves.

"That will be splendid!" cried Katherine. "Willie and I have to play nearly everything outdoors, for we haven't half so much room in the house."

"And there's a dark cockloft above the attic," added Alice.

"Oh, that will be good for games!" said Katherine.

"It's rather like a ghost story," Alice suggested.

"Of course it is," said Katherine, who

was always ready to seize upon the imaginative side of anything. "I wonder if we shall have time to go up there to-day?"

But her brother reminded her that they were not going to stay long.

"As soon as we're settled," declared Fred hospitably, "you'll have to come down and stay a while with us."

"That will be delightful!" cried the girl, squeezing Alice's arm with an affectionate pressure. "And you will be coming up to Harlem as soon as ever you can," she added. "I'm tired of the country, but I suppose it's really rather nice up there. And won't we have good times all together!"

While the four children were thus making acquaintance, their elders were quietly conversing in the drawing-room, which the elder brother's wife could not sufficiently admire.

"I wish, William," she said to her husband, "you had bought some such house as this instead of establishing us all in the country."

"Now, now, Harriet!" replied her husband. "You ought to be grateful to Providence for the nice home you have up there. It's quite near enough to the city, and, in my opinion, is a more healthful place to bring up a family of children. Not," he added, turning to his brother, "that this isn't a fine location, with plenty of good air about, Henry."

In the course of conversation, Mr. Seymour happened to remark that they had had a visit that morning from James Forrester.

The husband and wife looked at each other.

"Already?" exclaimed Aunt Harriet.

"I'd keep him at a distance," said her husband.

"But it seems rather hard," objected Henry. "I was fond of his wife, Maria."

"Oh, Maria was all very well!" grumbled William. "But James is different."

"He told us he was so very lonely," put in gentle Mrs. Henry.

"I didn't even know he was back in



New York," added William, "until I heard that he was employed as agent, or caretaker, for this house."

"Strange he did not mention that circumstance," mused Henry; "though he *did* say that he used to be a frequent visitor here."

"So he was, I believe, in the lifetime of one of the sons," said Aunt Harriet. "But as to his telling you about what he had been doing lately, you may trust him never to take the straight course. He likes secrecy for its own sake."

"He is certainly an odd fish," declared William. "But when I heard you had taken this house, I thought it must be through him,—that he had written to you, or something of the sort."

"He wouldn't be likely to do that," observed Aunt Harriet; "for it would be putting him out of employment."

As Henry looked inquiringly, his brother said:

"I was told that he had hopes of being allowed to live in the house during the summer."

"Oh, is that the case?" cried Henry. "The poor fellow must have felt the disappointment keenly, especially as he didn't even get any commission for the sale. I dealt directly with the owners."

"It seems rather strange," commented Mrs. Henry, "that they should have sold it like that, 'over his head,' after putting the property in his charge."

"You may depend they had some good reason," decided William. "James must have been at some of his tricks."

During this conversation, though she had said but little, Mrs. Henry could not help remembering something sinister and almost malignant that, to her quick perceptions, had underlain James Forrester's apparent friendliness during his late interview with them. She did not, however, put these thoughts into words.

At the moment William suddenly be-thought himself.

"Come now, Harriet, we must be going. These good people will have all

they can do to get settled before night."

Willie and Katherine were called in from the yard; and, with a cordial interchange of the friendliest expression, and the hope of seeing one another often, the relatives from Harlem drove away. Both Mr. and Mrs. Seymour felt as much cheered by this visit as the latter especially had been depressed by that of Uncle Jim. And as for the children, they already had endless plans for the future, and were really very sorry to see their cousins drive away. The arrival, however, of the first load of furniture and its arrangement in the house, kept them so busy that they had no time to think of anything else. That first night in their new abode, though oppressed by a feeling of strangeness amounting almost to dreariness, was, nevertheless, full of conjectures as to what next should happen in those novel scenes.

(To be continued.)

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### About Surnames.

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All the boys and girls who read these lines know, of course, their own names, and all no doubt could unhesitatingly tell which of the following terms are identical in meaning: given name, family name, Christian name, baptismal name, individual name. But what about "surname"? Could they all state, without first consulting the dictionary, whether Johnny Hogan's surname is John or Hogan? Is the surname the same as the family one, or as the Christian one? The question is really not so simple, or so silly, as some grown-ups may imagine; for, after all, surname (from the Latin *super*, over; and *nomen*, name) means an extra or additional name; and, as Johnny was undoubtedly a Hogan even before he was baptized John, it seems reasonable enough that his additional name, or his surname, should be John instead of Hogan. In modern usage, however, one's surname is one's family name.

We say "modern usage," because in olden times there was no such thing as a surname, a name common to all the children of a family; and indeed the use of such family names did not become general until the fourteenth century. A survival of the oldtime practice of designating a person by one name instead of two is seen in our still calling sovereigns by their single baptismal name: King George, Kaiser Wilhelm, Czar Nicholas.

In those early days, it became necessary, in order to avoid confusion, to distinguish two men having the same name by adding a descriptive appellation or epithet. Venerable Bede, for instance, speaks of two priests named Hewald, "whom," he says, "we distinguished as Hewald Black and Hewald White, by reason of the difference in color of their hair." Similar distinctions in early English history were: William the Conqueror, Edmund Ironsides, Harold Harefoot, Ethelred the Unready, William Rufus (Redheaded), Edith Swansneck, etc. In a list of the common people, dating from the reign of the English King, Edward III. (1340), we find such names as Johannes over the Water, William at Bishop's Gate, Agnes the Priest's Sister.

If we examine the different derivations of surnames, or the different methods of forming them, we find four principal ways employed to bring them into existence. First, there are surnames derived from personal names, and usually termed patronymics. Thus the son of John the Carpenter might be called William Johnson (John's son); the son of Henry the Smith, Robert McHenry (Mac meaning son); the descendants of Niall would be called O'Neill (the Irish O meaning properly grandson).

In the second place, there are local surnames derived from an estate, a manor, or village, or from some natural feature of the earth. Of this class are such family names as Hill, Field, Wood, Lake, Forest, Yorke, Worthington (Worthing town). Then come what are termed occupative surnames, drawn from some trade or

occupation such as Taylor, Carpenter, Smith, Weaver, Butler, Chamberlain.

Finally, there are surnames derived from personal peculiarities, from nicknames, or from some fancied resemblance to a bird or beast. In this class are found White, Brown, Black or Blake, Armstrong (strong in the arm), Crookshanks, Lamb, Fox, Lion or Lyon, Peel (bald), Russell (red), and hundreds of others.

Let it be said in conclusion that a great many persons who have not much, if any, veneration for the saints, really have saints' names as their family names. Sidney, or Sydney, for instance, is merely the contraction of St. Denis, as is Sinclair of St. Clair, and Sommers of St. Omers.

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#### Nature as an Artisan.

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Nature often turns manufacturer. There is a certain kind of cactus which exudes a sticky juice around the holes that the woodpeckers drill in its trunk and branches. When the cactus dies, the bowls made of the hardened juice remain, and are used as pottery.

Nature is a weaver as well as potter, certain tree barks and leaves furnishing excellent cloth; and sometimes she turns glass-maker, discharging her lightning into beds of quartz and forming little pipes of glass. Tropical vines and creepers furnish ready-made ropes, and the lace-tree of the West Indies supplies lace that is often taken for the handmade product.

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THE Earl of Anjou, father of King Henry II., repenting of his sins, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he was scourged severely with the twigs of the broom plant (*planta genista*). From this he adopted the name of Plantagenet (Broomstalk), and always used it as his symbol. His son, of course, used the same name, being known as Henry Plantagenet; and it has remained the badge of the family ever since.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New fiction includes "Mrs. Murphy," by Barry Pain. It is uniform with the "Eliza Books."

—We have received from Pay Inspector John Furey, U. S. N. (retired), in the form of reprints from the *Records of the U. S. Catholic Historical Society*, "Some Catholic Names in the United States Navy List." The length of this roll-call and the distinction with which its members have served their country will be a source of gratification to all their coreligionists. And Mr. Furey has done a worthy work in setting them forth.

—The interesting, almost romantic, story of the conversion and life in religion of the Very Rev. Francis Spencer, O. P., who went to his eternal reward last month, is well told in the current issue of the *Rosary* by M. A. Gannon. The son of an Episcopal minister, Father Spencer was converted to the Church during his college days, entered the priesthood and the Congregation of St. Paul, withdrawing from it after some years to join the Order of St. Dominic. As a Dominican he labored on indefatigably, crowning a blameless life with a holy death. *R. I. P.*

—For ill-instructed Catholics and inquiring Protestants there are few publications of its class more worthy of commendation than "What is a Catholic?" by the Rev. Navier Sutton, C. P., published by D. B. Hansen & Sons, 2320 W. Lake St., Chicago. "Out of the True Church No Salvation" is a particularly excellent chapter. In an appendix, "Books of Controversy," we are gratified to notice that Fr. Sutton includes such capital works as "Religio Viatoris," by Cardinal Manning; "A Short Cut to the True Church," by Fr. Hill, C. P.; and "Catholic Controversy," by Fr. Ryder, of the Oratory. These three books are by no means so well known as they deserve to be.

—The First and Second Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians will form the initial installment of the new Catholic translation of the Bible, to be produced under the general editorship of Fr. Cuthbert Lattey and Fr. Joseph Keating, S. J. The translation has been undertaken in response to "a widespread feeling, itself due to increased interest in Biblical studies, that the great advances made in textual criticism, the light thrown upon New Testament Greek by the Egyptian papyri, and the existence of many needless obscurities and faults in the current version,—all demand a more accurate

translation, if the exhortations of the Holy See to a more frequent and fruitful perusal of the Sacred Scriptures are to meet with general acceptance." The translation will be known as "The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures," and will be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—A perfect copy of the very rare Caxton edition of St. Bonaventure's "Vite Crysti," otherwise known as "The Mirroure of the blessed lyf of Jhesu Cryste," purchased by an Englishman from the Huth Collection, is now for sale by private treaty for a short time at £840. In making this announcement, the *Athenæum* dryly adds: "If not thus sold, it will probably be secured at a far higher price by an American buyer."

—The complete edition of the works of Francis Thompson, noticed elsewhere in this number, is a triumph of the bookmaker's art. Durably and tastefully bound, they have all the little touches that are the book-lover's delight. Their value is enhanced, too, by the portraits of the poet which they contain. Volume I. shows Thompson at the age of nineteen; Volume II. has an excellent half-tone reproduction from a drawing by the Hon. Neville Lytton, made just a month before the poet's death; and Volume III. has a sketch of Everard Meynell. The editor's notes throughout are few, and as valuable as they are inconspicuous.

—The following prayer-books, or manuals of devotion, have accumulated on our table: "Little St. Alphonsus' Manual," taken mostly from the works of that holy Doctor, published by the Redemptorist Fathers, Ilchester, Md.; "The Golden Prayer-Book," attractive in form and excellent in matter, compiled by a member of the Ursulines (B. Herder); "Daily Praise," by Olive Katharine Parr, a manual of much merit (Benzigers); "Special Devotions for the Pupils of Catholic Schools," a well-arranged though unattractive booklet (*Sentinel Press*); "Come, Lord Jesus,—Come!" adapted from the German by a Sister of St. Joseph (Thomas Flynn & Co.); "A Manual for Nuns," by a Mother Superior (P. J. Kenedy & Sons); "Walking with God," from the writings of St. Alphonsus, edited by the Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.,—a practical treatise on conformity to the will of God (Christian Press Association Publishing Company); "The Eucharistic Way of the Cross," by the Ven. Father Eymard, published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament;

"Little Mass Book," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, D. D.; "The Little Communicant," compiled by Fr. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M.; and "Angels of the Sanctuary," by B. F. Musser,—all three from the press of Benziger Brothers. It is matter for constant regret with us that as a rule our books of piety, particularly those intended for the use of children, should be so dismally unattractive in appearance.

—Fr. A. M. Micheletti, the author of "Summula Theologiae Pastoralis," presents, in a volume of five hundred and thirty pages, embodying the latest Pontifical decrees, a clear, succinct, and precise summary of all that a pastor should know concerning (1) the parish and its administration in general, (2) the spiritual administration of the parish, (3) the temporal administration of the parish. These three parts are skilfully subdivided into chapters, articles, and paragraphs, and give a full account, theoretically and practically, of the *ars artium*—the *regimen animarum*. If the book contained only the especially notable article, "*Qualis Pastor esse Debeat*," it would be well worth the price charged for it—\$2.25. The author writes with unction, with a deep sense of the responsibility of the duties of the pastor, and with an earnest desire to eliminate difficulties from his pathway. This new Pastoral Theology takes a foremost rank among works on the subject. B. Herder, publisher.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.

"The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.

"Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.

"Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.

"Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts..

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. L. Brancherau. \$1, net.

"St. Gilbert of Sempringham. \$1.25.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.

"St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.

"History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartmann Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.

"Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Practical Catechist." Rev. James Nist. \$1.75.

"The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.

"The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.

"Holy Communion." Mgr. de Gibergues. 81 cts.

"A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katharine Parr. \$1.25.

"The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.

"Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.

"The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—IIEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Donald Skrimshire, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Bernard Baak, diocese of Peoria; and Rev. Patrick Mellon, archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister Aurelia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister Mary Vincent, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Herman Hulman, Mr. Francis X. Foley, Mr. John Schick, Sr., Miss Cecilia Schmitt, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Elizabeth Schaeffer, Mr. Arthur Huber, Mr. William C. Meyer, Mrs. E. Tully, Mr. John F. Hogan, Mr. Frank Binz, Miss Agnes Fischer, and Mr. James Berney.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: Per the Rev. J. A. O'D., \$5; V. S., \$3.50; William Gallagher, \$1.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 4

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## To One Grown Old.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

SO softly have thy years come unto thee,  
I can not think of them but as the snow  
With muffled step—when Autumn's leaves are  
low—  
That steals o'er field and woodland silently.  
From all regret and longing thou art free;  
Thy Springtime's rain ne'er dimmed the sun-  
light's glow;  
Thy Autumn was serene, yet thou didst know  
The certain sorrows of humanity.  
Thy Winter is not that of chill and storm,  
Of grieving winds and dark sky overcast,  
Of stricken brook the shrouding snowdrift  
hides;  
But rather that of hearth side, bright and warm,  
Of friendships growing sweeter to the last,  
Because within thy heart the Spring abides.

## Irish Scribes and Their Work.

BY M. N.

**I**N these days, when the typing machine has to a very large extent superseded the pen, it is a relief to turn to the beautiful manuscripts of a bygone age and to study for a while the purely ornamental side of calligraphy; though such a study shows us that writing has for us become practically a lost art. We find that the origin and development of the early handwritings of the British Isles differ from those of the Continental nations of Western Europe. With regard to England, it is beyond

question that she was almost entirely indebted to Ireland for her national handwriting,—a hand which for a long time held its own, and strenuously resisted foreign domination; though at first it was, indeed, nothing but the Irish hand transplanted into a new soil by those Celtic missionaries who, going forth from St. Columba's settlement in Iona, founded monasteries in Northern Britain.

In the year 634, for example, the Irish missionary, St. Aidan, founded the See of Lindisfarne, which became a noted centre of English writing. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that for a time the English style was scarcely to be distinguished from that of the sister island. Gradually, however, distinctions arose, and the English school grew and developed on its own lines; nor did it suffer any material modification from the appearance of the Roman missionaries, whose school was essentially a foreign one, making use of the foreign styles which they brought with them, but which never seem to have become naturalized; though their influence must be taken into account when studying the history of writing in England prior to the Norman Conquest.

Undoubtedly the earliest and most beautiful MS. of the English round hand is the copy of the Lindisfarne Gospels, said to have been written by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, about the year 700; for, though this same round hand was used for books and charters during the eighth and ninth centuries, and though very carefully written MS. the writing is still solid, the heavy stroke style of the

Lindisfarne Gospels appears to have practically ceased at an early date.

In the course of the tenth century a marked change took place in the English pointed hand; whilst, at the close of the same century, the influence of the French hand begins to assert itself. With the Norman Conquest, the native hand may be said to have virtually disappeared as the handwriting of the learned, being replaced by the new writing of the Continental school.

It has been truly said that "the revival of letters which followed the Conquest was a purely ecclesiastical revival." The new Norman abbots, who were established in the larger and more important of the English monasteries, moved by the same intellectual impulse which had been given to Normandy, brought with them across the Channel a fresh spirit, an increase of mental activity; and every religious house of any standing had its writing rooms, or *scriptoria*, "where the chief works of Latin literature, Patristic or Classical, were copied and illuminated, the lives of the saints compiled, and entries noted in the monastic chronicle."

But we must now turn to Ireland, whose pilgrim monks migrated to the Continent in crowds,—filled with a missionary zeal that sent them forth from their beloved isle to preach the Gospel in all parts of Europe. To Burgundy and the Apennines, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Bulgaria, and the Frisians of the Northern Seas, the wandering scholars of Ireland carried not only the light of Faith, but those beautiful books which have come down to us from the far-off centuries. In these exquisitely illuminated MSS., with their wonderful interlaced designs, skilful drawing, and brilliant coloring, we have abundant proof that no school of writing developed so thoroughly, and apparently so quickly, the purely ornamental side of calligraphy as the Irish school. It must ever be remembered, moreover, that the foundation of the early Church in Ireland, and the consequent spread of civilization,

naturally fostered the growth of literature and the evolution of a national school of writing; whilst, at a later period, the isolation of the country prevented the introduction of new ideas and changes, which contact with neighboring nations invariably effects. The Irish scribes developed their own style of writing, and went on practising it generation after generation with astonishing uniformity.

It is interesting to note that the early Irish calligraphy appeared in two forms—the round and the pointed. The former bears a close resemblance to that employed in the Latin MSS. of the Romance countries of the fifth century; indeed, a comparison of the earliest surviving Irish MSS. with specimens of the Roman writing, as seen in the MSS. of Italy and France of the same date, leaves no room to doubt the origin of the Celtic round hand.

The finest MS. of this style is unquestionably the famous copy of the four Gospels known as the Book of Kells, in which both text and ornamentation are brought to the highest point of excellence; in fact, the very perfection of the writing, and the elaborate detail of the art that adorns its pages, constitute an argument against the belief held by some that it was the work of St. Columba himself. Such a belief can not be sustained; for, though we read in the life of the saint that "diligence in writing" was one of his most noted characteristics, leading the active life he did—a life so strenuous that every moment must have been filled with missionary labor in some shape or form,—it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that he could ever have found time for the leisure so necessary to train the hand and eye that executed the marvellous decorations in "the great Gospel of Columb,"—a name probably given to the book not because Columba wrote it, but because he founded the church in which it was used.

Even without accepting the ascription of the Book of Kells to Columba, we have evidence of his diligence as a scribe in the



Annals of Clonmacnois, wherein we read that "he wrote three hundred books with his own hand. They were all New Testaments. He left a book to each of his churches in the kingdom, — which books have a strange property, which is that if they, or any of them, had sunk to the bottom of the deepest waters they would not lose one letter or sign or character of them, which I have seen tried, partly by myself on that book of them which is at Durrowe [Durrow], in the King's County; for I saw the ignorant man that had the same in his custody, when sickness came on cattle, for their remedy, put water on the book and suffer it to rest therein; and saw also other cattle return thereby to their former state, and the book receive no loss."

This book was preserved at Durrow, a small town where St. Columba founded an abbey in the year A. D. 546; and it is interesting and pathetic at this distance of time to read, at the close of the first and apparently the oldest portion of the MS., the following prayer: "I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book into his hands may remember the writer, Columba, who have myself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days by the grace of the Lord."

It is not surprising that many of such books were ascribed to the early Irish saints; for even though the knowledge of letters may have reached Ireland a short time prior to the coming of St. Patrick, it could not have been widely diffused, as we find from the fact that this great apostle on various occasions "taught the alphabet to such of his converts as were destined for Holy Orders"; and in the year 434 we read that at his request "the history and laws of Ireland were purified and written, the writings and old books of Ireland having been collected and brought to one place."

Another famous scribe was Dimma, who wrote, it is believed, at the request of St. Cronan, that copy of the Gospels

known as "Dimma's Book." This precious MS. belonged to the Abbey of Roscrea, founded by Cronan; but both it and the shrine in which it was enclosed disappeared at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. In the year 1789, however, some boys, hunting rabbits, discovered it, carefully preserved and concealed among the rocks of the Devil's Bit Mountain in County Tipperary; and, having passed through the hands of various private persons, it was eventually purchased for the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Another book which, from very early ages, was treasured in County Leinster, and which, with its ancient case, or *cumdach*, has come down to us from the ninth or tenth century, is that called the "Book of St. Moling." This interesting volume contains the four Gospels in Latin, with a form for the "Visitation of the Sick," written in double columns in a fine, neat hand.

The art of illuminating, as well as that of ornamental caligraphy which was carried by the Irish scribes to such marvellous perfection, was, as we have already seen, practised by them in all those monasteries founded by Celtic missionaries; and thus it was that this particular school of illumination continued for some centuries to exist in the north of England; whilst many MSS., written in Anglo-Saxon, were frequently illuminated either by Irish artists or by monks who had learned their art in Ireland. Hence also, distinct as was its character from that of the Teutonic nations, this school was for long misnamed Anglo-Saxon.

The second, or pointed, form of Irish writing is more angular in style, small and delicate, like that of the Book of Armagh, and has more analogy to the running hand. In fact, notwithstanding its regularity, it appears to have been written with freedom and ease.

A word must now be said about the ornamentation to be found in the Book of Kells, where, in the first six pages of

St. Matthew's Gospel, we are struck by that gradual increase of splendor, the culminating point of which is reached in the sacred monogram. Upon this, it has been truly said, "is lavished with all the fervent devotion of the Irish scribe, every variety of design to be found in Celtic art, so that the Name which is the epitome of his Faith is also the epitome of his country's art."

Careful examination of Irish illumination shows that the vine and the trefoil—both plants which bear a special meaning in Christian symbolism—are the roots of all Celtic leaf ornament. The trefoil—called in parts of France *Pain du bon Dieu*, and in some places in Italy "Alleluia,"—being their native shamrock, the emblem of the Holy Trinity, would naturally be dear to Irish artists; and we find frequent examples of it in the wonderful MS. we are now considering. We also note instances of the flower sceptres, which are placed sometimes in the hand of our Divine Redeemer, triumphant over sin and death; sometimes in the hands of the angels; and again this lovely idea of the blossoming sceptre occurs in such scenes as the Coronation of Our Lady, where it is found in the hand of the Virgin Mother.

No words can convey the faintest idea of the perfection of execution displayed in the illumination of the initial letters. Such work must be seen to have its full beauty realized,—a beauty which, those most competent to judge say, is only more apparent the stronger the magnifying power brought to bear upon it. For example, in the great monogram page there is in one corner a delightful group of squirrels watching their young playing with a round cake marked with a cross. There are also wonderfully illuminated forms of angels, birds, and animals. A whole volume, however, might be written on this subject; and we must return from the work of the scribes to the scribes themselves.

We have seen how marvellous was the

skill of him who executed the Book of Kells; or that of St. Columba, who, in the Book of Durrow, tells us that he completed his work in the space of twelve days. Again, we have the scribe of the celebrated Book of Armagh, whose death is thus recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters": "A. D. 844, Ferdonnach, a sage and choice scribe of the Church of Armagh, died." And we know that many Irish scribes worked in England during the eighth century, if not even prior to that period; indeed, the fame of one of them has been preserved for us in a poem sent by Ethelwulf, a monk of Lindisfarne, to St. Egbert, who was then in Ireland. This poem records the miracles and renown of the saintly scribe, Father Ultan, who is thus spoken of by Ethelwulf: "Fame proclaims that many live a perfect life, of which number is he who is called by the illustrious name of Ultan. This man was a blessed priest of the Scotie [Irish] nation, who could adorn little books with elegant designs. . . . In this art no modern scribe could rival him, nor is it to be wondered at if a worshipper of the Lord could do such things, since the Holy Spirit, as an inspirer, guides his fingers and raises his devout mind to the stars."

It has been said by competent authorities that the Irish monks gave their disciples the most minute and careful instruction in the technicalities of the art of penmanship; such, for example, as the exact manner of holding the quill,—for research leads to the conclusion that their writing implements were neither reeds nor skilfully formed tools, but the quills of swans, crows, geese, and other birds. Indeed, this supposition is borne out by the fact that in several pictures in Irish MSS., the Evangelist, engaged in writing his Gospel, is depicted with a pen in his hand, the feather of which can be clearly distinguished.

In respect of the colors prepared in Britain, it is most interesting to read the words of Venerable Bede, who, in



his Ecclesiastical History, speaks of the many kinds of shellfish, such as mussels, "in which are often found excellent pearls of all colors—red, purple, violet, and green, but mostly white." He specially remarks on the brilliancy and permanence of the red that is so often met with in the illuminated MSS. with which we are at present concerned. This red was evidently mixed with some sort of gummy substance or thick varnish, that prevented it not only from sinking into the vellum, but also from fading. Our first English historian thus describes it: "There is also a great abundance of cockles, of which the scarlet color is made; a most beautiful color, which never fades with the heat of the sun or the washing of the rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes."

Before leaving the subject of these illuminated books, it must be remarked that they were either carried, or were hung upon the walls of the monastery or tower in which they were preserved, in leathern satchels called *polaires*. We read that Patrick gave to Fiacc, Bishop of Sletty, "a bell and a reliquary and a crosier and a book satchel." This great apostle is also described as walking, "followed by the boy Benen, with his satchel on his back."

St. Columba, who, we are told in his life, "made crosses and book satchels," is said in another ancient record to have blessed "one hundred *polaires*." In truth, from the frequent mention of these satchels it is evident they were in common use in Ireland. We have the satchel of the Book of Armagh; the satchel of the Irish Missal, in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and others. And, in this connection, it is interesting to note that books, enclosed in a case tied up with leathern thongs, were recently found by an English traveller in the Abyssinian monastery of Sourians. To the cases was attached a strap, by means of which the volumes might be carried over the shoulders, as they often were in Ireland; and

the books were hung by these same straps to wooden pegs,—three, four, and sometimes more on a peg.

A word must be said before concluding about the Irish scribes on the Continent,—those zealous pilgrim monks who usually travelled in little bands or companies. Old records tell us that "they wore long flowing hair, and colored some parts of the body, especially the eyelids. They were provided with long walking sticks, with flasks, and with leathern wallets. They used waxed writing tablets as well as skins, and were expert in catching fish when their sustenance demanded it."

This description suggests to our minds men rough and almost wild in appearance and manners. But we must remember that these missionaries, despite their exterior, were both learned and accomplished. Many of them, like Tuotilo, an Irish monk of St. Gall, excelled in music. Indeed, Tuotilo is said to have been "unsurpassed in all kinds of stringed instruments and pipes, and gave lessons in playing on them in a room set apart for him by the abbot." Others were equally skilled in the arts of painting and carving; whilst the MSS. which remain in Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, sufficiently prove their proficiency not only in illumination, but in that ornamental caligraphy for which they were so famous in their native land.

St. Columbanus founded A. D. 613 the monastery of Bobio, in Piedmont,—a religious house whence many noted MSS. were brought and distributed in different parts of the country; and his chalice and holy stick, or crosier, are still preserved there. Again, we learn that, in the year 612, St. Gall, "the favorite and most honored disciple of Columbanus," founded on the shores of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, the celebrated monastery which bore his name,—that name forever perpetuated in the Canton of St. Gall. We know that such Irish foundations as these were for centuries fed from their parent monasteries in the motherland;

and were, moreover, frequently enriched by generous gifts from patriotic benefactors. For example, Dungal, the Scotie (Irish) teacher in Pavia, A. D. 823, made donations of books to Bobio; whilst Marcus, an Irish bishop, returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, rested at St. Gall, and remained there till his death, when he bequeathed his books to the monastery. It may be remarked in passing that the quadrangular bell of St. Gall is still preserved in the same monastery; and there is also in the museum a silver book shrine, of Irish workmanship.

In Germany we find numerous traces of Irish missionaries; and it is the same with Austria, Belgium, and Bavaria. But as regards the perfection of the writing when thus distributed in isolated spots, and the bonds of connection with home becoming loosened, the later MSS. produced at these Irish settlements have none of the beauty of the native hand; all elasticity disappears, and we have only the form without the spirit.

With regard to the custom of enshrining sacred books in richly jewelled cases, it would seem to be almost unknown save in Ireland; for though there are instances of such *cumdachs* on the Continent, they were probably imported from Ireland, or were the work of Irish missionaries from the ninth to the tenth century. It is by no means unlikely, however, that these book shrines were used on the Continent during the early ages of the Church, and were brought with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Indeed, this supposition is borne out by the example of one of these ornamental cases for the Holy Gospels which was given by Theodolinde, Queen of the Lombards, and is now preserved in the Basilica of Monza.

But these relics are distinctly Byzantine in character, and show no resemblance whatever to Irish art. Moreover, whilst the custom died out elsewhere, it lived on in Ireland, where, says a modern writer on this subject, "a different sentiment seemed at work"; and the book itself

was left untouched as something the value of which could not be augmented by gold or precious stones; and where it was ever regarded as a sacred heirloom by the successors of the patron saint, whose memory, perchance, they had held in veneration for over five hundred years. Hence, doubtless, the fact that when elsewhere we find the sacred writings in costly bindings of silver or gold, encrusted with gems, in Ireland a box was made, on which was lavished all the skill that art and fervent piety could devise; and in this the old book, now become a most sacred relic, was preserved from generation to generation.

One of these book shrines—that called the "Cathach"—and "Dimma's Book" were enclosed in cases of brass plated with silver. Indeed, the foundation of these cases was usually of brass or bronze; though in one instance it is of yew wood, and the *cumdach* containing the celebrated Stowe Missal is of oak. Such boxes vary from nine and a half to five and a half inches in length. The *cumdach* of Kells was plated with gold; and that of "Durrow"—the most ancient of all—with silver. But, unfortunately, these, with that of the Book of Armagh, have disappeared; whilst seven others, amongst them the "Cumdach of St. Patrick's Gospels," are still in existence.

Enough, however, has been said to prove how skilled were the Irish scribes who wrote these ancient books, which are a lasting memorial of their talents as well as of their indefatigable zeal,—a zeal that found or made time for such labors amidst their more active work in the Lord's vineyard; and the *cumdachs*, or cases, give abundant evidence of that proficiency in decorative Irish metalwork which grew to gradual perfection from the ninth to the tenth century.

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CROSSES borne with patience are like storms at sea, which seem to swamp the ship, while they are really bearing her toward the shore.—*St. Sebastian.*



## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

## IV.

THERE was a moment's silence when Oliver Plunkett had finished reading his uncle's letter. Then Ula again burst out into questions:

"How perfectly wonderful! O Oliver, are you going?"

"I must," replied her brother. "I couldn't well refuse, particularly when he has sent the money. Besides, he is our only relative."

"And will you never come back? Does he mean for you to stay always?" asked Ula.

"Of course I shall come back," said Oliver; "though whether he will want me eventually to make my home with him remains to be seen. In that case you would have to come, too."

"Live in America! O Oliver!" exclaimed Maura. But Ula interrupted her with an exclamation of delight:

"What fun! Of course we shall be wealthy now. No more stinting and economizing."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," quoted Oliver; then, turning to Anne: "But now I want to know what you can tell us, Anne. You say you remember Uncle Hugh. Well, tell us what he was like."

"Like!" repeated Anne, wiping her eyes and at last finding her tongue. "Like! Well, a beautiful, fine gentleman, for an Englishman, God help him! And that lively! Why, he'd be here to-day with the sunshine and gone to-morrow with the rain. But, O God of glory! to think of all the prayers your saintly mother—may the Lord have mercy on her!—said, and had said, for him! It was cruel, thoughtless, of him never to have written after. And to think of him living and writing home after all those years!"

"But, Oliver," interrupted Ula again,

unable to keep silence any longer, "do tell us when are you going? What does Mr. Bird say? Can he spare you from the office?"

"Mr. Bird says I must go at once. Of course he can spare me. And as to starting, I must first telegraph about my passage."

"Start!" cried Anne. "Is it starting to-day you are? Why, when Mr. Hugh has kept you waiting twenty-seven years, couldn't you delay as many hours, and give a body time to send you off with a clean shirt to your back?"

"There'll be plenty of time for that, Anne, never fear," replied Oliver, laughing. "All I can do to-day is to find out about my journey. I must go now," he went on, turning to his sisters. "But I won't be long; and when I come back we must put our heads together and dictate a letter."

Half an hour later they were all three back in the bow-windowed sitting-room; and Oliver, after a few questions to each of his sisters, began to write the important document. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR UNCLE HUGH:—Mr. Bird has given me your letter. He had not far to look for us—no farther than his own office. I am his junior partner, and Maura and Ula live with me in the old house you know. We have been a solitary trio up to this, so that the news of your being still alive is indeed a great pleasure to us. Mr. Bird will, himself, tell you of his amazement as well as of ours; and I will only add that I am doing as you wish, and preparing to go to you. I shall start in ten days' time, unless you send a cable to the contrary between now and then.

Your grateful and devoted nephew,  
OLIVER PLUNKETT.

"But, Oliver," cried the irrepressible Ula, "you are going to say more than that, surely? You have never even mentioned the money he sent, or anything."

"I can't preach," answered Oliver. "I've said we're glad he is still living, and he can't expect more than that. He's not so glib with his own pen,

either." Then, with a glance from her hat to Maura's bare head, he added: "If you are coming out, we may as well go together."

A few hours earlier Maura would have been afraid that such a proposition might lead to a walk with Stuart Leigh; but now she saw that Ula, with childish inconsequence, was taken up with the new idea of a rich American uncle, to the exclusion of any other thought. For the moment the man who had recently been dangerously near to becoming of absorbing interest to her was of no importance whatever. In the dulness and monotony of life at Camphill, her thoughts had dwelt too much on the only person who gave her a glimpse of a wider scene; but now her uncle's letter had opened up so engrossing a vista of her own that, for the present at least, she did not care to look at any other. Later, when this first excitement had passed, Stuart Leigh might probably again become a danger; but for the time being Maura was quite right in not fearing him. And, though Oliver and Ula did meet him when they went out, it was of the effect their news had upon him that she enlarged on her return,—not upon his attractions or his talk to them.

"We met Mr. Leigh, and he was simply 'overwhelmed' when he heard about Uncle Hugh!" she informed Maura as they set out to have tea at the Doctor's House, as Miss Amy had invited them. "He says some of the big business men in Philadelphia are millionaires over and over again, and that no one would think of writing home and saying he had made his fortune unless he had at least one million. Fancy, 'My uncle the millionaire!'" And Ula broke into a ripple of delighted laughter.

"Oliver was evidently right in advising you not to count your chickens before they were hatched," said Maura, laughing too. "I expect, until he goes and sees for himself, the less we talk of millionaires the better."

"Oh, yes, talk!" agreed Ula, readily.

"Of course we won't. But, Maura, do you know" (and her voice fell to a confidential tone), "I don't think Mr. Leigh is as nice as I thought he was?"

Maura started slightly, wondering if it would be well, with such an opening, to give voice to the warning that had so often been upon her lips, and that she had up to now thought it better not to utter, fearful of the spirit of contradiction it might arouse.

"I have always thought him interesting," she said quietly; "but I have also had a feeling that he was not — well, nice. But what makes *you* think so now, Ula?"

"Well," rejoined Ula, half shyly, "I think it was his eyes. O Maura, you can't imagine the sort of glitter that came into them when he was talking of money and millionaires! And then" (her face flushed at the remembrance) "he turned round and looked at me and said something about being the heiress of a millionaire. Maura, it was horrid!"

The truth was that up to this Stuart Leigh had been careful not to commit himself by betraying to the full his admiration of a penniless girl; and it was not only the greed of gold in his eyes that had startled and disgusted Ula.

"Fancy, yesterday I was sorry he was going away, and now I am glad. I don't want ever to see him again."

Maura laughed, partly with relief, partly in amusement at the frank avowal of so rapid a change.

"Here we are," she said, laughing still, as they reached the old ladies' doorstep. "Tell Miss Amy that (though of course in a modified form), and you will make her and Miss Lucy very happy."

"Why?" began Ula.

But before there was time for an answer to her question the door was opened, and Miss Amy herself appeared on the threshold with outstretched hands to greet them. The room into which they were ushered was, like their own sitting-room, on the first floor of the house; and



both rooms seemed to hang over the street, so far did the old-fashioned square windows project. The tiny panes of glass in the lattices of these windows gave to the rooms a special Old-World character, that, in the Doctor's House at least, was quite in keeping with the furniture and its arrangement. Nothing seemed to have been changed since the days of the little old ladies' grandmother; and, despite the necessarily more modern dress, they managed to fit themselves exactly into the Old-World groove.

When Maura and Ula came in, Miss Lucy was seated in her usual high-backed chair, her fingers busied with wool and needles; but her welcome was no less cordial than that of Miss Amy, though it was given with more tranquillity.

"Sit down, my dears!" she said, drawing Maura, who was her special favorite, to a low seat beside her; whilst Miss Amy hurried away to see if the promised potato cakes were ready.

"Ula, my love, had you not better loosen that little scarf, so that you may have it to put on when going again into the outer air? And, then, dear, pray have pity both on my nerves and on the china."

For Ula had flung aside her scarf with a quick movement that certainly seemed to endanger the dainty teacups set out upon the old silver tray, and then had thrown herself on her knees by the old lady's side.

"But I can't keep still!" she cried, her eyes dancing with excitement. "I can't even sit down until I have told you our news. O Maura, you must let *me* tell! I simply couldn't sit and listen to you telling it."

"Telling what, you silly child?" asked Miss Lucy; and the trace of anxiety in her tone, which was not lost on Maura, was put down by her to its true reason—a fear that Stuart Leigh had something to do with this irrepressible excitement.

"Well, for one thing," replied Ula, "Oliver is going to America."

"What! Impossible!" exclaimed Miss Lucy, dropping her needles, heedless

of ravelling stitches; whilst Maura cried at the same moment:

"O Ula, what a way to begin!"

"Well," said Ula, "he is going."

"Tell me, Maura," observed Miss Lucy, "is this a joke?"

"No, dear Miss Lucy, it is not a joke," replied Maura. "We really have a most wonderful thing to tell you. Now, Ula, go on if you like."

"Dear Miss Lucy," said Ula, kneeling upright on the hearthrug, "you must remember him—Uncle Hugh, I mean, mother's only brother, who went away twenty-seven years ago (before any of us were born) to make his fortune."

"Yes, dear; of course I knew your poor uncle," said Miss Lucy, wonderingly. "May he rest in peace!"

"But that's just where we have all been wrong!" cried Ula. "Uncle Hugh couldn't rest in peace yet, because, you see, he never died at all."

While she was speaking, the door had opened and Miss Amy appeared, carrying a piled-up dish of the steaming cakes, which were too precious to be entrusted to the care of the maid. The beginning of the conversation had been lost upon her; but Ula's last sentence had fallen distinctly on her ears, and the next instant the pyramid of smoking cakes slipped forward, the top ones spreading themselves over the polished boards, leaving her grasping the plate, and apparently trying to right herself after what had been almost a fall. Maura and Ula flew to her side, thinking that she had slipped upon the threshold, and quite unaware that her sudden agitation had any connection with the news they were so eager to impart.

"It is nothing—nothing!" she said; and, though her face was pale, she smiled bravely at her sister, who had also come to help her; whilst Ula busied herself piling up again the uninjured cakes.

"It was stupid of me to let them fall," she went on. "And then, too, I interrupted your talk. What were you saying, Ula dear?"

"Oh, such news, Miss Amy!" replied Ula, only too delighted at being called upon to repeat her story. "Such an extraordinary thing has happened! You knew our Uncle Hugh? Well, just fancy Mr. Bird had a letter from him this morning. We had all thought him dead for years. But no, if you please! He had said he would never write home till he had made his fortune; and he didn't. But now he has made his fortune. He is in America, and Oliver is going out to him at once. Now, Miss Amy, isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" repeated Miss Amy, in a toneless voice; then, rousing herself: "My dear children, yes, I knew your Uncle Hugh. It is indeed wonderful!"

(To be continued.)

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### To the Rosemary.

BY CHRISTINE HOWE.

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THE sweet, faint fragrance of a legend old  
Breathes in thy name, whenever it is told  
How thou wert christened; for no flowers did  
show

Amongst thy leaves until thou cam'st to grow  
Close by that home where He, who all things  
made,

In lowly, helpless infancy was laid.

Nameless and flow'rless wert thou till one day  
The Blessed Mother-Maiden came to lay  
His washen garments on thy boughs to sun;  
When, by that touch awakened, one by one,  
Blossomed thy first-born flowers; and with  
them came

The linkéd sweetness of thy petalled name.

And still, O Rosemary! in quaint folklore  
'Tis told that when thou growest by the door  
Of dwelling-house, so long as thou art there  
Given thy needful dole of thoughtful care,  
To those within this boon kind Fortune sends—  
Of never lacking leal and loving friends.

Another spell is thine. Could we forget  
The absent and the loved, thou wilt not let  
Our memories lapse, or see our hearts grow cold.  
And so a precious symbol do we hold  
Thee "For Remembrance," that we may not be  
Mindless of those we nevermore may see.

### How the Curé Made a Fish-Pond.

BY GERARD A. REYNOLDS.

THE Ardennes, the hill country of the Belgian and French border, is one of the most picturesque districts in Europe. It is still a region of spreading woodlands, once of far greater extent. It is Shakespeare's "Forest of Arden." The hills are nowhere of great height; but along the banks of some of the little rivers that flow down to join the Meuse, they break into bold precipices and rocky spires, and some of these river gorges suggest the wild scenery of a mountain land. The people were once all foresters, herdsmen, and small farmers; but during the nineteenth century many of their valleys were invaded by another class of workers, in consequence of the discovery of the mineral wealth of the district. The more remote valleys still keep their Old-World ways; but along the line of the railway from Liège into Germany coal mines have been opened, and at night the glare of blast furnaces lights up the sky. From the main line, branches strike off to bring down the coal and iron from outlying mines; and what were once quiet villages have grown into busy industrial towns.

A Belgian curé, whom I met at Lourdes, told me a story of the Ardennes which is worth telling again. It is an instance of the hundredfold reward that is given for a charitable deed even in this world. It happened in one of the quiet valleys where the people were still living the old semi-patriarchal life.

The chateau—no longer a castle, but a comfortable manor house built on the hillside where in mediæval days a feudal chief had his stronghold—was the home of a widow lady, who was the proprietor of nearly all the lands around. The small farmers of the district were her tenants. Many of the villagers, whose homes clustered round the church beside the stream below the castle hill, were employed on her



estate. Others worked land they rented from her. She was the Lady Bountiful of the place. Her husband had been a good landlord, and she carried on the tradition.

Two bad seasons had been a trying experience for both the landed proprietor and the tenants and laborers. Wet weather and poor crops meant half-empty barns, and a reduction in the number of the sheep and cattle. The people would want money to tide them over the coming winter. Some were already talking of throwing up their holdings and seeking work in the towns. The curé and the chatelaine discussed the situation. The good lady had looked into her accounts and was ready to provide a fairly large sum for relief during the coming hard times. But the curé had a proposal of his own. To dole out money week by week would be to demoralize the whole place. It would be better to find work, and pay for it. But where was the work to be found? Madame suggested road-making; but the curé pointed out that to make a new road meant first obtaining the permission of authorities, endless correspondence with officials, surveys and votes,—such a working of administrative machinery that the winter would be gone before leave was given to turn the first spadeful of earth.

Then he made his proposal. One of his hobbies was the study of local history. Before the Revolution, in the days of the old *seigneurs*, there had been among the possessions of the chateau an *étang*—a fish-pond. No pond had existed in living memory, but an old plan showed where it had once been. To the east of the house and a little in front of it, the hillside flattened out into a wide shelf or plateau, and along its outer edge there was a grassy bank. Between the bank and the slope of the hill there were hollows where the grass grew rank and thick, and pools formed in wet weather. Lower down the slope, outside the bank, there was a trickle of water that made the hillside greener, except in the hottest summers. During

the two wet summers of the last years, everyone had noticed how much water came down there after rain.

"I am not an expert," said the curé: "I may be quite wrong. But we can get an examination of the ground made by an engineer from Liège in the next few days, and I expect he will confirm my theory. There is probably an underground spring on this site of the old pond, or the drainage of all the hillside comes down that way,—the natural drainage under the surface. Now, I would suggest that the relief work this winter should be the making of a pond,—call it a little lake, if you like. We can dig down till we strike the underground water sources. There is clay in the valley for lining our pond, or we might even make concrete. It will be an ornament to the house, and it will, besides, be useful."

"But how, *Monsieur le Curé*? It may be very pretty, but what use will it be?"

"Well, for one thing, it will give the people work. But that is not all. We shall have an outfall from our pond, if we find enough water. Perhaps we can build something like a rustic mill lower down, to use the outflow; put in a dynamo, and light your house with electricity. But all this is far off. Let us make the pond. It will be better than just giving away the money in weekly doles."

The plan was accepted. The engineer from Liège approved so far as the pond went; though, as for the proposed electric installation, he suggested that it would be simpler to get water power from the stream down in the valley. If Madame wanted a rustic mill, as *Monsieur le Curé* proposed, it could be treated as a mere ornament,—a toy on a large scale. So the plan was limited to the pond, or, as the curé called it, the "new lake."

The work began after a friendly gathering at the chateau, in which the curé explained his plans. All the winter the men worked through the hours of daylight with pick and spade, wheelbarrow and cart; and the earth and gravel were piled up

in banks that were later to be planted with trees, Madame's gardener superintending this improvement in the landscape.

A fortnight of heavy rain nearly stopped the work by prematurely flooding the excavations. But the curé, who acted as chief engineer, pointed out that this showed how easily there would be water to fill the projected lake. Meanwhile he got the local fire engine to pump it out. But he became anxious as the work went on and there was no sign of underground streams or springs. The professional engineer from Liège had given an encouraging opinion that they would be found, but questions of water supply are proverbially difficult. Many a well has been sunk on expert opinion, that has never had more than a mere puddle of mud and water at the bottom of it.

The New Year came. The time had arrived to think of how the great hollow was to be lined and made water-tight, and to erect the sluice for the overflow, and make the channel for the stream it would create. At an earlier stage of the work, the curé had thought of contriving a waterfall and rockwork on its course. Now such decorative ideas were forgotten in the presence of the alarming question: would there be any water to fill the pond, or anything more than a big pool at the bottom of it, and that only in rainy weather?

It would be an unpleasant experience to have to confess that, even though work had been found for the people, it had been wasted in making an eyesore in front of the home of their benefactress. The curé decided to dig a little deeper, in the hope of a change in the situation. They might tap a spring somewhere a few feet lower down. If not—well, he would have to confess that he had made a huge mistake.

"We must go a little deeper," he said, and spade and pick were kept at work. Meanwhile, like the friends of a sick man who is getting worse and worse, he thought it might be well to have another "doctor's" opinion. He wrote to an old friend, a

professor at Louvain, and told him of his anxieties, ending by saying that he would be glad to pay out of his small savings a moderate fee for the opinion of a competent man, whom he would be pleased to welcome to the hospitality of his presbytery. The next post told him that at the week end the professor would send him a young man, already named for an assistant professorship, and who would some day be a famous geologist if he went on as he was going.

The curé was disappointed at first. "This young man will give me a lecture on stratification," he said. "What I want is a practical engineer who knows all about reservoirs and waterworks. However—we shall see." Then he reflected that geologists studied the action of water courses and springs; so perhaps this young man, just out of his studies, might know something.

Saturday evening the young man came. The curé told him his story over a cigar and a cup of coffee, when they had had supper together. It was agreed that next day, after Mass, the geologist should pay a visit to the excavations, and have a look round them. The curé would explain to Madame that he was a rising man of science interested in the geology of the district.

The 'good man was too occupied with his priestly duties on the Sunday morning to accompany his friend. He was not sorry. He was so anxious about the verdict that he hardly liked to be present at the preliminary examination. After the last Mass came his combined breakfast and dinner. He took a cup of coffee and told his housekeeper that dinner must wait, for his guest had not returned. To the despair of the housekeeper, dinner waited for nearly an hour. Then the explorer made his appearance.

"I congratulate you, Monsieur le Curé!" he said.

"What? You have found a spring?"

"No. There are no springs, and no signs of a spring, in your big hole."



The smile disappeared from the curé's good-humored face.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "It is ruinous if we can not find water."

"I don't agree with you," said the geologist. "What do you call that?" And as he spoke he fumbled in his jacket pocket and took out a couple of pieces of grey-black, slaty material.

"Oh, that's the nasty slaty stuff we struck the other day!" replied the curé,—"a bed of brittle slate, or something like slate. I only wish it *were* slate. We might make a quarry."

"You are right," said the other. "It's not slate. Do you see that oval marking on this piece,—something flat embedded in the surface?"

"Yes. What is it? What does it matter?" asked the curé, becoming a little impatient.

"It's something very interesting to us both," said his guest. "It's a typical scale of *megalichthys*, a ganoid fish."

"That's the worst of you scientists," said the curé. "I dare say it's very wonderful, and I'm glad you have found it for your collection. Indeed, I hope, my dear sir, that to-morrow you will find more of the same kind of thing. But I am not a geologist, and the question really is about water, not about fish scales. We can talk about these fossil fishes after dinner. Tell me about water now."

"Don't you trouble about water, Monsieur le Curé," was the reply, spoken in a soothing tone of voice. "By all means let us dine. I must ask your pardon for having tried to show you how I have come upon my discovery. My reasons will interest you less than my conclusion. I think you have found *coal*! You have spent a few thousand francs here. You will have to spend a little more in exploration. But it will be strange if it is not worth many hundreds of thousands of francs to your patroness up at the chateau."

The curé had been standing so far. He now fell back into his armchair and stared at his visitor.

"*Coal!*" he exclaimed. "*Hundreds of thousands!* Can it be true?"

"It can, and I firmly believe it *is* true," said the other, decidedly.

Over the dinner he heard more. The geologist explained that the "nasty slaty stuff" was carboniferous shale. Apart from its appearance, the typical fossil settled the question. Under such a shale bed there would almost certainly be one or more coal beds. The character of the region had long made geologists suspect an extension of the coal formation in that direction. A few hours' work next morning would settle the question. Then there would have to be a regular exploration of the ground, under expert direction, to decide where a shaft should be sunk. He would wire to Louvain for a couple of days' leave. Meanwhile not a word to Madame!

At noon next day the curé and his new friend went to the chateau. All the morning they had been busy watching the sinking of a well for a few feet in the corner of the big hole. The well-sinker and his assistant were promised a generous reward on condition of saying nothing about what they saw. The other workers were kept busy elsewhere.

"I bring you good news," said the priest to his Lady Bountiful. "I have had an anxious time. I thought all our work would end in useless expense. We hoped to find springs in our great excavation. There will never be anything but some rain-water in it. I thought we should have to fill it up again and spend more money. You would not grudge it; for you meant at first to give the money away to our people."

"No," answered the lady, "I would not have complained or grudged the cost. I told my friends so when they said it was all a foolish scheme."

"They will not say so again," observed the priest. "You know the proverb, 'God does not pay us our wages every Saturday.' We have to wait for His time,—often till the other world. But

sometimes He pays the hundredfold here, and pays very promptly. I come to congratulate you. Our friend here will explain it all. But let me say at once we have not found water, but we have found *coal*. Your land is worth hundreds of thousands of francs; and it means prosperity for all the valley, whether the seasons are bad or good."

So the curé's project and the good lady's charitable outlay ended in the making of a coal mine instead of a fish-pond. The valley became a busy hive of work, and the village a mining town. Even the old chateau had to disappear, and the home of the Lady Bountiful was removed to a newer building on the other side of the river. In ten years the whole place had so changed that no one would recognize it. A branch railway, tall pit-shaft headings, rows of workmen's houses, new streets showed how the busy industrial life of our day had come into the sleepy hollow of a few years before.

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### Thady Blake's Matchmaking.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

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**T**HADY BLAKE had come home from the fair of Kilsallaghan, wearing an odd air of liveliness and excitement that was hardly to be accounted for (at least so his son Rody thought) even by the superexcellent merits of the twenty odd bullocks he had bought there.

"Did you ever see such beauties?" he asked proudly, as Rody and he went out to the paddock after supper to see his purchases. "Look at the necks of them and the girth of them! That red fellow with the white star on his forehead is worth eighteen pounds ten this minute."

"How much did you pay for them?" asked his son, as he leisurely inspected the cattle with the critical eye of youth.

"Sixteen pounds ten apiece — except for that one I'm talking about. I gave seventeen pounds five for him."

His son gave a low whistle,

"As much as that!" he ejaculated. "You'll be very lucky if you ever get your own money out of them again."

"Nonsense, lad!" said his father, with some slight show of annoyance and disappointment. "Those bullocks are sure to do well; for they were taken only yesterday from off the best bit of grass in the Golden Vale — and that is saying a good deal, — let alone the good milk and the care and fine feeding they got from Mollie Hennessy's daughter, who reared every one of them."

"So you went to Kilsallaghan, after all? I thought you wouldn't be going farther than Thurles," his son remarked, with a contemplative air.

"There was nothing worth looking at on the fair green at Thurles," his father answered; "so I thought I'd better push on, as I had already gone so far. I hadn't been in the Golden Vale these twenty years, and it was a treat to see it once again—"

"And Mrs. Mollie Hennessy," added his son, with a roguish look; for the old man had never made much secret of the romance of his youth and his early disappointment in love.

"Aye, and Mollie Hennessy, too!" the latter made answer, with unabashed heartiness. "And it's fresh and well she looks after all the years,—almost as young and pretty as her daughter, and I couldn't say more than that. And that reminds me, Rody, there is something I've been wanting to talk to you about this last couple of days. Do you ever think of getting married, my boy?" he went on, putting his arm about his son's shoulder in the confidential way habitual to him, as the two of them strolled back toward the house.

It was a lovely evening in the first flush of summer. The snow of the hawthorn lay thick on the hedges; and in the daisied meadow outside the fence, a flock of sheep and their lambs were browsing.

At his father's words a light had leaped suddenly into Rody's blue eyes; and



under its sunburned tan his face took on a ruddier tint.

"I have — sometimes," he admitted, with almost a girl-like shyness. "But I thought, father, you and I have been so long together now—just we two—"

"Aye, twenty-five long years, Rody, since the day your poor mother died and left you, a week-old baby, on my hands. Mother and father both I had to be to you from that hour. Ah, well we haven't managed too badly, have we? And you proved a good son, Rody, and one who up to this hour has never disappointed me. And that reminds me again," he went on, as Rody gave him no answer beyond a sympathetic pressure from his hand, "that it would be as well for you to be thinking of settling down. We've been comfortable enough up to this, and old Maria has done the best for the two of us since the day you were born. But now she is growing old and almost beyond her labor. And you may not always have even her, or me either, Rody. So I was thinking, my boy, that as Mollie Hennessy's daughter is such a nice, kind little *cailin*, just as neat and as industrious and managing as her mother before her, she would make the best wife in the world for you."

"But I don't want her, father!" cried Rody, with unexpected heat. "And I can not allow anybody, not even you, father, to decide for me in a matter of the sort. When I take a wife I must choose her for myself."

"Easy, easy, my boy!" said the old man, soothingly. "I'd never want to force you, be sure of that. But if you once set eyes on Mollie Hennessy's daughter. I don't think you'd need to go farther. Sure her mother before her was the kindest and prettiest *cailin* in the country,—and you'd say the most sensible, too. Whatever she saw in that misfortunate husband of hers to let him carry her away from the whole of us! But sure he's dead now, and may God give him rest! Not that I'd ever have

let her go only I had your poor grandmother and three unmarried sisters to provide for at the time, and Mollie had no money of her own. And then less than a year after Mollie's wedding I went and got married myself. I was fond of your mother, Rody, and God knows she was far too good for me or any other man. But there was something about Mollie—ah, well, I suppose there's no love quite like the first!"

"That's just it; I quite agree with you there," answered his son; and the old man stared at him a moment in surprise not unmixed with a certain dismay and disappointment.

"Why, how do you know? Rody, you're not in love, are you?" he asked anxiously.

That his son should have had a heart-affair, and never let his fond old father gather even a hint or a suspicion of it was a matter that hurt him in his tenderest feelings.

Suddenly a light of illumination broke over the father's face, only to be chased away a moment later by a dark shadow, of anxiety.

"It isn't one of the Morrisseys, is it?" he asked; for he remembered now, with a feeling of troubled foreboding, how preoccupied and absorbed in his own thoughts Rody had seemed for some days—nay, even for weeks—after Sadie Morrissey's wedding last Shrove.

To his relief, however, his son laughed outright.

"No, it isn't any of the Morrisseys, father," he answered.

"Who, then?" pursued the old man, inexorably.

"Oh, just a little girl I met there a few months ago! She was a school friend of Sadie's and was bridesmaid at the wedding."

"Ah, just a passing fancy, my boy! You'll soon get over that," his father said comfortably. For how could his son ever conceive a real and lasting affection for a girl whom he had met only once? He never suspected that the object of his

son's suddenly inspired affection had remained on as the Morrisseys' guest for some days after the wedding, during which time more than one half-accidental but fondly hoped-for meeting had taken place between her and Rody.

At any rate, it certainly looked as though Rody, who during all his youth and manhood had never once thwarted his father's wishes in any way, was determined to be obstinate in this matter at least. The mere mention of marriage with Mollie Hennessy's pretty daughter evoked on his part either a storm of protest, or else a stony silence which his now evidently much troubled and perturbed parent found it even harder to bear.

At last the old man came to him one day, with a momentous look in his face.

"I don't suppose you'll be altogether pleased with the news I have for you, my son," he said, in half reluctant and deprecating tones. "I did think we should have been able to fix up things nicely and comfortably between us, Rody; but, since you turned a deaf ear to all I tried to say to you, I suppose I must only please myself now. After all, I'm not a very old man, and in all probability I've a long spell of life before me still; and the house is lonely and neglected without a mistress' hand over it. So, as you wouldn't listen to my advice and take the girl I wanted you to take, Mollie Hennessy and myself, now that she is a widow, have settled to get married on Lady Day in the harvest. She is selling off the little farm in the Vale, and has been offered a fine price for it. Her daughter, of course, must also come here to live; so that for the future you will have a sister, Rody, as well as a new mother. Luckily, there is plenty of room for us all. Not that the girl will remain long to trouble you, I should think, unless all the young men of the country have grown suddenly blind and foolish."

Rody's handsome face grew suddenly black with jealous anger and resentment. To think of another woman coming here

to take his mother's place, putting herself between his father and himself,—the two who had been all in all to each other for so many years of mutual love and trust! It had been very well to smile over his father's infatuation for his old flame, but he had never anticipated a serious result like this. And, then, to bring her daughter with her, too! It was really too much!

Week in, week out, after that, Rody, for the first time in his life, positively sulked (there is no other word for it); while his father, in the midst of all his preparations, wore a feverish, troubled, half-contrite air, as of a man who would grasp at his own happiness, yet doubted if it were altogether right that he should have it. If Rody had only been more amenable! But, lest the fury of the latter should die down for want of fuel, there were not wanting amongst certain of the neighbors those ready to hint at all sorts of disasters for the future,—the loss of his rightful patrimony, and what might not happen in case a second family of young Blakes were to make their appearance on the scene.

It was perhaps a relief to him as well as his father when at last the date of the latter's nuptials approached, and he set out the morning beforehand for his lengthy journey South. Rody had, to the old man's disappointment and pain, refused to go with him; he was determined to have neither hand, act, nor part in that foolish second marriage. He would remain at home, and look after the place and the stock until the newly married pair returned home, bringing with them the bride's grown up daughter to help with herself to oust Thady Blake's only son from his natural, rightful first place in his father's home and affections.

But was Rody going to stand that—to remain on here and play second fiddle to two strange females, and thus be made a jeer and a laughing-stock to the neighborhood? Not he! He would hardly have awaited even his father's return,



had not a certain sick beast required his earnest and unremitting attentions, and Rody felt himself bound by all the laws of honor and humanity to stay and succor it until his father came to relieve him.

But the moment that that woman and her daughter entered the house, Rody Blake would go out of it. He was determined on that, and had his outfit bought, and his bags ready and packed to set out for Canada on the following Friday morning.

It was as much as he could bring himself to do, indeed, to come downstairs and greet the newly wedded pair at the moment of their arrival home. But something in the grasp of his father's hand, and in the tear-dimmed, half-pleading look in the old man's faded blue eyes, seemed suddenly to soften his heart; and he felt himself turning toward his father's new wife with looks almost as gentle and friendly as her own.

"What a lovely, sweet, motherly face!" thought poor lonely Rody, who had never known a mother's love, and had now feared to lose a father's also. And how familiar, how like somebody else whom he had known!

Ere he had time to think who that might be, his father said, taking heart of grace from the unexpected gentleness and friendliness of his son's looks:

"And this is my daughter Eily, your new sister, Rody."

With the words he drew forward from behind her mother the shyest, loveliest girl Rody had ever seen, — though happily, he had seen her more than once before.

"Eily O'Driscoll! Can it be you!" he cried; and then, to his father's mingled joy and amazement, he rushed forward and caught both her hands warmly in his own.

"So you have changed your mind and come to your senses, after all, you young rascal?" said his father, beaming at both of them in delight.

"No, I haven't!" answered Rody. "I said I should stick to my first love, and so I intend to, in spite of fate and the world. But what is the meaning of it all?"

And how does it come that my Eily is your newly-found daughter? Tell me quickly! I feel altogether at sea."

"Why, of course Eily is the daughter of my wife and her first husband, Patrick O'Driscoll. Did you not know?"

"No. How should I? And why on-earth did you always speak of your old love—I beg pardon, Mrs. Blake, my now most honored and beloved new mother!—as 'Mollie Hennessy'?"

His father looked blank for a moment, then laughed happily.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I always thought of her as little Mollie Hennessy, that is all!" he said simply.

"Well, I'm rather glad you did," answered his son. "For what could be happier or better than the delightful unexpectedness and joyful surprise of this? Only" (a little regretfully) "we *might* have had both the weddings together, mightn't we?"

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*July 27, Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.*

THE liturgy of this Sunday is permeated with that spirit of diffidence in self, leading to confidence in God, which ought to reign in the heart of the pardoned sinner. The Introit pictures the union which should distinguish God's servants, whose knowledge of their own shortcomings keeps them from self-elation, so that they abide together in God's house, in the unity of His Church, as though they had "but one heart and one soul," like the early converts to the Faith. "God in His holy place; God, who maketh men of one mind to dwell in a house: He shall give power and strength to His people. . . . Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; and let them that hate Him flee from before His face." Thus does the psalm commemorate the safety enjoyed under God's protecting care

by the soul that keeps always subject to Him.

The Collect of last Sunday extolled God's infinite mercy as the strongest manifestation of His omnipotence; the Church in this day's Collect appeals again to that mercy, imploring God to restore peace to the troubled conscience by pardoning sin and granting what the timid sinner dare scarcely pray for. "O Almighty and Everlasting God, who, by the abundance of Thy goodness dost exceed both the desires and the merits of Thy suppliants; pour forth Thy mercy upon us; that Thou mayest forgive what our conscience fears, and grant what our prayer does not presume to ask."

In the Epistle, St. Paul gives a brilliant example of that humble diffidence in his own efforts which appears so often in his writings. After referring to the Gospel he has preached to his Corinthian disciples, by which they are to be saved—if, as he says, "you hold fast after what manner I preached unto you,"—he sums up the proofs of Christ's resurrection: how He was seen by various witnesses. "And last of all," he continues, "He was seen also by me, as by one born out of due time. For I am the least of the Apostles, who am not worthy to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am." Every man, saint or sinner, must acknowledge that he can claim nothing as his own except his sins; all that is good in him is God's work. And the higher he rises in sanctity, the lower is the estimate he has of himself. Thus one of the Princes of the Apostles, fellow-laborer with the Vicar of Christ, destined to be martyred with him on the same day, and to share with him the honor paid by the whole Church, sees himself as the least of all, and the most unworthy. It is a wonderful lesson to Christians.

Liturgists interpret the Gradual and Alleluia verse as expressing the thanksgiving of the humble, whom God has

healed, according to the hope they placed in His goodness and bounty. "My heart trusted in God, and I was relieved; and my body hath recovered its strength; and I will praise Him with my whole heart. To Thee, O Lord, have I cried out! Be not silent, O my God, nor depart from me! Alleluia! Exult in God, our helper; joyfully sing to the God of Jacob,—sing a hymn of joy upon the harp. Alleluia!"

The Gospel relates the healing of the deaf and dumb man by Our Lord: it reminds us how helpless we are without His aid, either to take in His teaching or to speak His praises. We have, too, an example of humble self-effacement in the desire shown by Our Lord to avoid the praise and glory resulting from the wondrous miracle He had wrought. He could not escape that result; but He teaches us to refer to God whatever good we may be able to accomplish, to shrink from the praise of men, and to regard ourselves as "unprofitable servants" who have but done our duty.

The Offertory verse repeats the sentiments of the Gradual: "I will extol Thee, O Lord, because Thou hast upholden me, and hast not gratified the desire of mine enemies against me. Lord, I cried out to Thee, and Thou hast healed me."

The Communion verse teaches us to give glory to God for all temporal blessings. The mention of corn and wine raises our minds to the great mystery which has been accomplished by the help of those humble elements, through God's almighty power, and tunes our hearts to gratitude for His immense bounty toward His unworthy creatures. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first of all thy fruits; and thy barns shall be filled with abundance, and thy presses shall run over with wine."

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"HERESY" is derived from a Greek word, signifying a choosing for one's self,—that is to say, preferring one's own views to the teaching of the Church.



## Green Vestments.

OF the five liturgical colors which the Church prescribes for the vestments worn by her ministers and the drapery used in the decoration of the altar—viz., white, red, purple, black, and green,—the last-mentioned is more rarely used than any of the others. The reason for this comparative rarity is that green is employed only when the Mass is *de tempore* ("of the time") from the octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima, and from the octave of Pentecost to Advent, except on Ember Days and vigils during that time, and on Sundays occurring within an octave. Now, the number of saints' days and special festivals of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin has become so numerous that, to make room for them in the ecclesiastical calendar, very many Offices "of the time" have to be superseded. It is to be noted, however, that, in consequence of the recent reform of the Divine Office, there will henceforth be more proper Sunday Masses than hitherto.

In June of the current year, for instance, while green was the liturgical color for the first, second, and third Sundays, they being respectively the third, fourth, and fifth Sundays after Pentecost, the fourth Sunday of the month marked the feast of St. John the Baptist, whose color is white; and on the fifth Sunday the Church celebrated the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, to whom belongs the martyrs' color, red.

It goes without saying that there is a symbolic meaning attached to each of the liturgical colors; and the more closely their mystic significance is examined, the more appropriate and harmonious will be found their use on different occasions. White, for instance, typifies innocence and purity, joy and glory; red, connoting fire and blood, indicates ardent, burning love, and the sacrifices of the martyrs; violet denotes penance, affliction, and melancholy; and black, the world-wide emblem of mourning, signifies

the sorrows of death and bereavement.

As for the symbolism of the special color of which we are speaking, green is the sign of life in the vegetable kingdom, and in all languages is used metaphorically to express fulness of life and vigor and freshness. The evergreen cypress is often employed in Christian art to designate whatever is durable and immortal, as the soul or the body after resurrection, and so the color symbolizes the hope of life eternal.

From time immemorial, says Lerosey, the Sundays after the Epiphany and those after Pentecost have been consecrated especially to the recalling of the two great events in the history of the world. One, the beginning of natural life, the creation, began on a Sunday; the other, the life of grace, was made superabundant at Pentecost, also a Sunday. On the Lord's Day, therefore, when, more attentively than usual, the Christian considers the problem of life and its duties, it is eminently fitting that the sight of the green vestments worn by Christ's minister at the altar should give fresh life and vigor to his hope of ultimately seeing "the good things of the Lord in the land of the living."

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INTO the great Temple of Truth, the Church of God, there are two gates—the gate of wisdom and the gate of beauty. I am inclined to think that the narrow gate is the gate of wisdom, and the wide gate, through which millions pass, is the gate of beauty. The Church has these portals ever open. She welcomes from time to time the few philosophers and thinkers who crucify themselves by thought; but she welcomes unceasingly the countless numbers who come for her color, for her song, for her smile—as they go afield for the warmth and light of the spring sun. I believe the way of beauty is the wiser as well as the wider way. It is God's own most perfect thoroughfare—God's way to Himself.

—"The Orchard Floor."

## An Excellent Point.

## Notes and Remarks.

IN a recent sermon on "Dangers to the Faith," Cardinal Bourne made the excellent point that a young Catholic's education in his faith should not cease with his quitting the formal Catechism class. He should bear in mind that it often becomes a duty to explain or defend his religion. To quote his Eminence's well-weighed words:

The amount of knowledge which a Catholic needs in order to guide him against error and to preserve him from being led astray into the path displeasing to God will inevitably vary according to the conditions in which he lives. When a Catholic is living in surroundings in which all those around accept the teaching of the Church, in which there is no voice raised up to question the teaching of the Church, his knowledge of the faith is sufficient, even if it be of the simplest kind, to preserve him against error, and will enable him not only to save his soul, but to raise himself to a very high degree of virtue. Such instruction as is given in our elementary schools and in the teaching of the Catechism has sufficed to sanctify many souls, and to preserve them from error and to keep them in the path of virtue. But when men have to live in the midst of those who do not accept the authority of the Church, and who question her teaching, and who raise up objections of every kind, such an elementary knowledge of their faith is, in too many cases, quite insufficient.

That brings us to a point which is of the greatest importance to all men and women at the present day, and especially to those just beginning to take their places in the world. It is not possible for those who have had only an elementary education to acquire in their school-days a very extended knowledge of their faith. Even in a secondary education they can not, very often, give the attention to that fuller explanation of Catholic faith which would be desirable. Therefore, they should try to fit themselves by study later on to be in a position to explain that faith to the thousands of souls of good-will about us, and who want to know what the Church really is.

One would like to add that, in view of the early approach of our children to Holy Communion, there is the more need of impressing upon them, in season and out of season, the duty of keeping up their religious instruction.

Indications are not wanting that the controversy between the "Highs" and the "Lows" over the proposed change of the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America to American Catholic Church, at the next general convention of that body, will be the bitterest that has ever been waged. A prominent leader among the "Lows" declares that "a change in its name would surely split the Episcopal Church." The Protestant League of New York city announces that it will retain the words Protestant Episcopal if it has to set up a new church to bear them. It even mentions parishes that will go out with it. The "Highs" are not less inflexible or pugnacious. They demand the change of title, and will fight for it with all their might at the coming convention. The time has come, they hold, to get rid of the name Protestant. Of course the best way of doing so would be to become Catholics. In fact, the suggestion has already been made by the Rev. Dr. Cummins, of the Low Church, to certain members of the High Church.

In the course of a paper, "Catholicism and the Future," contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, the distinguished English convert, relates an interesting incident of his ante-Catholic days and of the late Cardinal Vaughan's connection with his conversion. The unsettled Anglican parson solicited and obtained an interview with the Catholic prelate, and here is what occurred:

The Cardinal's tactics were admirable, and, I am thoroughly persuaded, were inspired of God. He did the very best thing he possibly could do for me, as I see very clearly to-day. And in what he said there spoke his strong and true and yet simple faith and the equally simple and sweet disposition of his nature. He said to me: "The matter is far simpler than you suppose. You are very much in earnest, but it is your method which is at fault. Let me ask you these simple questions: 'Are you



entirely and intelligently convinced that God has revealed Himself to men, and that the incarnation of Jesus Christ is that revelation, demanding man's uncompromising acceptance and submission?"—I replied: "I am entirely convinced of it."—"Are you fully and intelligently convinced that this divine revelation is embodied in the Catholic Church, and that she, and she alone, is the authorized expounder and guardian of the truth?"—A moment's reflection led me to reply unhesitatingly: "I find it impossible, in spite of a hundred difficulties, to evade this conclusion."

I shall never forget the kindly smile which lighted up the Cardinal's face at these words. He said quickly and gently, but nevertheless very firmly: "Then, my dear friend, there is but one thing for you to do: you must unhesitatingly submit to that Church; you must receive baptism and make your confession and turn your back upon what, on your own admission, is not the truth." It was a very simple, but nevertheless a remarkably logical, statement. I could not honestly controvert it, and a fortnight later the Cardinal heard my general confession and received me into the Church.

While to the casual reader it may seem somewhat strange that a man who could answer in the affirmative the Cardinal's second question, quoted above, should need further inducements to enter the Church, it is well to remember that the mental processes of the seeker after religious truth are generally involved and complicated almost beyond the conception of one born in the Faith. The "moment's reflection" of which the writer speaks furnishes the key to the apparent riddle.

The Hon. David Lloyd-George will not be suspected of any undue leaning toward "the Church of Rome"; yet recently, in an address to a body of Calvinists, he committed himself to unqualified approval of the distinctly "Roman" feature of the use of Latin as the language of Church ritual. Said the frank and fair Chancellor of the Exchequer:

Sometimes we criticise the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there is no church that has made a surer and deeper search into human nature. The Roman Catholic Church, the greatest religious organization in the world,

conducts its worship in a common tongue. The Roman Catholics conduct their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilizes every means of taking people outside everyday interests, and seeks to induce them to forget what is outside. Thus the language of commerce and of everyday occupation is left outside, and the people are taught the language of worship. That shows a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind.

In this statement of the case the British Chancellor has not exhausted the reasons for the Church's use of Latin; but he has expressed, we submit, a point of view calculated to impress the lay mind as eminently sane and practical.

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Writing, in the *British Weekly*, on the decay of worship in these days, Sir W. R. Nicoll confesses:

It seems as if at the present moment all the churches, Established and Nonconformist, were losing rather than winning. This year, for the first time, the Presbyterian Church of England reports a decrease. For the first time since the Disruption, the great Church of Scotland has made the same acknowledgment. The attendances at public worship have in many cases become very small. A well-known Wesleyan Methodist minister, who preaches in many chapels, reports that the forenoon attendance averages one-sixth of the sitting accommodation; and I have not seen his reckoning challenged. There is one exception, and only one. The worshippers in the Roman Catholic Church are undoubtedly increasing.

From which it would appear that the conditions in England are practically the same, so far as filling the churches are concerned, as they are in this country. And doubtless the similar conditions are due to the same reason: The Church presents to her adherents a definite creed, about which there is no doubt, dimness, or nebulousity.

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As an offset to the outrageous proceedings of the British Protestant Alliance against things Catholic, it is gratifying to find the *Catholic Universe* of London bearing this testimony: "A pleasant note in connection with the Catholic Congress which opens at Plymouth to-day is the

cordiality shown toward it by the mayor and corporation and the leading citizens of the town, of all denominations. The parish magazine of the Anglican Church of St. James the Less, Plymouth, has an editorial paragraph which says that 'it is greatly to be hoped that Churchmen of the Three Towns will remember the Congress in their prayers, and ask the blessing of God upon the deliberations of fellow-Christians with whom they have so much in common.'

The logical outcome of the spirit dictating that paragraph will be its editor's having not merely much but all in common with ourselves.

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A literary contemporary tells of a young lady who rushed into a certain public library the other day and demanded "Pretty Rita." The experienced attendant asked "By Ruskin"? — "Yes, John Ruskin." Whereupon "Præterita" was produced. But the young lady was not going to be caught napping. Pushing the volume aside, she said she must be mistaken about the name of the author, and, more meekly, requested to be supplied with a new novel. The latest book by the novelist popularly known as "Rita" proved to be "just the thing."

While it is not easy to surmise just what Ruskin would say about the novel in question—nothing complimentary, we feel sure,—we know his opinion of the class of young women who indulge in such literature. He once met a pair of them in going from Venice to Verona, and thus relates his irritating experience in "Fors Clavigera":

Here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race,—enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. . . . And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa, perhaps, in sight upon the Brenta; Juliet's

tomb to be visited in the evening; blue against the Southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves. All the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess' chamber this, if these are princesses! And what dreams might they not dream therein!

But the two American girls were neither princesses nor seers nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and dust stuck to them as to clay; and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled. They had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stitched them; or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's-ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a glucy leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backward and forward over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter.

Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds). "Don't those snowcaps make you cool?"—"No; I wish they did." And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain.

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The Christian Missions, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, profited by the Kaiser's recent Jubilee. Collections in their behalf were warmly encouraged by the Emperor, and large sums were presented to his Majesty to be disposed of by him according to the wishes of the donors. The Catholic committee accompanied their presentation with a statistical account of the German Catholic missions, and their dedicatory preface declared: "The Catholics of Germany do not forget that their Emperor during the twenty-five years of his reign has always, with a



firm grasp, held on high the banner of the Saviour. He will, therefore, learn with joy that the German Catholics are carrying the Cross and the Gospel of Christ into the pagan lands placed under his guardianship."

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According to the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, the Catholics of the Syro-Chaldaic rite in Asiatic Turkey number about 60,000. They are all subject to the Syro-Chaldaic Patriarch of Babylon, the Most Rev. Joseph Emmanuel Thomas, who resides at Bagdad. The rite in question has the following Sees: In Mesopotamia, the archdiocese of Bagdad, and the dioceses of Mossul, Diarbekir, Gezira, Mardin, and Zakho; in Kurdistan, the dioceses of Amadia and Akra; and in Assyria, the dioceses of Kerkuk and Seerth. About two hundred priests, seventy-five of whom are in the diocese of Mossul, attend to the spiritual needs of the people.

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Reviewing a new book on "Handwork and its Place in Early Education," by Laura L. Plaisted (Oxford, Clarendon Press), the *Athenæum* remarks that, though the value of handwork in education is generally admitted, it has yet to secure that full space in the curriculum which it merits; and our able contemporary adds: "When that is achieved, we may confidently look for the growth of a generation which will recapture some, at any rate, of the respect for manual labor and dexterity which marked the artificers of the Middle Ages."

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In a notably laudatory article on American Catholic Summer Schools, the *London Month*, after detailing the recreations provided for the attendants at such schools, comments:

Astonishing as might be such features if set down in the middle of a Louvain or Oxford programme, their provision in a Summer School of the American type seems to us eminently worthy of imitation. Much mischief indeed might be avoided amongst ourselves were parents and guardians able to send their young

folks to a holiday resort where they would have a thoroughly good time, and yet be safe from mischievous influences and live in a bracing Catholic atmosphere. Especially useful would be a "College Camp" like that of Lake Champlain, where boys and youths live an open-air life for a month under experienced, yet congenial, supervision.

The writer in our English contemporary pays due tribute to the educational aspect of the Cliff Haven school, but thinks that the triumph of the Champlain Assembly lies more in its social achievement in the Catholic cause than even in its educational and recreative work. After a visit as long ago as 1904, the Abbot Gasquet wrote: "The Summer School was in many ways the most interesting thing I saw in America. It is a wonderful creation." That some thousands of Catholics in the United States should each year have "the means of meeting during the summer months in a place where, amid the delights of natural beauty, the pleasures of social intercourse, and the accompaniment of legitimate, healthful recreation, they may learn to know one another better and to understand their strength," seems to us a great thing accomplished, which we in England on our smaller scale should hasten to imitate.

The Catholic Summer School has long since, of course, fully justified its existence to the Catholics of this country; but it is pleasant to record the appreciative judgment thereon of our English coreligionists.

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In new English books like the "Memories" of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge one always looks for any references there may be to such celebrities as Cardinals Manning and Newman. We have already quoted Mr. Coleridge's appreciation of the former. Of the latter he writes:

Cardinal Newman was often very humorous in a gentle, winning way. I remember once his telling us after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who travelled to Italy; and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and, being an advanced Churchman, essayed to participate in the ceremonial,—kneeling when the priest knelt and standing when he stood. And just at the conclusion of the service he noted, on looking round, that he was the only man in the congregation,—all the other worshippers being women. "The fact was," said the Cardinal, "he had been churchied."

# FOR YOUNG FOLK

## Hubert of the Holy Land.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



There was a ruthless baron, terrible to his vassals, cruel to his enemies. And his enemies were numerous. He had as many as there were independent barons and holders of fiefs in central England a century after the Norman Conquest. Lord of vast estates, great forests, and a whole multitude of serfs, Hubert the Fierce, as he had been nicknamed, was perpetually at war with all around him. Woe to those of his rivals whom the issue of battles delivered into his hands! Thrown into the deep and dark dungeons of his formidable castle, they never afterward saw the light of day.

And yet this pitiless man had one all-powerful affection that filled his whole heart: he fairly worshipped his son. Ralph was ten years old, pale and fragile; he resembled his mother, who had died when he was a baby. Gentle, though fearless, he smiled gaily from out the cluster of yellow curls that framed his beautiful countenance, and his laughing eyes had preserved the very blue of heaven. At his slightest request, Hubert the Fierce would have thrown his dungeons open and set his captives free; but the boy, too young as yet to understand such matters, did not make the request; and so the great iron prison doors remained closed.

Under some pretext or another, Hubert started a quarrel with his neighbor, the young Count of Carthrop. Brave and honest, Walter de Carthrop declared publicly that his adversary was a felon. An unfortunate declaration; for a few days later, as he was going to the hunt, he

and his companions were surrounded by a numerous troop of men-at-arms, and, at most unequal odds, forced to defend themselves. All Walter's companions were slain, and he himself was seized, manacled, dragged to Hubert's castle, and consigned to the deepest of its dungeons. His young wife distractedly appealed for help to all the neighboring nobles, but none of them dared brave the vengeance of the powerful baron.

"Where men's resources are powerless," said the Countess to herself, "woman's wit, with Our Lady's help, will win a triumph."

Aided by some devoted vassals, she organized ambushes around the castle of her enemy; and one day as Ralph was running about the meadow among the flowers, he was seized, carried off, and hidden. None of Hubert's household had witnessed the kidnapping, and none had the slightest suspicion of the truth.

"My boy! They have stolen my boy!" sobbed Hubert at the end of the first day's search. "They have killed him!"

He had sought his son through all the fields and groves within miles of the castle, had questioned the farmers and shepherds and swineherds, had arrested all the gypsies in the vicinity; but he discovered nothing. His despair was frightful. More than once as the days went by, his faithful squires had to restrain him by force from plunging his dagger into his bosom.

The boy, of course, was not dead at all. He was well and hearty at the castle of Carthrop, and was as happy as his lonesomeness for his father allowed him to be. The young Countess had no intention of visiting the sins of Hubert on his innocent son; 'twas the father alone she wished to punish. And she succeeded. Despite everything he could do—despite promises of gold and lands and titles



to whoever would give him tidings of his boy,—he learned nothing whatever about him. Despair broke his hitherto indomitable spirit. No more sallies across the country, no more adventurous expeditions against neighboring castles, no more hunting parties or warlike sports: only solitude, silence, and tears.

One morning as Hubert the Fierce, alone in the keep, or inner tower, of his castle, was gloomily meditating, his head between his hands, a squire entered and informed him that a monk wished to see him.

"Let him come in," said the baron.

A few minutes later there entered an old man with long, white hair and beard.

"Do you bring me news of my boy?"

"I bring you the means of one day seeing him," replied the hermit, in a tone as firm as it was serious.

"And what is it? Speak! Whatever you bid me do, I'll accomplish. I swear it."

"For the past ten years," said the monk, and his voice took on almost a threatening note,—*"for the past ten years you have sown all around you sorrow and tears. What you have made others suffer, you must suffer yourself. Make your choice: either do penance for ten years, at the end of which period you will recover your son; or refuse, and you shall nevermore set eyes on him; so far as you are concerned, he will be dead."*

"I'll do the penance," stammered Hubert, crushed by the thought of its justice.

"Very well. You are aware that at present from all Christian provinces and kingdoms, armies of the faithful are leaving for the Holy Land to take part in the Crusade. You will leave with them. But you are not to go among the nobles, the barons and counts and highborn knights; you are to take with you neither gold nor silver; you will travel with the ordinary vassals and serfs; you will support yourself with what you can earn or beg on the road; you will fight, and will come back only after ten years to see your son once more."

Hubert the Fierce made a gesture of

revolt; but the monk continued, in the same tone of command:

"You will start to-morrow; and meantime you will restore their liberty to all your captives, be they noble or otherwise."

The baron bowed his head, vanquished.

"I'll start to-morrow," he said.

Then, calling his chief squire, he went on:

"Harold, open all the dungeon doors; tell the prisoners they are free; and in my name ask each of them to pardon the injuries I have done him."

"That's right," commented the monk.

"And you will receive pardon yourself."

The next day Hubert left his castle and the Count of Carthrop, restored to liberty, threw himself into the arms of his beloved wife.

Mingling with the enthusiastic crowds who were leaving for the Crusade, Hubert the Fierce traversed Europe. He had introduced himself to his companions as a minstrel (the name given in those days to travelling singers), and nobody suspected his nobility. It took him more than a year to reach the Holy Land, and for two years he fought there valiantly against the infidels. Wounded, taken prisoner, and kept in captivity for another two years, he finally escaped, and made his way back to England by the end of the sixth year of his exile. He still considered, however, that he had four more years of penance to accomplish before returning to his castle, nor did he repine at the length of his penance.

"What right had I," he asked himself, "to make others suffer? What right to ravage their territories and to imprison brave men whose only crime was that they defended themselves? I deserve my lot,—my penance is just."

Heaven was so well satisfied, however, with his excellent dispositions that it abridged his sufferings. For six months after his return he went from castle to castle, earning his living by his minstrelsy. What he sang most frequently was really the anonymous recital of his own life and sorrows. It began:

It was a baron harsh and bold,  
With heart to mercy sternly cold.

But his cruelties came to an end, went  
on the verses, and he had been made to  
pay for his crimes:

Through years with pain and anguish fraught  
He learned to suffer as he ought.

He sang of the way in which vengeance  
had been taken on him:

His boy, the apple of his eye,  
They stole; ne'er would his anguish die.

He then described his long journey with  
the Crusaders, and his struggles against  
the infidel hosts:

Repentant, in the Holy Land  
'Gainst Paynimi foes he took his stand.

And he concluded by asking all who  
heard him to say a prayer for him to the  
Blessed Virgin:

Have pity all who hear my dole,  
And pray Our Lady for my soul.

This was evidently an altogether different Hubert from the proud and cruel baron, who, six or seven years before, had made his name a terror throughout central England. And he was changed in appearance not less than in disposition. Sorrow and imprisonment and fatigue had aged him more than would normally have done twice the number of years allotted for his penance. His hair and beard were streaked with grey; his tall form was stooped; and above all the expression of his countenance, meek and mournful, was the exact opposite of the haughty mien that had once been his.

Accordingly, it is not strange that, even when his minstrel wanderings brought him into the district where he had formerly been all too well known, there was nobody who suspected that the humble singer could possibly be the oldtime tyrant, Hubert the Fierce. And so, one evening when he knocked at the postern-gate of Carthrop castle, and, according to the usual custom, was led into the dining hall and placed below the salt at the long table, no one recognized him. He, however, knew at once both Count and Countess, as well as several of

the older squires who shared their repast. As for the handsome, blue-eyed, yellow-curved youth of seventeen or eighteen who sat near the Countess, Hubert's first thought was that De Carthrop's little son Walter (a mere child as he had fancied when his penance began), had grown with astonishing rapidity. Ah, such might be the appearance of his own lost Ralph! And his heart throbbed with unwonted rapidity as he gazed upon the boy.

The meal being finished, the minstrel was courteously asked to sing. Hubert arose and, with voice a little tremulous, began:

It was a baron harsh and bold. . . .

As he went on with the recital there were tears in the eyes of many of his audience; and when he reached the concluding couplet, when he plaintively sang,

Have pity all who hear my dole,  
And pray Our Lady for my soul,

there was a loud cry from the other end of the table: "My father!"

The curly-headed youth with the clear blue eyes rushed down the hall and threw himself into the minstrel's arms, laughing and crying in a very delirium of joy. Hubert the Fierce was recognized now, sure enough,—recognized and pardoned.

Never was there stronger or more constant friendship between two nobles than that which thereafter bound together Walter de Carthrop and Hubert. Ralph had been reared by the Count as if he had been his own son, and indeed had replaced in the affection of both Count and Countess their own little Walter whom they lost the year after Hubert went away. Never a word against his absent father had Ralph heard at Carthrop; he had been taught rather to love him and to look forward to meeting him sometime in the future. Meanwhile he learned to love Walter and his Countess as if they were his real parents. There remains to be told nothing save that, after his return from the Holy Land and his resumption of his baronial state, Ralph's father was known, not as Hubert the Fierce, but Hubert the Good, or Hubert of the Holy Land.



## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

## V.—THE PRINCE OF THE LILIPUTIANS.

AFTER many exciting but fatiguing days, during which the services of Frederic and Alice were constantly in demand, the house was finally put into order, and began to assume the aspect of home, even to that alcove which was set apart as an oratory, and whence shone the benignant face of the Virgin Mother.

A final touch had been put to the household by the introduction, through the kindly thoughtfulness of the father, of those domestic animals which were to supply the place of vanished pets. A handsome cat had been presented by Mrs. Horton; and, probably because of her dignified and matronly appearance, the children gave her the name of Mrs. Nichols. The other addition to the domestic underworld was a brown, woolly dog, as nearly like as possible to the late beloved Prinnie; and to the dog that had vanished forever from their lives they paid the compliment of bestowing his name upon his successor. He became devotedly attached to the children and a sharer in all their games. He relaxed gradually from hostility toward Mrs. Nichols, and excepted her from his general enmity to the cat tribe, even to the extent of protecting her from evil-disposed canines.

The children had, so far, found no playmates in the neighborhood; nor were they, owing to the lateness of the season, to enter school until the autumn. Therefore, one bright May day, they were looking forward with eager expectancy to the arrival of their cousins, who were to spend with them the whole of Saturday and Sunday.

They sat upon the front steps, beguiling the interval of waiting with a game of jackstones, when all at once they saw

approaching a figure that puzzled them completely. For, though it was not as tall as Fred, it wore what seemed to be the clothes of a man. It paused in front of the steps; and the drowsy Prinnie, who was sleeping contentedly in the sunshine, raised his head, regarding the newcomer with evident curiosity and veiled suspicion. Presently there issued from the figure a voice, dry and automatic, which seemed so to displease the dog that he gave an ominous growl. Alice, laying her hand on Prinnie's head, bade him be quiet, while the voice inquired:

"What is that game you are playing?"

"Jackstones," Fred answered politely.

"May I sit down here and watch you?" the stranger asked.

Fred having assented, the little man, carefully choosing that part of the steps farthest from Prinnie, seated himself. The animal was so filled with indignation at this presumption that he broke into an angry bark. The dog was severely rebuked; and Fred, to make up for his discourtesy, somewhat to Alice's dismay, invited the other to join in their play. But the stranger shook his head.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I used to play some games, but not now."

"When he was a boy!" the children echoed within themselves.

"How old do you think I am?" the stranger asked. "I'm thirty years of age."

"Thirty!" echoed both children, and Alice's blue eyes opened very wide.

"Yes. And just you stand up a moment, boy."

Fred did so, to the great annoyance of Prinnie, who barked furiously and unrestrainedly.

"Look here," said the little man, eyeing the dog with a coldly malignant air. "Before we measure or anything else, you'd better put that dog in the house. He seems a vicious brute."

"Oh, Prinnie isn't vicious!" Alice cried, forgetting her shyness with strangers, to speak up in defence of her woolly friend.

"Well, little Missy," said the dwarf,

"that's where you and I differ. Sorry as I am to contradict a lady" (here he took off his hat and made her a sweeping bow, which caused her to feel like laughing), "that brute might at any moment become dangerous."

The dog appeared anxious to justify this reputation by making furious plunges toward the little man, whose voice he seemed to find peculiarly aggravating. So Fred, without more ado, seized the aggrieved Prinnie and thrust him inside the door. The dwarf, satisfied, proceeded with his measurement.

"You're a full head taller," he declared, placing himself beside Fred. "And how old did you say you were?"

"Fourteen," answered Fred, who had not previously mentioned any age.

"Let me measure with you, little Missy," the dwarf said; and Alice, distasteful as was the idea, did not like to refuse.

"Why, even she is some inches taller!" exclaimed the dwarf. "And I'll wager you a quarter she's not twelve yet."

"Just past eleven," volunteered Fred.

"See there now!" exclaimed the other, triumphantly. "I'm the smallest man of my age in the world,—smaller even than a child of eleven."

The children, and particularly Alice, were wonder-stricken at the pride he seemed to take in this statement. Alice remarked that she was not fond of conversing with strangers, and especially a person old in age but smaller in size than herself. Even Fred was rather nonplussed, but the dwarf, quite at ease, sat down again upon the step.

"You needn't mind talking to me," he said. "Everybody does. I live near here,—just round the corner in Division Street,—above Taffy John's store. You know where that is?" he concluded, with a waggish shake of the head.

When Fred answered that they did not, he advised them to make without delay that desirable acquaintance.

"He sells the most delicious taffy of

every kind," he assured them, "and very cheap, too. He offers me some every time I pass through the establishment. But I rarely touch it, though it smells good,—very good. My room upstairs is full of the odor."

"You might show us where it is," Fred suggested. "I've got some money here to spend on candy." For their father had provided them with a certain sum toward the entertainment of the expected cousins.

"I'll show you," said the dwarf; "and I warrant you'll prove such good customers that Taffy John ought to give me a percentage for having brought you."

He broke off with a chuckling laugh, that sounded like dry leaves in autumn, and which set Prinnie, who was evidently listening inside the door, to barking again.

The little man, however, showed no disposition to hurry away; settling himself more comfortably, as he remarked:

"Don't tell me that that animal inside there is not vicious. Why, he's got a most ferocious bark."

To this assertion the children made no reply, since, in so far as his bark was concerned, no defence was possible; and the dwarf, after a pause, continued his reflections:

"I've been exhibited, you know, in every State in the Union. Of course you must have heard of me. I'm a very famous personage."

"I suppose being exhibited must be great fun for you," said Fred.

"It's interesting and exciting, of course," replied the dwarf. "Everyone comes to speak to me, and gives me presents and money for my autograph."

"What's that?" inquired Fred.

"Just my name written out," explained the other, carelessly. "I can get money for it at any time."

"I wish I could for *mine*!" laughed Fred.

"If you hadn't gone and grown so tall, you might," said the dwarf, with a glance, that was not without malice at the other's fine proportions.



"I couldn't help that," protested Fred. "No one can stop growing."

"I could," responded the dwarf. "But I suppose it's your misfortune."

Fred answered vaguely that he supposed so; though he could not feel it to be a great misfortune that he was considered tall for his age and well developed. He did not, of course, express this opinion to the midget, though he suspected that it would scarcely have disturbed his self-complacency.

"Once," the latter went on, "I went to the White House. That is where the President lives, you know, in the city of Washington. It's a grand place. I suppose, now, you never saw the Capitol."

He hardly waited for Fred to explain that he had seen it only in pictures; nor did he bestow so much as a glance upon Alice, who sat perfectly quiet, watching him with a grave, intent look.

"The President was having a reception," he continued. "When I came into the room he left all the others to shake hands with me. He asked if I was any relation to General Tom Thumb or Commodore Nut. I told him I thought not. And what do you think he said?"

The narrator looked from one to the other of the children; but, as neither could offer any surmise, he explained:

"The President said: 'I believe, gentlemen, he's smaller than either of them.' And so I am: an inch and a half shorter than one, and two inches shorter than the other."

And, having given the children time to digest this astounding information, he added:

"Do you know what I'm going to do this autumn?"

Fred answering for both in the negative, the little man continued:

"I'm going on a European tour, with an enterprising manager, who is going to present me to all the crowned heads of Europe."

He seemed fully convinced that he

would create a sensation amongst those august personages, and he let his imagination wander for some moments amongst those prospective triumphs. There was no knowing how long he might have continued these forecasts of coming successes, had he not suddenly begun to realize that he was hungry.

"It must be dinner time," he remarked, "and I am going to take my dinner. It is one of the advantages of being small that you don't require much food. A little is sufficient. And if you want to come with me, I will show you the way to Taffy John's."

As he stood up to go, he turned his gaze upon the house.

"That's a big house," he said, "with a big white door and a big silver handle,—everything big. I prefer little things myself. No offence, children." Then he added slowly, still letting his eyes wander up and down the solid expanse of brick: "There was a man used to live there once. He was big. One day he asked me if I wanted to earn a quarter by squeezing myself through the bars of the cellar grating. I believe he meant it. But a woman came along just then, and he began to laugh; and he collected a lot of street boys to laugh, too; and he pointed at me and jeered."

The little man paused breathless, while such a look of malignant hatred came into his face as the children, who had lived in a morally and physically wholesome atmosphere, had never seen on a human countenance.

"He was a brute, children!" cried the dwarf, stamping his little foot on the sidewalk and consumed by an impotent passion of anger. "That was the only time in my life that I wished myself six feet high, so that I could have thrashed that bully."

Alice, appalled by the sight of this rage—the more terrible for its helplessness,—made a move to go into the house. But the dwarf, perceiving her intention, calmed down again.

"You needn't be afraid, little Missy," he said. "I don't want to harm any one that doesn't hurt me. I'm as gentle as a lamb, if let alone. But that man Forrester — Jim Forrester, as he calls himself, — I'll get even with him some day. And," he added, thrusting his hand into his inside coat pocket as if to feel something there, "I know how I'm going to do it, too."

The children looked at each other. Here was that awful Uncle Jim again! How thoroughly everyone seemed to dislike him! Nor did Fred and Alice deem it expedient to confess any connection with him to the dwarf, lest they might share his displeasure. Throwing off his ill-humor as if it had been a garment, the midget prepared to accompany the children, warning them that they must not mind if people stared at him in the street, since they always did so. But that was what the children, especially Alice, emphatically *did* mind. They were painfully conscious, indeed, as they walked along, that every head was turned to gaze at their singular companion, while good-natured witticisms were thrown at him from carts or by passers-by upon the sidewalk.

The dwarf, who told the children that his name in private life was Mudge, and in public the Prince of the Liliputians, strutted on a little in advance, enjoying the notoriety that separated him so widely from the common herd. He led them from their own broad thoroughfare up Market Street to Division. The latter was a street of shops, many and various as to their wares, mostly small as to their dimensions. Amongst these Taffy John's held a proud pre-eminence. It had two immense windows, wherein his toothsome wares were temptingly displayed. And the large, dull-eyed proprietor, spick and span in a white apron, and a baker's cap upon his head, stood almost motionless behind the counter, replying in monosyllables to all inquiries. To those who could break down the barriers of his

reserve, he was fond of telling that he had his first venture in a cellar, in which subterranean retreat he had established a reputation for taffy that had brought him to his present proud eminence. Now, it was to this magnate that the dwarf introduced the children.

(To be continued.)

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### The King and the Spider.

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The Scotch peasants never weary of telling how the courage and hope of King Bruce were revived by the example of a spider. He had lost many battles and was discouraged. Sad and almost desperate, he went to a quiet room in his castle to ponder over the situation. As he meditated he observed a spider hanging from the ceiling by a single silken filament, and began to watch its struggles to rise. Again and again it attempted to mount by the slender cord, and every time it failed. The King continued to watch, and the spider to slip back. An hour passed, then the little insect finally succeeded and reached the ceiling.

Here was a lesson for the King. "Shall I," he said, "be discouraged by a few failures, when this little crawling thing was not daunted by many? I will try once more." So he made a great rally against his foes, routed them, and has handed down to us the saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try again."

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### Why They Laughed.

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"**U** MAMMA!" said Bessie, "May Simons  
Is greedy as ever can be;  
For to-day we had apples, and she took  
The one that I wanted for me.  
For I spied it first on the fruit dish;  
But May, she was just at my right,  
And when they were passed, why, she took it,  
And I told her she wasn't polite  
To pick out the biggest and reddest,  
With a little one there right below.  
And all the girls laughed; and, O mamma,  
I wonder at what,—do you know?"



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Collected Edition of Francis Thompson's works in three volumes,—poems two, prose one. They are sold separately. Prices, \$3.50 and \$2.

—An abridgment of "Il Direttorio Mistico," the well-known work by Fr. Scaramelli, under the title "A Handbook of Mystical Theology," is included in a list of new English books by Watkins.

—In the new edition of Newman's "Apologia," just issued by the Oxford University Press, the texts of the original and revised versions of this classic are presented; the reasons which led to the alterations, excisions, and additions being explained by Dr. Wilfrid Ward in a valuable Introduction.

—"The Oregon Catholic Hymnal," compiled by F. W. Goodrich and published by J. Fischer & Bro., presents a series of hymns that fitly illustrate the great truths of our Faith. There are so many beautiful compositions imbued with the true Catholic spirit that it seems almost criminal to foist upon the worshipper anything with even a suspicion of unorthodox flavor, no matter how pleasing such composition may otherwise be. We notice with pleasure that many old standard hymns are included in this collection, for which we do not hesitate to predict a favorable reception.

—The Abbé Félix Klein, who, last year, published an interesting work of child psychology, "Mon Fillenl au Jardin d'Enfants: Comment il s'instruit," has just brought out (Paris: Libraire Armand Colin) a companion volume with the same main title, but having for sub-title "Comment il s'élève." Briefly, the first book dealt with a child's instruction, this one deals with the child's education. Apart from the literary charm incidental to all the author's works, the present book holds much of worth as to discipline, rewards and punishments, emulation, etc.

—There are seven "dramas," beside that which gives the title, in the volume "Alma Mater; or, The Georgetown Centennial, and Other Dramas," by M. S. Pine, a Sister of the Visitation. The fact that these productions were prepared for "occasions," as the author tells us in the foreword, accounts for their being of local rather than general interest, though nearly all of them might be adapted for use in convent schools. They are described as "dramas," but there is about them a good deal of the simplicity of the old-fashioned

"dialogue," that should make them easy of reproduction within the limitations of the convent stage. Sometimes, it must be said, the difference between the blank verse and the prose is not strikingly apparent. Published for Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C.

—"The Mantilla," by Richard Aumerle (B. Herder), is a romantic tale of insurrectionary Cuba, with Bob Welldon, engineering student and football king, as hero; and Mary Dunleaven Mercaderes, otherwise Corita, for heroine. It is a readable story, with abundant action, a sufficiency of local color, an interesting if not unduly complicated plot; and such religious tone as is observable in the concluding chapters is Catholic.

—The publication, in three attractive and beautifully printed volumes, of the works of Francis Thompson, of whose pre-eminence in modern literature there is no questioning; and the appearance, in a handsome single volume, of the collected poems of Mrs. Alice Meynell, to whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* refers as "the greatest of living poets," ought to be a source of gratification to all who are jealous for the honor of Catholic literature. Only the uninformed or the prejudiced will be heard to assert that Catholic authors are not among the worthiest in the world of letters.

—We have apparently entered upon a period when the lives of the saintly are usurping to some considerable extent the favor and prestige heretofore accorded to the Lives of the Saints. In this twentieth century, biographers of the notably holy servants of God do not wait for the termination of the process of canonization, or even for the "introduction of the Cause," before proffering to the world the story of their hero, or more frequently their heroine; and so, shortly after the saintly career is finished, we have the Life of Sister Teresa, "the Little Flower of Jesus"; of Sister Elizabeth, "the Praise of Glory"; and now, under the title "A Little-Sister," of Sister Lucie, of the Little-Sisters of the Assumption. The present volume is an excellent translation, by Leonora L. Yorke Smith, of the third edition of the Academy-crowned French original by Vicar-General Maurice Landrieux, of Rheims. Sister Lucie's religious life was confined to the novitiate; she died at the age of twenty-four, taking her vows on her deathbed. Her story, as set down here, will prove of fascinating interest to all readers conversant with the religious life; and can scarcely fail to edify even the general reader,

because she was, as Father Bowden of the Oratory says in his foreword to the book, "so bright, so brave, so loving and beloved, so blessed by nature and by grace."

—An English author whose latest production was unfavorably criticised by the *Athenæum* for its style, thus relieves his mind in a letter to the editor:

Style is to a great extent a matter of personality, and I am confident that my way of writing, such as it is, has never varied. The *Athenæum* has described it as almost equal to that of a certain brilliant stylist, and again as lacking in distinction; has proclaimed that I deserve a decent place in the literary world, and again has sneered at my work as stuff that should never have been written; has observed that my verse flows swiftly, and again that it treads heavily. Yet my books have been governed by but one style, and I have put into all of them the poor best that was in me. . . . I hold that such in-and-out criticism is unfair and harmful, and quite unworthy of the journal's brilliant record; also quite at variance with its usual practice.

To which the editor of our leading organ of literary criticism replies:

The author makes a large assumption in supposing that his style in verse or prose does not vary. He must be well aware of cases in which writers of established repute have sunk below their level, though such writers seem increasingly to take it for granted that they are always advancing in merit, and always deserve a "good notice." As for reviewers, they are human, like authors, and liable to error. They differ from one another; and an author may even differ from himself in the course of years, as we pointed out in our notice of Dr. Verrall's essays last week. When a complaint is made of A as unfair, B may be employed, and give satisfaction to the author. Then B may remove beyond reach, and a third critic, C, may hold different views again. Are his views to be modified or suppressed?

### - The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.

"The Mantilla." Richard Aumerle. 80 cts.

"A Little-Sister." \$1.50.

"From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.

"The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.

"Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.

"Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.

"Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. L. Brancherau. \$1, net.

"St. Gilbert of Sempringham." \$1.25.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.

"St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.

"History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartmann Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.

"Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

"The Practical Catechist." Rev. James Nist. \$1.75.

"The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.

"The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.

"Holy Communion." Mgr. de Giberques. 81 cts.

"A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katharine Parr. \$1.25.

"The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.

"Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.

"The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.

"St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Isidore Meister, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Thomas Troy, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Maurice Joy, archdiocese of St. Paul; and Rev. Michael Walsh, diocese of Albany.

Mr. Lawrence Gonner, Mr. John F. Smith, Mr. Matthew J. Kelly, Mr. Louis Rotter, Miss Nellie McGowan, Mr. John R. Pearson, Mrs. Julia Graham, Mr. Anthony Stottmann, Mr. Philip Bartecki, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mrs. Catherine Carroll, Mr. John Simmons, Miss Mary Fleming, Mrs. Anne McCullough, Mr. Donato Pitocco, Mrs. Charles Herman, Mr. E. J. Goulet, Mrs. William Broderick, and Mr. Albert Cloud.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## On a Famous Painting.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

SON and daughter of the soil  
Harkening to yonder chime—  
For a moment spurning time,  
For a while forgetting toil,—  
Well we know the prayer you tell,  
Greeting learned of Gabriel.

Jesus was a toiler, too—  
Sweat and blood upon His face;  
Lab'ring for the human race,—  
Bitterness and death He knew;  
And His Virgin Mother mild  
Served and suffered with her Child.

O that we may share some day  
Peace with Jesus glorified,  
Purchased by that crimson Tide!  
And may Mary ever pray  
That our harvest hounty be  
Joy with Christ eternally!

Son and daughter of the soil  
Harkening to yonder chime—  
For a moment spurning time,  
For a while forgetting toil,—  
We repeat the prayer you tell,  
Greeting learned of Gabriel.

As to primitive notion about our Blessed Lady, really, the frequent contrast of Mary with Eve seems very strong indeed. It is found in St. Justin, St. Irenæus, and Tertullian, three of the earliest Fathers; and in three distinct continents—Gaul, Africa, and Syria.

—Newman.

## Chelsea and Blessed Thomas More.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.



AN old guide to London and its environs, published in 1794, which is among my books, describes Chelsea as "a village on the Thames, two miles from London." It has long ceased to be a "village," and has been engulfed by the ever-spreading sea of houses that makes up the great London of to-day.

The one link between the Chelsea of the past and the present is the old parish church of St. Luke by the riverside. A picture of the church dating from 1690 shows that once it was divided from the margin of the Thames only by a strip of grassy roadway. Now the wide quay of the Thames embankment makes a broad esplanade between it and the water. Seen from the road, the church appears to be a very poorly designed brick building in the wretched "meeting-house style" of the eighteenth century. But this comparatively modern structure hides the older east end of the building; and when we enter we find that enough of the earlier church has been left to enable us to imagine what the place was like when Blessed Thomas More heard or served Mass there, and another destined martyr, Blessed John Larke, the parish priest of Chelsea, stood at the altar.

The chancel, which dates back to the eleventh century, is the most interesting part of the old church. It is very small.

Above the place where the Communion table now stands is a beautiful Early English window, with four lights divided by mullions, and filled with modern stained glass. This shows that the altar of the village church in Catholic times had no high reredos. Its place is now occupied by the carved wood Communion table, on which stand a brass cross and two candlesticks,—decorations that show that the present rector is not very "High" or "Ritualistic" in his views. To the right of the chancel, built into the wall, is the tomb where More buried his first wife, and where he himself hoped to be interred beside the altar. The tomb is surmounted by a flattened Tudor arch and decorated with the armorial bearings of the More family. Beside the tomb there is a picture of the martyr,—one issued by a Catholic firm, a colored print based on Holbein's well-known portrait of him, with the axe added as the symbol of his martyrdom, and below the words, "Blessed Thomas More."

Of course non-Catholics usually speak of him simply as "Sir Thomas More." He is "Blessed" only by Papal decree, and because he died rather than accept the Royal Supremacy by virtue of which the present rector of Chelsea holds possession of the parish church. So one is surprised to see this picture with his Catholic title hanging in the chancel.

But this was not the only surprising thing to be seen in old Chelsea church when I visited it on the eve of the anniversary of the martyr's death. The tomb he erected was heaped with red and white flowers. Beside it was a cross of red blossoms, and against the wall under its arch hung palm branches and a green laurel wreath. Catholics could not have done more than this to mark the coming anniversary. On one of the pillars of the nave there was a card with an inscription in his honor. It ran thus:

In ever-venerated memory of Blessed Thomas More, who, having "warred a good warfare," holding "faith and good conscience," sealed his testimony with his blood, 6 July, 1535.

Give me Thy grace, good Lord, to set the world at naught, to set my mind fast upon Thee, and not to hang upon the blast of men's mouths. (More's Meditations.)

All the saints salute thee.

There is no invocation of the martyr's intercession. But here is Protestant Chelsea honoring him in his old church. It would be easy to enlarge on the utter inconsistency of it all; but, instead of this, one rejoices at seeing that the adherents of the very system that he resisted even to blood honor his stainless life and noble death. Nay, more: in their enthusiasm for his memory, they adopt the very title given to him by the Holy See, in assertion of whose rights he died.

He built the north nave of the little church, or at least that part of it near the chancel known as the "More Chapel." The arch emblazoned with his arms shows where his pew was,—the place where he knelt with his wife, his daughters, and his son-in-law and biographer, Roper. There it was that he came, cap in hand, on the day he resigned the chancellorship, and said, smiling, to Lady More: "My Lord has gone,"—the message a servant had sometimes brought her, but now his first hint that Sir Thomas More was no longer "My Lord the Chancellor of England."

Close to the church stands Crosby Hall, a hostel for university students, and a reconstruction, including many of the original materials and decorations, of what was the martyr's house in London. Crosby Hall was demolished a few years ago to make way for the erection of a city bank; but, by a happy inspiration, it has been rebuilt here close to More's parish church. His famous house at Chelsea stood a little farther up the river, with its gardens running down to the water's edge. It was demolished in 1740. There was, besides the great mansion, another building which contained his library and private chapel—the "New Building," of which we hear so much in Roper's life of him. It was the place



where, even when he was Chancellor of England, he would spend most of each Friday in a kind of retreat, making it a day of meditation, prayer, penance, and pious reading.

Beaufort Street, a wide avenue of modern houses, runs through the site of house and gardens; but a fragment of his old estate is now the site of a convent and a beautiful church; and the convent garden is undoubtedly part of More's pleasure ground. A huge mulberry tree is believed to be one of those he planted there. The community are nuns of the Congregation of the Adoration Reparatrice, founded in Paris in 1848, by the Venerable Mary Teresa Dubouché. Her first community was gathered together in an old Carmelite convent in the south of Paris; and the rule is largely based on that of Carmel, with the special work of perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, day and night, in reparation for the sins and neglect of mankind. At Chelsea there is the further intention of prayer for the conversion of England. A medallion of Blessed Thomas More, above the entrance to the church, tells of its dedication to his honor. So here, on the very ground where he lived and made his home, the old worship is restored.

At Chelsea church he used to serve the morning Mass, or sing in the choir, and walk in surplice and gown in the processions. We know how the time-serving Duke of Norfolk of that day, coming to Chelsea, and, seeing More in his surplice, told him he was dishonoring his office of Chancellor and the King's service by "playing the parish clerk," and how nobly More replied that the highest honor was to serve the King of kings.

It was one of the cruel hardships of his fifteen months' imprisonment that he was never allowed the ministrations of a priest. Doubtless he confessed at times to his fellow-prisoner, Blessed John Fisher; but there was never Mass or Holy Communion for him. His last Communion, his Viaticum, must have been that which

he received in Chelsea parish church on the day of his arrest.

It was on the morning of April 13, 1534, that Blessed Thomas More left his house and garden at Chelsea for the last time. He had been summoned to appear that day before the Royal Commissioners at Lambeth Palace, and take the new test oath, which included a denial of the Pope's Supremacy over the Church in England. Roper tells how, as was his custom before entering upon any affair of importance, he went to the parish church that morning, confessed, heard Mass, and received Holy Communion. This was probably also the last time that he spoke with the parish priest of Chelsea, Blessed John Larke. Then Roper tells how, after breakfast at his house, More tore himself away from his family, feeling the struggle a hard one, because he rightly foresaw that he would never see his home again. The way to Lambeth was by the river. The boat lay by the bank beyond the wicket or small gate of the garden.

And whereas he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them bring him to the boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, then [this time] would he suffer none of them forth the gate to follow him; but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him; and, with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants, there took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting sadly a while, at the last he suddenly rounded me in the ear, and said: "Son Roper, I thank Our Lord, the field is won." What he meant thereby I then wist not; yet, loath to seem ignorant, I answered: "Sir, I am therefore very glad." But, as I conjectured afterward, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually that he conquered all his carnal affection utterly.\*

One realizes, on reading this, all the martyr's tenderness of heart and heroism of soul. The old church of Chelsea, though in Protestant hands, is consecrated forever by the memory of this last Communion of a martyr, given to him by another martyr. The layman went to his crown in a little more than a year. The priest

\* Roper's "Life of More."

had to wait through more than ten years of trying times. It was early in 1544 that he was required to take the Oath of Supremacy or resign his benefice. On his refusal, he was put on trial for high treason. On March 7, 1545, he was drawn on the hurdle to Tyburn gallows, with another priest, the Venerable John Ireland; and a layman, Blessed German Gardiner, as the companions of his triumph. There the old priest of Chelsea suffered the cruel penalty assigned by the barbarous law of the time. He was hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled, and beheaded, and then the mangled body was hacked into four quarters.

Apart from the record of Blessed John Larke's martyrdom, the best testimony to his virtues is that it was Blessed Thomas More who secured his appointment to the parish of Chelsea. He resigned the rectory of Woodford in Essex in 1530 to come to Chelsea, at a time when Blessed Thomas was still Lord Chancellor, and held, by a grant from the Abbot of Westminster, the right to nominate the rector of Chelsea church. The priest's fidelity even unto death shows how wisely the Chancellor made his choice.

A fourth companion—"John Heywood, gentleman,"—had been condemned with the three martyrs. But, alas! at the last moment, as he was being placed on the hurdle, his courage failed him, and he offered to recant and take the Oath of Supremacy. He was released and pardoned—let us hope to repent later. The incident shows how easily the martyrs might have saved their lives even after condemnation.

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AFTER all, the Christian creed is a reasonable one and keeps close to the everyday facts. It is not the assertion that there is no evil, but it is the assertion that we may overcome evil with good. Good-will is not a bit of weak sentimentalism: it is a force actively engaged in righting the wrongs it sees.

—S. M. Crothers.

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### V.

MISS LUCY, in spite of her bewilderment, had been able to pour out the tea; while Miss Amy was brought to herself by the necessity of attending to the wants of her guests; and, in providing Ula with a generous supply of a second relay of potato cakes, she quickly recovered from the overmastering astonishment that the news of Hugh Carew had caused.

"And it was only to-day that this letter reached you?" questioned Miss Lucy, when they had all gathered round the table.

"The letter was not written to us," Maura explained gently. "Uncle Hugh does not yet know of our existence—Ula's and mine,—and the last he heard of Oliver was that he had just been born. He wrote to Mr. Bird—"

"And Mr. Bird sent for Oliver," Ula took the story at the first possible pause, "and told him; and then he came home and told us."

"And your uncle said—?" questioned Miss Lucy again.

"He said what we have told you—about making his fortune, and that he was getting old and wanted some one of his own flesh and blood near him."

"Is he ill, then?" asked Miss Amy, with a quiver in her voice.

"He said something about the doctor, but it was sort of half chaff," replied Maura,— "as though he wanted to give a reason for breaking the silence rather than because he was really ill."

"He was always like that," murmured Miss Amy, half to herself.

"What!" cried Ula, excitedly. "You knew him? But of course you did. O Miss Amy dear, do tell us about him!"

"We knew him very well," answered



Miss Lucy, quickly. "He and your dear mother were our greatest friends. Even when your father came, it was Hugh and not he that was the leading spirit. We often said they had each other's nature. Your father was too grave for an Irishman; whilst Hugh was most un-English in his gay ways."

"And what was he like?" questioned Ula again. "Was he like our mother?"

"Oliver is like him," said Miss Amy, quickly. "And so are you, Ula. He was taller, though, than Oliver, and much more lively. That is where you are like him,—quick, impetuous. Do you remember, Lucy dear, the trick he had of swinging one foot over the other? He was never still."

"No, indeed," replied Miss Lucy,— "never still. And for all these years, evidently this characteristic has clung to him."

But Ula's attention had strayed from what was being said. Miss Amy's hands—folded together in the black silk mittens that, Ula often told her, were years too old for her—were lying in her lap; and, with a start, the girl saw a single big tear fall upon them. Maura, whose eyes were turned toward Miss Lucy, saw nothing; and that old lady, suddenly becoming aware of the state of her knitting, got up, and Maura followed her to the bow-window to help in the picking up of the stitches; so that the other two occupants of the room were left practically alone for the moment.

Quick as lightning, the girl was on her knees and her arms were about the small, frail figure.

"Miss Amy!" she whispered impetuously. "Oh, I didn't know—I never dreamed—and I have been so cruel! But he was cruel, too. Why did he leave you?"

"Ah, my dear," answered Miss Amy, putting the secret of her youth into words for the first time for many, many years, "you must not blame him. His father would not help him to do the things he

could have succeeded in doing, and office life was to him as impossible as—as it would be to you. Then my father forbade our engagement, and so he went away, vowing that he would make a fortune for me, despite them all. No, my love, you must not waste your pity upon me" (for tears of sympathy had sprung to Ula's eyes). "I have had his love. Nothing was able to take that from me. Without it, I might have become hardened, soured,—the typical old maid of your story-books. As it is, my heart has always remained young because of what once was; and that, I hope, has made me kinder, gentler."

"It has made you the dearest and the best!" cried Ula. "But, oh—"

She would have added, "I wish I had known, so that I might have been less critical, more considerate." But the sound of steps on the stairs helped her to break off the sentence she could not put into words. By the time the door had opened, however, and Oliver had asked permission to come in, Miss Amy and her little confidante had recovered themselves somewhat; and, in the general conversation that followed, the slight signs of agitation that remained passed unnoticed.

"Oliver!" Miss Lucy greeted him joyously. "Late as usual; but better late than never, especially when we hear such wonderful things about you. But sit down and have some tea whilst it is still hot. I am afraid, though, that naughty girl has eaten all the potato cakes."

"Oh, not *all*, Miss Lucy!" expostulated Ula. "I left two, at least."

"So much the better, Ula, both for you and for him. And now, my dear boy, tell us your version of this amazing story."

Ula cast a sidelong look at Miss Amy; fearful, now that she knew the secret, of any rough handling of the old wound. But, with gentle self-control, the old lady turned her face to the newcomer, and even added a word to her sister's request.

"Yes, Oliver," she said, "tell us everything, and what you have decided to do."

Nothing loath, Oliver started to tell what the old ladies already knew—about the coming of the letter; but he added much that Mr. Bird had said, both at the time and also at a later interview,—the interview, in fact, which had made him late for tea. Since leaving his sisters, he had posted his letter and had wired for a berth, so that the only thing which still remained to be settled was the actual date of his departure.

As he talked he drew Hugh Carew's letter from his pocket, and held it out to Miss Lucy.

"Ah, yes," she murmured, adjusting her spectacles, "Hugh's writing,—a little more crabbed, a little less firm perhaps, yet in essentials quite unchanged."

She did not stop to read it, but passed the sheet to her sister, who took it, shrinking yet eager; and then sat with it in her hands, not reading, not listening even to Oliver's talk; carried away back into the past, when, as now, her tear-dimmed eyes had refused to read that selfsame writing. And, though a question pressed insistently upon her—"Why, since he was still living, did he never let me know?"—she would not listen; would not for a moment admit even a thought of blame of him for whom she had given up so much from a worldly point of view, and who, it seemed, had in return given her so little.

Oliver, it appeared, had again encountered the apparently ubiquitous Leigh; and from him he had learned a good deal more than he had ever known before of American life, and of the importance of such a man as his uncle evidently had become. In his various wanderings, Stuart Leigh had crossed the Atlantic more than once; and he was able to guess, with much more accuracy than Oliver or even than Mr. Bird could do, what Mr. Carew hinted at only casually in his letter. He had so much to tell of American life and ways that Oliver, forgetful of Maura's warning, and naturally conscious that such a warning was no longer needed,

had asked him to come in after supper, in just the way which the old ladies so disapproved.

Fortunately, as Ula had had no thought of imparting the information concerning Mr. Leigh, which Maura had laughingly told her would be so joyfully received at the Doctor's House, this evening's visit did not happen to be mentioned. Indeed, Oliver himself forgot all about it; and when supper was over he called Maura into the little study at the rear of the house, to give her some instructions about the management of financial matters during his absence, leaving Ula to go alone to the sitting-room upstairs.

She had sat down, meaning to write and tell the school companions, with whom she corresponded regularly, of their wonderful news. But the remembrance of Miss Amy, and the secret she had surprised that afternoon, still possessed her mind, and she had not begun her first letter when there was a sound at the door, and a familiar voice asked if the speaker might enter.

Twenty-four hours sooner, Ula, bored and sentimental, would have welcomed such a visit as utterly delightful. But so much had happened even in the last few hours! First the letter; then the flash of something repelling and almost alarming in the eyes of the man whom she had tried to fancy she could love; and last, but not the least forcible, the glimpse she had had, on Miss Amy's face, of what true, deep, enduring love could be.

Stuart Leigh, quite unconscious that anything had changed in Ula's attitude toward him, looked round the room with a quick, searching glance, that brightened into eager surprise when he saw that she was all alone.

"Mr. Leigh!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "Oliver never told us he was expecting you. And do you know," she added apologetically, "I am afraid he has forgotten all about it? For he has carried Maura off to the study. But I will call him."



She got up to do so, but quickly Stuart Leigh put himself between her and the door. He had not meant to be so precipitate. Until he had heard of Hugh Carew's existence, he had not meant to speak at all; and even since he had not thought that any opportunity would arise that would make it possible for him to win a promise from Ula that could be called into fulfilment if her uncle did turn out a millionaire (of which there seemed little doubt), and were willing to divide his fortune (which was not as yet so certain). Now, however, he saw in a flash that the time had come for him to venture all; and, even though he was more than half in love with the girl, he was able to calculate coolly that, as he was leaving England immediately, he need not be bound by any promise made to-night, if the prospective fortune was not what he considered sufficient.

"No," he said, in a tone that Ula had never heard before, and that made her heart beat with sudden fear,—“no, don't go! Wait one moment and hear what I have to say.”

Still she would have opened the door, but he put his back against it and bent down over her.

“You know I love you,” he said, seeing that this was no time for the tender, yet meaningless, speeches that he had hoped to make. “I am going away now,—exiling myself in the hope of soon making a fortune worthy of offering you.”

“Had Uncle Hugh said this to Miss Amy?” Ula suddenly wondered; but she quickly cast the thought aside. They loved each other; and, little more than a child as she was, she felt instinctively the hollowness of such love-making as this.

“Don't,—please don't!” she protested.

He would not listen; and, over-anxious to provide against future contingencies, he went on; trying, as he spoke, to take one of her hands; but she, getting angry now at his persistence, put them resolutely behind her back.

“Now that you have found your uncle, there will be many to tell you that they love you.”

“Mr. Leigh!” cried Ula, in her anger forgetting her fear of the man who was keeping her a prisoner. “How dare you say such things to me!” And then, with a quick instinctive perception of the truth: “You, then, are the first to say so. You went away when I was poor, as indeed I am still, and perhaps I may always be. Remember, Uncle Hugh has asked for only one nephew or niece,”—and her tone was mocking.

An angry light crept into the man's eyes,—an ugly, vindictive look that he was only partly able to conceal.

“Ula!” he said, trying to throw intensity into his voice. “You are ungenerous to remind me of my poverty!”

He was betraying himself hopelessly now; and, to add to his disgust, the sound of Oliver's voice was heard below. “If I could, I would marry you to-morrow. As it is, I must ask you to wait—”

“Until my uncle has decided how much money he will leave me in his will,” flashed Ula. “Thank you, Mr. Leigh! But please believe that if you were the only man in the world, and a millionaire into the bargain, and I a beggar girl, I would not marry you—*now!*”

Honesty made her add the last word; for even as she spoke she realized that the remembrance of what her thoughts had been not long ago about this man, had now made her words needlessly forcible and angry, and certainly there was no doubting the sincerity of them.

“Wouldn't you?” cried Leigh, and he no longer tried to hide the baffled fury in his eyes. “Wouldn't you? Well, all I can say is that, as sure as I am speaking, you will live to regret it.”

And, turning, he opened the door, going out onto the landing to announce his presence to Oliver; whilst Ula, only too glad to be free, fled precipitately up the dark stairs to her room.

## The Story of St. Cecilia.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

### I.



HE steady, yet gentle, growth of Christianity during the hundred and eighty years which had passed between the date of St. Peter's coming to Rome and that of the accession of Alexander Severus, in the early part of the third century, is vividly illustrated in the fact that various wealthy pagan parents of the latter epoch did nothing to oppose the Christian education of their children when accident—or, to speak more correctly, the designs of Providence—rendered such education possible. One can not help thinking that even they realized that Christianity taught the boys and girls to be very virtuous and obedient children, from whom they would always receive the highest measure of filial love and duty. So it was that the only daughter of the noble Cecilius, one of the few representatives left of the true aristocracy of better times, was brought up from her infancy in the Christian Faith. We are not told who her teacher was: perhaps some poor slave who thus conferred on her master's family an honor before which all those of noble ancestry and vast possessions were destined to pale,—the honor of giving to the Church one of her most illustrious martyrs.

The maiden Cecilia was so beautiful, so accomplished, and withal so loving and docile a daughter, that it must have been with a great pang at heart that they saw the hour approach in which she must leave them for the house of the husband they had chosen for her—the young Valerianus, a fit mate in every way for their dear child, in her parents' eyes. But to Cecilia, their decision brought great fear and perplexity. Valerianus was all that they believed him to be,—noble, upright, kind-hearted, a distinguished

officer, with a heart as clean as his countenance was beautiful.

But Cecilia had long ago vowed her life to God; the Pontiff, St. Urban, had approved of her high choice; and she had been assured by her Guardian Angel—constantly visible to her pure eyes in daily life—that God had accepted the sacrifice and would never permit her love for Him to be shared with an earthly spouse. Yet we, who know less of God's ways than did the holy girl, read with something like astonishment that Cecilia ventured upon no open opposition to her parents' plans for her. The authority of a Roman father was so supreme that it would have appeared to her an impiety to resist it. That she was consumed with anxiety and fear we know; and also that she spent nights and days in prayer to God, His Holy Mother, the angels, and to the blessed Apostles, to protect her from the threatened danger.

No "Acts of the Martyrs" are more full and authentic than those of St. Cecilia, written by those who had known her in life and who witnessed her death. As the dreaded day approached, she redoubled in fervor; and, fearing her own weakness in presence of the young man whose high spirit, virtue, and beauty made her love him as a brother, she fought down all carnal impulses by long prayer and fasting, and mortified her flesh by wearing a hair-shirt under her rich dress.

At last the wedding day dawned, and the great palace was all humming with joyous excitement. Her mother came into Cecilia's room to dress her for her marriage. Her beautiful hair was braided in six long strands, in imitation of that of the Vestal Virgins; her family had always clung to the high ideals of ancient Rome, and no taint from the deluge of luxury and vice in which the Empire was plunged had ever penetrated into their sternly-guarded homes. In daily life we are told that Cecilia went clothed, like other patrician ladies, in garments richly embroidered with gold; but on this her



bridal day her mother put upon her a robe of plain homespun wool, spotlessly white, copied from the one woven by her ancestress, Caia Cecilia, hundreds of years before. This dress was the original tunic, the model upon which woman's costume was founded for something like a thousand years afterward. Good Roman women still looked upon the wise and simple Tanaquil as their pattern in all the matters of domestic life; and at the period of which we write the Etrurian Queen's spindle and distaff were still preserved among the sacred insignia of the city.

A white woollen girdle, like Queen Tanaquil's, was bound round Cecilia's waist; and then she was shrouded in the flame-colored veil with which every Roman girl, noble or simple, covered her face and head when she went to meet her bridegroom. The veil not only signified maiden modesty, but denoted the firm constancy with which the bride was prepared to cling to her husband. It was originally the badge of the women of the Gens Flaminia, a race which, some four hundred years before St. Cecilia's day, held the Catholic belief as to the inviolability of marriage, and prohibited divorce. The "flammeum," as the flame-colored veil was called, remained, for this reason, in use at Christian marriages until, at any rate, the fourth century, when St. Ambrose spoke of it in his treatise on Virginity.

But Cecilia's marriage was a purely pagan ceremony, the first at which she had ever been obliged to assist. Wine and milk were offered to the gods; and she raised her heart to the one true God, renewing the offer of her whole being to Him. The cake, "the symbol of alliance," was broken and shared; her hand placed in the hand of her ardent bridegroom, and they were now man and wife. As the sun sank behind the Janiculum Hill, the bride was conducted, with great pomp and rejoicing, to the dwelling of her husband, across the Tiber, — now the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, that we all know so well.

All the way, through the songs and music, Cecilia prayed in her heart that she might be protected, and be helped to keep her vow. Brighter than the numberless torches carried in the procession shone her faith in God, who has never forsaken His own when they called upon Him. Valerianus was waiting for her in the stately pillared portico, all decorated with rich white tapestry and strewn with flowers. Here the second plighting of their bond took place, after the ancient Roman custom.

"Who art thou?" asked the bridegroom as the bride first stepped on the portico.

"Where thou art Caius, I will be Caia," Cecilia replied, in the invariable formula, which, in her case, was a double assurance, since she was directly descended from the noble Caia Cecilia, the type and standard for all good wives.

To her was then presented, first, clear water, the emblem of purity; and then a key, symbolic of the care she must have of the household and its goods. After that she sat down for a moment on a fleece, intended to remind her that she must work with her hands. These ceremonies over, the family and the guests accompanied the newly married ones into the dining hall, and the wedding banquet went merrily forward, to the sound of music. Music was Cecilia's own language, but she had always used her sweet voice to sing the praises of the one true God. Now she "sang to Him what was in her heart," and ceased not to pray. When all was over and the guests withdrew, the chosen band of matrons led Cecilia to the door of the sumptuous chamber, perfumed, full of flowers, dimly lighted, where her splendid, passionate lover would come to make her his own.

Who can not feel the awe and thrill of that moment, — the choking of heart with which the maiden listened for Valerianus' footsteps, the fear and the hope, the sublime trust in God, yet the full realization of the struggle to come!

Valerianus entered, and came toward

his bride; and Cecilia, with great gentleness, said:

"O most sweet and most beloved youth, there is a secret which I must confide to thee, if now thou wilt swear sacredly to respect it!"

Valerianus promised very solemnly that he would forever hold secret what she was about to tell him. And Cecilia continued:

"I am under the care of an Angel whom God has appointed protector of my virginity. If thou shouldst violate it, his fury will be enkindled against thee, and thou wilt fall a victim to his vengeance. If, on the other hand, thou wilt respect it, he will bestow on thee his love and obtain for thee many blessings."

Valerianus was greatly astonished and agitated; but divine grace was already working in his heart, and he replied:

"Cecilia, if thou desirest that I should believe thee, let me see this Angel. Then, if I recognize him as truly an Angel of God, I will do as thou hast asked me. But if I find thou lovest another man, both him and thee I will slay with my own sword."

With calm and heavenly authority, Cecilia said:

"If thou wilt follow my counsel, Valerianus—if thou wilt consent to be purified in the fountain of eternal life, if thou wilt believe in the one true and living God,—thou shalt behold my Guardian Angel."

Eagerly Valerianus cried: "And who will purify me, that I may see him?"

"There is a holy old man who thus purifies mortals," she answered.

"Where shall I find him?" he asked.

In Cecilia's reply to this question we have a wonderfully vivid picture of Christian life in Rome at that time.

"Thou must go out of the city by the Appian Way as far as the third milestone. There thou wilt find some poor beggars who will ask an alms of thee. I have always taken care of them, and they will know my secret. Give them my blessing and say: 'Cecilia sends me

to you that you may conduct me to the holy old man, for I have a secret message which I must bring to him.' And thou, Valerianus, when thou art in the presence of Urban, relate to him all my words; and he will purify thee and clothe thee in new white garments; and then, when thou returnest to this chamber, thou shalt see the holy Angel, who will evermore be thy friend and obtain for thee all that thou shalt ask of him."

Valerianus believed. The innocent, yet earthly, love which a few moments earlier had fired his heart was transfigured into a heavenly flame which aspired to God. Without an instant's delay he set out, alone, on foot, and in the dead of night—his wedding night,—to traverse the whole city, and miles of the solitary road beyond, to find the dispenser of grace. All was as Cecilia had told him. The beggars gladly obeyed her commands, and led him to the refuge where Urban prayed and whence he governed the Church. And what a revelation it must have been to the brilliant young officer to discover, concealed beneath the ground over which he must often have led his company of cavalry in all their pomp of golden helmets and shining armor, the subterranean city of the Christian Faith!

Throwing himself at Urban's feet, Valerianus poured out his story; and the venerable servant of God was so overcome with joy that he fell on his knees, and, while tears of gratitude coursed down his cheeks, thus gave thanks for the noble young soul called to great salvation:

"Lord Jesus Christ, sower of chaste counsels, receive the fruit of that which Thou didst sow in Cecilia. Lord Jesus Christ, good Shepherd, Cecilia, Thy handmaid, hath served Thee like a faithful lamb. The spouse, who was like an untamed lion, she has made into a most gentle lamb; for he who is here, did he not believe, would not have come. Therefore, Lord, open the gate of his heart to Thy words, that he may know Thee



for his Creator, and that he may renounce the devil with his pomps and idols."

Urban remained long in prayer. Valerianus was deeply touched. Suddenly a venerable old man, with garments white as snow, appeared before them, holding in his hand a book written in characters of gold. It was the great Apostle St. Paul. Valerianus, half dead with terror, fell prostrate on the ground. The Apostle gently raised him up, saying:

"Read this book and believe. Thou wilt then be worthy of being purified, and of beholding the Angel whom Cecilia promised that thou shouldst see."

The young man raised his eyes to the book and read, in the golden letters, these words—as we of to-day read them when we raise our eyes under the dome of St. Peter's: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in us all."

The Apostle asked him: "Believest thou this, or dost thou yet doubt?"

And Valerianus, with his heart in the cry exclaimed: "There is nothing else more truly to be believed under heaven!"

Then he found himself alone with Urban,—the holy apparition had vanished. Urban led him to the baptismal font, washed his soul from every stain of sin, gave him the Food of Angels, called down the Holy Ghost upon him to clothe him in strength and virtue, put over his rich robes the white garment of the neophyte, and bade him return to his bride.

The night had passed and the sun had risen upon the city as he made his way back through the streets, where so many were dressed in white in those days that his mystical garment attracted no unusual attention. All was quiet in the great palace across the river. The slaves were moving silently about their work, so as not to disturb the slumbers of their master and mistress in the remote chamber, whence no sound had yet issued; and if some looked up in sur-

prise as Valerianus passed in, none would dare to question him as to his early walk. Swiftly he went on and parted the hangings of the entrance to the chamber where Cecilia had knelt motionless in prayer through the long night. There he paused in awe and joy; for standing close to her was the Angel of the Lord, his wings effulgent plumes, his countenance a flame of radiance, while in his hands he held two crowns flashing with roses and snow with lilies.

These he gently placed on the bowed young heads, saying, in tones of such music as Valerianus had never heard before:

"Guard these crowns by purity of heart and sanctity of body; for I have brought them to you from the Paradise of God. And this shall be a sign to you: never shall their beauty fade nor their sweet fragrance diminish; nor shall they be visible to others, save such as have pleased God by their purity, as you have pleased Him. And since thou, Valerianus, didst consent to the counsel of chastity, Christ, the Son of God, has sent me to thee, that thou shouldst ask for whatever thou most desirest."

Valerianus threw himself at the Angel's feet and thus besought him:

"Nothing in this life is sweeter to me than the love of my only brother; and it is terrible to me that I, being liberated, must see my brother still in danger of perdition. This one prayer will I set before every other petition, and beseech God that He will deign to deliver my brother Tiburtius as He has delivered me, and that He will make us both perfect in the confession of His Name."

At Valerianus' request, the Angel's face was transfigured with rapture.

"Since thou hast asked this," he replied, "which Christ desires to grant more than thou to receive, even as by His servant Cecilia thou wast won to Him, so by thee shall thy brother be won, and both shall obtain the martyr's palm."

## Life.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

YOU would die for your faith?

You must live!

Though you bury yourself in a cave:

To live and renounce and forgive,—

That is brave!

So you prove by your life,

Not your speech,

How near to the Lord you can keep.

As ye sow, He has said to us each,

Ye shall reap!

You would die for your faith?

You must live,

Though your life be a pathway of fire.

To live and renounce and forgive,—

So aspire!

## Cuddy.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

C UDDY lived in a trundle-bed that was pushed close into the corner of the small bedroom. His useless, crooked little limbs could not support even that frail, small body; and poverty prohibited the costly operation that had been urged as a probable cure. The low bed was safe; but to any one else the room would have been uninviting and uninteresting, with its bare, painted blue walls, its ceiling slanting close to his brother Jim's bed on the farther side of the room, and its one little window.

Yet to Cuddy there were at least three inexhaustible sources of entertainment and interest. As he knew and loved every garment that hung on the row of nails at the foot of his brother's bed, he was not at all frightened when they assumed fantastic shapes in the moonlight; he could weave pictures of the places where those clothes had been, and could reconstruct, from Jim's descriptions, the scenes wherein they had hurried, or had ridden

in cars, or had been caught in storms. Then he had his window of stars. He never tired of watching the studded square of sky that was framed above him. The Great Dipper hung there, and night after night it measured the depth of his happiness. Through that same open window, far on into the night, came the long, penetrating cry: "Ro-o-w lock!" It was unimportant to Cuddy that Jim had told him the boatmen really called, "Gua-a-r-r-d lock!" Cuddy knew better; and every soft summer night, even through the patter of the summer rain, when clouds hid all the stars, the window still meant something to him, because he could always listen for the familiar call.

It is true that in winter no voices came from the water, and that on each little pane of the closed window the frost hung a thick, embossed curtain; and Cuddy had to be content with the ribbed white ferns and leafy tracings that shut out the glinting stars. But, then, he had always that wonderful clothes closet to think about. His bed was tight against the door of it. Twice in his memory had his bed been rolled to one side, while his mother had dusted and replaced the marvelously beautiful gowns and furs and scarfs and laces. His mother always wore plain cotton or plainer woollen dresses,—not at all like the pretty ladies in the picture-books Jim sometimes brought him, although his mother was quite as pretty as they were. And here, just back of this tight-shut door, hung silks and velvets and soft, fluffy things,—all in there in the dark; no one to see them, and no one ever to wear them. But Cuddy could at least think about them, and wish his mother would put them on; and he often fell asleep to dream that he saw her wearing them.

"Mother," he once inquired, as the door of the little room was opened, "whose are they?"

"They're mine, dear!"

"Yours!" And a tone of awe crept into his voice. "Yours!" It took him



some time to grasp this unbelievable fact. "Why didn't you ever wear them?"

"Oh, I did,—some of them many times." And she sighed as she put back in its folds a heavy brocaded silk. "This was my wedding dress." And, quickly steadying a voice on the point of breaking, she continued: "I had them all before I was married, but later we became very poor; and, you see, Cuddy, poor people can't go to places where these kind of clothes are worn, nor can they very well live in a neighborhood where people dress up much; and so there is no reason for wearing them any more. But I don't believe I care about them at all. I am happy,—quite happy, or I should be if—"

There were tears in her voice, and it did not sound happy at all.

"If what, mother?"

"If you were well and strong like Jim, dear!"

"But we'd be just as poor, mother." And then, as a new thought came to him: "What made you so poor just after you wore all those pretty dresses? 'Cause father was poor? Was he poor before he fell and hurt himself, or wasn't there any money left? Did you spend it all on those first, mother?" And he looked questioningly at a deep-fringed silk shawl that was being replaced in the trunk.

"No, Cuddy, I didn't spend it. You wouldn't understand, dear; and you must not worry about it, or even think of it. When I was a little girl, and even when I was a big girl, just before I was married, I—my father, I mean,—was very rich, and he bought me pretty things. He bought me my wedding dress. But, you see—well, your dear father, whom we love so much, had just his own dear self, and we cared more for each other than we did for money; and so we married, and we were getting on pretty well when your father met with that accident; and of course, as he can not earn so much of late years, we are poor. But pretty soon Jim will be able to help us, and I can get more sewing to do, and we'll have

everything we want." And she resolutely closed the door on the fine raiment.

Cuddy was thinking along new lines.

"And did your father—I mean did grandfather—get awful poor, too? Wasn't that too bad!"

"You must not think any more about these things, dear; but just forget them. We won't talk of them any more, ever. We have each other; and some day you'll get stronger, and then we'll be even happier than we are now. I am going to carry you into my room for a while, and we'll forget all about those silly dresses."

But when Cuddy lay looking up at the stars that night, he was remembering every detail of the afternoon, and was so perplexed that he forgot to care whether it was his call or Jim's that came floating in when a boat went through the lock. Never having been rich, he had no standards by which to gauge the sorrows or deprivations of the poor. He understood that other children had countless toys and carts, books and games; that they even had special clothes to wear on Sunday, when their everyday attire was already better—ever so much better—than Jim's Sunday suit. Jim had told him all this, and Jim knew. But, then, if you do not possess these treasures, their absence entails no loss,—a compensation not wholly valueless.

Hence, while Cuddy could not have formulated any opinion in regard to this, he was beginning vaguely to understand that, while he and Jim were happily satisfied, there was yet something in the present mode of living that was a source of grief to his mother. Instinctively he felt that, poor as they were, it was not alone the lack of money that troubled her. She sewed constantly; and, now that his father was able to contribute somewhat to the family income, they were not destitute. There was, then, something else which his mother was resolutely trying not to remember when she shut the door of the clothes-room.

And she had apparently succeeded; for all the rest of that day she had been just as happy and cheery as ever, although Cuddy was no longer convinced that the happiness was wholly genuine.

"Even if I knew what mother really wanted, I couldn't get it for her," he thought. "I can never do anything to help her. Jim brings her his newspaper money and what he earns running errands; but I don't help at all, and I never, never can. Oh, if I might only do something, too!" was the wish that was almost a prayer.

He wondered when his mother had said countless times that his dear, generous little heart was more precious to her than all the money in the world. "Just mother's way of making me feel I'm not so much trouble," he told himself.

It was some weeks after this when Dr. Russell, the family physician, brought Dr. Sheridan, a specialist, to see the little invalid. The noted surgeon was at that time making an exhaustive study of such cases; and Dr. Russell, his classmate, had prevailed upon him to come to this little inland town, not alone in the hope that there might be new or interesting features in this case, but in the more daring hope that the great Doctor would become sufficiently interested to undertake the straightening and strengthening of the weak, twisted members. After much deliberation, Dr. Sheridan, with his characteristic earnestness and brevity, pronounced his decision.

"Your son's case, Mrs. Driscoll, presents some unusual aspects which I am anxious to study further. I do not promise you that he can be cured, but I think a cure possible. I would like to take the case, not alone for the interest I myself, shall find in it, but because Dr. Russell asks me to do so, if you will give your consent. Because of these two important reasons," he tactfully added, "I could not charge anything for the operation or the treatment. Some day, perhaps, when your little boy becomes a man, he may

return it in some other way. It may be by easing some one else's pain."

As it was decided to accept the generous offer, Cuddy slept the following night, not in a wide trundle-bed beneath his own window of stars, but in a high, narrow white cot in a strange hospital many miles from home.

During the weeks of knitting and healing and strengthening, Cuddy had won the hearts of all the doctors and nurses on the staff. His kindness and his unusual intelligence interested the other patients, to whom the nurses repeated the boy's conversations, and they were all anxious to see him. When he could finally — and, to him, miraculously — manage to walk with the aid of crutches, his happiness was complete.

"Would you like to walk in the corridor, dear?" asked one of the nurses.

"Yes, — oh, yes! And will it be all right if I go into some room if there's some one all alone? I liked to see people when I was alone."

"Indeed, dear, any one would be glad to see your happy little face. Go just where you like, except in the room next to yours; for there's a cross old man in there, and he wouldn't be glad to see any one. Don't bother with him."

Cuddy was passing the forbidden room, the door of which was open, when a loose page of a paper the man had been reading slipped from his hands, and, driven by a breeze, swept across the floor. The man certainly did not look very encouragingly at the small boy on crutches, but the boy had been taught respect for the aged; and as the man could not reach his paper, and Cuddy could, he hobbled into the room, despite the frown on the man's face.

(Conclusion next week.)

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To be quite free from pain while we are in this place of misery is only purchased, as one of this world's *literati* perceived and remarked, at the price of blunted sensibilities both of mind and body.—*St. Augustine.*



## Pius X.: An Anniversary.

BY P. S. WILCOX.

**A**UGUST 4, 1913, will mark the tenth anniversary of the election of Pius X. to the Papacy. It has been a glorious decade, during which the Supreme Shepherd of Christendom has accomplished much good for the glory of Him who was pleased to style Himself the Good Shepherd, and for the welfare of the lambs and sheep entrusted to his charge.

At the present day there is no one upon whom the eyes of the world are centred more closely than upon the white-robed figure of the Vatican. This fact was especially evident during his recent illness, when the bulletins of the Holy Father's condition found the most conspicuous position in the columns of the daily press. A glance at the life and labors of the Pontiff is especially fitting at this time.

Ten years ago the Catholic world stood in spirit beside the bier of Leo XIII. He had been a prince among Popes, and for more than three decades had dazzled the world by his brilliant intellect and his masterly policy. All waited in suspense to learn who would succeed the nonagenarian Pontiff. Those familiar with the personnel of the Sacred College thought only of the most prominent Cardinals as likely successor to the great Leo. Thus it was that the names of Rampolla and Gotti were most frequently heard. The former had spent his life chiefly in the diplomatic service of the Church; the latter, a highly gifted religious, had also served in a diplomatic way in the Roman Curia. The Spirit of the Lord rested, however, upon a Cardinal who, from his ordination as a priest to that hour, had spent his life constantly in the care of souls. The Throne of the Fisherman has been occupied by men who had tended sheep on the hills around Rome, as well as by men in whose veins noble blood

flowed. This time a shepherd of souls was chosen, who in ten years has earned the title "Papa Pastorale." A brief review of the past career of Pius X. will show that, as priest, bishop, and Cardinal, the effects of his labors were deep and lasting.

Joseph Sarto was born June 2, 1835, at Riese, in the diocese of Treviso. His parents were humble, pious peasants. He was educated first in the village school, and later in the Latin school at Castelfranco, to which he walked (a distance of three miles) twice a day, often barefooted, a piece of corncake (*polenta*) in his pocket.\* At fifteen he entered the seminary at Padua to study for the priesthood, toward which his soul yearned. He was ordained in 1858, a special dispensation having been obtained from Rome for his ordination at the age of twenty-three. For this great event he prepared by an eight-day retreat. In fact, his whole life had been one long, uninterrupted preparation for the priesthood.

Father Sarto was first appointed curate at Tombolo, where for nine years he labored zealously in the sheepfold of his parish. He mingled freely with his people, learned their needs, and ministered to them. In 1867 he became pastor at Salzano. There, with a freer rein, he shared with the poor his slender income. *Io sarò di tutti.* ("I shall belong to all.") But it was the poor to whom he especially belonged, becoming a real father to them.

In 1884, at the age of forty-nine, the pastor of Salzano was consecrated bishop, receiving the See of Mantua, where he found a field upon which to lavish his zeal and devotion. The conditions called for many reforms, which Bishop Sarto ably effected during his nine years' episcopate. He reconstituted the seminary, and became its president, personally instructing the seminarians, and endeavoring to instil into the hearts of his clergy the same zeal which consumed his own. The vigilant eye of Leo XIII. beheld with

\* "Life of Pius X." De Waal.

complacency the labors of the Bishop of Mantua, and in 1893 rewarded him with the dignity of Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. Because of a political dispute between the Italian Government and the Vatican, he did not take possession of his new diocese until November, 1894.

His solemn entry into the City of the Lagoons was a memorable event. All were captivated by the genial smile and great humility of the new Cardinal. His nine years in Venice were replete with tremendous activity, accompanied by consoling and lasting results. As in Mantua, so in Venice, the clergy ever occupied his attention. Some of the notable events of Cardinal Sarto's reign are the Eucharistic Congress in Venice in 1897, the blessing of the Alpine Chapel on Mt. Grappo, the support of the Catholic journal *La Difesa*, and the blessing of the corner-stone of the Campanile.

It was from Venice, the fair Queen of the Adriatic, that Cardinal Sarto set forth July 26, 1903, to assist at the Conclave. Of all who went thither, no Cardinal deemed himself less likely to be chosen Pontiff. When in the Conclave it seemed probable that the choice would fall upon himself, the very thought filled him with terror. "I conjure you, my brethren," said Cardinal Sarto, "to pass me by: God Almighty knows that I am not worthy of the pontificate, and not fitted to assume the enormous task." When, finally, the Dean of the Cardinals, Oreglia, put the question to him, Cardinal Sarto answered in tears: "If this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink of it, the will of the Lord be done! *Accepto*." ("I accept the election.") Thereupon, Joseph Sarto, Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, became Supreme Pontiff, taking the title of Pius X.

Since the days of St. Celestine V., no Pope, perhaps, has more reluctantly taken up the burden of the pontificate. Pius X. was, indeed, like a lamb led to the altar of sacrifice. In prophecy, he was to be an *Ignis Ardens* (a burning fire); and it was on the feast of St. Dominic, the

"Patriarch of the Burning Torch," that this new fire was enkindled as a burning torch upon the head of the Church. *Vivit Petrus in successoribus suis*. Leo XIII. was a great man, with a great intellect, who had thereby won the respect of the world. Pius X. is likewise a great man, but a man more of heart and feeling. The actions of that heart, however, will always be swayed by the mature judgment formed from his high mental gifts and insight into the minds and hearts of men.

Pius X. succeeded Leo XIII. as pilot in the Bark of Peter, with that calmness and energy characteristic of one who had complete trust in Providence. This trust is the keynote of his life. Ever the priest of God, the Catholic world was now his parish, and he its pastor, and responsible before God for the souls within it. It is possible here to give but a cursory glance at the wonderful documents which have issued, like so many flames, from the mind of this *Ignis Ardens*, imprisoned within the Vatican.

The Holy Father's first Encyclical was issued in October, 1903. *E Supremi Apostolatus Cathedra* gives out a programme of a spiritual nature. He promises *restaurare omnia in Christo*, — to renew all things in Christ. This promise has been more than fulfilled in the ten faithful years of his pontificate. The now famous *Motu Proprio* on sacred music was issued in November, 1903. As Pope, Pius X. shows the same interest in sacred music that he had shown as priest, bishop, and Cardinal. By this decree, the authentic Gregorian Chant was ordered to be used in all the churches of the Catholic world.

Leo XIII., with his masterly policy, desired to see the social question brought under ecclesiastical influence. Pius X. continued his policy, publishing in December, 1903, a *motu proprio* containing nineteen propositions taken from various Encyclicals of his predecessor. He thus endeavored to repress certain tendencies toward Socialism. In February, 1904, this subject was further treated in a



pastoral letter to the faithful of the world, which dealt with a popular Catholic action; while the Encyclical *Il Fermo Proposito*, issued in June, 1905, brought about the formation of new organizations for the betterment of the working classes.

An act of far-reaching importance was the creation in March, 1904, of a special congregation of Cardinals for the codification of Canon Law. The most eminent authorities on this subject throughout the world are collaborating in the formation of this new code, by which the legislation of the Church will be revised and simplified.

The Holy Father, seizing every occasion to advance piety and devotion in the hearts of his children, issued in March, 1904, his Encyclical *Jucunda sane*, in commemoration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great. Ever watchful for the integrity of the faith, in this Encyclical he pointed out the dangers of the new theological methods based upon Agnosticism and Immanentism.

The shepherd of souls beheld with grief the ignorance of the masses with regard to the fundamental truths of religion, and he endeavored to remedy this evil through the medium of the Encyclical *Acerbo Nimis* (April, 1905). He ordered a new catechism for the diocese of Rome; and the catechetical instruction of adults as well as children was enjoined, together with the erection of societies of Christian doctrine in every parish. Pius X. longs to imbue his priests with the desire to instruct their people.

We have seen the eagerness of the Holy Father for the welfare of society at large, but his zeal is untiring when it seeks the sanctification of the individual soul. He has opened up the treasury of the Church, granting indulgences to many devotions and prayers. It is, however, to the fountain source of grace, the Eucharistic Banquet, that he would have the faithful of Christ come and drink deeply of the "Fountain of living water." Because of the manifold acts of his reign relating

directly or indirectly to the Holy Eucharist, Pius X. is indeed the "Pope of the Blessed Sacrament." He would have all the faithful receive Holy Communion frequently,—in fact, daily; simplifying the conditions so that it is necessary only to be in the state of grace and to have the right intention. This desire he promulgated in a decree, December 20, 1905; and the following year (December, 1906) he issued another decree, dispensing the sick from the obligation of total fasting so that Our Lord might be brought to them more easily, since they were unable to come to Him. Five years later, the loving heart of the venerable Pontiff sought out the little ones of the Catholic world, and bade them receive Our Lord, the Friend of little children, as soon as they could know and love Him. In the decree *Quam Singulari* (August, 1910) is enjoined likewise the administering of Extreme Unction and Viaticum to children.

A Papal letter which is a magnificent document is that addressed by the Bishop of Rome, July 28, 1906, to his own bishops of Italy. We have seen his zeal for the betterment of the clergy all through his life. In this Encyclical, Pius X. urges the greatest caution in the ordination of priests and the visitation of Italian seminaries by the bishops. Like his illustrious namesake, Pius IV., in the beginning of the Council of Trent, Pius X. also begins his reforms within his own diocese of Rome;\* nor does the very summit of the hierarchy escape the pruning knife of the master of the vineyard. Fearless and intrepid, Pius X. abolished the long-established cardinalitial posts. Henceforth no office is a guarantee for that dignity, and only those shall be Cardinals whose personal qualifications recommend them for that honor.

Another epoch of reform within the Church began with the promulgation of the *Ne Temere* decree, issued in August, 1907. To purify family life, to strengthen and protect the marriage bonds, are the

\* "Life of Pius X." De Waal.

best means to preserve the social order. Since the Council of Trent, this is the most notable disciplinary law published; for it is a decree not for one nation but for the entire world. Cardinal Gennari sums up the advantages of this decree as follows: "(1) It will render easier for the Universal Church the substantial form of matrimony. (2) It will obviate many clandestine marriages. (3) It makes provisions so that ecclesiastical courts can determine without any doubt whether there has been a real engagement or not. The Holy Father, instructing the head of the Canon Law Commission, said 'Make marriage easy and certain.' And he has sought to effect this in the now famous *Ne Temere* decree."

The name of Pius X. will go down in history as the great opponent of Modernism, that "synthesis of all heresies." In July, 1907, the decree *Lamentabili*, called the "Syllabus of Pius X.," condemned sixty-five propositions; and in September, 1907, there appeared the masterly Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, expounding and condemning Modernism, pointing out its dangers in relation to philosophy, exegesis, history, and liturgy. Subsequently, in September, 1910, by the *motu proprio*, *Sacrorum Antistitum*, Pius X. called attention to the injunctions of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, and ordered all who taught in seminaries, superiors of regular clergy, and others, to take an oath abjuring Modernism. The same subject is further treated in his letter in honor of St. Anselm, April, 1909; while in that in honor of St. Charles Borromeo, May, 1910, the Holy Father especially condemns Reformist Modernism. Herein he outlines the methods of a true reformer—*restaurare omnia in Christo* ("to renew all things in Christ"). In all, fifteen documents have issued from the Vatican especially directed against this most pernicious heresy.\*

It is especially in the field of Biblical study that Modernism has made the

greatest ravages. The establishment of the Biblical Institute in Rome, under the direction of the Jesuits, is another act which will make the reign of Pius X. notable.

One of the most recent enactments to come into effect is the reform of the Breviary. In the liturgical practice of the Church, this is one of the most momentous changes since the Council of Trent. For the average layman, the new order has little meaning. By the Apostolic Constitution *Divino Afflatu* (November 1, 1911) is set aside the distribution of the psalms which has been used in the Church for over a thousand years. The most notable changes enforced by the new order are the weekly recitation of the Psalter—"the backbone of the Divine Office,"—and the restoration of the ancient Masses of the Sunday and the Lenten ferias to their former place of honor.

The proclamation of the Jubilee in honor of the sixteenth centenary of the Edict of Milan (313) is another act of the Holy Father of current interest. By this Edict, Constantine and Licinius proclaimed religious liberty, freedom of conscience, and guaranteed peace to the Church. This Jubilee is especially opportune when the heart of the Pontiff is saddened by the rebellion of many of his subjects. Ever since his accession to the Papal Throne, Pius X. has had painful struggles with one or another government. He inherited quarrels with France, "the Eldest Daughter of the Church." In December, 1905, diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican were severed, and the Concordat was abolished. Pius X. availed himself of the liberty thus gained to provide for the vacant Sees in France; and in February, 1906, personally consecrated seventeen French bishops in St. Peter's, thus standing beside the persecuted Church.

So far Spain is loyal to the Apostolic See. God grant she may ever remain so, and console the Holy Father for the sorrow Portugal has caused him! October,

\* Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. X.



1910, witnessed the overthrow of the Portuguese monarchy, the formation of a republic, and the separation of State and Church. A veritable persecution ensued; the Jesuits and other religious were expelled, compulsory secular education enforced, and priests were invited to marry. The hierarchy, as a whole, refused to accept the Separation Law; and the arrest of the Patriarch of Lisbon, of two archbishops and six bishops, ensued. Religious conditions in Portugal could scarcely be worse than they are at the present time. It is in the so-called non-Catholic countries that the Holy Father receives the greatest consolation to-day. In England, Germany, and the United States, Pius X. numbers his loyal subjects by the thousands.

This man of God, declaring himself unfit to become Pontiff, has already excelled many of his predecessors. Like a great flame, the force of Pius X.'s wisdom and sanctity has swept through the Church of Christ. With the firebrands of his Encyclicals, this *Ignis Ardens* has burned out the Modernists and others from the ranks of his people. In the heart of the Church Catholic an immense love for the Sacrament of Love has been enkindled; a deeper, fuller spiritual life realized. Within and without, wherever the purifying flame of his personality has touched, the hearts and souls of men have been stirred. Verily, with his Divine Master, whose Vicar on earth he is, Pius X. may exclaim: *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur*. ("I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?")\*

\* St. Luke, xii, 49.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*August 3, Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.*

WHILE a humble diffidence of self was the dominating note of last Sunday's liturgy, it is easy to read, in that appointed for this day, the sense of absolute dependence upon the help of God in every good action, which is the fruit of true mistrust of self.

The Introit begins with that beautiful verse of Psalm lxix. which the Church employs at the beginning of every "Hour" of the Divine Office: "Incline unto mine aid, O God! O Lord, make haste to help me! Let mine enemies be confounded and ashamed that seek my soul." Here the first verse of the psalm is used as the Introit; and the psalm formerly sung in its entirety, as we have already explained, continues from the following verse: "Let them be turned backward and blush for shame that desire evils to me." The appeal, "Incline unto mine aid, O God! O Lord, make haste to help me!" is styled by Cassian in his Conferences as one "admirably suited for every state, and for the emergency of every temptation to which we are exposed. . . . He who is desirous that God should at all times aid him, . . . testifies by this fact how necessary the divine assistance is for him, not only in adversity but in prosperity, . . . to be preserved in the latter in humble and grateful dispositions."

The Collect, too, breathes perfect trust in God's unfailing help: "O almighty and merciful God, from whose gift it cometh that Thy faithful worthily and laudably serve Thee: grant us, we beseech Thee, that we may run on, without stumbling, to the things Thou hast promised us!" In this prayer we attribute to God alone our ability to serve Him worthily and in a praiseworthy manner; and, as a natural sequence, we beg His help to enable us to win heaven.

THE Scapular, which, falling like a veil over the heart of man, was made use of by the solitaries of the East from a sentiment of modesty, has become by Christian tradition a symbol of purity, and consequently the livery of Mary the Queen of Virgins.—*Lacordaire*.

The Epistle opens with a clear expression of the like trustfulness: "We have confidence through Christ toward God; not that we are sufficient to think anything of ourselves as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." And the Apostle goes on to compare the glory of the New Testament revelation with that of the Old Covenant,—that revelation which he had been divinely chosen to spread abroad. In that glory we all share, through faith and the Sacraments which we owe to God's goodness.

The Gradual is a song of thanksgiving for the bountiful gifts of God: "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall be always in my mouth. In the Lord shall my soul be praised" (in the Hebrew this runs, "my soul shall glory"). "Let the meek hear and rejoice." The Alleluia verse recalls the soul's past need, which God saw and relieved: "O Lord, the God of my salvation" (to whom I look, that is, for salvation), "I have cried in the day and in the night before Thee, Alleluia." We trust Him both day and night—in sorrow as in joy.

The Gospel tells the touching story of the Good Samaritan. The parable, as the Fathers of the Church explain, is to be understood of the dealings of Our Lord Himself with fallen man. He came to earth to heal those who had fallen among fiends and lost thereby the grace of God. He it is who has trodden the lonely, dangerous path of this earth, and has found the human race robbed, bleeding, and half dead. None can heal but He, the Good Samaritan. He has compassion and power (oil and wine); He binds up all wounds, and carries the sufferer into the shelter of His Church, where he will be tended, at the cost of that loving Redeemer, until He shall return to recompense the care bestowed upon the object of His bounty.

Both Offertory and Communion verses celebrate our utter dependence on God, and His never-failing help. The former describes Moses contending with God in

prayer for the pardon of His sinful people, and obtaining what he sought. "Moses prayed in the presence of the Lord his God, and said: Why, O Lord, art Thou angry at Thy people? Spare the wrath of Thy soul. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to whom Thou didst swear to give a land flowing with milk and honey. And the Lord was appeased, and did not do the evil He had threatened His people."

The Communion verse praises God for harvest and vintage, which, when Easter is later, will sometimes coincide with this Sunday. Besides thanksgiving for the material benefits of bread, wine, and oil, the Church has in view a becoming gratitude for the Sacraments, many of which require these material things for their due administration. "The earth, O Lord, shall be filled with the fruit of Thy works; that Thou mayest bring bread out of the earth, and that wine may cheer the heart of man; that he may make the face cheerful with oil, and that bread may strengthen man's heart."

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### A Papal Soldier's Crucifix.

IN its recent announcement of the death of Dr. Severin Lachapelle, the *Semaine Religieuse* of Montreal thus illustrates the centuried truth: As we live so we die:

Dr. Lachapelle had been a Papal soldier from 1868 to 1870. When he left Montreal College for Rome in 1868, his teachers or his classmates gave him a crucifix, which he attached to his beads and which he carried about him all his life. He lost it once in Rome, but searched for it so assiduously that he recovered it. A few years ago he came near perishing in a boating accident; and when his almost lifeless body was found, the crucifix was clutched in his fingers. "I wished it to be known," he explained, "that I died a Catholic."

God blessed this fidelity which some persons may consider naïve, but which was really beautiful and edifying, because



it was based on profound conviction. Accordingly, when he was stricken on the street the other day by a syncope and fell senseless to the pavement, God permitted that a priest, the Abbé Mongeau, having with him the Holy Oils, should be passing. The Abbé gave the unconscious physician absolution, and then had him carried into a Chinese laundry near by to receive medical attention. Doctors arrived, and were not a little surprised to see the patient regain consciousness just when the priest finished administering Extreme Unction. Dr. Lachapelle made his confession, expressed his willingness to make the sacrifice of his life, repeatedly thanked the Abbé whom Providence had sent to his side, and declared that he was very happy to have a priest near him to help him die well.

From the very first moment of consciousness, however, his hand sought his pocket for his beads and his beloved crucifix. . . . Having kissed it affectionately, he gave it to his granddaughter, who had hastened to the laundry, telling her to confide it to her grandmother. And as the priest pronounced over him a last blessing, he bent his head and died.

All that is not very complex: it is quite simple rather; but it is, nevertheless, like a poem. It is faith in action,—true, sincere, genuine faith, in the fullest sense of the word.

I have witnessed the deaths [it is Father Auclair whom we are quoting] of many Zouaves—among others, M. Lucien Forget, some years ago; and more recently, M. Prendergast,—and it seems to me that they all die superbly. Does the blessing of the saintly Pope whom they loved and served follow them to the last?

One thing is certain: good Dr. Lachapelle, who did so many excellent deeds during his life, who was so generous to all (and hence died poor), never did anything finer than his supreme act of dying. And that is why we have wished to cite him as an example to physicians—and other.

### A Subtle Danger.

ONLY last week we had the privilege of quoting some wise and weighty words of Cardinal Bourne on the importance of our young people's keeping up their religious instruction. In his inaugural address at the Plymouth Congress, speaking of the influence of Catholics, his Eminence touched upon another subject no less important—the subtle danger to which young Catholics of all classes are nowadays exposed owing to the easy facilities of intercourse with their fellows of every shade of religious thought. Let us reproduce the passage in full:

A Catholic is rightly taught that he depends for the safeguarding of his religious faith and practice, and above all for the preservation of his moral life, on certain supernatural agencies, such as union with and dependence upon God by means of prayer and the Sacraments. And he sees around him in the workshop, in the office, at the university, other young men of his own age, with presumably the same passions and moral difficulties, who, without prayer or Sacraments or religious belief of any kind, are apparently—and he is not called to judge them beyond what appears—as truthful, as moral, as honest as himself; or, perhaps, give him an example in these matters which he finds it hard to follow. He is easily led to think that prayer and Sacraments are unnecessary; and that he may leave aside practices which are many a time very irksome, and still lead a life of which no one can justly complain. The further steps from the admission of the non-necessity of supernatural aids to a denial of their efficacy, and then of their existence, can be very speedily taken. The fallacy, of course, is in placing upon the same plane of responsibility before God, and of judging by the same standards those who have received the grace of faith with all its accompanying guidance and assistance, and those from whom such help has been withheld. From him to whom much has been given much will be required. And the Parable of the Talents has its warning lesson for all generations without exception.

We shall hope to hear of this timely warning to young Catholics being repeated on all sides. The danger which it points out is rightly described as a subtle one, and the fallacy referred to is no less common than deplorable.

### Notes and Remarks.

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In its editorial comment on the imposing mid-summer rally of the Holy Name Society at Brentwood, L. I., on the 13th ult.—a gathering of fifteen thousand men representing one hundred and twenty-eight parishes,—the Brooklyn *Tablet* says:

Whatever the effect upon the non-Catholic residents of Brentwood and vicinity that the outpouring of these Catholic Holy Name men may have had, there is one thing that can be predicated of these practical Catholics that would naturally not suggest itself to non-Catholics. It is a thing, too, that of itself demands that these Holy Name men be denominated "practical" Catholics. Every man in line had been to confession the day before, and every man had received Holy Communion that morning, each in his own church and with his own sub-division of the diocesan Holy Name Society. If the Protestant onlookers, who could not have been other than impressed by the mere number of the marchers, could also have realized that every man in the line of march had just come from a practical demonstration of his absolute faith in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and had prepared himself for that act of Communion with God by a similar act of faith by which, on bended knee, he had besought pardon of his sins in the Sacrament of Penance, they would have been forced to acknowledge that there is, after all, a religion that makes its appeal to the hearts of men.

There can be no question that such Catholic demonstrations are provocative of very serious meditations in the Protestant onlookers,—meditations that are, more frequently, perhaps, than we imagine, first steps on the way to conversion. Nor can there be any doubt that such a gathering as that at Brentwood served to the Catholics themselves as an invigorating draught of strengthened faith and hope and earnest purpose.

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Visitors to the coming convention of the Catholic Federation will be interested in an exhibit of the English Catholic Reading Guild, and in an explanation of the Guild's aims and methods given by Mr. Ambrose Willis, business manager and publisher of the London *Tablet*. The

exhibit is to consist of a show case for the sale of pamphlets at church doors: a complete parish library equipment, with books to illustrate the method of stamping, labelling, and carding; a box for the collection of magazines and pamphlets at church doors for distribution in hospitals, etc.; a show card for hanging in church near the show case inviting questions, and a set of index cards illustrating how the work of the Correspondence Guild section of the C. R. G. is kept, and how this department gives information to inquirers by post; a book barrow for the sale of Catholic literature in the streets, etc., etc. Mr. Willis is expected to arrive from London in time for the opening of the convention.

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In a paper read at the Catholic Congress at Plymouth last month Mgr. Bickerstaffe Drew (John Ayscough) declared that, although he had no wish to belittle the services of Catholic writers, "the hidden priest far away in the poignant isolation of some inland village, where almost the only friend with whom he can exchange a word is the Great Friend who never leaves the Tabernacle except to go with him to cheer the dying or to bless the gathered hamlet from His throne,—that the work of such a lonely, earth-forgotten priest is more splendid, so he does it, than that of any writer of us all; that he, breeding up the best Catholics he can, is inaudibly, invisibly, doing a thousand times more for the Conversion of England than if he wrote dozens of books for hundreds of reviewers to praise or belittle. And what is true of him is, at all events, not less true of the weary, over-toiled priest of the great city, who has hardly time to read, and only time to think of the amazing patience and tenderness and pity of God; whose one half-hour in the day to himself is not to himself but to Jesus Christ in the blissful Mass; for even his Divine Office he must say where and how he may,—here a scrap and there a scrap,—whose oratory has to be often



hideously public; but there, perhaps, while preoccupied with a psalm of the grand Poet-King, or a hymn of the Angelic Doctor, he, too, may be helping to convert some half-perplexed watcher, who has simply never seen a man praying before. But his *great* work, as it is the other's, is that of making good Catholics, and of keeping them, and so of maintaining everywhere little outposts in the enemy's country, that else would be all abandoned."

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Mgr. Drew had a good word to say also on the same occasion for the promoters of Catholic education: "He who opens a Catholic Poor School where there was none before does much more for the conversion of England than another who writes ever so many books with a Catholic 'tone' and with the honest, sincere desire to show the beauty and charm, the unchanging, though never monotonous, loveliness of the Catholic Church. What the latter does is not to be left undone; let it be done more and more by any who will and can. . . . The finest, most obvious work for the conversion of England, is the breeding up of our own children, no matter what their social status, in the plenitude of Catholic faith and practice, is the securing, maintaining and ever improving the spiritual quality of our own people."

Numerous letter-writers have recently been debating in the London *Times* the final object and justification of penal legislation. The *Times* itself based the right to punish on the ruinous consequences to society if criminals were to go unpunished,—the expediency argument. The *Month* goes to the root of the matter in this fashion:

No one, apparently, thought it apposite to quote the clear and convincing doctrine of St. Paul (in Romans, xiii) on the source and sanction of civil authority, so completely has the non-Catholic mind emancipated itself from the knowledge or the guidance of the Word of God. Yet the whole justification of the punishment of criminals lies in the simple phrase: "For [the

civil ruler] is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath on him who doeth evil." The question, with which was associated many of the abuses and anomalies of our prison system, is too large to be discussed adequately in a note; but it is worth remarking how much of the confusion at present prevalent in political ethics is due to the false social-contract theory of the State. We need to bring the world back to the recognition of the divine right,—not of this or that monarch or dynasty, but of duly organized and stable civil government.

While that phrase "divine right" has a somewhat unwelcome sound to democratic ears, its use as above will hardly evoke dissent from the most rabid upholder of government of, for, and by the people.

One of the most learned, if not the most popular, of our old-time books of controversy was a small quarto volume of four hundred pages, printed at Douay in 1654, and entitled "An End to Controversie betweene the Romane Catholique and the Protestant Religions Justified, etc." It was written by T. B. (Thomas Bailey, D. D.), a convert from the Church of England, who informs his readers in the quaintest of prefaces that his "treatise was begun and the epistle writ, when the author was in Maryland, a province of America. . . . Here do I follow the confessors of America, and like some poor bark, I lye under the lee of those great ships." Farther on he tells 'how he began to doubt that, though the Church of England might be a ship out of which they might teach Christ, yet that it might not be the ship out of which Christ taught; for that was Peter's ship, and there was Christ.'

In the absence of further information about the author of this precious old book, a copy of which has just come into our possession, let us quote a passage from the chapter (an admirably learned one) dealing with the supremacy of St. Peter. Short as it is, this extract gives a good idea of T. B.'s original and forceful style:

But if neither Peters fish, nor Peters fishing, nor his nets, nor yet his ship, can preach unto

you the supremacy of this Disciple, let the waves roare out his prerogatives: and thunder in your ears, how that none (besides him that made them) ever made their faces, pavements for his feet, but he to whom you deny this great mystery, to enthrone him into the same power with Christ, by his walking with him upon the same water: being many waters, (in many places of Scripture) signify many people.

Think you that there was no mystery therein, that when our Saviour Christ beheld more ships then one, that he should only enter into that which was Simons? Or that it doth not teach us thereby to understand that there is the Church into which only Christ entered? Out of which he only taught. And of which Peter only was, the Master?

That he concerning whose deficiency of faith, there was a strife between Satans sifting, and Christs prayer (and being converted only was commanded to convert his brethren) should have no prerogative above his brethren?

That he (whilst the eleven remained in Jerusalem in incredulity) who all that while had conference with our Saviour (after his resurrection) to whom St. Paul gives that pre-excellence (that he was seen of Cephas, *then* of the eleven) should be esteemed no more then one of the twelve?

That he whose feet Christ washed first, who called together a general council, and in the midst of all the Disciples, stood up and published an election, who after the Holy Ghost came down upon them, was the first promulgator of the Gospel, and the mouth of all the rest, who made the first great conversion of three thousand souls, who wrought the first miracle before the gate of the Temple, upon the man that was lame; and notwithstanding John was with him, yet it was he that had no silver and gold, but what he had he gave; that he, I say (all these considered) should be thought by any, to be no more then any of the rest, and be no miracle itself, is one to me.

Recent English exchanges contain glowing accounts of the National Catholic Congress lately held at Plymouth, and gauging the work as a whole by the excellence that characterizes such of the papers read as we have had leisure to examine, the warmest praise was well deserved. A writer in the *London Catholic Times* observes:

There was no lack of earnestness and enthusiasm. Good work was done, and it was done well. The speeches and papers were suggestive and inspiring. The thoughts of the speakers

and writers were turned in every direction in which improvement could be suggested. What could be better than the discussion of such practical questions as were brought before the Congress? The Christianity that will win back the multitude must be a work of restoration. It must show that a remedy for the evils of the day lies in the adoption of Christian principles,—that bonds of brotherhood which have been broken would thus be renewed; that the doctrine of the Church is in every respect helpful and healing. It is therefore eminently satisfactory that so much thoughtful advice was given at Plymouth, not only with regard to the purely religious aspect of the task that is before the Catholics of this country in the maintenance and propagation of the Faith, but also on the problems dealt with at the meetings of the Catholic Confederation, the Catholic Social Guild, the Catholic Emigration and Catholic Guardians' Associations, the Catholic Trade Unionists, the Federated Catholic Temperance Societies, the Catholic Women's League, the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society, and other bodies represented at the Congress.

Our co-religionists in England have realized the beneficent results obtainable by intelligent organization and by the cordial co-operation of all Catholic societies in united efforts for the common good. Under the effective general leadership of Cardinal Bourne, they have become a well-ordered body constituting a force that has to be reckoned with in the regulation of many matters affecting the national life. Their spirit is admirable, and their triumphs not few.

The Catholic Stage Guild, organized in London two years ago, has been making gratifying progress. The professional membership has increased from eighty-eight at the end of 1911 to three hundred and forty, and the associate members, more than four hundred of whom are priests, have multiplied even more rapidly. At a recent meeting under the presidency of the Earl of Denbigh, the secretary of the Guild announced that one hundred and thirty-eight Masses had been promised annually for the intentions of the members, and forty-one priests had promised to say Mass upon the death of any member.

In the course of a characteristic speech



on the occasion, Father Bernard Vaughan said to the actors: "We want such an association as this, God knows. People who join the profession are people with the artistic temperament. If they are stodgy, they had better get out of it. You must have sympathy with your fellows. You must have feeling. You have got a mission. You must feel that you are going, in spite of opposition, to get to the front, and to stick there. If you have these ambitions and temperaments highly developed, you have got as much as you can keep in order. Artistic temperaments are like our feelings, and our feelings are traitors. You can not depend upon them."

Among many notable commencement addresses at Catholic institutions, that delivered by the Rev. Dr. Turner at the closing exercises of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., is distinguished for the penetrating reflection by which it goes to the root of certain present-day educational problems. Dr. Turner took for his theme "God in Education," and, after a logical and historical proof of God's place in human thought, considered certain modern failures to recognize this basic principle:

If, then, God is supremely great in human thought, in human experience, and in human history, what shall we say of God in education? If it is the business of education to put the youth of the race in possession of all that is important in the history and experience of the race, surely an education that omits God is of all things the most senseless and futile. As He is the answer to all the great questions of human life and human history, so is He the solution of the most perplexing problems of education. And most perplexing of all is the problem how to educate, to conduct. How shall the child learn to be truthful without being brutally candid, to be kind without being deceitful, to be reverent without being obsequious, to be prudent without being timid, to be honest without being harsh, to be clean-minded without being prudish?

It is, indeed, a difficult task to hold the balance so finely poised, especially for the immature mind. A hair's breadth will make the difference,—a difference which reason can not gauge. Science can not help us; self-interest

can not inspire a sense keen enough to detect it. Experience can not aid us: its toll for wrecked consciences is too costly. It will not do to lay down a few general maxims; you can not paint a miniature with a whitewash brush. But religion can solve the problem, and does effectively solve it,—not analytically but synthetically, not by reflection but by piety,—by putting before the child mind a God who is perfect goodness; by infusing into the soul of the child the faith to see and the grace to do.

If those numerous eager and well-meaning reformers who are discontented with our present system of irreligious education could only be brought to realize that it is God who is needed in the school-rooms of our nation, and not the physician or the sex-hygienist, there would then be to their reforms the beginning of a beginning.

Although our readers have already heard and read a good deal about the conversion of the Caldey Island community, they will enjoy the following extract from a letter by the head of the community, Dom Aelred Carlyle:

For following what we believe to be God's will for us, we have been called "traitors and backsliders." I am told that I have failed in the work God gave me to do, and I am asked how I can go back upon the past and deny God's grace and guidance. This is the very reverse of the truth. We deny nothing, and go back upon nothing that has been good in the past. God's grace and guidance have brought us where we are now. We can look back over the path by which we have come, and see that the Past has led on to the Present, and we can look forward with hope to the Future. Of course I personally have had something to suffer; but for the community as a whole there has been no sense of dislocation or of catastrophe; and even for me it has been a gradual leading on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone.

Dom Aelred and his brethren are about as much open to censure from Anglicans as would be the passengers on a raft in mid-ocean, who embraced the opportunity of rescue afforded by a steamship; and we opine that the censure will be as philosophically supported in the one case as in the other.

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

## Summer in Nazareth.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

It was the bird with breast of flame  
That sang among the trees;  
Through which the searching sunbeams  
came,

While summer warmed the breeze.

It was the little harlequin brown  
That chattered gayly near,  
And scampered lightly up and down  
With antic flout and leer.

It was the butterfly and bee  
That hovered o'er the flowers,  
And lit with golden glamourie  
The long, sweet, scented hours.

It was the Child whom Mary bore  
That joyed to see them all,  
And played beside the open door,  
Within His Mother's call!

## When a Great Man was a Little Boy.

A GOOD many years ago—just about the time your old grandfather used to think it great fun to run about barefooted—Beppi Sarto was the head altar boy in the Italian village of Riese. He looked very dignified and important, in his red cassock and his lace-embroidered surplice, when on Sundays he directed the movements of the other altar boys in the sanctuary; and he still took the lead when, after Mass, the lads trooped off together. Often enough he took them on a joyous tramp to a neighboring shrine of Our Lady, where they said a few prayers to the patroness whom all Italian boys love to honor,—the Madonna, as they call the Blessed Virgin.

When Beppi was eleven years old, he had learned about all that was taught

in the two classes of the primary school in Riese—a little Italian and a little arithmetic. He was not satisfied with that, however; and he often looked with envy at Father Tito Fusarini, the parish priest, saying his Breviary. Those fine Latin words in the gilt-edged book worked a good deal on his imagination. "Ah," he said to himself, "if I could only learn that splendid Latin which sounds so grand and which I like so well to sing, though I don't understand the words!"

Judge of his delight, then, when one day Father Tito told him that his curate, Father Luigi Orazio, would give their chief altar boy some lessons in Latin. Father Tito, you see, had noticed Beppi's longing looks at his Office Book, and guessed what his ambition was. Neither the pastor nor the curate, however, could take the boy very far along the road to learning; so one day Father Tito visited Beppi's father, Battista Sarto, and advised him to send his eldest son to the little college at Castelfranco. Battista rather hung back at first. His salary as a minor official of the village was pretty small and he had eight children. At last, persuaded by the pressing arguments of his pastor, to which were added those of his wife, Margherita, he gave his consent.

Castelfranco is six or seven miles from Riese; but the distance did not bother Beppi, who started off gaily every morning, carrying his dinner in his school satchel, and going as often as not barefooted, with his shoes hung over his shoulder, for the sake of economy. After some time he was accompanied by his younger brother, Angelo, who, it seems, also became ambitious of learning. By dint of saving, and probably owing principally to the well-paid-for needlework of their mother, the boys were provided with a little donkey on which to ride to



the college. Angelo thought the donkey too slow a traveller, and was continually prodding it, in spite of the protests of Beppi, who was always ready to take the part of the oppressed. Accordingly, when Angelo was obliged before long to recognize that he had more capacity for farming than for learning, and Beppi alone rode the donkey to Castelfranco, that sagacious animal was very well satisfied.

"We used to see Beppi," writes one of his school-fellows, "coming in with open countenance and laughing eyes. He was always head of his class, and he exercised a splendid influence over his companions through his good nature and ready sympathy."

As the household expenses of the Sartos began to grow heavier, Beppi wondered if he could not, some way or other, earn his own board; and soon found a means of doing so. A Mr. Pinazzi, of Castelfranco, offered to board him in return for teaching his children the elements of reading and writing. Thus the boy himself became a teacher, and, moreover, had the satisfaction of saving his mother some little expense.

When he had advanced to the fourth class in the college, Beppi's instruction was confided to a young priest, Father Giuseppe Amadio, who afterward wrote about him: "He was a charming boy and a pious one; he loved first of all God, and then his mother. He was much more conscientious than the general run of boys, always asking himself whether anything he purposed doing was good or bad. Active, intelligent, eager to learn, our young student from Riese was of the kind to whom you don't have to explain things more than once."

When Beppi was seventeen he was ready to enter the seminary at Padua; but when it came to the point of letting him definitely set about becoming a priest, Battista had another attack of doubt and fear. With his modest salary, how in the world was he going to be able to pay his son's board in the seminary.

Good Father Tito again came to the rescue. He applied to Cardinal Monico, Patriarch of Venice, who himself had been a Riese boy, and whose valet happened to be Beppi's own uncle. Between them matters were so arranged that the young student received what was called the "academic favor," or a free scholarship in the seminary. Father Tito was so delighted when the news came that he at once started off for Castelfranco to tell it himself to Beppi.

When a boy gets to be seventeen or eighteen and enters a seminary, he probably thinks that he is not a boy any longer (although, in law, he is an infant until he is twenty-one); so perhaps we had better summarize the rest of Beppi's career. The directors of the institution at Padua said that Beppi was a model seminarian and gave exceptional promise of a notable life. "His character was simplicity, frankness, humility itself," writes one of them; "and his bright glance and his genial wit in the matter of repartee gave a special charm to his piety."

Well, Beppi was ordained priest at Castelfranco in 1858; he was made Bishop of Mantua in 1884; he became Cardinal Patriarch of Venice in 1893; and on Aug. 4, 1903, he was elected to the greatest position that it is possible for any man to hold in this world—for of course you have guessed that Beppi (short for Giuseppe) Sarto was no other than our present Holy Father, Pope Pius X.

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### St. Martin's Rings.

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A good many common objects distinguished by bearing the name of a saint owe that circumstance, not to any direct relation to the holy person, but to their connection with some place or some church named after the saint. Brass or copper rings made in imitation of gold were called, for instance, St. Martin's Rings, because the makers or sellers of them resided near the collegiate church of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

## VI.—SELMA.

"WELL, Johan," said the dwarf, addressing the proprietor of the taffy emporium, "I have brought you some new customers." And he bowed to Frederic and Alice, smiling as he did so.

The proprietor, in answer to this introduction, gave a nod of patronizing kindness to the children, and smiled indulgently at the dwarf.

"I can supply them," he said, in his foreign accent, "with the best and purest candy that is sold in the city of New York. Taffy it is my specialty. I make it in every flavoring—cocoanut, peanut, cinnamon, lemon—"

"Now, Johan," interrupted the dwarf, who, diffuse himself where his own interests were concerned, did not readily tolerate that peculiarity in others, "I have told them all that, and the rest they must find out for themselves. They live round the corner, in that big house with the white door and silver handle, where the Spencer family used to live."

As he said these words, a fair-haired woman, who was standing in the rear of the shop, approached, and seemed to be listening with interest.

"Is that, then," the proprietor asked, with a wink at the children, "the same house where your friend, James Forrester, lived?"

"The same," answered the dwarf, ignoring the other's attempt to draw him out. "It's a fine house, and its people will be good customers, if you treat them well. These children are polite and well brought up."

"What kind of taffy do they like?" inquired Johan. "That iss the point, friend Mudge."

"That they must choose for themselves," replied the dwarf, inviting the children to draw near. "Select what you want. That is the best way."

"It iss all there before you," said Taffy John, falling back, with a lordly air of apparent indifference into the shade, and also into his customary reticence. The dwarf, on the other hand, stood by, directing the children's attention to this or that one of the appetizing wares, and keeping up a running fire of encomiums upon the goods, as well as on the Swede, whom he called Johan, but who was known to all the neighborhood as "Taffy John."

While the children, who would have preferred to make their own selection, but who were too kind-hearted to slight the officious dwarf, were thus engaged, the fair-haired woman drew near them.

"Young gentleman and lady," she said, "you haf just come to New York. Iss it not so? And I haf been told by the newspaper that the good lady, your mother, wants a servant."

"Yes," answered Alice, "my mother wants a housemaid."

"And that iss also the work I can do," declared the woman.

"Now, Selma!—now, Selma!" interposed the dwarf. "You must not interfere with business."

He shook a warning finger at her, and she retired again into the background until the children had concluded their purchases. The dwarf, having seen their parcels made up and the money paid to the proprietor, as though he were personally responsible for the whole transaction, prepared to take his leave, with the remark that he was hungry. He offered his card to the children, with the air of a royal personage conferring a favor, and said:

"Next time I appear in public here in New York, I will send you tickets, on condition that you will let yourselves be measured."

"Oh, no!" cried Alice. "I could not do that! I could never go up on the stage!"

The dwarf shook his head.

"That is very foolish. Your brother will have more sense. But give me your



name, and I will see what can be done."

Fred having complied with this request, the little man, with a wave of his hand to Selma to advance, disappeared through a door, and up a stairs at the back of the shop. The fair-haired woman spoke to the proprietor in a foreign tongue (which the children afterward discovered to be Swedish), and then addressed herself once more to Alice:

"If it iss pleasing to you, now I will go with you to the *fru*, the lady your mother."

Alice giving the desired permission, the woman, with a murmured, "*Tak, tak!*"—which to the children was a new way of saying "Thanks!"—hastily donned a close-fitting black bonnet, and followed the youthful purchasers out of the shop. She kept at a discreet distance behind them,—which, no doubt, pleased the children; for she, in her own way, was almost as noticeable a figure as the dwarf. Her costume, though black in color, was nun-like in its scant and rigid lines; and the bonnet was such as an aged woman might have worn. It framed a face neither young nor old, and of an inscrutable expression that would have puzzled much older observers. Alice involuntarily shrank from the cold gaze of a pair of gray eyes, which she mentally compared with the sunny glance of Mary Doyle, who bade fair to be not only an excellent cook, but an humble friend of the family.

As they were turning from Division Street into Market, the woman, as if to be certain that she had understood aright, came close to the children and asked:

"Iss it not so that you live in the house with the big silver handle?"

Fred having replied in the affirmative, the woman relapsed into silence until they had reached the house. They were admitted by Mary Doyle, who glanced inquiringly at their companion. At the children's request, she summoned "the mistress" from the library, while Fred gave the stranger a chair. Mrs. Seymour soon appeared, in a neat morning dress of pale

buff, flecked with white, which made a charming contrast to the darkness of her hair and the clearness of her complexion.

"So very pretty iss the lady your mother," murmured the woman. "And so very much does the young Missy resemble her."

The object of this encomium had by this time advanced, not a little surprised to see the children accompanied by a strange woman. Fred, however, in his impetuous fashion, hastened forward to explain that the stranger wanted a place as housemaid; and then the woman spoke for herself:

"I haf told the young lady and gentleman that I read in the newspapers how their lady mother needed a servant."

"I certainly do," answered Mrs. Seymour, studying with her gentle eyes the face before her. She shrank from the cold self-repression of that countenance, which appeared as if every spark of human feeling had been withdrawn till nothing but a mask remained.

"Though I have had several applications," continued Mrs. Seymour, "I am waiting to get the right person."

"Which iss also my most ardent desire," said the woman. "I like not change; and as for work, I fear it not."

"Are you strong?" inquired the lady, glancing at the pasty paleness of the woman's complexion.

"Strong, indeed!" was the rejoinder. "Never haf I been sick. I haf worked in the fields in Umea (that iss my birthplace), after which time I haf gone to Stockholm."

"Have you been in service in New York?"

"Oh, yes, good *fru!* I haf been in one, two, three places, in this town."

"You understand housemaid's work?"

"I am a housemaid of the best," said the other, emphatically.

She was also provided with references, which Mrs. Seymour read. She decided that she would call on one or two of the writers within the week for a personal recommendation; and that, if she heard

nothing to the contrary, Selma might come as soon as possible.

"This night?" cried the woman, with an eagerness that almost startled Mrs. Seymour, and which made her shrink from the cold secretiveness of that face. She was, however, very anxious to get a housemaid; and she felt that, if the verbal reference of the employers were as satisfactory as those on paper, it would be folly to let slip such a chance. She, therefore, asked for the woman's address, and the latter answered:

"It iss where the young gentleman and lady haf met me," — and for the first time a smile crossed her face. "It iss the house of Taffy John."

"Taffy John?" echoed Mrs. Seymour, in perplexity.

"Yes, — Johan Munk," answered the woman. "He iss called Taffy John."

"He keeps a big candy shop round the corner," explained Fred. "We have just been round there getting taffy, to have when Katherine and Willie come."

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Seymour, laughing.

"Did this Taffy John employ you?"

"I haf helped a little when I am there," said the woman. "He has not employed me. I am his countrywoman. I stay with his wife when I haf no place."

"Very well, then," decided Mrs. Seymour. "You may come this evening, unless I send a message to the contrary."

"Sure am I, gracious *fru*, that you will accept me, and that not soon will you send me away."

She further informed Mrs. Seymour that her name was Selma, and that she had been brought up a Lutheran.

After the woman had gone, Mrs. Seymour, by a sudden impulse, asked Alice what she thought of her. The little girl answered:

"I don't know, except that she looks as if she had a false face on."

"Yes," assented the mother, "her face is rather like a mask. But if her employers recommend her, I must take her before

Mary Doyle tires herself out. Now, does this Taffy John, as he is called, seem a decent sort of man?"

"Oh, yes, I think so!" replied Fred. "He has a splendid shop round there."

"How did you find it out?" queried the mother.

"It was the dwarf brought us there. O mother, the funniest little man!" And both children burst out into a description of their new acquaintance.

As the employers were unanimous in recommending Selma, that evening saw her installed as a member of the household. A neat, hard-working, and capable housemaid, she soon came to be described as a treasure; though her mistress could never give her the affection she was disposed to feel for Mary Doyle. The latter had felt a certain prejudice against the newcomer, dating from the first glimpse of her with the children. But this she had wisely and charitably kept to herself.

Selma, it was soon discovered, had certain peculiarities—a desire for solitude, a faculty of appearing when least expected and in the most unforeseen places, and a preference for doing a double amount of work rather than be assisted by a second housemaid. So rooted, indeed, was this desire to do her tasks unaided that her mistress was reluctantly obliged to permit her to make the attempt.

(To be continued.)

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### St. John's Bread.

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The carob tree, a native of countries skirting the Mediterranean Sea, is remarkable from the fact that its flowers lack a corolla. Its fruit, or pod, the carob-bean, often called also the locust-bean, is supposed by some to have formed part of the food of St. John the Baptist, of whom the Gospel says, "His meat was locusts and wild honey." Accordingly, a popular name for the carob-bean in Europe, and more particularly in Germany, is St. John's Bread.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The title-page and index for the volume of *THE AVE MARIA* just completed (January-June) are now ready for those who bind their magazines.

—A manuscript Bible of the thirteenth century, from the private library of Pope Clement XI., sold at auction last month in London, fetched £180.

—The seventh centenary of the birth of Roger Bacon is to be commemorated next year by erecting a statue in his honor at Oxford, and raising a fund for the publication of his works. The first volume, edited by Mr. Robert Steele, is already in press.

—Further examination of Fr. Micheletti's "*Summa Theologiae Pastoralis*" convinces us that our praise of this work was by no means exaggerated. It should be in the library of every pastor. We were mistaken, however, in giving the name of B. Herder as publisher. The book is issued by F. Pustet & Co.

—"Kommunion: Vorbereitung und Dank-sagung," is the title of a German translation of Mother Loyola's excellent manual for Holy Communion issued by F. Pustet & Co. The exceptional way she has adopted of treating the subject, especially the vast number of quotations from Holy Scripture, assure a hearty welcome for this work among the German people. There is no superabundance of books of extraordinary merit on Holy Communion. Mother Loyola's seems to take into account all possible phases of the soul hungry for the Bread of Life.

—The series of articles by the Rev. Henry Graham, M. A., which ran in *THE AVE MARIA*, under the title of "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church, and their Removal," has been issued in the form of an attractive booklet, with an Introduction by Mgr. Benson. Father Graham rightly works upon the principle that the extension of God's kingdom in His visible Church is contingent on our knowledge of what are the obstacles to the spread of our holy Faith, and upon the means we make use of in order to remove them. In the first chapters, he treats of such hindrances as prejudice, ignorance, contentedness, fear, and pride. One of the most interesting sections of the work is that which shows how foolish and how false it is to say that the Church is "un-Scottish." This admirable brochure, written in a style that commends it to the cultured and the unlettered alike, is closed with an index of suitable

collateral reading. Published by Sands & Co., London; for sale in the United States by B. Herder.

—Mr. Robert Bridges, the new poet-laureate of England, is a writer of essays and plays as well as verse. He holds an honorary fellowship at Oxford. As a successor to Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Bridges is an excellent choice—not, however, as a successor to Tennyson.

—"Signposts," described as "A Pocket-Book for Girls," contains reflections appropriate to the various months of the school year. No author or publisher's name is given, but it appears that the little manual issues from some worker in the Ephpheta cause.

—From R. & T. Washbourne, London, come two brochures, of 105 and 119 pages respectively, under the generic title "*Corpus Christi Books*." The first is called "A Wreath of Feasts for the Little Ones"; the second, "Behold the Lamb!" a book for children about the Holy Mass. The author, Marie St. S. Ellerker, Tertiary, O. S. D., has succeeded in the not too easy task of writing attractively for her chosen public.

—A new Life (in French) of Father de Smet, by the Rev. P. Laveille, is published by the Librairie Desclée, of Paris. It is a handsome octavo of 560 pages, and is perhaps the most satisfactory biography of the famous Indian missionary that has yet appeared. So rapidly has history been made during the past half-century that it comes as something of a surprise to learn that only forty years have elapsed since Father de Smet's death, at the age of seventy-two.

—Mr. Frederic William Wile, who, during the past seven years, has been the resident Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* and *New York Times*, is the author of an interesting volume, "Men Around the Kaiser: The Makers of Modern Germany" (illustrated), published by the Lippincott Co. As suggested by the title, the work is a series of biographical sketches (thirty-one in all), pen-pictures, and journalistic characterizations of statesmen and ambassadors, soldiers and sailors, bankers and builders, artists and aeronauts, poets and publicists, captains of industry and social reformers. While the ordinary American reader, whose knowledge of world-politics is neither very extensive nor particularly definite, will meet with a number of unfamiliar names in Mr. Wile's list of German notabilities, he will find others, such as Zeppelin,

Bebel, Strauss, Buelow, Von Bernstorff, Harden, and Hauptmann, about whom he already knows something and will be pleased to learn more. Whether owing to the facts of the case, or to the viewpoint of the author, Catholic Germans are unrepresented in the series; and yet we have an idea that more than one member of our Church has had not a little to do with the making of modern Germany.

—M. H. Gill & Son have published a "Temperance Reader," compiled by Maire ni Cillin, for use in schools of Ireland, whose relation with the drink evil is discussed in a preface by the Rev. Dr. James MacCaffrey, of Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth. Essays, stories long and short, verses, anecdotes, and testimonies from various sources go to make up the reading matter of this volume. Their trend may be gauged from this short extract:

A ladies' paper says that alcohol will remove grass stains from summer clothes. It will also remove summer clothes, and spring and winter clothes, not only from the man who drinks it, but from his wife and children. It will remove household furniture from his house, and eatables from his kitchen; the smiles from the face of his wife and all happiness from his home. As a remover of things, alcohol has few equals.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.75.
- "The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.
- "The Mantilla." Richard Aumerle. 80 cts.
- "A Little-Sister." \$1.50.
- "From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.
- "The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.
- "Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.
- "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.

- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. L. Brancherau. \$1, net.
- "Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts.
- "St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.
- "St. Gilbert of Sempringham." \$1.25.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.
- "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartmann Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Practical Catechist." Rev. James Nist. \$1.75.
- "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "The Mighty Friend." Pierre L'Ermite. \$1.50.
- "The Westminster Hymnal." (Words.) 20 cts.
- "Holy Communion." Mgr. de Giberques. 81 cts.
- "A White-Handed Saint." Olive Katharine Parr. \$1.25.
- "The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses." Dismas. 50 cts.
- "Gospel Verses for Holy Communion." A Sister of Notre Dame. 10 cts.
- "The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus." Mgr. R. de Teil. 75 cts.
- "St. Rita of Cascia." Rev. Thomas McGrath. 30 cts.
- "The Fountains of the Saviour." Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J. 50 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.*

Rt. Rev. E. M. O'Callahan, of the diocese of Manchester; Rev. John Muldowney, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Andrew Szabo, O. M. C. Mother M. Joseph and Sister M. Rose, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Augustina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Louis, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart.

Mr. Henry Diener, Mr. Louis F. Ebner, Mrs. John Hibbert, Mr. Garret Ryan, Mr. Casper J. Reimbold, Mr. John Heelan, Mr. O. J. Smith, Mrs. Nellie Garland, Mr. B. C. Kauffmann, Mr. Richard Mullen, Mr. John M. Warren, Mr. William Christie, and Mr. Edward Peterson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 9, 1913.

NO. 6

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### Salve Regina.

**H**AIL, Heavenly Queen! Mother of pity, hail!  
Hail, thou, our life, our hope, our solace,—hail!

Children of Eve, exiles from heaven,  
To thee, in languishment, we cry;  
To thee, with groanings and with tears,  
From out this land of tears we sigh.

Therefore, O Advocate our own,  
Thine eyes of mercy on us bend,  
And show us Him, thy womb's blest Fruit,  
When exile's night shall have an end.

O merciful and kind and sweet  
Virgin Mary, thee we greet!

### Everywhere the Slum.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

**T**HE Limited was ambling along in the slow, safe way peculiar to trains on the Southern railroads, where defective rails, poor stock, and heavy grades render speed impossible. The view from the window was not inspiring, but it bred a hearty laugh from us all at times. The colored population along the line had built their shacks close to the railroad, and were living their simple lives very much in the public eye. The scenes were worthy of Dickens. In front of the rickety shacks stout Mammys belabored the washboards; the lines carried an assortment of clothing beyond description; children played here and there, amid dogs and chickens and dust, now teasing their

Mammys, now pursued by the same when indignation grew; and lazy Sambos, in patched garments, argued in the shade as they watched the scene. It was the Dixie colored slum, as vile as its city counterpart, but mitigated by the soft air and lively vegetation of the South in March. I waved my hand at it, and the gentleman opposite smiled. He was a representative of modern Capitalism, and I was quite the reverse. We had tilted sharply but courteously and freely all the way down from Washington. He was a believer in Progress, and proclaimed loudly that this thing in America had raised the nation to heights of glory hitherto unattained.

"And what about the depths of shame?" I asked. "What about the slum, which has grown vigorously alongside your boasted progress? There were no slums before 1840. Now not only the cities have their slums, but even the country breeds them. Is it true progress to develop Rockefellers and Carnegies and slums together?"

He put forward many arguments and explanations, but could not get away from two statements of overwhelming importance: one, that the Hon. James Bryce, formerly British Ambassador at Washington, had strongly expressed his doubt about the very existence of Progress; and the other, that the American drink bill was about \$2,000,000,000 a year.

"Mr. Bryce was addressing a graduating class, perhaps at Yale," said I, "and he deliberately put his heel on the

neck of the thing called Progress. He doubted if the human race, or civilization, made progress. Men improved the ways of getting about, of intercommunication, of sailing in the air; but each race, or each civilization, simply grew like a tree to maturity, then decayed and fell, and they were all pretty much alike. The pompous orators go about shouting for Progress, praising it, and denouncing the doubters; but this calm student and man of affairs, with the history of all civilizations at his finger ends, punctures the hot-air balloon with a pin. A young man asked me once how to answer the trumpeters of American progress, and I gave him this statement: 'Any race, nation or civilization, which permits its annual drink bill to reach the fearful sum of nearly two thousand millions, when millions of its citizens have barely enough food and clothes for existence, is not progressing, but decaying. Capitalism, not the appetites of men, is the root, trunk and branch of the drink evil, because it plants distilleries and breweries and saloons where none existed before, and is determined that its business shall increase until every human being is buying and drinking all that he can digest of alcoholic wares.'

"Then you do not recognize the validity of the argument that beers and wines and liquors have the same standing in the market, and therefore the same rights, as groceries and meats and fruits and vegetables?"

"I shall be willing to recognize it when opium, morphine, cocaine, and all the other drugs, acquire the present privileges of their sister drug, alcohol. Why they should be banned by law, and alcohol thrust into your view and use in every saloon, on every signboard, forced almost into your mouth by legislation framed by distillers, brewers, and saloon-keepers, is not easy to understand. You will say, of course, that alcohol is an essential part of pleasant drinks like wine and beer, which have been from the beginning and

shall be to the end. This argument is so sound that the sellers of patent medicines, soda water, and the like have adopted it, and are increasing the number of drunkards in the nation by feeding alcohol to children, to the sick, to all the world, in the disguise of harmless drinks and useful medicines. The point is that in this case, as in all others, capital is interested; its investment is heavy and must return regularly anywhere from ten to fifty per cent; and therefore the business must be expanded and men must be degraded by a conscienceless Capitalism, which is the parent of the modern slum. As this Capitalism is almost universal, you will find the slum everywhere. Here it is in Dixie, so prominent, so emphatic, that one may recognize it from a car window. I am willing to wager that we shall find it at every point of our journey, from Washington to Los Angeles, among all sorts of peoples, in all sorts of conditions, if we take the trouble to look for it."

The wager was cheerfully accepted. The defender of Capitalism had a fluent tongue and an abundant supply of facts. As a special pleader, he would have convinced the average audience of comfortable people, who regard the slum as the product of laziness and vice, that Capitalism is the lever of a nation's progress. Perhaps he believed it. As we travelled, I instructed him in slum conditions with which he was not familiar. He had never seen the country slum, and could hardly believe that it existed within the confines of the Empire State. Thirty years ago I saw it in the Adirondacks, and at the present moment I can see it from my window in a village full of millionaires. The slum has everywhere the same marks: wretched houses, dirty streets, dull inhabitants, neglected children, drunken uproar, and all the contagious diseases. In the Adirondacks it was produced by the old due-bill system. Laborers were paid not in cash but in written acknowledgment by the employer, which was called a



due bill. The workman took this to the grocery store, owned by his employer, and received goods on credit; to the physician, the apothecary, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the painter, and received their services in the same way. Result: no worker or professional man could live in that town without the permission of the employer; no worker could ever get out of it, for he never had the cash; and in consequence the slum grew to proportions. But in every case the slum paid its owner six per cent clear on his investment. The misery of men is never permitted to interfere with that wide, strong, clear-flowing stream of interest, whose successful interruption would put an end to the automobile business, the raising of terrapin, the cutting of diamonds, and the building of palaces.

The really curious slum of to-day is that which thrives in the country village under the very shadow of New York. The Adirondack slum is picturesque in its setting of mountain scenery. The other appears to have been sliced off a typical New York slum and transferred successfully to the village street. Usually it is at the remote end of a lane, which begins decently but ends disastrously. A few houses of the hobo character cluster together; the shutters are gone, the paint has disappeared, fences are down, verdure is tramped out; ragged and dirty children, frowzy women and stupid men, play and chat and quarrel in a foul-smelling neighborhood. Not far away is the green field, the little brook, the wildwood. The country slum looks like a cancer on the fair face of nature, more terrible by contrast than its sister of the city. Millionaires look down from the heights but seldom see its ravages. To many of them the slum is just as beautiful as the main street, because it never fails to return six per cent on the investment.

My friend had many explanations for these conditions, all beside the question. Mankind, whether stupid or clever, never lacks argument in support of six per cent

interest. The train crossed the Mississippi at noon, and we had an easy, comfortable view of the swamp dwellers of Louisiana. I waved my hand at the spectacle, there being no need for argument. The swamp slum is particularly dolorous to the eye. The flat lands are for a large part of the year under water and for another part in the mud; the houses are built on stilts, and are inhabited by colored people and whites of a malarial complexion. They have one advantage over the dweller in the city slum, who resembles the hobo: they resemble swamp animals in a sad but cleanly fashion. We could see into their disorderly rooms, piled with the débris of the river and the swamp, without order, comfort or decency. Nothing around the place offered satisfaction to the eye or the body, except the sky and the firm roadbed which carried the train luxuriously through the swamp region. No one argued about the scene, and no one inquired even if the proprietors got the usual six per cent from such desolation and misery.

In San Antonio we lingered for a few days, and made a trip through the region inhabited by the poor, which is the Mexican Quarter of the town. The ancient city has added an American section, with all the order, decency, enterprise, and beauty peculiar to a spirited modern American town. Pretty plazas adorn it at regular intervals; the electric light is liberally used; hotels are numerous and prosperous; restaurants and picture shows are innumerable; the roads around the town are superb; the great military post just outside gives lustre to the city; and the climate draws to it the sick and the idle from the North. It is a tourist town, and its chief beauties are the Alamo and the old Missions. The slum is in the Mexican Quarter. It may be said that the flies of Texas inhabit this section,—joyous audacious flies, which live in almost perpetual sunshine. The difference between the greaser and the gringo lies in this: that, in the matter of living, the gringo

follows the conventions carefully, and the greaser does as he pleases.

Hence the infinite variety of color in the Mexican Quarter, and the infinite variety of dirt in its slum. It was simply beyond description, and gave one a sense of helplessness. What could be done with it? How could its dwellers ever be brought to a sense of dirt, of cleanliness, of order and disorder? The city government, so successful in building up and adorning the main part of the town, stood as if in paralysis before this section. Streets of clay or sand, uncleaned and shapeless; decaying, rickety houses, standing at crazy angles; picturesque men, in dirty sombreros and capotes, standing about as if the world was on holiday; children as muddy or as dusty as the streets; and, mysterious fact, the little stream of six per cent interest flowing sweetly, noiselessly through the section, not conveying fertility, but carrying it away to happier regions.

We had it out, the Capitalist and I, on the spot. He had the usual arguments, based this time on the laziness of the Mexicans and the half-breeds. But why the slum at all? Since the property paid its tribute of six per cent, why the wretchedness? Was it not because Capitalism recognized no obligations which would diminish that fixed return of interest? Business men know that many investments will make no return for years, but they are content to spend money while waiting for the day of profit. But the owners of the slum everywhere refuse to lift a finger in improvements, if these diminish the six per cent return. This is true of the millionaire landlords of New York as well as the owners of the San Antonio slum. Legislation has forced the landlords in many States to build properly, to improve regularly, to keep up a certain standard of decency and comfort, no matter what their profits; and were it not that they were so compelled they would let their property sink to the slum condition, if that condition promised profit, as it sometimes does.

As we travelled along the line of the Southern Pacific from San Antonio to El Paso, I called the attention of my adversary to the housing of the railroad laborers along the line. We alighted from the train where possible and examined the habitations of the laborers. A few remarks before I describe them. The railroad called the Southern Pacific is a wonderful illustration of the daring enterprise of our business men. It seems utterly insane to run a railway across the desert for two thousand miles between New Orleans and San Antonio; yet the feat has been performed, the district has highly benefited by the deed, and the whole nation has shared in the benefit. Yet when one, looking at the pyramids, recalls the manner of their building, he recoils at the thought of the human misery which went into those marvellous works. Was it worth while to erect a huge pile of stone on the broken hearts and broken bones of thousands of laborers? Is there not a curse upon such achievements?

We examined the dwellings erected by the corporation called the Southern Pacific for the men who keep the roadbed in repair. They are the lowest in the scale of civilization these poor Mexican half-breeds, but they have souls, kind hearts, great endurance, fine muscle, and that steadiness without which all other qualities are valueless. Their labor is absolutely necessary for the success of the profit-making machine, the Southern Pacific. They have wives and children, dependent parents and relatives. They live in the desert, where there is nothing to see, nothing to enjoy, but the sky, the rare artesian well, and their homes. Standing close to the little water and telegraph stations, these huts look like bathing houses in a row, one door and one window to each, space inside about eight by ten. In this slum live the laborer and his family and his poor relations!

The defender of Capitalism had the usual explanations, based on the primitive life of these people, who were now enjoying



wages which they could not earn in Mexico, and were living in precisely the same style as in Mexico. He was forever arguing beside the question, with the tacit understanding to the fore that American employers had no responsibilities, no obligations to any one or anything which interfered with fixed profits, and the artificial profits of Wall Street. It has been the boast of our orators that America gave opportunity as well as freedom of action to the crippled peoples of Europe; but your Capitalist argues that he shall bring the crippled peoples of other countries to America, keep them crippled in his service, cut off all other opportunity than his service, and reduce every laborer to this serf condition of the Mexican half-breed. It was strange to find the slum in the country village; stranger to find it in the Adirondack paradise; actually weird to discover it in the American desert!

El Paso is the extreme western city of Texas, interesting as a desert town; and more interesting because the Rio Grande washes its foundations, and the bridges cross into Mexico. Still in pursuit of our argument, the Capitalist and I visited the Mexican city across the river, Juarez. The American Capitalist is there working hand in hand with his Mexican brother and following the same methods. A study of Juarez gives the average tourist and student intellectual delirium tremens. After riding some hours in its streets and byways, and observing the physical conditions, one returns to the decorous and lovely American city "seeing things." The slum is there in all its horror, and yet it is not the American slum. It is pitiable and yet laughable. Why? No particular disgrace attaches to it, and no particular degradation. Its inhabitants seem to be of the same courtesy and standing as their neighbors of better housing. The poor are simply the poor in Juarez. They are not the poor of the respectable street and the poor of the slum, as with us. Perhaps the difference is that the slum poor are

beggars. They beg on the slightest provocation. Many of them live in the open, like Arizona cattle; and many others have a shelter, worth in lumber about thirty dollars, for which they pay in rent twenty-four dollars a year. The riot of adobe houses, shacks, dust, dirt, flies, high colors in clothing and houses, crooked streets, beggars, bull-fights, markets, removes all understanding from the ordinary American visitor, and hurls him back to his native soil quite off his balance.

Yet even in this slum of the slums one found the little stream of six per cent interest trickling away softly and sweetly into the far-off regions of the bankers' world. And always beside it flowed another, uproarious as a torrent, unconcealed, pretentious, announcing itself as the special aid to the prosperity of peoples and their cities—the alcoholic stream! The desert may be without water, but wherever a man sits down this stream wells up at his side. Thus into the slum, protected by the law, by custom, by argument, by profit, pours the drug-stream of alcohol, bearing dreams, disorders, death to the dwellers therein; and by another channel pours forth the other stream, the gold stream, carrying away the fruits of labor, the education of the children, the comfort of the old, the consolation of the sick, the protection of old age. The alcoholic stream costs the nation annually nearly \$2,000,000,000; the other, no man can estimate,—not even by studying the monstrous fortunes of the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds, and their kind. But it is quite clear that the accompaniment of the monstrous fortune is the more monstrous slum.

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THERE is so much wretchedness in the world that we may safely take the word of any mortal professing to need our assistance; and even should we be deceived, still the good to ourselves resulting from a kind act is worth more than the trifle by which we purchase it.

—Hawthorne.

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### VI.



THE days preceding Oliver's departure slipped quickly by. Nevertheless, Anne had time to provide him with the finest underwear, which Maura packed carefully in his portmanteau, that so seldom did duty except during its owner's yearly holidays. The traveller was quite satisfied to leave his wardrobe in his sisters' hands, but the filling of his black bag he superintended himself. In it he placed his papers of identification, including a letter from Mr. Bird, and photographs (procured at the last moment by Ula) of himself and his two sisters.

As one of his certificates needed some verification that could be obtained only in London, he decided to leave home on the day before the departure of his steamer from Liverpool, and to spend the night in town. Maura had added, as her contribution to the contents of the bag, some post-cards and envelopes already addressed, so that he should have no excuse for leaving them without news as he went along.

In accordance with their repeated and emphatic injunctions, he dispatched his first tidings from his London hotel; and, as writing always came easier to him even than talking, he mailed a regular budget,—the detailed news of his journey and his day's proceedings, ending with the information that the fog creeping in was so heavy that even the electric lights were obscured; and that if the fog continued he would have to make an early start the next morning to catch the boat train for Liverpool.

But there is no truer saying than the old one—"Man proposes..." Oliver had proposed, ever since his journey to America had been decided upon, to leave

Liverpool upon a certain date; but now that most intangible of obstructions, a fog, had stolen in upon him and frustrated all his carefully laid plans. Despite an early start, despite forcible adjurations to his taxi driver to hurry, Oliver found himself crawling cautiously into Euston Yard as the boat express crawled equally cautiously out of the station.

He was not alone in his misfortune. Two or three fellow-sufferers were already standing on the platform; and others, blurred and indistinct in the thick, choking atmosphere, were still arriving. There was only one thing for them to do: to wait for the Irish Mail, and make a dash for their ship at Queenstown. And as Oliver found himself gradually emerging from the fog and speeding away in the direction of Holyhead, he soon recovered from what had been for the moment an intense annoyance; comforting himself with the thought of catching a glimpse of holy Ireland, the motherland which he had never seen, and yet which had strangely drawn him to her bosom.

Mr. Plunkett had been an Irishman by birth and by descent; but to him, as to his son, Ireland had been little more than a name. Yet his children had often planned to spend a holiday at the green side of the Channel, when funds and time would permit them to do so. From their school companions, Maura and Ula had heard much of their father's country. But, though Mr. Plunkett declared that Oliver came home from college speaking as befitted a descendant of their great martyred ancestor, his friends had had more to tell of Irish football and hurling matches, or of mad and often stolen gallops after Irish hounds, than of anything relating to Ireland as a separate country; and his knowledge of her was of the scantiest.

The softness of the voices that greeted Oliver at Kingstown, the inconsequential hurrying at Westland Row, the glimpse of the cars and of the jarveys, of whom he had heard many (mostly fictitious)



stories, filled him with delight. On the boat he had begun a letter to his sisters, telling of his unforeseen change of plans; but he delayed finishing it until he was again in the train—making now, through the heart of Leinster, for Queenstown,—so that he might give them his views, fleeting as they were, of Dublin and the Irish.

Although the letter lay open on his knees, his pen was idle in his hand. The train was passing through the rich lands of Kildare. The mountains in the distance were glowing every color of the rainbow in the rays of a real Irish sunset. Over the plain of the Curragh, the shadows began to deepen. The train ran on through wonderful pastures, through woodlands and lovely stretches of gorse and rushes, through bog, and again through pasture. It was only when the last glint of daylight was gone that Maura's letter was taken up once more; and by the time that dinner was announced, the envelope was closed and stamped, and ready for posting when he reached Cork.

There were not a great many travelling South that night. Oliver noted that more than one first-class carriage besides his own had but a single occupant; and he was not sorry for this when, later on, he drew the green cap over the lights and settled himself for a nap. But his sleep was uneasy, though it was not the roaring and rattling of the train that disturbed him. For a while he had simply rested; then it seemed to him that the door had opened gently, and a man had come into the darkened compartment. Instinctively, the sleeper had begun to grope for his ticket. What extraordinary things they did in Ireland! Fancy, coming for tickets just when one had stretched himself out for a few hours' sleep!

But the ticket could not be found. He thought he saw it before him, but neither he nor the man who now was bending over him was able to seize it. It was sinking down, down, down, and he was following it. He struggled to hurry; and,

half opening his eyes, he wondered if all Irish ticket collectors wore tweed caps pulled down over their eyes, and tweed coats turned up to their ears,—caps and coats of a nondescript color and shape, totally unlike an English railway official's uniform.

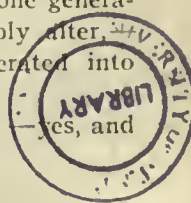
Still, the ticket evaded him. He was going on down and down, and the air about him was heavy to breathe. There was a load upon his chest, and he tried vainly to push it off. He was suffocating, and a sickly taste was in his mouth. Then the ticket, the waiting collector,—everything was forgotten, and he fell again into a deep, dreamless slumber.

Oliver's first letter, written during the evening of his arrival in London, reached Camphill little more than twelve hours after he had taken his departure. It was seized upon by Ula as a sort of treasure-trove; and when it had been read first, to themselves, and then aloud to Anne—who was beginning to prophesy the same fate for Oliver that had befallen his uncle so many years before,—it was carried over in triumph to the Doctor's House.

Every movement of Oliver, every incident of his journey, was of supreme interest to the little old ladies. Indeed, Miss Lucy was inclined to make so much of the reference to the fog, at the end of the letter, that Maura would have grown anxious, too, had not Miss Amy contrived to smooth away her fears, and, even to laugh at them as characteristic, she averred, of a narrow and provincial mind.

In a silence unusual to her, Ula listened and watched the little scene. How human Miss Amy was! How understanding! Miss Lucy certainly was an old dear; but without her sister's broad mind and quick grasp of things—of those that must remain the same always as well as of those which the passing from one generation to another must inevitably alter—she would have often degenerated into pettiness.

Miss Amy was old-fashioned—yes, and



often fussy, but never petty. She had said, in that one moment of expansion, that the love of her young days had kept her heart from growing old and soured; and her words had given Ula food for much thought. It was the girl's first insight into a life that held something deeper than her own experience; and, unknown to herself, it was widening her character as well as deepening her love and admiration for the dear old lady, whom she had up to now pitied a little and, when there was no one by but Maura, laughed at for her small fussiness.

When no letter came from Liverpool, Miss Lucy's forebodings would come crowding back to Maura's mind; and it was only when they received a paper, with one of the envelopes she herself had addressed as wrapper, that her fears were again laid to rest. The paper contained a list of passengers sailing on the boat upon which Oliver had selected to make his journey, and his name was marked with a pencilled cross. But of news or letter of any kind there was none; and whilst Maura tried to think of good reasons to account for such silence, Ula was loud in her denouncement of Oliver's laziness or thoughtlessness, one or other of which, she held, could be the only explanation of such neglect. It was all very well for *him*, she declared; he had all the excitement and novelty of a first voyage to amuse him; but they, who had so little, who were obliged to go on in the old humdrum routine,—they were denied even a letter. It was too bad of him!

Then, as was now so often the case, a visit to Miss Amy brought her to a better frame of mind. Perhaps, after all, Oliver really had been prevented from writing. She would not condemn him unless he failed to account, not only for his omission to send even a card from Liverpool, but for his silence in regard to his whole journey across the Atlantic.

In due time the postman brought the long-expected missive to the Corner House,

and Ula flew with it in search of her sister. The envelope was another of those so carefully addressed by Maura, and then packed in the black bag for use on the journey; but it came to them as something of a shock that the letter inside was a typewritten document.

"I hope nothing has happened to him!" Maura cried, in quick alarm; whilst at the same moment Ula exclaimed at Oliver's quick adoption of American customs.

As they read the distinct, businesslike lines, they agreed that the American atmosphere must, indeed, be powerful in working changes; for Oliver, even with the days upon the ship to fill up space, had written only a short, hurried letter. They had had a rough crossing, and out of this fact the readers drew an excuse for enforced silence. The steamer had just landed, and Oliver was about to start for Philadelphia. Then only did a touch of his usual style come in.

"You must not expect long rigmaroles from me whilst I am over here," he remarked, "such as the one I wrote from London. Time here means dollars. And, speaking of money, from what I gather, our uncle is not nearly so rich as he led us to suppose. If I find he is as ill as the man who told me this says he is, I may have to stay with him till he dies. Meanwhile do not expect me to send you anything, nor, as I have already said, to write often."

"It is a horrid letter!" burst out Ula, when the reading was over.

"It isn't kind to write to us like that," Maura agreed, and the tears started to her eyes. "I don't like the idea of showing it at the Doctor's House."

"I think," suggested Ula, "that if you sort of read *niceness* into it as you go on, they won't notice so much. After all, it is not what he really says that is so—so unlike him, but rather the tone of the letter, and the things he does not say. O Maura, won't it be dreadful if money spoils our brother! If it does, I hope what he hears is true, and that Uncle



Hugh isn't really a millionaire, after all."

"But it won't, — it can't spoil him!" cried Maura, loyally. "Think of all the prayers he has! Miss Lucy and Miss Amy, not to speak of Father Ram,—and as for poor Anne, I think she prays for him hours at a time."

"Except when she's calling me, to find fault with my way of mending linen," said Ula ruefully, picking up a half-darned pillow-cover, and rising to answer the call that came from the kitchen—which was really Anne's excuse to hear the news of Oliver..

In reading to Anne Oliver's letter, Maura tried to put Ula's advice into practise; but Anne was not to be deceived by such transparent pretences.

"Lord, help the boy!" was her muttered comment, "an' preserve an' defend him! He'll need it every minute, if that's the kind of a letter he writes!" And, without waiting for anything further, she returned to her kitchen and to her prayers.

(To be continued.)

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### Sonnet.

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FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

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**M**Y frail bark now through life's tempestuous flood

Is steered, and full in view that port is seen

Where all must answer what their course has been,

And every deed be tried, if bad or good.

Now do those lofty dreams, my fancy's brood,

Which made of Art an idol and a queen,

Melt into air; and now I feel—how keen!—  
That what I needed most I most withstood.

Ye fabled joys, ye loves that blight and burn,

What are ye now, if twofold death be nigh?

The first is certain, and the last I dread.

Ah, what does Sculpture, what does Painting turn,

When we have seen the Cross, and fixed our eye

On Him whose arms of love are there  
outspread!

### The Story of St. Cecilia.

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BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

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#### II.

**T**HE Angel having returned to heaven, Cecilia and Valerianus remained together, their hearts almost breaking with joy. For long hours they talked of heavenly things, and then, toward the afternoon, their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Tiburtius, the gay, loving, younger brother, who declared that he had stayed away long enough, and *must* see his dear Valerianus. Advancing toward his new sister, he bent down and lightly kissed her hair, and then exclaimed, in delight at the exquisite fragrance emanating from it:

"Cecilia, I am full of wonder to know whence, at this season of the year, comes this perfume of roses and lilies. For even if I held real roses and real lilies in my hands they could not diffuse such sweet odors on my senses. I declare to you that I feel as refreshed as if I had just received new being!"

It was Valerianus who answered: "The enjoyment of this fragrance which has been granted to thee at my prayer, Tiburtius, shall, if thou wilt now believe, be surpassed by the joy of seeing these heavenly flowers, and of knowing Him whose blood flows red as the rose, whose flesh is white as lilies. We two wear crowns, invisible to thee now, woven of flowers, dazzling as purple, purer than snow."

At these words the first faint dawn of things spiritual broke on the mind of Tiburtius; but there was a struggle before it could pierce the veil of contented materialism that had enveloped him all his life.

"Art thou dreaming, Valerianus?" he cried. "Or is it possible that these things are truth?"

"We have dreamed all our lives, brother," was the reply. "Now we have awaked, to see the truth."

The colloquy goes on. Valerianus, with all the ardor of his recent illumination upon him, tries to impart to his brother that which he learned but a few hours earlier. Cecilia has kept silence before the quick flow of question and answer; but at a certain moment she intervenes, and, with the calm majesty that so singularly invests all her words and actions, says: "It is to me, dear Tiburtius, that you should put these questions. Valerianus is new in the Faith: I have known all the Christian doctrines from my childhood." And then comes that magnificent unfolding of the truths of Christianity, which sounds more like the authoritative teaching of one of the Fathers of the Church than the profession of Faith of a young girl. No point seems left in doubt: it is a luminous paraphrase of the Creed, adapted, with sublime tact and wisdom, to the requirements of the youth nurtured in merely pagan piety, surrounded with everything that could make this life attractive, and utterly unconscious of the immortality that was in him.

That breaks on him as a new light, undreamed of before; but he does not yield at once, like Valerianus. He cries out in revolt when told that in order to be purified he must take the same road—cast himself at the feet of a poor proscribed old man hiding under ground among the tombs of despised victims. "But there is a price set on that old man's head," he urged; "and if we are known to hold any intercourse with him we shall be tortured and killed, and shall lose our lives here for a hope which may be vain, after all."

Cecilia had convinced him of the folly of worshipping idols made, as she said, "of stone and metal, dug and fashioned by criminals." But life—life as he knew it—was too sweet and real to be risked for anything less than the certainty of a better one. "Is it possible," he breaks out, "that there can be another life after this one? Never have I heard of such a doctrine."

Few in Rome had heard of it. The very barbarians held some misty hope of future reward, some half-formed fear of future punishment; but the masters of the world then, like so many of its masters now, had sunk so deep in materialism that atheism was the only doctrine suited to their voluntary blindness; and even gallant, honest young men like Tiburtius and his brother had not a suspicion that any other could exist. Yet, because they were honest and their hearts were pure, they did not turn their eyes away when the light was shown them.

Cecilia went on to relate the truths of our Redemption,—her discourse evidently intended not only to enlighten Tiburtius, but to amplify and perfect for Valerianus the instruction received from Urban during the preceding night. And at last Tiburtius, all his doubts at rest, threw himself, with many tears, at her feet, crying: "If ever again I consider this present life worth a thought or a wish, let me never obtain life eternal! Let fools hold to the insensate pleasures that pass away: I, who have lived until to-day without an object, will never henceforth live without one." Then, appealing to Valerianus, he implored: "Have mercy on me, dearest brother; for I can bear no waiting. I fear delay. I can not carry this weight. I beseech thee take me to the man of God, that, purifying me, he may make me a partaker of the other life."

Gladly Valerianus led him to Urban, who received him tenderly, baptized him the next day, and kept him at his side for seven days following, during which the generous boy's ardor was enflamed by beholding the crowded tombs of the martyrs, all marked by palm branches in sign of victory. He returned to the palace by the Tiber, a giant in strength, desiring only the hour when he should be called upon to confess Christ before men. And then began that beautiful life of the three saints, which lasted indeed only a few months, but which must have been like a foretaste of heaven,—a life all



full of love of God and charity to man. Cecilia gave much time and most of her wealth to the poor Christians, among whom were great numbers of widows and orphans deprived of their breadwinners by the ferocity of Almachius, Prefect of Rome.

The chief characteristics of Turcius Almachius were rapacity and cruelty. While Alexander Severus was actually in Rome, the Emperor's presence and his known dislike of bloodshed in times of peace, acted as a salutary curb on the inclinations of the Prefect. But in the year 230 Alexander was absent for a long time, apparently in Persia, since some medals commemorating his victories there were struck with this date. The civil power reposed entirely in the hands of Almachius, and he made haste to use it to satisfy his virulent hatred of the Christians. In this he found powerful allies among the people, whose feelings against the new religion had been fomented by a thousand calumnies, amusingly like those which the enemies of the Church pay such large sums to have circulated now.

No sooner had the Emperor departed than the storm of the Prefect's fury broke out. The Christians, chiefly poor people with no one to defend them, were apprehended, tortured, and killed in enormous numbers. The places of execution ran day after day with their blood. But the rage of their official persecutor was not satisfied with inflicting merely suffering and death. Knowing the great reverence with which the followers of Christ regarded the bodies of the martyrs, he issued an edict forbidding their burial. They were to lie where they fell, and whosoever should attempt to give them sepulture was to be condemned to share their fate.

So frightful was the slaughter at this time that the older underground cemeteries were all choked with dead. But St. Calixtus, the predecessor of Urban, had foreseen, or had perceived by prophetic revelation, the coming necessity, and had prepared a vast new Catacomb adjoining

the older ones along the Appian Way. It had not long to wait for its glorious occupants. The Christians regarded the burial of the martyrs as a most solemn duty, from which no danger to themselves was ever allowed to deter them. Those who had money, frequently paid great sums to obtain the mangled remains, which they lovingly gathered together, wrapped in spices and perfumes, and carried, at the risk of their lives, into the sacred vaults of the Catacombs. Great numbers paid for their devotion with their blood, but others always came forward to take their places.

What was the surprise of the poor haunted Christians to behold, in that spring of 230, two of the noblest and most brilliant young officers in Rome present themselves day after day to assist in this perilous duty! With all the courage of their rank and profession, Valerianus and Tiburtius devoted themselves to saving the holy bodies from profanation, and spent their wealth lavishly in bestowing on them funeral honors. Cecilia had always done all she could to assist in the pious work, but the restrictions placed on noble ladies had so far saved her from attracting the baneful notice of the Prefect. It was otherwise with Valerianus and his brother. They were well known and could not pass unperceived. Almachius was furious when he heard of their actions. He was ready enough to persecute the poor. Should the Emperor, on his return, inquire into the sacrifice of so many thousands of his subjects, the old excuse could be given: either they had raised a sedition, or else the people had turned against them, and the authorities had not been able to control the popular fury. But when it came to wealthy young officers of the Guard, everywhere respected and admired, a very different sort of inquiry would be instituted; and the Prefect would probably be severely reprimanded, if not actually punished, for having laid hands upon them.

Yet, for his own sake, he must see that

his orders were respected. Doubtless these fashionable youths had been led away by foolish enthusiasms, and would see reason when the all-powerful Prefect laid it before them. He would send for them and give them a good lecture; they would express their regret at having offended him, and then he would let them go.

Little he knew the spirit of those gallant boys. When they stood before him, he sought to appeal to their pride by asking them if it was really true that they, men of patrician standing, were not only squandering their fortune on lowborn wretches, but were actually giving their dead bodies honorable burial. Was it possible that nobles had become the accomplices of criminals? Tiburtius, the younger and more impulsive of the brothers, answered him.

"Would to God," he cried, "that those whom you call our accomplices would permit us to become their servants! They have obtained the only reality. May we imitate their holiness and one day follow in their footsteps!"

This was not what Almachius had expected, and he tried to soothe and flatter the young man's feelings by turning the conversation into other channels, and by complimenting him on his remarkable resemblance to his brother. Tiburtius was not to be lured aside. A strange dialogue on the philosophy of Christianity ensued; and then the Prefect, declaring that Tiburtius had lost his reason, smilingly dismissed him, and addressed himself, with no better fortune, to Valerianus. His great object now was to prevent the young men from making a public profession of their Christianity. One sees how the crafty, middle-aged man feared equally the risk of bringing them to punishment and that of having his supremacy openly flouted before the people. But all his cowardly efforts were in vain. Valerianus, in presence of the multitudes that curiosity or sympathy had now gathered around him, boldly declared that there was but one true God, and that those

who worshipped idols made by men were destined to eternal punishment. Then the impossible happened. To silence him, Almachius commanded that he, the free-born Roman noble, should be publicly scourged. The sentence was executed on the spot. Tiburtius mourned that he did not share it,—his brother had preceded him in suffering for Christ.

The greatest excitement prevailed. The sound of the lead-laden scourge tearing the martyr's flesh filled the air. A herald shouted, for the benefit of the onlookers: "Beware of blaspheming the gods and goddesses!" With a great effort, Valerianus made his voice heard above the tumult. "Citizens of Rome," he cried, "be not discouraged by the sight of my torments from confessing the truth! Be firm in your Faith and believe in the one true holy God. Destroy the false gods to whom Almachius sacrifices. Crush and annihilate them; for all who adore them will be tormented everlastingly."

In spite of the constancy of the brothers, Almachius, frightened at the possible consequences of his acts, was at this point inclined to let them go. But the devil, in the shape of one Tarquinius, his assessor of taxes, managed to whisper in his ear: "If you do not condemn them now, they will give all their wealth to the poor, and there will be nothing left for you—to confiscate."

Instantly Avarice sprang to her throne in the ever-docile soul of Almachius. With much pomp and severity he pronounced sentence on the "criminals." They were to be led out to the Pagus Triopius, the Temple of Jupiter, by the fourth milestone of the Appian Way, and there commanded to offer incense to the idol. If they refused, they were to be beheaded and their bodies left where they should fall.

(To be continued.)

THOSE who desire excuse for hatred of a religion or of a system can usually find it in the faults of those who belong to it.—*John Ayscough.*



## Cuddy.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

"THANK you!" grunted the old man, as he received the paper which Cuddy had rescued for him. "What's your name?"

"Cuddy," responded the boy.

"Huh! Never heard such a fool name. Are you the chap that's been here a couple of months? Goodness knows it's bad enough to be in a place like this for a week."

"Yes," quietly answered the child. "But I am going home soon," as an ineffable smile broke on his face. "I never thought I'd walk. I can go out with Jim now. He's my brother. When I get big I can work; and then, when I earn money, mother won't have to sew all the time. And she cries lots. But, you see, she doesn't know that I saw her one day when she was praying and crying, too. There's a little statue of the Blessed Virgin in her room. Her room is next to mine."

"What's she crying about?" snapped the man.

"I don't know. Daddy has been sick, and Jim says we are awful poor; but mother isn't any cry-baby, Mister. She's always smiling, and making a fellow feel awful good. Only just sometimes, when she thinks no one sees her, she cries; and she's got some beautiful dresses and things, too, put away. She never wears them, but she sometimes looks at them awful sad. Her daddy gave them to her. I guess he must have loved her a lot,—'most as much as daddy and mother love Jim and me; and her daddy must have felt ter'ble sorry when she got poor; don't you think so?"

Not at all discouraged by the unresponsiveness of his listener, he continued:

"But I guess he got poor then, too, or he wouldn't have let her stay poor, would he? Yes, he must have been awful poor," he reflected.

"Couldn't he work either?" snarled the man.

"Who?"

"Your mother's daddy."

"Oh, he must have died a long time ago, — maybe just after we got poor! I don't know. He never lived where we do, and mother never told us anything about him except that he gave her the beautiful things, and the blue wedding dress, and a little gold box for jewelry. He gave her that on her birthday. But the looking-glass that swings in a silver frame that could stand on a table — only mother keeps it in a trunk — he didn't give her that. She said that used to stand on her mother's dressing table, before her mother died. And I just know my mother's daddy must be dead, too; 'cause long ago I remember mother told us when we were saying our prayers at night that we must always pray for our grandfather. We always do."

The cranky old gentleman seemed to have some difficulty in getting his breath, and the paper was being twisted and torn in his restless hands.

"The jewel box — the — mirror!" he gasped. "What did you say your name was, boy?" he almost shouted, when he finally gained control of his voice.

"Cuddy."

"That's no name! I mean" (as a protesting, indignant look flashed from the big brown eyes in the chair), — "I mean that isn't your real name, you know. Does everyone call you 'Cuddy'?"

"Yes," nodded the boy, — "everybody that loves me does, and nearly everybody I know does," — unaware that from any one else this innocent admission would have savored of vanity. "The nurses call me that, and Sister calls me that, too; but she says my other name is the name of a great saint, and that when I grow up I must be called by his name — Paul."

"Hm! Paul. Not much like Cuddy! Paul what?"

"Paul Driscoll."

"Driscoll! Driscoll!" His face was

becoming purple, and the frightened boy visitor hurried as fast as he could to the door to call the nurse.

"Sister! Sister!" — to the black-robed figure hastening down the corridor. "Come quick!"

Sister Bernardine was at the door in a moment. One quick, comprehending glance, and she said:

"Oh, this is too bad, Mr. Adams! The doctor warned you about becoming excited, and forbade you to exert yourself in the least degree; yet something unusual must have produced this attack. And she turned to give hurried directions to an assistant, who had also responded to Cuddy's cry.

"You had better go back to your room now, dear, and don't try to walk any more to-day," said Sister Bernardine, kindly; believing, however, that in some way the boy's visit had annoyed the eccentric patient.

Cuddy, from his room all the rest of the long day, seemed to hear many feet going in and out of the strange neighbor's room. Unfamiliar voices of men seemed to murmur incessantly, and sometimes he heard Mr. Adams' low-pitched and broken replies. Later the priest went in the room, and the boy dimly wondered if that cross old man could possibly be a Catholic. Was he getting better or worse? Occasionally he would ask one of the nurses who passed the door.

"Just the same," or "No change," was the invariable reply; but the peculiar glance that accompanied it was getting on Cuddy's nerves. He had been told not to go in there, and perhaps his disobedience had brought serious results. Yet Cuddy had gone in only to give the man his paper.

The Sister who came in with his supper, however, assured him that he should not blame himself in any way; that God was very good; that His ways were not our ways. All of which was quite consoling, if not at all clear, to the little boy. But surely Sister did not mean it when she said:

"How would you like to see your mother to-night, dear?"

"Oh, oh!" and he clasped his hands tight. He could not say more. But the expression on his face spoke volumes.

"Perhaps you may see her if—"

"Oh, no, Sister! I couldn't get there so soon, could I? Am I going right after supper?"

"Your mother is coming here to-night. We sent for her at noon. When she goes back; you can go with her."

Cuddy's cup of joy was full. His mother was coming, and he was going home. While he was too happy to concern himself much about ways and means, the thought would obtrude and filter through his bliss that the doctor had intended to bring him home, and that the railroad journey would cost a great deal, and he did not want to be the cause of an additional expense. So he was just a bit sorry, after all, that Sister had sent the message.

It was late; the lights were turned low in the corridor, and Cuddy had given up all hope of his mother coming. Suddenly he heard her voice—but was it his mother that was asking in tones full of anguish:

"Am I too late, Sister? Oh, am I too late?" And the steps hurried to his door—and passed it. They went to Mr. Adams' room.

Then it was not his mother! The certainty that it had been his mother's voice made the disappointment greater. She would not come now. But he would listen again for that voice, and try to imagine that his mother had really come. The voice, however, heard now only through sobs, was not at all familiar, and then there was a long silence. Cuddy never before felt so lonesome. If Sister would only come in to see if he wanted anything, as she did other nights, it would break this terrifying stillness. And then, after what seemed ages, the door of Mr. Adams' room opened. Sister was



coming to his room, and yes—his mother! "Mother!" he cried. Oh, mother!"—and he was safely enfolded in his mother's arms.

After the first joy of meeting could be broken in upon by extraneous topics, Cuddy remembered, and exclaimed:

"I knew it was you, and then I knew it wasn't, because—because you didn't know Mr. Adams. And then it was you, after all."

"Yes, dear, I knew him" (in a voice from which grief had washed all tears). "Mr. Adams was my father."

And then the little boy, pressed close to the aching heart, heard the story that earlier in the day Sister Bernardine had heard from lips now still forever.

Mr. Adams had not been a Catholic, and had been bitterly opposed to his only daughter marrying one of that belief; but when she had further signified her intention of embracing that proscribed faith, his anger knew no bounds. He had forbidden her to enter his home again. A letter she had written him had been returned unopened, and he had never heard from her afterward. He had gone abroad. From the little boy he had received the first intimations of privations and trials cheerfully borne, and of days when the proverbial wolf must have stalked uncomfortably close to the humble door. But he had not known, until her trembling lips told him, that she had never ceased to pray for him,—prayed that his heart would be softened toward her, and that he would be given the grace to enter the Church, within whose fold she had found solace and strength through the grey, bitter days.

During his later years, he had told the Sister, it had been borne in upon him that the religion for which his daughter would sacrifice his love, and all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, must hold something greater than it was given him to understand; and, more through curiosity than through interest, he had decided to investigate its claims. The

result was inevitable. He received his First Communion in Paris, and almost immediately sailed in search of his daughter. As the Driscolls had lived in the obscure quarters of several cities, it was impossible to trace them; and he had practically given up all hope of ever finding them, and was trying to accept the idea of their probable deaths,—a line of remorseful thought not at all conducive to amiability in a man who for years had been a chronic and an irritable invalid. He knew lately that his days were numbered; and, although his soul had found peace, it was not easy for him to shake off the habits of a lifetime, as a result of which the irascible old gentleman had been left severely alone, until the little boy, ignoring the scowl, had made his acquaintance, and in their conversation had unconsciously disclosed his own identity.

Cuddy's mother had not been too late to assure her father that there was nothing for her to forgive: that she desired only his blessing. The brief reunion was comforting to both, and made the final parting, not long afterward, more easily borne.

But it was Cuddy who, after all, had done something to make his mother happy. That afternoon the dying man had sent for his lawyers, and they had added an interesting codicil to his last will,—a will that originally contained generous provision for his daughter's family. The new clause stated that one-third of his immense estate was, "in reward for a great service to me this day rendered, to be bestowed upon my beloved grandson, Paul Driscoll, better known and best loved as 'Cuddy.'"

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ONE of the failings which chiefly produces lack of faith is lack of courage. Faith is a power; and as, in history, it has wrestled with all the powers of this world, so in the history of a soul it wrestles with powers unseen.

—Aubrey de Vere.

## A Memory of Lourdes.

BY X. Y. Z.

I HAD been working hard all day as *brancardier*—carrying the sick and helping to keep order among some thirty thousand pilgrims,—when a clear, childish treble suddenly called out:

"Monsieur, I want to speak to you. Will you come here a moiment, please?"

I knew the voice. It belonged to a paralyzed little girl who had come to Lourdes a few days before with a Swiss pilgrimage. Her parents (so I was told) lived in an Alpine valley. They were very poor, and some kind-hearted people had paid her journey to Lourdes in the hope that she might be cured. She was generally known in the hospital as Miss "I Want," from her half-commanding, half-coaxing little ways, which proved quite irresistible. At least the nuns and attendants could never refuse her anything.

"I am very busy," I replied, crossing over to her couch, "and can not stay long."

"Please sit there!" she said, pointing to a chair. "I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" I asked, dropping resignedly into the seat indicated.

Before answering, she looked anxiously round, lest any one might be listening; then, having satisfied herself on that score, she began in a cautious whisper:

"A few days after I came here, I promised the Blessed Virgin to place a large wax candle on her shrine if she obtained something for me."

"Well?"

"Yesterday the favor was granted, so now I should like you to help me keep my promise."

"Did you ask Our Lady to make you well? Are you feeling stronger to-day?"

"Oh, no! I didn't ask anything for myself."

"Not for yourself? Then for whom did you ask it?"

"I would rather not say," she answered so decidedly that I felt rebuked.

"So you want me to see about the candle?" I went on.

"Yes. My parents are poor, and—"

"And can not afford the expense. Would you like me to pay for the candle?"

"Oh, no!" she replied hastily. "It wouldn't be *my* gift then, would it? I want you to—to sell my earrings."

It was out at last. Almost involuntarily, my eyes rested on the trinkets with which she wished to part: two tiny daisies, with a yellow bead in the centre of each,—cheap little articles, not worth more than a franc when new. Yet in the child's eyes they were beautiful, and a queen parting with her jewels would not have made a greater sacrifice than did Miss "I Want" in giving up her one treasure. All the same, I did not relish the task she had imposed upon me. She noticed my hesitation, and said:

"Won't you sell them for me?"

"Yes, of course I will, if you really wish it."

"Thank you,—oh, thank you!"

With deft fingers she took off one of the earrings and handed it to me.

"You must help me with the other," she added wistfully. "It is my bad side."

My clumsy fingers were rather awkward over the job, I fear, but presently daisy number two rested in the palm of my hand.

"You will get all the money you can for them," she pleaded anxiously, "so that I may buy a real big taper for the Grotto?"

I promised to do my best, while inwardly wondering how I should ever be able to dispose of the earrings. To buy them up myself seemed the only course open to me. I had just come to this conclusion when, on crossing the courtyard to get my orders for the morrow, I met the Vicomtesse de M——, who had come to inquire after some of the patients.

"And how is Miss 'I Want,' as you all call her? Does she get her way as much as ever?"

"I am afraid so," I confessed. "By the bye, she has just given me a commission



which I am at a loss how to execute."

"May I ask what it is?"

I produced the earrings and told her of the child's promise.

"How sweet of her!" said the Vicomtesse, greatly touched. "Since you don't know what to do with them, sell them to me. I will take them home to my sick daughter. I am sure they will bring a blessing with them."

The next morning, as soon as I reached the hospital, I hurried to Louise's bedside.

"Have you sold them?" she inquired anxiously.

"Yes: a friend of mine bought them for twenty francs. Here is the money."

"Twenty francs! How splendid!" Then, in her most coaxing manner, she added: "Could we go to the shop at once and buy the candle? It is not far from the Grotto."

We bought the candle,—one of the largest in the shop,—and, while Louise hugged it tightly, I wheeled her to her usual place among the other invalids. She was still holding the taper when one of the men in charge of the shrine caught sight of it and offered to take it from her.

"Oh, no, thank you! I want to place it myself in the Grotto," she answered pleadingly. "I can, can't I?"

The man looked across at me.

"Could you carry her?" he suggested.

So I picked her up, blanket and all—for the morning air was chilly,—and, amid many a smile from the onlookers, she placed the candle at Our Lady's feet.

A few minutes later she was back in her chair, and I was standing a little in the rear, when I saw her raise her eyes to the statue of the Virgin in its niche among the rocks, and I heard her murmur:

"Holy Mother, I have kept my promise. Thank you very much for curing the other one!"

Without meaning to do so, I had learned her secret. The "other one" was, no doubt, the girl who had occupied the bed next to Louise, and who had been cured the day before at the passage of the Blessed Sacrament.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*August 10, Feast of St. Laurence.*

THE feast of the great martyr-deacon of Rome is one of those whose rank sets aside the ordinary Sunday liturgy to-day. Ever since the fifth century, at least, St. Laurence has been honored by a vigil in preparation for his festival and an octave after it; thus has the Church given to him equal rank with the Apostles. Prudentius, the Christian poet, writing about a century after the martyrdom, ascribes to the prayers of the saint the conversion of Rome to Christ: "Once the mother of false gods, but now the Bride of Christ, O Rome, it is through Laurence thou art victorious! . . . The death of Christ's martyr gave the death-blow to the worship of idols." We can not wonder, then, that Rome should render such great homage to her beloved martyr as to raise in his honor no less than twenty-four sanctuaries in the Eternal City; the most beautiful being that built over the tomb he shares with his fellow martyr-deacon, St. Stephen, by the Emperor Constantine. The glory of the saint, which filled Rome, naturally spread throughout the Church. "As it is impossible for Rome to be concealed," says St. Augustine, "so it is equally impossible to hide Laurence's crown."

The saint is believed to have been born in Spain, but he was brought up in Rome by Pope St. Sixtus II., who ordained him deacon while still young, and placed him over the treasures of the Church, giving him the care of the poor and destitute. The holy Pope was seized and dragged to the temple of Mars, where he was required to offer sacrifice. Indignantly refusing, he was led to death. His faithful deacon begged him with tears to allow him to suffer with him. "You have never offered sacrifice without your deacon!" he cried. Sixtus consoled Laurence by

foretelling his martyrdom also in three days, and charged him to distribute all the riches of the Church among the poor, of whom the deacon kept a list to the number of some fifteen hundred. Laurence obeyed; and when the treasures of the Church were demanded of him, he assembled a multitude of poor and pointed to *them* as God's treasures. The indignant prefect scourged and racked him, and finally put him to death on a large grid-iron over a slow fire. With his last breath, Laurence prayed for Rome's conversion. He suffered in 258, during the persecution of Valerian.

The liturgy is full of his praises. The Introit sings of the glory the martyr enjoys in God's unveiled presence: "Praise and beauty are before him; holiness and majesty in his sanctuary." The psalm in like manner sings of God's greatness: "Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle; sing to the Lord all the earth." At first sight this seems scarcely as appropriate for the festival as that appointed for the octave day, which refers to the saint's sufferings by fire, and is identical with this day's Gradual. But the fact is that in the early ages this feast was observed with such solemnity that there was a Mass celebrated soon after midnight, as well as that of the day. In this, known as the Mass "of the night or of the early morning," the Introit was that now used for the octave day; the Solemn Mass commemorated the glory won by suffering.

The Collect prays for fortitude: "Grant us, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, to extinguish the flames of our vices, who didst grant to blessed Laurence to overcome the fire of his torments."

The Epistle eulogizes the "cheerful giver" whom God loveth, and who hath sown his good deeds without stint, to receive God's harvest. St. Laurence not only gave of this world's goods with lavish hand to the needy, but he shed his own life-blood with cheerful fidelity for the faith he treasured so lovingly.

The Gradual celebrates his heroic con-

stancy. While the executioners held down his body with iron forks upon the red-hot bed on which he lay, Laurence cried to God in grateful accents: "I offer myself as a sacrifice, for an odor of sweetness." Therefore the Gradual sings: "Thou hast proved my heart, O Lord, and visited it by night! Thou hast tried me by fire, and iniquity hath not been found in me." The reference to the visitation by night is an appropriate allusion to his nocturnal sufferings, which suggested the offering of the Mass alluded to above.

The Alleluia verse refers to the miracles said to have been wrought by the saint on his fellow-prisoners: "Alleluia! The Deacon Laurence wrought a good work: he gave sight to the blind by the Sign of the Cross."

The Gospel speaks of the grain of wheat dying, in order to bring forth fruit. "He that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life eternal," it goes on to say. Then follows the promise of reward to the faithful servant: "Where I am, there also shall My minister be." The word "deacon," we may note, signifies "minister."

The Offertory verse is a repetition of the Introit.

The Communion verse repeats the closing words of the Gospel: "If any man minister to Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there also shall My minister be." We may read in this not only the general promise of Our Lord to all, but also the special promise made by Sixtus, Christ's Vicar, to Laurence, his faithful deacon. May St. Laurence's prayers obtain for us all a like fidelity in our Master's service!

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WHATEVER we may do, God's Church will live; but if we do nothing, or only little, victories and glories which might have come will be wanting to her, and we ourselves shall bear the stigma of cowardice and of indolence in presence of God's call to the fields of honor and of duty.—*Archbishop Ireland.*



## A Blessed Change in France.

ONE of the most interesting papers contributed to the initial number of the *Constructive Review* was that by M. Georges Goyau on "The Church of France To-Day." Referring to the religious awakening in that country—the increase of "practical religion"—he writes, in part, as follows:

Seven years have elapsed since the Law of Separation, and some very precise data enable us to measure the expansive force acquired by the Church during that time in the single diocese of Paris. The Paris of 1912 contains nine more parishes than at the time of the separation, and these nine parishes comprise 250,000 inhabitants. These are imposing figures: they represent a population almost equal to that of the whole city of Bordeaux. In the country surrounding Paris in 1912 there are fifteen more parishes than at the time of the separation, and these together contain 215,000 souls. Lastly, both in Paris and in the adjacent districts, twenty-four subsidiary chapels have been opened to meet the spiritual needs of 166,500 souls. Combining all these figures, we shall find that more than 630,000 souls, condemned seven years ago to an almost incurable religious destitution, in a very short time saw God draw near to them and take up His abode near them. . . .

These churches, these modest chapels, seem to be springing up out of the ground, and we see the faithful, little by little, coming to them. Here, again, figures are eloquent when we consider that these figures represent human souls. In one suburb of Paris, twenty years ago, but a single family was to be found willing to go the distance necessary to attend the services at a parish church a mile and a quarter away. Now 4000 altar breads are used during the Paschal season in this same neighborhood. In another neighborhood in the outskirts the number of dying persons ministered to by the priest has been multiplied by five in the last four years, and the number of First Communions multiplied by six, thanks to the erection of a subsidiary chapel. It can not be doubted that these dying men and women who are now beginning once more to hail the Church as a school of right dying, these First Communicants coming to the Church as to a school of right living, are yet only the smaller portion of the vast masses that had become pagan, estranged from the Catholic apostolate by adverse circumstances.

Testimony to the same effect is afforded, we notice, by a non-Catholic witness,—Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill, of the University of Geneva, writing in the current *Nineteenth Century*. In proof of his assertion that the young generation in France is returning to the Church, he says:

Out of the students of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, in Paris, upward of forty are to-day true Catholics, partaking of the Sacraments of the Church, and whose names are inscribed on the list of the *Conférence Saint-Vincent de Paul* of their parish. Ten years ago the number of such Catholics at the Ecole Normale was not more than three or four. In the largest State schools (*lycées*) in Paris—such as Condorcet, Henry IV., Louis-le-Grand—the renaissance of Catholicism is not less visible.

To sever France from Catholicism would be to sever her from her traditions, and a nation cut adrift from its traditions is like a ship without a compass in unknown and stormy seas. Bereft of its traditions, of the rules of conduct established by the experience of countless generations, a nation is necessarily a prey to anarchy; reduced to such a condition, society can have no hold over its component individuals, can furnish the latter with no adequate principle of action. Mere physical activity can not, in the long run, satisfy the socialized individual with his vast stores of instincts and desires. It is therefore indispensable that society should be strongly integrated, and it can be thus integrated only by a coherent and organized system of collective beliefs. This truth, long neglected in France, has been grasped by the young generation, which is Catholic and patriotic because Catholicism and patriotism furnish adequate principles of action, because Catholicism and patriotism furnish likewise adequate principles of discipline. Metaphysics, science, humanitarianism, furnish neither the one nor the other. Catholicism and patriotism, complete each other; both present the individual with an absolutely certain foundation for action; both command imperatively action in the name of intangible, irrational principles laid down *a priori* and independently of all individual verification.

All save the hopelessly pessimistic must have confidence in youth. It loves realization, it loves action. Since the young generation in France is tending to Catholicity, there can be no room for doubt as to the renaissance of French energy and the reawakening of France.

### Notes and Remarks.

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For obvious reasons, the Catholics of this country are not so thoroughly organized as their coreligionists in England; and it will be a long time, we fear, before gatherings so representative in every respect as the annual Congress of English Catholics can be possible in the United States. The conventions of the American Federation of Catholics, however, are becoming more and more important; and many of the addresses made at them are full of inspiration and suggestion,—as earnest and practical and outspoken as could be desired. We particularly admire the tone of an address by Archbishop Messmer at a recent convention held in Michigan. Among other trenchant and timely remarks were these:

The first purpose of the American Federation of Catholics is the promotion and defence of the Catholic Faith and Catholic institutions. We can practise our religion without interfering with the beliefs of other men. We are perfectly satisfied so long as we have all the rights guaranteed us by the Constitution. But we demand what the Constitution grants. And we are willing to grant the same to all others. We ask for no special privileges.

But there always have been some not willing to grant us our rights. They consider us a menace to the country, a body of people owing political allegiance to a foreign power. They can't understand how a Catholic can be loyal to his Church and his country at the same time. They seek to turn public sentiment and political influence against us. If the State tries to curtail our rights, we will go into politics and fight. We do not enter politics unless the State forces us to do so. We do not want to fight. We will never violate the Constitution by entering partisan politics,—that would be destroying the Federation itself. But in the making and shaping of laws that touch questions of religion and morals it is our duty to take an active part.

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Once again the whole country is indulging in futile condemnation of the defective legislation that constructively permits such appalling loss of life as occurred the other day in the burning of a factory at Binghamton, New York. Two years and

a half ago, the Triangle Waist Co. fire, in New York, with its loss of one hundred and forty-seven lives, was followed by the usual sporadic activity in enacting more drastic laws for the safeguarding of life in factories; but, unfortunately, buildings of four stories or less were exempted from many of the judicious regulations. This latest disaster occurred in a building only four stories in height, and it seems clear that it was easily preventable. Says the New York *Tribune*:

The Legislature was warned. It knew that it was taking a chance with human lives when it failed to require low buildings to be made really safe. It would cost \$400 or \$500 to put fireproof enclosed stairways in such buildings. The Legislature listened to the property-owners and exempted buildings like that in Binghamton from proper safety requirements. This law goes into effect on October 1. With the terrible lesson of the Binghamton fire before its eyes, the Legislature should amend it at once, so that there will be no more legalized factory death-traps.

This suggestion will probably be adopted; but the lesson of the fifty or sixty unnecessary deaths at Binghamton is wider in its scope than the question of safe factory buildings. It is that legislators, in all matters affecting the proper protection of the working people or the general public, should turn a deaf ear to the protests of interested parties who object to necessary precautions because of additional expense. "For ten dollars a piece," says the *Tribune* in the article quoted from, "these lives could have been saved."

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While no judicious citizen is likely to condone the rioting in which the Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World were recently the victims at Seattle, it is inevitable that the man in the street will think, in connection therewith, of such oldtime phrases as "taking their own medicine," "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," "it depends on whose ox is being gored," etc., etc. The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* does not hesitate to place the blame for the deplorable



affair with the I. W. W. and their Socialist allies. "Under the plea of free speech," it declares, "they nightly denounce our government, our flag, our police, our soldiers, and our sailors: They preach Syndicalism and *Sabotage*. They urge upon their followers just those tactics in which the crowd indulged Friday night. That is their own particular theory of government—government by mob, club, and torch." That their opponents should occasionally adopt their tactics against themselves is condemnable of course, but is not at all surprising.

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No one at the present day feels inclined to decry organization, even in such matters as charity to the poor and needy; but it is evident that there is such a thing as super-organization, an extreme which not infrequently goes far toward defeating its own aims. For instance, Mr. J. M. Lewis, of the *Houston Post*, declares that he has read of a case in Chicago recently, where a widowed mother who was in need of help applied to organized charity. The record of the case shows that she received three hundred dollars in dribblets, while five thousand dollars were spent in investigating her case!

We can fancy the uplifted hands and wide-open eyes of such Catholic charity-experts as the Little Sisters of the Poor, when they read of this extravagance and similar cases in which the letter of the law effectively kills its spirit.

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While Tennyson's ideal, "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," is not yet a matter of practical politics, it is undeniable that international action in various charitable and sociological directions is becoming more and more common. The latest instance to come to our notice is mentioned in this paragraph from *Rome*: "Two ladies, Mrs. James Hope and Miss Streeter, are here with the object of laying before the Holy Father for his approval the statutes of the International Union of Catholic Women's

Leagues. The Union has been in formative existence for three years, and now includes seventeen nationalities in Europe and America. At its meeting, held in London a short time ago, representatives were present from many Catholic Leagues in the United States, Canada, and South America, and from every European country except Portugal. It was felt that the preliminary time was over, and the statutes of the Union were put into definite form to be submitted to the Holy Father for his approval." Our Roman contemporary adds the hope that it will very shortly be able to chronicle that the approval has been granted.

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A few weeks ago Bishop Fallize blessed a church in Arendal, a new mission in Norway. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather on the occasion, he found the church thronged with people; non-Catholics—including the governor of the province, the chief judge, the mayor, the chief of police, etc.—in the majority. In telling the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* about the event, and the improvised sermon which the circumstances led him to substitute for the instruction he had prepared, the good Bishop says: "All listened to the discourse with rapt attention; and when I asked them all for their prayers, I noticed that several prominent men could not restrain their tears. No, the Norwegians have not forsaken Christ: the majority, I have told them so frankly, are Catholics without knowing it." And let us add that, consequent upon the apostolic energy of Mgr. Fallize, a goodly number of these Norwegians are rapidly discovering that the Church is their true religious mother.

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Noticing a new volume of the "Arts of the Church Series," dealing with "The Religious Drama," a non-Catholic critic writes: "The connection of drama with religion has been close from the earliest times; for the Church was not slow to realize the use of the arts as aids to worship

and means of instruction. The miracle plays of Mediæval times exercised an undoubted influence for good on the minds of the common people. During the prevalence of the Puritan spirit in England, however, everything connected with the stage was rigidly banned, as a thing evil and accursed. The modern revival of the religious drama is seen in the 'morality play' and the production of pieces religious in motive and spirit."

Would that there were more of them, and that they were patronized to the same extent that irreligious and immoral dramas are patronized!

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A distinction which it is worth while for students of world politics to bear in mind is made in the *Nineteenth Century* by Louis Elkind, M. D. "Briefly stated," he writes, "the social movement in Germany is now not the question of a fight between the rich and the poor, as used formerly to be the case, but between economic interests, the workers claiming a greater share of the profits of trading than they have had hitherto. This fight has of late become more widespread; for the meaning of the term 'workingman' has been enlarged. A 'workingman' nowadays is not merely one who does manual labor, but also one who, like the clerk, the manager, the shop-assistant, and even the journalist, receives a fixed wage and nothing more."

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The American press' opinion of Mexico is so insistently forced upon our attention nowadays that, if only for variety's sake, it may be worth while to peruse a specimen of the Mexican press' opinion of the United States. A journal published in Mexico city, which is said to reflect the views of the Huerta administration, thus expresses itself:

To many Latin-Americans the United States is the first nation in the world, because, with the wonder of the savage, they admire its immense railways traversed by colossal engines; its gigantic cities, whose buildings touch the clouds; its billions of dollars distributed among

oil kings, steel kings, railway kings, newspaper kings, and even sausage kings and canned-meat kings; its war vessels bristling with big guns vomiting destruction and death, in the high-sounding phrase of a Spanish poet; and, in fine, the whole *ensemble* of material progress that has accumulated in the neighboring republic in a relatively short period of years. And yet the United States is very far from being the first nation in the world. Germany and England are stronger from the military point of view; France, richer; Japan, better prepared for war; and Russia has, perhaps, a greater fund of reserve strength. The armies of some European nations—Germany, France, Russia—consist of hundreds of thousands of men, and, in the event of a conflict, of millions; the English and Japanese fleets are in condition of great superiority over the Yankee fleet; and, in spite of the fabulous legend of American gold, any person of enlightenment knows that the great accumulations of that metal exist in the banks of France and England.

The modicum of truth—of course we can not possibly admit that there is more—in the foregoing paragraph might well exercise a chastening influence on the spirit of braggadocio not yet wholly extinct (we admit it) in this land of the free and home of the brave.

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At a recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of central New York there was presented a report to the effect "that there is a concerted 'movement' to 'Roman Catholicize' America, and a 'real' danger to Protestantism lies in the fact." Whereupon the *Auburn Citizen* comments as follows:

Naturally and inevitably there is a "movement" to "Roman Catholicize" America. Why not? There is likewise a movement to Presbyterianize America, to Methodize it, to Episcopalize it, etc. Each Church either has its propaganda of conversion or else it is dead. The Catholic Church, not being dead, quite naturally is doing its best to make converts. For our part, we say more power to it as a Christianizer. But that is neither here nor there. Anybody who is "alarmed" in this day and age by the "Roman Catholic menace" must indeed be even more narrow-minded and suffering from a worse infliction of bigotry than that infamously bigoted publication—which by good right ought to be suppressed—which frankly calls itself the *Menace*. The cry of "No Popery!"



and "Down with the Catholics!" is a survival of Know-Nothingism, which deserves nothing but rebuke wherever it shows its ugly head.

The foregoing is a fair specimen of non-Catholic editorial opinions that are becoming increasingly common throughout this country, and that are being evoked by just such nefarious anti-Catholic tactics as are pursued by the publication mentioned and the dunces known as the Guardians of Liberty.

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Few persons among those who have never actually inspected the greatest of the world's basilicas can form an approximately correct idea of the expense involved in the upkeep of St. Peter's in Rome. One work at present under way in that immense edifice is the marbleizing—or, rather, the coating with genuine marble—of the pilasters. The effect produced, judging from the portion already completed, will be notably splendid. The *Univers* of Paris is authority for the statement that by next September or October the eight pilasters of the apse will be finished. The Administrator of the *Fabbrica* of St. Peter's, Mgr. Di Bisogno, whose administration will be marked in the splendid basilica by so many intelligent works, has already received the funds necessary for the construction of seven of these pilasters. Other positive promises have been given which ensure the enmarbling of several others. The cost for each pilaster is said to be seven thousand dollars.

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We have already had occasion to commend the beneficent activities of the Catholic Women's League Protectorate of Chicago, and more particularly the practical aid proffered by these ladies to young immigrant girls who are travelling alone. As an instance of this up-to-date practicality, here is a card of directions, copies of which are distributed in Europe to intending immigrants (of course in their own language):

(1) Write to the Catholic Women's League Protectorate beforehand, if possible. (2) Accept

no position, before leaving home or afterward, no matter by whom it is offered, nor make arrangements for a room, unless it has been investigated by us. (3) Enter into conversation with no one on the train. (4) Never leave the train for lunch or sight-seeing. (5) Chicago has several outlying stations. *Do not get off* at any of these: *wait* until the train makes its last stop, and everybody is leaving it. (6) When you leave the train, give this card to a *woman guide* wearing the badge of the Catholic W. L. Protectorate, or the Travellers' Aid, or take it to the *matron of the station*. Accept advice from *no one else*. (7) If by any chance you are lost or bewildered, telephone at once to Kedzie 168, and you will be immediately cared for. (8) Remember that wicked men and women, often of good appearance, even dressed as nurses and religious, are constantly travelling throughout the country, trying to secure young girls as White Slaves; and if you should be lured astray by one of these you would be forever lost to your friends and relatives.

If the casual, unreflecting reader imagines that the foregoing directions are needlessly detailed and minutiose, it is merely a proof that the said reader's knowledge of the methods employed by the agents of vice is much less extensive and correct than is that of the C. W. L. Experience has been their teacher, and they act accordingly.

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The *Presbyterian Witness* quotes another sectarian paper as follows regarding Sunday observance in Germany:

As matters are at present in Germany, Sunday is not a day for religious observance so much as a day for recreation, amusement, sport, and theatre-going. So long as people hold this view of Sunday, tinkering legislation for its better and-sacred observance is useless. The majority of the churches are more than half empty—at least in Protestant districts. There are hundreds of congregations where one seldom sees more than an occasional man. There are crowds of women and children, but the men are thronging the beer-houses and cafés or are scouring the fields and woods.

"At least in Protestant districts" is a significant qualification. As the *Casket* remarks, Protestants began with the error of exaggerating the requirements of Sunday observance; now they are at the other extreme.

### Notable New Books.

**Luther.** By Hartman Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation, from the German, by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. B. Herder.

Such of our readers as may be under the impression that Father Denifle's "Luther und Luthertum," published a few years ago, voiced the last Catholic word, the definitive Catholic judgment, on the monk of Wittenberg, the arch-"reformer" of the sixteenth century, will be forced, if they peruse the present work, to modify their opinion. Not less Catholic than the Dominican scholar, the Jesuit author of this later work is patently more serenely impartial, more free from the personal bias which, however natural to the Catholic student of Luther and his times, is not an ideal ingredient in the make-up of the judicious and authoritative historian. Father Grisar's purpose has been "to give an exact historical and psychological picture of Luther's personality"; and so scrupulously fair is his delineation that not a few readers, we opine, will doubt whether, in his determination to be perfectly upright, he has not perhaps leaned over backward. Protestant readers of the work will, presumably, be as surprised and pleased with its notable objectivity and its moderate tone as they have avowed themselves to be with the same qualities in the Catholic Encyclopedia. The principle upon which both the contributors to the last-mentioned work and the author of the present volume have acted is thus enunciated in Father Grisar's elaborate Introduction: "In all purely historical questions, in questions of fact and their inferences, the Catholic investigator is entirely free, and decides purely and simply to the best of his knowledge and conscience."

As for the contents of this first volume, they cover the period from 1505, when, at the age of twenty-two, Martin Luther entered the novitiate of the Augustinian monastery of Erfurt, to 1519, the year that marked the turning-point in the great "reformer's" career. The ten chapters devoted to this period are of exceptional interest as affording voluminous data on which to found a just judgment as to the upbuilding of the man. Father Grisar's method of sketching the psychological picture in his subject's own words is, from this viewpoint, entirely satisfactory and adequate. "It has frequently been necessary," says the Introduction, "to allow Luther to speak in his own words, in order that in matters which have been diversely interpreted, or on which he was somewhat uncertain, he may be free to bring forward

the pros and cons himself; we have thus given him the fullest opportunity to defend or accuse himself." The impression left on the mind of the reader can hardly be other than that Luther's was a forceful personality, a man endowed with several of the attributes of genuine greatness, but dominated by a conviction that he possessed all such attributes and was consequently superior in natural endowments and acquired scholarship to any and all of his contemporaries,—a conviction which, notwithstanding his admitted genius and originality, was unmistakably wrong.

**St. Francis de Sales and His Friends.** By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. B. Herder.

"The longer we live," said the octogenarian, Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the more we find that we are like other persons." And so the author of this charming volume judges quite right when she says in her preface: "I think many among the readers of the different Lives of St. Francis will have longed, as I have done, to know more of the personages alluded to in their pages,—those who were the intimate friends of St. Francis." Five of the book's six chapters are devoted to such friends, beginning with the saint's mother and ending with one of his spiritual daughters, Madeleine de la Forest, of whom the saint once wrote: "After our Madame de Chantal, I know not if I have ever met a greater soul in a woman, a more reasonable spirit, or a more sincere humility." Another sketch, of special interest to the innumerable admirers of "The Introduction to the Devout Life," is that of Madame de Charmois, the "Philothea" of that famous devotional work. The first third of the volume is devoted to the youth of St. Francis, and it is so well depicted that even those who are most conversant with other Lives of the saint will find it not wanting in interest and charm. Mrs. Scott has done well to publish these papers, written at different times, in a single volume.

**Tolerance.** By the Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. Translated by W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G. Benziger Brothers.

What is meant by tolerance and intolerance? How are we to judge of one or the other? On what grounds are we to approve or condemn either? Is Catholicism intolerant? Is free-thought tolerant? Such are some of the questions, entirely practical and timely, which the scholarly author of this able treatise discusses with dispassionate candor, and a thoroughness leaving little or nothing to be desired. Comparing doctrines with facts, and principles with their application, he has produced a work of genuine social as well as apologetic value; and the



thoughtful reader of his illuminative chapters will admire the impartiality of his judgments not less than the ability manifested in forming them. The keynote of the whole treatise is struck in this sentence from the opening chapter: "Thus, then, generosity without weakness, constant restraint of the passions, patient but not doubtful preaching, the awakening of responsibility and appeal to good-will, and, above all, love and the desire to save souls,—these are the characteristics and summary of the tolerance of Christ,"—as they should be of His followers.

Poems. By Alice Meynell. The Collected Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is an exquisite book from every point of view. Exteriorly, it meets the eye and the hand with a dozen delicate graces, fit symbol of the beauty which is from within. Though a "collected" edition, this admirable manual (for such it will become to the poetry-lover) has but a bare hundred and seventeen pages, seventy-six titles in all, upon which circumstance let the young poet breaking into covers pause and reflect—and lay the axe to the root of his own exuberant vine. It is part of this lady's poet-gifts that she reads her own work as clearly and fairly as she might another's,—even reading it with future eyes. The result, as seen in this collection, is the latter wine of Cana, rich and flavorful and—strong. She calls, challenges, stimulates, inspires, carries and strikes down; and it is always goodness that is borne aloft, and the evil that is cast out. So much goodness is there that one feels the Voice of Cana must have breathed very intimately upon this vintage. These poems take their Catholicity from the Catechism and the Cherubim, disdaining no depth, no height.

Later Poems and Early Poems are the sole divisions of this work. Among the latter are to be found such old favorites as "The Garden," "San Lorenzo's Mother," "Renouncement," and "A Letter from a Girl to her Own Old Age." There is more *actualité* in some of the later verse, as in the following noble answer flung back at an atheistic French official:

Yes, from the ingrate heart, the street  
Of garrulous tongue, the warm retreat  
Within the village and the town;  
Not from the lands where ripen brown  
A thousand thousand hills of wheat;

Not from the long Burgundian line,  
The Southward, sunward range of vine,  
Hunted, He never will escape  
The flesh, the blood, the sheaf, the grape,  
That feed His man—the bread, the wine.

There is an irrefutable rebuttal!

We have only one fault to note in a work so fine. Though capable of supreme musical

effects, there are lines in which Mrs. Meynell is not musical. Song makes way for statement. That defect, however, is not to be found in the poem with which we conclude our review—"The Watershed,"—one of the latest of Mrs. Meynell's offerings, and one which leads us to hope for yet another collection of her verses. Not till the ultimate Silence may such a voice be mute:

Black mountains pricked with pointed pine  
A melancholy sky.  
Out-distanced was the German vine,  
The sterile fields lay high.  
From swarthy Alps I travelled forth  
Aloft; it was the north, the north;  
Bound for the Noon was I.

I seemed to breast the streams that day;  
I met, opposed, withstood  
The northward rivers on their way.  
My heart against the flood,—  
My heart that pressed to rise and reach,  
And felt the love of altering speech,  
Of frontiers, in its blood.

But, oh, the unfolding South! the burst  
Of summer! Oh, to see  
Of all the southward brooks the first!  
The travelling heart went free  
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;  
And down a thousand vales I dropped.—  
I flowed to Italy.

Our Reasonable Service. By the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. Burns & Oates. Benzigers.

Small in compass though it is, and possessing no strict sequence of subject-matter, this book has the distinction of thought and utterance which stamps all of Father McNabb's work. The author himself best tells us how the present volume came to be: "The contents of the following pages have been begotten during a course of years and under the impulse of many causes. Hardly one of them has been the offspring of that rare privilege of apostolic life—an hour of idleness. Some have grown out of a wish to make the New Testament in the twentieth century what it was in the golden days of Christian thought, when Thomas and Bonaventure took it as the text-book of Theology. Others have been dictated by an effort to slough off from a dim supernatural truth the inexpert, unhappy word that heightens the dimness into a 'dark night of the soul.' A few have been written down [one a little too hurriedly, we think] at the close of one of the priest's deepest joys, when, with a brother priest as road-fellow, he has wayfared hurriedly into the hill country of God's mysteries."

None of these colloquies or essays but will appeal to the student mind; and if their manner of style is "different," that is because the unregarded aspects of things strike this author. There is no accounting for style apart from thought.



## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### VII.—"ODIOUS UNCLE JIM."

**D**URING the afternoon of the day which had witnessed the advent of the dwarf and the visit of the children to Taffy John, Fred and Alice saw, with intense pleasure, their cousins alight from the omnibus at the street corner. These latter explained that they had sailed down from Harlem in the big ferryboat, the *Sylvan Grove*, and had taken the stage up to the corner.

When the newcomers had been installed in their respective rooms, and the girls had had a little chat about their frocks and kindred subjects, Katherine was all eagerness to see that wonderful attic, whither the boys had already repaired. Arrived there, they found one room fitted up by Fred, out of his own savings, with tools which evoked the highest admiration from the utilitarian Willie. Katherine, having first made a rush for the swing which stood in the large square, upon which all the rooms opened, continued to work herself up until that exhilarating exercise had palled upon her and she was willing to "let the cat die."

She then started, with Alice, on a tour of exploration through the various apartments; observing, with keen enjoyment and an occasional kindly criticism, Alice's arrangement of her dolls. She also threw out some new and original suggestions for utilizing the various cupboards, into the doors of which were fitted screens. She ascended to the cockloft, scorning Fred's proposal to let in light, and rejoicing in the creepiness of the semi-darkness. Most of all, she was interested in the

traces, which the others showed her, of that boy who had once lived there, and who had made the house, in the eyes of his successors, forever famous.

With pardonable pride, Fred and Alice made their taller cousin stretch upward to read an inscription over one of the cupboards, all of which were low. It was near a western window, where the afternoon sun came in to spread golden pennants over walls and ceiling. Upon a card nailed to the wall, and somewhat discolored by relentless Time, were the words: "Jerry Spencer. His house." At a corresponding height upon the opposite wall, and surmounting another cupboard, was the inscription: "Jeremiah Spencer, Merchant, Fine Groceries, Wholesale and Retail."

"Who on earth was Jerry Spencer?" cried Katherine, to whom, always imaginative, these things appealed.

Being told that he was one of the boys who used to live there, she kept wondering what he was like, until Fred volunteered to tell the story of his life, in so far as he knew it. But at Alice's suggestion—which the others found excellent—it was agreed to keep that narrative until evening, when it could be told in the arbor under the trumpet vine. Meantime, however, the Harlem children found it highly interesting to examine all the traces of that vanished boy, whose memory, as Fred and Alice had discovered, seemed fairly to dominate the house.

In the tool room was the parade ground where he had been wont to marshal his imaginary squad of soldiers; while the cupboards there had done duty as the general's headquarters and the armory. Upon the cockloft door it was recorded that "Here was Jerry Spencer kept in captivity after the defeat of his corps by the enemy." And so these four, who had followed in his footsteps, and taken



possession of his old playground, observed, with something of awe, these records of the things in which that other young life had found its stimulus and recreation.

"He used almost every cupboard in the house for his plays," declared Fred. "You can see by the things he has written on them."

"He's got a list in that cupboard of the regiments in his division," said the observant Willie.

This was something new even to Fred and Alice, who had never chanced to observe it. And as they all read it together, perhaps there came to them some dim perception of those vivid and animated pictures that had been before the eyes of Jerry Spencer.

Willie, to whom the joys of peg top, baseball, leap-frog, or canoeing, appealed most strongly, knowing nothing of Jerry Spencer's later history, was not sure that he could accord a very lively admiration to a boy who had been content with dreams. To Fred, who knew the whole story, it was otherwise, and he was quite prepared to adopt Jerry Spencer as his hero and model. Alice, too, with her delicate sympathy, could understand and appreciate; while Katherine had already taken him to her heart, and was ready to construct any number of romances with him for their centre.

Presently Fred informed his cousins that Jerry had a dungeon below. It was no other than the wine cellar, which had also been used for a hermit's cave. Katherine was instantly on fire to see it; and the children all trooped down again, their mother calling out from the library that they had better ask Mary Doyle to treat them to some milk and freshly-baked cookies. This suggestion was gladly accepted; after which the exploration of the cellar opened up another mine of interest—the sub-cellar,—which, however, they might not see, since Mr. Seymour had brought a strong padlock for the trapdoor, the key of which he kept in his own possession.

The children were now ready to enjoy a quiet chat with Mrs. Seymour in the library. She not only talked interestingly herself, but encouraged Katherine and Willie to tell of their large family of brothers and sisters, most of whom were married, or had left the paternal roof for other scenes. And so the time passed delightfully till the arrival of Mr. Seymour, who at once set himself to plan some interesting doings for the morrow. This was followed by the evening meal, to which everybody did ample justice.

Katherine, however, was eager for the meal to be over; for she was as anxious to hear what Fred had to tell of him as if it had been a chapter in one of the books she loved. After tea the father and mother went out for a constitutional; and the children at once repaired to the arbor under the trumpet vine, already to Fred and Alice familiar and beloved. The soft twilight was falling around them when they settled themselves as comfortably as possible to hear the story of Jerry Spencer. The main subject of that narrative appealed most forcibly to Fred, who could almost make his hearers see the young soldier on his black horse—with blue and gold uniform, and the sword in its burnished scabbard—shot to the heart, and borne swiftly onward to the enemy's lines; his eyes still open, and looking upward to the sky that a moment before had flooded him with its living sunshine.

But it was Alice who put in some quietly graphic touches about the Quaker mother, who had refused to let him go, waiting in silence and desolation to receive the body of the heroic dead.

"Of course he must often have been out here," said Katherine.

Alice mutely pointed to his name carved in the wood of the arbor. A silence fell upon the group; for, somehow, this was deeply moving, especially as the dusk was falling, so that those indented letters were barely discernible.

Presently Katherine spoke again:

"I'm sure it was out here Jerry made up his mind to go to the war."

"Now, Kitty," put in her brother, "he couldn't have thought of going to the war before there was a war to go to. By the time war was declared and the first shots fired at Fort Sumter, he must have been grown up; and a grown man would hardly be coming out here to sit in this arbor."

"O Willie," cried Katherine to her brother, who was the very epitome of common-sense and unimaginative exactitude, "what a dull boy you are! If he didn't think of going to that war, I am sure he wanted to be a soldier and go to *some* war,—all the more if everybody in the house was against it."

The wind came moaning up, as she spoke, and shook the trumpet vine with a wailing note, as though it were lamenting that vanished life, with all its hopes and dreams, and the things that it would have dared and done.

"It must have been splendid to see him going!" cried Katherine. "And of course he was as brave as—as anything."

"But," observed Alice, "my mother was saying the other evening that it was braver still of his mother, the Quaker lady, to shut herself up in her room and not look at him, because she thought it right. Mother said that to do hard things because they are right is the best kind of courage."

Her voice as she pronounced these words rang out upon the air, accentuating that truth which in all the ages has made saints and martyrs.

"Yes, that's it," agreed Fred. "It nearly broke the poor mother's heart when she heard he was dead, even though she had refused to look at him in his uniform for conscience' sake."

"Don't be so very sure, Master Fred, that she did it for conscience' sake," broke in a cold, sneering voice.

The children bent their heads to look out from the arbor; and there, sitting on the sill of the lobby window, was James Forrester.

"Perhaps," the voice went on, "she just acted in that way through her own pride and obstinacy."

Fred's heart swelled within him. Glancing at his sister, he saw her cheeks flush and her eyes fill with tears; while Katherine murmured, in an undertone:

"Oh, that odious 'Uncle Jim,' as *he* calls himself! No one wants him for an uncle. He always spoils everything."

But Jim, whose deep-set eyes were trying to pierce the thickness of the enshrouding vines, said presently:

"Your mother and father seem to be out. I thought there was no one in the house until I heard voices out here."

Fred felt impelled, by that courtesy toward his elders which was an article of the household creed, to go forth and greet the visitor. But Katherine whispered:

"The rest of us will wait here a while to see if he goes away. If not, I suppose we'll have to go in."

She spoke in a petulant, irritated tone of voice; and it must be owned that Alice was glad to accept her suggestion, and remain where she was.

"Won't you come down to the library?" asked Fred; and, his uncle standing up to accept this invitation, the boy swung himself lightly into the lobby. Uncle Jim, nevertheless, lingered.

"Who are all those you have out there?" he inquired.

"Why, there's Alice—"

"O Master Fred, that's a fib!" cried Uncle Jim, shaking an accusing finger at him.

Fred flushed.

"It wasn't a fib," he answered. "I don't tell fibs."

James Forrester laughed a soft, noiseless laugh, peculiar to himself.

"Imagine a boy that doesn't tell fibs!" he exclaimed. "But what was it, then?"

"I was going to say, if you had waited a moment, that it was Alice and two other children."

For he was mindful of what Katherine had said, and of her disinclination to come



forth from the arbor and entertain Uncle Jim.

"And pray who are the children?" the latter asked; adding, with another malicious laugh: "You needn't be hiding out there, Katherine. You and Willie must come in and say 'How do you do!' to Uncle Jim."

"He must have been listening," muttered Katherine, "or how could he know we were here?"

"I think we'd better go in," said Alice; for she knew that her parents would not approve of any rudeness being shown even to this unwelcome visitor.

"I suppose we'll have to," grumbled Katherine, her face assuming a sullen expression; while the man on the lobby kept calling:

"Come, come now, my pretty Katherine! Come and see your uncle!"

So they all went in silently; Katherine brushing past with a scarcely perceptible greeting; Willie giving him a curt nod and a murmured "How do you do!" Alice, on the other hand, accepting his aid in descending from the window, politely bade him good-evening as Fred led the party downstairs.

It was on their way to the library that a curious incident occurred. As they passed along the hall, they saw standing at the head of the kitchen stairs what seemed at first a shadow. It startled the children for an instant, but it was Uncle Jim who showed signs of fright.

"Did you see it, Fred?" he asked.

"See what, sir?" said Fred.

"That thing—that figure."

Fred looked at him in astonishment. His eyes were staring before him, his breath coming short, while his nervous fingers closed about the boy's arm.

"Didn't you see *her*," he whispered, "standing there near the kitchen stairs?"

Now, Fred, who remembered a former experience of his own with this amiable relative, was inclined to think at first that James Forrester was trying to frighten him. And, as regarded the girls, this was

the case. For Katherine seized Alice by the arm and drew her into the library, where they hastily lit a gas jet. Willie, though puzzled by the man's behavior, stood his ground near his cousin, waiting to see the outcome of the affair. It then became evident to Fred that Uncle Jim's panic was real rather than a sardonic joke. And as the shadow suddenly began to move, and, with a quick, deprecatory gesture, disappeared down the kitchen stairs, Fred answered his elder's agitated inquiry by saying:

"I didn't see any figure, sir, except the new housemaid."

"The new housemaid?" cried Jim. "Who is she? When did she come?"

"She came this evening from Taffy John's."

At this information Jim burst into a shrill laugh.

"Taffy John's!" he repeated,—*"Taffy John's! Why, I thought, boys, that she came from beyond the River Styx!"*

(To be continued.)

### A Great Priest to a Little Girl.

(A "Really Truly" Letter.)

June the 28th, next year, will be the centenary, or one hundredth anniversary, of the birth of the famous convert and priest of the Oratory, Father Frederick William Faber. September the 26th of the present year will be the Golden Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of his holy death, which caused grief to many thousands—our young folks' grandparents among others—who had never seen him, but had come to know and love him from his beautiful books. Most of these books were meant for grown-ups, but there is one among them, "*Ethel's Book*," which was written for young folks, and which was a favorite with them. It is almost forgotten now, and the author is best known to boys and girls of the present day by his beautiful hymn to the Blessed Sacrament. But they should also be familiar with a charm-

ing letter which he once wrote to a young friend of his, the little daughter of a family with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Here it is in full:

TO LADY MINNA F. HOWARD.

MY DEAREST MINNA:—So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to be a nun. Well now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut all your hair off, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No, not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so. "But, then," as you always, always say,—"*but, then*, I can not wait so many, many years." Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus, you need not wait. I will tell you how to be a nun at once, directly, in the Hotel Bellevue, and with the consent of papa and mamma. Now, I am sure this will both please and surprise you, and it will make V. open her eyes, and noisy M. be quiet. How am I to be made a nun of directly? Sister Minna! Sister Minna! What is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love no one else but Jesus, and to love Him always and very much; and to love everybody else—papa, mamma, sisters, boy, Father Wilfrid, and all the world—because Jesus loves them so much. This is being a nun.

When Sister Minna likes her own will and loves her own way, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told, or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a nun. But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh, so much,—so very, very much; and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more, then she is a nun,—a real, real nun. So you see you can be a nun whenever you like. O dear! how many questions this letter will make you ask!

And now, good-bye, dearest Minna! I pray the dear little Jesus in Mary's arms to take care of you,—the dear little Jesus, who is the great, great God, for all He is so little. O Minna! if the huge God could

love you and me so much that He could become a little baby, helpless as Ethel was, for you and me, why do we not love Him ten hundred thousand million times more than we do? Get an answer ready for that question, Minna!

Yours most affectionately,

F. W. FABER.

THE ORATORY, LONDON,

Feast of St. Nicholas, 1850.

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This charming letter was written, as may be seen from its date, sixty-three years ago; so if Minna is still alive, she is not a little lady of seven but quite an old lady of seventy. *Is* she alive? Yes, or at least she *was* last year; because in the (English) "Catholic Who's Who" for 1912 we find this entry: "Howard, Lady Minna F.—Born 1843; daughter of 14th Duke of Norfolk; a Carmelite nun." So, you see, Minna *did* become a real nun, after all.

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#### Dew-Ponds.

There are found in Great Britain many shallow excavations known as dew-ponds. These are very ancient, being remnants of what is known as the Neolithic age. The purpose of these ponds was to furnish drinking water for cattle. An exposed position was selected, the bowl hollowed out, and covered with straw or a similar non-conducting material. Above this was spread a thick layer of clay strewn with stones. At night, the cold surface of the clay caused an abundance of moisture to condense. Some of these old dew-ponds are still in use.

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#### To the Queen of the Angels.

QUEEN of the Angels, we, thy little ones,  
Lift up our voices at the fall of night,  
And pray that thou wilt keep us ever good,  
And help us do what's right.

And when our little life on earth is done,  
Lift us above the starry skies of blue;  
Give us gold crowns and snowy wings to fly,  
And make us angels, too.      \*\*\*



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Little Sister," the notable volume of biography mentioned in these columns last week, is published in this country by Mr. B. Herder, of St. Louis.

—Mr. John Murray's new announcements include "The Life of Sir Frederick Weld," a pioneer and Premier in New Zealand, by Alice, Lady Lovat.

—We have lately received a list of well-selected books in the Silas Bronson Library of Waterbury, Conn. It is published by the National Literary Committee of the Holy Name Society.

—"Memory Gems," number one of the Loyola Series, contains a selection of fifty poems to be used as memory exercises in high-school classes. Seven selections are from Longfellow, six from Moore, five from Tennyson, etc. The range thus covered, is not very wide. Published by the Loyola Press, Chicago, Ill.

—A beautiful little edition of the New Testament in Latin has been issued by F. Pustet & Co. Printed from clear type on good paper, provided with markers, and bound in cloth or morocco, this "Novum Jesu Christi Testamentum" makes the reading of the Gospel in the Vulgate doubly attractive. The book is of a size that adapts itself to the pocket.

—In his "Trilogy to the Sacred Heart," the author, the Rev. A. Gonon, has set forth three meditations on the indulgent invocations: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee"; "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I believe in Thy love for me"; "Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy kingdom come!" The author is chaplain of the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, and his meditations are, of course, from the French. They will be found full of the meat of sound doctrine and true unction. B. Herder, publisher.

—We are in receipt of the third revised edition of the first volume in Fr. Hickey's admirable series of manuals of Scholastic Philosophy. The title-page runs: "Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ; in usum adolescentium, a J. S. Hickey, O. Cist. Concinnata. Volumen I. Logica et Ontologia. Editio tertia, recognita et adaucta." Presented in Latin, of course, the matter is particularly adapted to the use of English-speaking students, as the footnotes, generous and apt, practically constitute a running commentary in English on the text. Indeed the notes are a uniquely valuable feature of the work. Unlike many similar text-books, the table of contents is put in the front of the book;

and there are two indices in the rear,—one of authors cited, the other of matter treated; thus concluding qualifications which render this text-book exceedingly satisfactory. Published by M. H. Gill & Son.

—The admirable characteristics of Mediæval English piety are well illustrated in a little volume that has just appeared in London—"Early English Instructions and Devotions." Among the works drawn upon are the "Mirror of Our Lady" and the "Lay Folks' Mass-Book."

—The fifth of May Louise Harvey's "American Normal Readers," published by Silver, Burdett & Co., maintains the same high level of the readers previously issued. Catholic writers are fairly represented in the selections; but Bishop Spalding's name should not be misspelled. The book contains over four hundred pages.

—Described by its sub-title as a "manual of contemplative prayer," "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine" has been issued, in a "new and exact translation" made by L. M. F. G., from the press of Sands & Co., and is for sale in America by B. Herder. This work, it may be well to emphasize, is really a book of prayer, not of meditative or merely religious writing. In it a great soul is found face to face with God. An ideal book for religious.

—In the current number of the *Quest* the first place is given to an article by Rabindranath Tagore, on the "Realization of Brahma," in which he works out the meaning of many of the sayings in the Upanishads. The warning in this article against our "making God an ally specially favoring us in our politics, warfare, money-making, or in social competition," is apt. "We can not put our God in the same list with our summer-houses, motor-cars, or our credit at the bank, as so many people want to do."

—While the title-page of "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord" gives no intimation of the work's being a new edition and not a new work, the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Manning settles the question of its having attained its majority, since the Cardinal died twenty-one years ago. The volumes—there are three of them—contain meditations for every day of the year (exclusive of others for festivals, retreat days, etc.), adapted from the French of Abbé de Brendt, by Mother Mary Fidelis, and published by B. Herder. The distinguishing feature of the work as an adaptation is perhaps the excellence of its English,—no little merit

in such devotional literature, and one not invariably found therein. The meditations are pious and practical; the points of each are well co-ordinated, and the treatment of the various subjects is full without undue amplification. An excellent and, typographically, a handsome addition to such religious and private Catholic libraries as have it not already on their shelves.

—The "Meditations of a Martyr," or, as the sub-title gives it, "Soliloquies or Documents of Christian Perfection of the Venerable Francis Heath, O. S. F., 1674," is a publication of the English Catholic Truth Society. An Introduction, by Joseph Warren, gives a very interesting account of the author, from the time of his conversion at Cambridge, through the period of his Scholastic training and triumph at Douay, to his martyrdom at Tyburn. Originally written in Latin, these Meditations are here excellently adapted into English. In temper they are a bit stern and bracing; they have blood on them. Learning and holiness are well blended in this treasurable little volume.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "Tolerance." Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation. Vol. I. \$3.25.
- "Poems." Alice Meynell. \$1.25.
- "St. Francis de Sales and His Friends." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1.35.
- "Our Reasonable Service." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. \$1.10.
- "Trilogy to the Sacred Heart." Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cts.
- "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord." Abbé de Brendt. 3 vols. \$6.50.
- "The Meditations of a Martyr." 50 cts.
- "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine." 60 cts.
- "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.75.

- "The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.
- "The Mantilla." Richard Aumerle. 80 cts.
- "A Little Sister." \$1.50.
- "From Huszar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.
- "The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.
- "Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. L. Brancherau. \$1, net.
- "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.
- "Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts.
- "St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.
- "St. Gilbert of Sempringham." \$1.25.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.
- "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartman Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
- "The Wedding Bells of Glendalough." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35, net.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William Giles, D. D.; and Rev. James O'Reilly, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Brother Eliphus Victor, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Thomas, of the Sisters of Providence; and Sister M. Alexandrine, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Anthony Ayers, Mr. Charles Briggs, Miss Mary A. O'Neill, Mr. William Dean, Mr. Thomas Gilroy, Mr. William Moore, Miss Nellie Connor, Mr. Thomas Veitch, Mr. James O'Mara, Miss Ellen Buoy, Mr. Richard Carroll, Major H. P. Gorman, Mr. Andrew Thom, Mrs. Ellen Debar, Mr. John C. Sheridan, Mr. Louis Steber, Mrs. Isabella McGorey, Miss Julia Thomas, Mr. William Dooley, Miss Louisa Buese, Mrs. Annie McNally, Mr. Peter Bongard, Mrs. Mary C. Rae, Mr. John P. Antill, and Miss M. C. Fabick.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, i., 48.

VOL. LXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 16, 1913.

NO. 7

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### Merces Magna Nimis.

BY O. S. B.

"NONE other than Thyself, my Love, my Lord!" \*

I do not ask that men should speak my name;  
The laurel leaves, the blatant trump of fame,  
A place of honor at a great man's board,  
Nor fleeting riches lavishly outpoured,—

Not these my heart's desire, not these mine aim:  
Thee, and Thee only, do I dare to claim  
As mine exceeding and most great reward.

So, if in shadow Thou wouldst have me be,  
The world unknowing, by the world unknown,  
What other lot were this if not Thine own?  
What else, except in this to be like Thee?  
This, and no other gift, vouchsafe to me  
For my reward and prize—Thyself alone.

### The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

**T**HE joyous feast of the Assumption into heaven of our Blessed Lady, the ever-virgin Mother of God, comes, like that of the Ascension of her Son, to remind us of the existence of another world,—a world more real and true than this; our true home, far brighter and better, unspeakably more beautiful and beyond comparison happier than this earth can ever be, even at its best; a land of glory, where there is no need of the light of the sun, for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

This, I think, is one of the practical

spiritual lessons that we can gain from the observance of the glorious feast of our Blessed Mother's triumph,—the cheering, heartening lesson of the actuality, the reality, the *nearness* of our heavenly home; the sobering, restraining lesson of the inferiority and passing nature of this world of change. For here, nothing lasts. Sunshine is followed by storm; our greatest joys quickly turn to sorrow. Nothing is sure in this world; none know what the morrow may bring forth. But there, in our heavenly home, all is safe; joy and happiness can never cease, can never be taken away; there is no fear for the future, no change of fortune, no anxiety as to our lot; there forever all tears are wiped away, and there is no more sorrow nor weeping nor mourning.

Had our Divine Lord merely told us of the existence of heaven and of the joyful life that awaits us above, we should have believed His word. But when a fact is brought vividly before us in some striking fashion, our minds are more impressed and our hearts more moved than by a simple statement that the fact exists. Now, the Holy Catholic Church, of which we are members, with whose mind (thank God!), by reason of our faith, we think, and in whose experiences we have part,—the Holy Catholic Church is able to bring before us in a specially vivid manner the facts of our Divine Lord's life and all connected with it. She can bring those facts before us as an eye-witness relating

\* A legend of St. Thomas of Aquin relates that, Our Lord having asked him what reward he desired for having "written well concerning Me," the saint made answer: "None other than Thyself, O Lord!"

what she has seen and heard and known. She can say to us:

"I, who am living now,—I, of whom you are members,—I, in the person of the Apostles and first disciples, saw the Lord ascend into heaven. I saw the Holy Spirit come down in the likeness of fiery tongues. The events of my first years are fresh in my memory. These things are to me living recollections. And this memory of mine, these living recollections even of things that the world has forgotten, or that have not been formally recorded in written history,—these experiences of mine are also yours, are your inheritance; for you are members of me, and the treasure of the facts of my long life belongs to you. I speak to you, as the Apostle said, of that which I have seen and touched and handled of the Word of Life—Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God; and of all that followed when, having gone to His heavenly throne, He sent down His Spirit upon me to be my life and my guide into all truth.

"Thus there was a day when I stood by an empty tomb, and I heard the Angel say: 'He is risen: He is not here.' and, later, I went to another tomb, and I found that also empty; and it was said to me, it was taught to me by the Spirit of Truth, that Jesus would not suffer His Holy One, His holy, sinless Mother, to suffer corruption, which is the mark of sinful flesh; that the all-pure body which nourished God's own Son with its lifeblood never was subject, never fittingly could be subject, to the defilements of the grave, nor that immaculate soul which the Angel declared to be 'full of grace' be kept from sharing the glory of Jesus as it had shared the sorrows of Jesus. So I tell to you what I saw, what the Holy Spirit taught to me by the evidence of the empty tomb of Mary, and His secret inspiration of the truth, that she was triumphantly assumed into heaven, where, glorified in body and soul, she reigns with Jesus, her Son."

Such is the universal belief of the Holy

Catholic Church, and such universal belief, even though a doctrine be not yet solemnly defined as an article of faith, by the very constitution of the Church as the infallible teacher of men, is a sufficient criterion of its truth. For not all true doctrines have been solemnly defined; nor is this necessary except in special circumstances; as, for instance, when the teaching of the Church is attacked by heretics, or when an outburst of enthusiastic devotion on the part of the faithful, or some providential indication of the fitness of a solemn proclamation on the part of the Supreme Authority, calls for definition. Solemn definitions are not the only, nor indeed the ordinary, means by which the Church teaches us: she teaches us also, and ordinarily, by her universal belief and preaching throughout the world. It is in this way that she teaches the bodily Assumption of Mary into heaven,—a belief, moreover, which "has, in theological principles, so solid a foundation that many theologians think it ripe for dogmatic definition."\*

The establishment of special feasts in the Church's year to commemorate the great facts of our Redemption, the events in the life of God's Holy Mother, and her great prerogatives and graces, the deaths of the martyrs, and the holy lives of God's saints, was a matter of gradual growth. This custom took its rise, indeed, at the very beginning of the Church's life; and the Apostolic institution of Sunday, "the Lord's Day," to commemorate the glorious Resurrection of Jesus on the first day of the week, is an instance. But the extension of this practice to the commemoration of other events and persons was the work of time. Hence there is nothing surprising in the fact that we do not find records of a feast of the Assumption in the very earliest centuries. But the truth itself was laid up in the mind of the Church, and produced its outward effect in the establishment of the feast, first in one

\* Wilhelm and Scannell: "Manual of Catholic Theology," Vol. II., p. 218.



place, then in another, after a time in Rome itself, and finally throughout the Catholic world. The date of this festival varied at first in different parts of the Church; but for over a thousand years the 15th of August has been universally celebrated as the day of Mary's triumph.

The theological arguments by which the Church's tradition of the corporeal assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven is supported are convincing to any one who has assimilated the general teaching of the Church concerning the Incarnation, the Redemption, and Mary's active share in, and unique position with regard to, the coming and work of her Divine Son. The Assumption "is so thoroughly implied in the notion of her personality" (e. g., her sinlessness, her immense graces, her relation to the Three Persons of the Adorable Trinity, her co-operation in our salvation with its consequent implication of a share in Christ's triumph after her death) "as given by Bible and dogma, that the idea of her sinless sacred body, which bore and nourished God, having been subjected to the defiling corruption of the grave is one that can not but be utterly repulsive to the Catholic mind and heart. Amongst the theological reasons may be mentioned the following:

"The words quoted by St. Peter (Acts, ii, 26, 27) from Psalm xv—'My flesh also shall rest in hope, because Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell [the realm of departed spirits], nor suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption'—to prove the resurrection of Christ, have likewise force to prove the resurrection of Mary, inasmuch as (by sinlessness) she shared with Him the privilege of incorruptibility. As from the beginning she was associated with her Son in the conflict against sin and evil (Gen., ii, 15), so must she also be associated with Him in the final victory and triumph."\*

Again, "Protracted death would be an unbecoming interruption of Mary's

motherhood, since she is mother by her body." Also "having demonstrated that it would be absurd not to admit the incorruptibility of Mary's body, we arrive by a short step at the Assumption of her body into heaven. To the ecclesiastical writers the incorruptibility of her body and its speedy resurrection are correlative ideas. If the separation of her body and soul had lasted for weeks and months or even years, this would have meant a victory of death quite as much as the decay of the body. If Mary, in conformity with her Divine Son, was to pay the penalty of death, her dignity as Mother of God and ever Virgin demanded that her body should be resuscitated within a short period and taken up into heaven."\*

To this we may add that as God has frequently shown His delight in sanctity by preserving the bodies of His saints incorrupt even in the tomb, we should expect, and it is altogether fitting, that He should not only have kept the body of the holiest of creatures, His own Mother, from corruption, but quickly have released it from the grave.

Coming back now to devotional considerations on account of which, like every doctrine of the faith, the Assumption of Mary is of present and intimate personal interest to ourselves, we may reflect how, when the Apostles and first disciples returned from the Mount of the Ascension with joy, they surely felt that henceforth their hearts must be in heaven with their dearest Master; that earth was now for them but a place of pilgrimage, the scene of a journey elsewhere, whose passing objects could awake but a passing interest, or interest them only so far as they were to be used to help them onward in their passage to their true Home. And is not that also the lesson of the Assumption for us? Mary's triumphant entrance, body and soul, into her unspeakable glory, emphasizes this lesson of the Ascension of her Son. More than that, I think we

\* E. G. Holweck, in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Sept., 1910; p. 277.

\* Wilhelm and Scannell, op. cit., p. 220.

may safely say that the Assumption adds to the lessons of the Ascension, — adds certain elements that especially encourage us, fill our hearts with joyous hope, make us grasp with more vivid faith and feel more effectively the reality of the glorious life beyond the grave, the land of our inheritance, the true home of God's redeemed.

For, first, Mary is the great example of the truth that those who suffer with Christ shall also be glorified with Him. As she, by her highest faithfulness, and by her supremest martyrdom of love, has deserved the highest glory, so we, by faithfulness and love shall deserve glory in our measure. She is a standing example of the rewards of God to those who love Him. Again, when the Apostles knew that Mary had been assumed into heaven, that the grave held her no more, what was the thought that filled their minds? It was surely the thought of their *Mother in heaven*; their own Mother with Jesus, reigning, pleading, exercising her dear power of interceding love with the Sacred Heart. And this thought is our own inheritance in God's Church. We, too, can say: "My Mother is in heaven. At the throne of God I have pleading for me a Mother's voice and heart. My eternal interests are being looked after with all a Mother's loving care. And such a Mother, — so loving, so kind, so faithful and true, so anxious for my salvation, so unwearying in her work for me, so able to obtain from God all that I need for my soul's good!"

And Mary is truly one of us. Jesus, indeed, is truly one of us—our Brother, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone; but Mary, in all her glory, is what Jesus never could be: she is one of Christ's redeemed,—one of those redeemed by the blood of Jesus, her Saviour and ours. She is where she is, in glory surpassing that of all angels and saints, because that same Precious Blood that was shed for us was shed for her also and won for her the grace and glory that are hers.

She is the highest, immeasurably the highest, example of the redeeming power of the blood of God, her Son; yet she shares with us the benefits of Redemption,—a Redemption that saved her, not *after* sin, but from ever coming under the power of sin. And, as we think of her glorious Assumption, she becomes more and more to us an actuality, a living part of our religion, a powerful element of our spiritual life.

God's fairest flower transplanted from His garden on earth to the Eden which is above, she yet sheds her fragrance over the whole earth, and it fills all the Church of God with sweetness. Her power amongst us is known, is visible, is felt in many mighty works done through her intercession; and we feel that but a thin veil separates us from her; we almost hear her loving voice; she brings heaven close to us indeed. At the end of life's journey—it may be now but a little way off—she stands waiting with eager love for the moment when another child shall be gathered in, won from sin and hell by graces she has asked. By being always mindful of her, both in gladness and in grief, having our hearts fixed upon that bright and happy home where our dear Mother lives, we shall pass through life with a grand and confident hope, whose fulfilment shall far surpass the best and greatest that can be desired.

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DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin is the true imitation of Jesus Christ; for, next to the glory of His Father, it was the devotion nearest and dearest to His Sacred Heart. It is a peculiarly solid devotion, because it is perpetually occupied with the hatred of sin and the acquisition of virtue. To neglect it is to despise God, for she is His ordinance; and to wound Jesus, because she is His Mother. God Himself has placed her in the Church as a distinct power; and hence she is operative, and a fountain of miracles, and a part of our religion which we can in nowise put in abeyance.—*Faber*.



## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

## VII.

LIVER'S informant had been right in one at least of his statements: Hugh Carew's illness had, in truth, made greater ravages upon his constitution than he had owned. All his life he had scarcely known that he possessed any nerves, but now quite insignificant things often tried him past endurance. On the day that Oliver was due, this nervous irritation had reached such a pitch that even Patrick, his faithful servant, could hardly put up with what he termed "the master's fidgets."

Comparing Mr. Carew's way of living with that of other men holding an equal place in the business world, it certainly seemed as though the second piece of information imparted in Oliver's letter was also true. But it was not either poverty or parsimony that influenced his mode of life; but merely that, after years of wandering, the luxuries of his fellows did not appeal to him, and he found his pleasure in the simplest manner of living that was possible. He had a flat in an unfashionable locality; and, though his three rooms—bedroom, dining-room, and den—were furnished in comfort, there was little in them that was not more or less necessary.

Then, so far as visible service was concerned, his household consisted only of Patrick. If, when he was absent, charwomen invaded his premises, he made no objection to paying liberally for their services, so long as he did not see them. If a cook inhabited the rear premises for certain hours of the day, she was welcome to do so provided he had neither to hear nor speak to her. Patrick received his orders and saw that they were carried out; and, as the man who was growing old in his service knew to a dollar how much was to be spent on the household, there

was no further trouble for Mr. Carew.

It was over twenty years since these two had come together. Hugh Carew had saved the Irishman's life at the risk of his own in the Mount Hilda Mine disaster; and after that, without any arrangement, but just as a natural consequence, they had drifted together, travelling everywhere, meeting good fortune and bad side by side, and finally settling down to wait for old age and the end in this Philadelphian home. They had worked together, eaten together, gone hungry together. Neither seemed to have any one belonging to him in the world, and each had been more than a brother to the other; yet always it had been "Patrick" and "Mr. Hugh." And when their wandering life ceased, they dropped into the places that this new phase of existence required.

It was only natural that Patrick had learned with feelings akin to dismay of the existence and the approaching arrival of the hitherto unheard-of nephew. But before long common-sense asserted itself, and told him that the wish to have one of your own to come after you was only natural and right, and that Oliver must be put up with and even served with a good grace because the master wished it. Still nothing could entirely allay the fierce stings of jealousy aroused by every reference to the newcomer, and by every act that betrayed the eager impatience with which his arrival was awaited.

The only personal comfort to be drawn from this otherwise vexatious development lay in the fact of Oliver's name—Oliver Plunkett. Patrick had heard, at home in Ireland, of the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, and surely the Lord would help him to put up with the doings of a saint's namesake and kinsman. Then Oliver came.

Mr. Carew had asked half a dozen times if he was not already due, and to the sixth interrogation Patrick answered that he had come. He was settling with the "lift man" about the luggage; he (Patrick) would not have left him except to answer his master's bell.

"Well go—go now," cried Mr. Carew, no longer trying to hide his eagerness,— "go and bring him in instead of talking and delaying!"

For an instant longer Patrick hesitated. He looked at his master. Ah, it was true he was getting an old man! And this eagerness, this pathetic longing to see one of his own kin was something very new and unlike his ordinary casual self. Then the Irishman turned away, forcing back the words that were burning upon his lips. He had seen Oliver for only a moment, and perhaps—perhaps he had been mistaken in the conclusion he had jumped at. Anyhow, it was not he who would dash down his master's airy castle of anticipation. Let him keep his dream—if he could.

There was nothing of all this on his impassive face as he rejoined the visitor, ushering him into the vestibule, and taking off his heavy travelling coat with the manners of a perfectly trained servant. Then, opening the door of the den, he announced the stranger, in the formal manner he so seldom used:

"Mr. Oliver Plunkett to see you, sir."

Hugh Carew would have gone out to meet his nephew had not, now that the long-expected moment was at hand, a sudden fear sprung upon him that he had done a foolish thing in saddling himself with a relative of whom he knew absolutely nothing. It was useless for him to remind himself that the son of his sister and of his best friend could not be anything but desirable as an heir; it seemed as though some power stronger than his will had come into the house with the stranger, and he could not move from his seat to meet what blind instinct told him was about to be a disappointment. Then the door opened, and Hugh Carew's first feeling was one of relief.

"Uncle Hugh!"

"Oliver my boy, you are welcome!"

The single word of greeting had been spoken in a pleasant, cultivated voice; and the general appearance of the new-

comer was certainly in his favor. He was tall and dark, good-looking after a certain style, and evidently clever.

"So you have come!" said Mr. Carew. "Well, and what sort of a journey had you?"

"First class, in more senses than one, thanks to you, Uncle!" And the answer came with a flashing smile that, coupled with the neat method of thanks, was not without its attraction.

"Hush!—never mind that," replied Mr. Carew, pleased nevertheless both at the thought and the neatness of its setting. "Come nearer the light now, and let me have a good look at you."

And he drew him forward to where the electric jet shone down upon his face. It was somewhat of an ordeal; and, though Oliver bore it half laughingly, it was plain that he found such very close scrutiny rather embarrassing; and when his uncle pushed him from him, he fell back relieved.

"There is no likeness," he said, half to himself. "I thought there was a look of your father when you came in,—something in the movements, the turn out, in spite of altered fashions; but now I can see nothing,—nothing."

He was evidently disappointed, and Oliver tried lamely to excuse his own appearance.

"I am supposed to be like some of my father's people," he said apologetically, his eyes fixed on his uncle's face.

"Didn't know he had any," said Mr. Carew. "I beg your pardon, lad! No offence meant; only, you see, I have been raking up old memories, and this is a disappointment."

"One, then, that I fear I can not prevent," replied Oliver, now more at his ease.

"And your sisters? What of them?" asked Mr. Carew.

"Oh, all girls of that age are alike!" began Oliver, vaguely; evidently the description of female charms was not his forte.

"Is either of them like your mother?" asked Mr. Carew abruptly, shading his face with his hand.



"No—not yet, at all events," replied Oliver, hesitatingly; "at least Anne always says she wishes they were," he concluded, with another smile.

"Ah, Anne!" cried the old man. "You don't tell me Anne is going still. Well, well. I remember Anne as distinctly—dear me!"—and again he broke off. "Ah, well, I've been a pretty big fool all my days, it seems! Cut myself off from everything and everyone just out of bravado. But dead dogs are best left lying; so come along and have dinner, and after that you'll tell me all about Camphill and its inhabitants. There will be nothing of the unsavory dead dog to hear about the dear old place, unless things have changed mightily since my day."

The conversation at dinner did not run smoothly. Mr. Carew was often plunged in thought, and Oliver was not at his ease. More than once he felt that Patrick's eyes were upon him; and on one occasion, looking up, he caught an expression that he easily interpreted as boding him no good.

"A jealous, interfering old ruffian!" so he dubbed his uncle's servant. "This flat won't be big enough to hold both him and me for long. That I can already see."

Only the question was which of the two would have to go, though to Oliver the answer was a foregone conclusion. He was not the kind of man to let an old servant get in his way.

Once back again in the den, Oliver's cross-examination began. He had brought into the room with him the black bag which contained his papers; and, pulling out a bound-up packet of them, he handed it to his uncle; but the old man scarcely glanced at the documents. The uppermost was the attested copy of the marriage certificate of Ursula Carew and Oliver Plunkett; and, after letting his eyes dwell on this for a moment, he handed all back again to their owner.

"Never mind those now," he said. "There will be time enough to-morrow to go into all that. For to-night I accept you on trust. So begin now and tell me

all about<sup>1</sup> yourselves and Mr. Bird and all the folk at Camphill, who have thought of me as dead and buried all these years."

This was the kind of thing that gave Oliver the chance of showing off some of his abilities; for no one who knew him had ever denied that he possessed what is supposed to be the Irishman's birth-right—"the gift of the gab."

Nothing loath, he began; and certainly his word pictures of the Old-World little town, so slightly altered from the days of long ago when it had been the listener's home, moved him strangely. At first he had looked out for some familiar tone in this confident young voice, but there was nothing noticeable,—nothing except now and again a slight broadening of a vowel where the inhabitants of Camphill would have drawn it out to treble its length; yet this unconscious trick warmed the old man's heart to his nephew as nothing else had succeeded in doing.

Then came the recounting of the people's histories. Of his sisters the young man spoke little; but from what he said his listener gathered that they were still at that somewhat uninteresting age of childhood when life is centred in school and school companions. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and old Redgrift, the chemist, and a squire or two, of whom Oliver had to confess he knew but little. One or two such as the gravedigger, the old village gardener, and such like—the young man declared had been dead for years. But there were newcomers, characters in their own way, whom his tongue did not spare, and about whom the old man was forced to laugh more than once.

When at length the two men separated, the younger at least was satisfied with himself and with the impression he had made. He had talked cleverly, brilliantly, considering the subjects to which he had been confined, and only once had he struck a wrong note. That was in speaking of the ancient ladies in the Doctor's House. They and their old-fashioned ways would, he thought, be safe targets for his

ridicule; but at the first word Hugh Carew had come down upon him, and he felicitated himself that he had turned it off most ably.

Had he seen his uncle's face after he had left him, he might have felt less secure. For a long time the old man sat gazing into the fire, till at last Patrick, losing patience, came in and bade him peremptorily go to bed.

"Well?" he questioned, knowing that Patrick had already formed his opinion of the newcomer, and that, allowing perhaps for natural prejudice, his opinion was likely to be one worth hearing.

Patrick looked at his master, and saw that the expression of eagerness had given place to weariness and disappointment.

"Well, is it?" he rejoined. "All I can say is, nephew or no nephew, it's neither respect nor trust that one'll ever get from me. Now you'd better come to bed."

(To be continued.)

### Matins.

BY MARION MUIR.

THEY touch the light, lone chord that sways  
Through songs we loved of yore,  
In days that were so sweet,—the days  
That were and are no more.

An hour before we face the glare,  
The furnace fires of sin;  
We pause in perfumed places where  
They can not enter in.

Far down the marshes foul, a stream  
That sprang from drifted snow;  
But, glowing in the Orient beam,  
He comes whom angels know.

The Hand that planted Paradise  
Hath worlds of bounty still,  
And in its tender keeping lies  
The riches to fulfil

Each hope of holiness and youth  
New ransomed from despair,  
When watchers at the wells of Truth  
Salute the Dawn with prayer.

### The Story of St. Cecilia.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

#### III.



AND Cecilia? While the first chapter of the glorious tragedy was being enacted before the tribunal of Almachius, she had been absorbed in fervent prayer for those she loved; asking, not that their lives might be spared, but that their faith should be strengthened and that they might come triumphantly through their ordeal. Valerianus, through some Christian friend, immediately informed her of all that was taking place. Still she waited and prayed.

The officer charged with carrying out the commands of Almachius was his notary,—Maximus, a man of upright life and kind heart. As he led the brothers away, he mourned openly over the terrible doom which they had drawn down upon themselves, and entreated them to reconsider their resolution and save their lives, pointing out that they were throwing away all their splendid advantages of youth, wealth, and a brilliant future, for a miserable delusion. Valerianus, filled with the spirit of God, explained to him the Christian doctrine of a future life, which so amazed the honest man that he swore, by all he held sacred, that if he could believe in eternal happiness he would sacrifice everything on earth to attain it.

"Only repent of your sins," said Valerianus, "and I promise you that, at the moment of your death, the heavens shall be opened to you and you shall behold with your own eyes the glory of the blessed."

"I accept," Maximus answered. "May the thunderbolts of heaven consume me if, after you have shown me what you promise, I do not confess the One God, who has prepared another life to follow this one!"

Now, Valerianus was filled with a great



desire to see Maximus baptized before his own death; so he asked him to delay the execution of the sentence for a few hours, and to conduct his prisoners to his own house, where, as he explained, the soldiers could still keep guard over them, so that no lapse from duty could be laid to the notary's charge. Maximus gladly consented, and led the brothers and their guards to his dwelling (we are not told where it stood), and there Cecilia hastened to rejoin them. No word is recorded of her anguish at seeing her beloved Valerianus all torn and bleeding from the lashes of the whips. Surely she kissed and washed the pitiful wounds so joyously received for Christ's sake.

But this was a time for quick and courageous action; and the one thought in Cecilia's mind, as in that of her husband and his brother, was to save as many souls as possible in this supreme hour. She hastened to summon several priests; and, under cover of nightfall, brought them to the house of Maximus, where by this time many persons were assembled. The notary, his entire family, and the soldiers under his command, listened eagerly to the instructions of the priests, and, before the first gleam of dawn tinged the sky, were all baptized. A great chorus of thanksgiving went up to God. Not one had been left out, not a voice but joined in that pæan.

'Then the sun rose and a great silence fell. *Facto magno silentio*. Cecilia spoke, not in words of her own choosing: she repeated that splendid battle-cry of St. Paul: 'Arise, soldiers of Christ! Cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. You have fought a good fight; you have finished your course; you have kept the Faith. Go to receive the crown of justice which the just Judge will render to you; and not to you only, but to all who love His coming.'\*

She, who had opened to her dear ones the gates of Life, now bade them forth to death. No word she spoke of her own

grief, of the desolation that awaited her till her own hour (not so far away, as she knew) should come. We are not told whether she accompanied the martyrs to the place of execution. With all her glorious valor, she was but a young and loving woman; and God may have willed to spare her the last dreadful sight, may have led her back to her empty home to pray, rather than out to the public road to shudder and weep.

Maximus and his soldiers, praying also, led Valerianus and Tiburtius over the well-known road as far as the temple in the Pagus Triopius, where the waiting priests of Jupiter commanded them to offer incense before the idol. For answer, the young men knelt down and offered their necks to the executioner's sword. Those who had been charged with the cruel mission confessed loudly that they were Christians now, and refused to perform it; but there were present others who offered themselves as substitutes. A moment later the two young heads rolled on the ground; and Maximus, as Valerianus had promised him, saw the souls of the martyrs carried to heaven (which was opened before his eyes), borne on the wings of angels resplendent as suns. He could not contain the ecstasy with which the sight had filled him, and was now himself consumed with the love of God and the desire to attain to the same glory. Many of the pagans who had gathered around were converted on the spot; and Almachius, incensed beyond measure, caused Maximus to be scourged to death a few days afterward.

The Christians obtained possession of the bodies of Valerianus and Tiburtius; and Cecilia, weeping and rejoicing, received the dear remains, wrapped them in costly silks with great wealth of precious balms, and buried them in the Cemetery of Pretextatus, near the second milestone of the Appian Way. She sealed their tomb with the emblems of victory,—the palm and crown,—and returned to the palace beyond the Tiber, to await the will

\* II. Tim., iv, 7.

of God in regard to herself. When she heard of the martyrdom of Maximus, she came forth to take up his body, which she buried with her own hands near those of her husband and his brother, and on his tomb she caused to be engraved the symbol of resurrection—the phoenix rising from its own ashes.

Her next care was to forestall the rapacity of Almachius by distributing to the poor all the goods of Valerianus,—a measure which so inflamed the Prefect's fury that he began to cast about for some means of doing away with her, without arousing the ire of the people; a difficult matter, since all in Rome, both pagans and Christians, admired Cecilia for her noble birth, her great beauty, and her many virtues, more especially for her all-embracing charity. The murder of Valerianus and Tiburtius had not pleased the populace: that of Cecilia might easily cause a riot. It behooved Almachius to proceed with caution. As in the former case, he felt that her Christianity, so openly professed in the face of his thundered prohibitions, was a direct affront to his authority, and that she must be forced to retract; yet he feared the resentment of the Emperor, and also of the people, should he venture upon bringing her to a public trial. So he hit upon an expedient which, he thought, would satisfy all parties. He sent some officers to see her, and to tell her that if she would sacrifice to the gods in their presence, in the privacy of her home, the Governor would be satisfied and would molest her no further.

The officers very unwillingly accepted the task laid upon them; and, when they found themselves face to face with Cecilia, were so overcome by the sight of her calm and heavenly beauty that they could scarcely explain their mission. Cecilia spoke to them with great gentleness. She told them that she knew how their hearts revolted from carrying out the impious designs of their superior; that she sorrowed not at all for herself, since she was only too happy to suffer for Christ, but that she

deeply pitied them, who 'in the flower of their youth were condemned to obey the orders of an unjust judge.'

The young men were cut to the heart to see this exquisite girl (*tam elegans puella*), so noble and so wise, inviting martyrdom, and they besought her with tears not to "fling so much beauty to Death." But in her calm, lucid way she explained that to die for Christ was to renew youth forever; that to exchange mortality for immortality was like giving up a little handful of lead to receive inexhaustible treasures of purest gold. She saw that the scales were falling from their eyes, and, all aflame to gain more souls to Christ, she cried: "Do you believe what I have told you?" And they replied: "We believe Christ the Son of God to be truly God, who possesses such a servant." Cecilia had won another victory. "Go now," she commanded, "to unhappy Almachius, and tell him that I pray him not to hasten my passion; and then return here to my house, and you shall find him who will make you sharers of eternal life."

The few days' delay was granted, and the officers returned joyfully to Cecilia's house. She had sent to inform St. Urban of her approaching martyrdom, and begged him to come at once, as many whom she had instructed and converted were desirous of receiving baptism before her death. The Pope hastened to her side and remained with her for all that was left of her life. The house became a temple of prayer and praise. More than four hundred persons, the officers of Almachius foremost among them, were baptized.

Then, when all was accomplished and her work on earth completed, Almachius sent for her to appear before him and answer the accusations brought against her. Joyfully she obeyed. The account of her trial is very remarkable, evidently taken down on the spot by some one who witnessed it, and as evidently genuine, not only because of the endorsement of contemporaries, but because of some



curious allusions to customs prevailing at that particular time.

Too long and diffuse to transcribe here, the proceedings opened with the usual question,—a question regarded evidently as something of a farce by the onlookers since all Rome knew of Cecilia, and the greatest excitement prevailed in the crowd that had assembled to see the noble, delicately nurtured lady brought to trial like a common criminal.

Cecilia's very small stature and delicate frame surprised the Prefect, who had never seen her before; and his question seems to show that he had forgotten the fact of her being a married woman.

"Who art thou, child?" he asked.

"I am called Cecilia among men," she replied, "but I have a more illustrious name—that of 'Christian.'"

"What is thy rank?"

"A Roman citizen of illustrious and noble family."

"We know that. I asked thee of thy religion."

"Thy interrogation was a strangely incorrect one, since to one question it required two answers."

Cecilia's logic was incontrovertible, and the Prefect lost his temper at once. He reproached her with what he called her insolence, boasted of his authority, tried to frighten her with threats, was drawn into arguments as to the existence of the pagan gods and their power to punish those who should resist them; as to the "invincibility of the Emperors," and other points, on every one of which the highly educated, intellectual girl, calm as an angel, and relying on God to sustain her, confounded him publicly, to the great delight and, as she intended, to the edification and instruction of her hearers. Conscious that he was losing ground every moment, Almachius floundered and blundered on, till Cecilia closed the interview by saying: "Since you first opened your mouth you have not uttered a word which I have not proved to be either unjust or unreasonable." Then, as con-

cisely and coolly as a lawyer conducting a case, she summed up her proofs of the dead nothingness of the pagan idols, and ended with these words: "Christ alone can save from death, and deliver the guilty from eternal punishment."

There ensued a great silence, during which Almachius considered how he could do away with her with the least amount of publicity and scandal. In his mind he already heard the Emperor's stinging reprimand for his folly in provoking a scene which could result only in casting obloquy on the deities worshipped (or rather patronized) by Alexander himself, and in the condemnation of a beautiful and virtuous lady beloved by all the people. Cecilia stood undisturbed while her enemy pondered her fate.

At last Almachius gave some whispered orders to his satellites; and Cecilia, in her litter (since no Roman lady could walk through the public streets), carried by her devoted, heart-broken servants, was sent back to her palace under a heavy guard, among whom were those who had consented to act as her executioners. These hurried to that one of the marble bath-rooms called the "Calidarius," disposed to produce the fierce heat of a steam bath. The opening in the gilded ceiling, intended to moderate the temperature when necessary, was hermetically closed, and every conduit and furnace heated to raging point. When the suffocating fumes had so filled the place that no one dared go in, Cecilia was commanded to enter. She passed in, smiling, and was lost to view in the dense cloud of steam; then the entrance was closed, and a guard set over it that none of those who were mourning and weeping all through the halls and courts of the palace might either set her free or share her end. For the rest of the day and all the ensuing night the tormentors continued to pile the fires till it seemed as if the heat must crack the very marble. No sound came from the sealed room, and at sunrise the next day the executioners were convinced that

their work was done. Nothing mortal could survive in that furnace.

So they opened the door—and Cecilia, radiant and fresh as a rose washed in dew, knelt there in prayer, her lovely face raised to Heaven, her pure hands clasped in love and thanksgiving. Terrified, the men rushed to tell Almachius of the portent.

"Let a lictor go and behead her!" was all he said.

Some man was found to do it, though unwillingly; for even the most brutal and ignorant felt that here was one mysteriously protected by Heaven; and might not Heaven—even the heaven of Jupiter and Apollo—smite him who should raise his hand against her? Still, orders were orders. In the soft May morning a heavy tread sounded over the mosaic pavements of the palace. The sweet lady's friends and dependents cried out as they saw a man stride along toward the "Calidarius" (where, in obedience to the Prefect's commands, she had remained) swinging a heavy two-handled axe. The Christians, who were the trophies of her conquests for Christ, besought her between their sobs to pray for them in heaven. She bade them be comforted; and, smiling radiantly and mysteriously, she knelt down on the still wet marble to receive the blow.

But the lictor's hands were trembling so that he could scarcely grasp his weapon. Three times he struck, and each time the steel sank deep into the meek white neck, and the blood crimsoned the golden robe and the marble door. Then he fled in terror. The Roman law forbade a fourth stroke. Cecilia was lying on the reddened marble, on her side; Urban and the rest kneeling around her. And it was she who broke the silence, bidding them pray to God and then listen to her, since she still had somewhat to say to them. Several among them were yet in need of instruction, many in need of comfort and encouragement; so she taught and prayed, and comforted them for three long days, never moving from the spot where she

had sunk down under the strokes of the axe. And she and they were left in peace; for cold fear had fallen on the city, and none dared approach Cecilia's house to ask how it fared with her.

During all this time her face showed that she was suffering the agonies of death; though she found her old sweet smile for each and all of her spiritual children and her beloved poor, as they crowded round her to kiss her garments and try to staunch her wounds, and to dip their linen cloths in the treasure of her blood. Her last endearments were for the poor; and whatever remained of her own properties in the house, she now commanded to be given to them. Each word she spoke seemed as if it must be the last; yet still she lived—and smiled and blessed them.

On the third day, a great wonder being on all that assemblage, she bade them leave her for a while, and the holy Pope Urban came and prayed with her and blessed her. And he begged her to tell him how it was that she had survived those cruel strokes so long. And Cecilia, looking up at him most lovingly, replied: "I asked the Lord to give me these three days, that I might give to your Beatitude my last treasure—the poor whom I nourished and who will miss me. And I also give you this my house, that you may consecrate it to be a church to the Lord forever and ever."

Then she thanked her Saviour for all His love, and especially for having 'deigned to give her a part in the glory of the athletes,—for having crowned her with the lilies of virginity and the roses of martyrdom.' A little faintness came over her then. She had never moved from the attitude in which she had fallen, and was lying on her right side, but her hands had been raised in prayer. Now they fell, still clasped, on the folds of the golden robe so rosy with blood; she turned her lovely face to the ground, that only God might see the ecstasy of her reunion with Him, and thus she died.



## A Womanly Heart.\*

BY LÉON BERTHANT.

THE savage sea was venting its fury on the Breton coast in long, heavy, compressed, and moaning billows, which appeared to be spitting forth all the foam of the Atlantic. From "Plogoff's Hell" came disquieting noises—strokes as of gigantic battering-rams, sinister explosions, clamor of the distressed land pounded and buffeted by its eternal enemy.

Suddenly there appeared out among the riotous waves a fishing smack running before the wind.

"There they are! That's them!" cried a woman standing on an embankment above the shore,—one of a number of women who, with several white-bearded retired veterans, were on the watch for the absent fishers.

One of the old men, the most weather-beaten of the group, took his marine glasses out of their case and watched the fragile boat at the mercy of the storm. He examined it attentively. Several times he wiped the lenses obscured by the spray; and at last said:

"Yes, Maryvonne, 'tis yours, fast enough."

"Thanks, Lecoz! Now I can breathe freely. Well, I must go and get some good soup and hot coffee ready for them. After a gale like this, my husband, you know, will be glad to give the others some refreshment."

Without a glance at the other women who were still waiting, dumb with the anguish of possible calamities, Maryvonne, radiating egoistic satisfaction, proceeded to her little cottage only a few rods away.

Pale, rigid, their skirts whipped by the wind, their faces bitten and stung by the salty spray, the other women followed closely every movement of the smack, paying no attention to the rude assaults

of wind and wave. They trembled, they shuddered at times, not merely for their own husbands (for whom they were waiting), but also for Maryvonne's "man"; for if Pierre Le Bars was known as an excellent seaman, the best perhaps in that region of hardy sailors, he had also the reputation of being unduly rash and daring.

At present he was making for the landing cove, with all his sail set, just as if the gale were merely a lively breeze; showing the same temerity that he was accustomed to display at regattas, to show off his skill. With those tremendous billows bounding toward shore in irresistible power and fury, that temerity might easily cost him his life.

Accordingly, the onlookers forgot for the moment their personal anxiety and fears as they watched with palpitating hearts the little smack, now hurled from the crest of one wave to that of another, now plunging its bow into the foam, now swept back in the after-tow, shipping barrels of water, disappearing for moments altogether, steadily advancing nevertheless, but its advance constantly threatened with disaster. Finally the smack appeared to be safe, scarcely a quarter of a mile from shore.

"Ah!"

The piercing cry dominated the combined uproar of tempest and waters: the boat had capsized. No: it was only the mast that fell, but it carried two of the men overboard with it, and its weight kept the smack party under water. There were several moments of terror; then the mast itself permitted the men to gain the boat, and to climb aboard just as Le Bars succeeded in cutting the broken spar adrift.

Then the women, seeing this crew come safely into port, turned their thoughts to the other fishers who were still outside fighting with the implacable sea. And they kept their anxious eyes fixed on the blurred horizon.

"My sakes! who are those poor fellows?"

\* Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA.

A second boat had come into sight and was approaching the cove.

"That," said an old sailor,—"that looks like Pilven's smack."

"No: 'tis Le Cozanet's."

The veteran with the marine glasses wiped the lenses and took another look.

"Yes, you're right, Mariannik: 'tis Le Cozanet's, sure enough. I recognize the owner."

The fine-looking young woman, whom the old man called by this Breton variant of Our Lady's name, was the widow of a brave fellow drowned at sea in his twenty-eighth year, in full vigor, in the prime of his courage,—one already famous among the hardy, and vanquished as he was pulling from the sea yet another victim: 'twas his twelfth rescue. Mariannik, after having deplored his loss for a long time, had found resignation, if not comfort, at the feet of her heavenly patroness, and she now spoke of her dead husband only with a species of serious pride. She asked for no condolence, because, said she, "'tis not everything to live well: one must also die well."

"Attention!—attention!" said the old fellow with the glasses, as he saw Le Cozanet drawing near the foam-covered bar or reef.

Behind the speaker and the young widow, Le Bars' wife was embracing him, while his crew were busying themselves with the damaged smack.

Again a loud cry broke from the spectators, and this time not merely of fright but of cruel certainty: Le Cozanet's smack had capsized among the breakers. Clinging to her keel and to such ropes as they had clutched, the unfortunate sailors were shouting for help.

Mariannik turned toward Le Bars and, clapping him on the shoulder, wheeled him around from the caresses of his wife to a full view of the tragic tableau out among the breakers.

The man thrust his head forward and, his hand shading his eyes, gazed out at the wreck.

"Oh, no, Pierre,—no, you won't go!"

It was Maryvonne who, in her fear, spoke thus.

"O Pierre, Pierre! Just think: you all came very near staying there. Don't go out again, I pray you!"

In the meantime the widow was addressing Le Bars' men:

"Come, you fellows! You're not going to stand there, I hope, and watch those others die."

And as, having just escaped the sepulchre, they hesitated about facing death again, she cried out indignantly:

"No, 'tis not possible! You are glad enough to have escaped yourselves. You'll go, won't you?"

She turned once more toward Pierre.

"As for you, if you hesitate a moment longer, I know you no more. You needn't come to speak to me of my husband, for he wouldn't acknowledge you."

"Oh, yes; but, Mariannik," interposed Pierre's wife, "he is dead—your husband."

"And if he is," replied the widow, "I tell you in all truth if he were to rise from the grave this minute, 'tis I myself would send him out there—to his duty."

The other sailors were consulting with Le Bars.

"Good Lord!" grumbled the old salt with the glasses, "are there no more men in this country?"

"No," replied Mariannik, "there are not. But 'twill not be said that through Pierre's fault we left those others to drown out there. Since the men are afraid, 'tis for us to go. Are you with me, you women?"

Mothers and daughters came toward her, and the veteran joined them.

"Hold on there! Stop!"

'Twas the voice of Pierre, who, pushing Maryvonne aside, sprang toward his sailors. And then these men, who a minute before seemed trembling with fear, smiled at their captain's orders. They swiftly launched a lifeboat, and, with lowered



heads, pulled steadily out to the breakers.

When they returned after saving all of Le Cozanet's crew, Mariannik, white as wax and with her brow damp with perspiration, was shivering by the side of Maryvonne. In her joy at seeing everyone safe, she could not speak a word. They had to support her, mute and passive, with yielding limbs, to the cottage, where refreshments were ready. While the men were regaling themselves silently, and Maryvonne, proud now and happy as a bird, was chattering continuously, Mariannik wept as she watched them. Then, as she dried her eyes, she exclaimed, with a laugh of mingled triumph and love:

"Oh, the good fellows you all are!"

And she hurried away, knowing that she was going to weep again at the thought of her own dead good fellow. On the wall of her little sitting-room, hanging just below a fine engraving of Our Lady of Sorrows, and surrounded by medals won in saving lives, was a photograph of her hero. Kissing it tenderly, she glanced from the photograph to the engraving and whispered:

"Are you both satisfied?"

That evening there was a festival at the Le Bars' cottage. Life-savers and wrecked were seated around the same table with their neighbors who had reached port after them, and the healths of all were being drunk.

Maryvonne had been the first to insist that the seat of honor should be given to Mariannik. When Le Cozanet would have thanked Le Bars for his rescue, the latter interrupted him with—

"No, I don't admit it. 'Tis Mariannik to whom we owe everything."

'Twas in vain for her to disavow any merit: she had to receive a volley of compliments as sincere as they were numerous. And Le Bars, an unconscious philosopher, gave expression to this reflection:

"Bone and sinew—yes, we get them from our fathers; but the heart, my boys,—the heart comes to us from our mothers."

## The Monster of the Highways.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



OUR neighbors long ago began to be hurled about the country like shot from an ordnance gun; and for years we old fogies watched them. This "getting there" by purely surface methods struck us as unscholarly; we could see no gain in it—not even geographical gain,—but only a cheap titillation, a much-ado-about-nothing. Peripatetic philosophy, however, had to be put to a practical test. It came about that we two irreconcilables climbed now and then over the low wheels and sat on the roomy cushions of our friends; yet were only hardened in our first unfaith,—we wondering before, during, and after each pellmell mechanical experience, what there could be in it to discredit the poetic bridle, the heroic walking-stick. And then, once upon a time, for friendship's sake, for open-mindedness' sake, we let ourselves be whisked off on a tour. It was an English summer, uniquely hot and dry,—as bad as the worst American weather in the sunshine, and nearly, but not quite, as bad in the shade. We went forth "for to be'old the world so wide," and to do our share in helping to destroy the roads which used to be a national excellence.

The "chufer" (as he delightfully called himself) had a loose two inches of even soil to plough; and he ploughed it all along, with glee. Through hamlets and valleys and remote uplands, over bridges, commons, and fords, we bellowed and raced, leaving a perfumed comet trail from one loathly big hotel to another. I make a free confession: in those four or five days Hilaria and I went to our uttermost limit of passive wickedness. We know now what a wholesale immorality feels like, and are tenderly drawn toward jail-birds actual or potential. The exquisite earth and sky looked increas-

ingly queer, as if smooched and blurred by the busybody called Conscience. It had suddenly become our astonishing profession to poison wayside springs, and to throttle roses and honeysuckles. We wrote our itinerary among idyllic cottages, in ruined verdure and fetid air. How happy, we thought, were our host and hostess, for whom creation wore an unreprouchful face! But to us, travelling with them, there came, hour on hour, on the wind, the momentary shapes and scenes of Dante's infernal pageant.

On those ever-remembered lanes were young children in blue pinafores, plucking flowers from the hedgerows; a nurse, slowly wheeling a sweet-faced lady in an invalid chair; a flock of sheep and lambs, tired from market-day travel, with their hobbling shepherd and his dog following behind; a smocked laborer trudging home to tea, with the scythe over his bent shoulder. We can see now, with wretched, unavailing contrition, these flashed groups just ahead of, or just beside, that scurrying Satan's throne of ours. The heavy-bodied dragon of dust, abominable, inescapable, leaped high, and hurled its colossal coils about the helpless fellow-creatures set in the calm beauty of the scene. The nurse's little cry of protest, the splutter of the patient flock, the old mower's quick, angry gesture, obliterated midway, were stabbed into us; and the wounds remain.

Hilaria registered an interior vow; so did I. It was horribly unscientific behavior. One informed with the true motoring spirit, confident that no murder was being done, would never have looked back; or, looking back, could have seen nothing to make him care a straw. The point with us was that we were confident that no end of murder was being done, and done by our tacit consent and connivance. We had set out in motor veils, in order to dissipate a prejudice. We got home in the chain-mail of a confirmed abstention. The definition of a "joy-ride" is a blood-sport. This is our summing up, and there

does not seem to be anything in the least funny about it.

Man's giant highway toy is a Pig, far beyond all past dreams of what piggery can attain to. (Persons who are anything but pigs continually herd with it; but that may be accounted for on the principle that persons, as a general rule, never think an independent thought from the cradle to the grave.) It spins a tight-rope of enjoyment for one or two or three; its evangel is the reverse of the good and deep saying—Lucy Larcom's—that

The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal shares.

Its implied lust of power and its leeway for irresponsibilities lend plausibility to the ravings of our benighted brother, the Anarchist. Class antagonism, envies of all kinds, are paradoxically fattened by the mere grotesque sight and the shocking sound of it. It makes horseplay of the sense of protection and of many and many an unwritten chivalry. At first blush, its speed—or, rather, its speed's pleasant coronal of danger—seems to be its redeeming charm, until you reflect that the danger is wholly, or chiefly, a game other than your own. A Quaker may be able to make some pertinent comment on this arrangement. Any artist in life, at least, will tell you that it is death to all romance.

Thus, in the last analysis, your *FX1359117½* becomes a most foolish-looking beast. Its staggering annual record of crimes and blunders (not much lessened by all the fuss of legislation) is only in the same category with its sweet genius for befouling the purity of the wilds, and sophisticating the innocence of countryfolk. It can be overlooked as an ugly fact; but not as a far uglier symbol. The winged vision of triumphant materialism, the very image and superscription of a civilization rotten to the core with selfishness, the car or the cycle may well seem to be always running madly along a perilous ground, the frontier-line of faith and morals.



There is a word to be said, nevertheless, for the sleek and efficient petrol-devil: it is a capital shibboleth. Those hostile to it by instinct or by afterthought are dear to one another in an absolute maudlin degree. Sundered, perhaps, by seas or continents, they are yet a close corporation of spiritual stockholders. De Tocqueville laments somewhere in a famous passage that we moderns are a sapless tribe, having lost all real initiative whether for good or evil. We have no idea, he says, how to will, how to love, or how to hate.

Blessings, then, on the burden of my lay, for the magnificent, ubiquitous incentive which it is to keep hot and true the blood of its born enemy! It impeccably makes the best of him. It thrills and limbers and liberates and hallows his finest quality, his precious and unspent rage. The act and habit of battle, such as is tonic to any man, he may inhale from a steel incubus spawned by luxury and sanctioned by convenience. *Perfecto odio oderam*. The state of perfect hatred, mark you, is a blissful state, and as nutritious to the soul, being rightly ordered, as love.

Some of us irreconcilables, who snort at the futility of mere speed-regulations, purpose to live until we have it out with the monster of the highways. If that sweet pet should be legislated practically off the face of the earth, and no license to keep and exercise him allowed save to priests, physicians, and nurses, and to military men for general use, this world would be a more comely place than it is now, and "cuss words" might not altogether supersede, in a pedestrian's heart and mouth, the songs of Zion.

MEN will not see that a miracle is a perception of the soul, a vision of the divine behind nature. . . . For the indifferent there are no miracles. It is only religious souls that are capable of recognizing the finger of God in certain given facts.—*Aniel*.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*August 17, Feast of St. Joachim.*

**H**AGAIN the Church sets aside the Sunday liturgy to celebrate an important festival. From the earliest ages the Eastern Church kept a feast in honor of the father of the Blessed Virgin; the Western Church, however, did not thus honor the saint until many centuries later. It was not until 1738 that Pope Clement XII. extended to the whole Church a feast which had been gradually adopted by various dioceses, fixing the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption for its universal celebration. Pope Leo XIII. raised it to a higher rank, in honor of his baptismal patron.

The Introit is taken from Psalm cxi, which enumerates the great rewards bestowed by God upon the just: "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord; he delighteth exceedingly in His commandments." The verse selected for the Introit is the following: "He hath distributed; he hath given to the poor; his justice remaineth forever and ever; his horn shall be exalted in glory." Because of his generosity to the poor, the just man's merits will never be lost sight of by God, but will be rewarded eternally. The choice of this Introit rests upon a well-founded tradition that St. Joachim was accustomed to divide his income into three portions: one for the Temple, another for the poor, the remainder for the support of his household.

The Collect shows that the Church regards the special greatness of the saint to consist in his relationship to the greatest of all God's creatures—Mary, the Virgin Mother; it is this which ennobles him, and renders his intercession so powerful. "O God, who before all Thy saints wert pleased that blessed Joachim should be the father of her who bore Thy Son; grant, we beseech Thee, that we

may ever experience his patronage, whose festival we venerate."

In place of Epistle, we have a Lesson from Ecclesiasticus; it speaks the praises of the just man. We may note that again he is extolled for his almsgiving: "Blessed is the man that is found without blemish, and hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money nor in treasures. . . . He that could have transgressed and hath not transgressed; . . . therefore are his goods established in the Lord, and all the church of the saints shall declare his alms."

The Gradual returns to the same subject; it is chiefly a repetition of the Introit, but another verse of the psalm is added: "His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed." The prophecy meets with complete fulfilment in her who declared in inspired words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The Alleluia verse begs the saint's intercession: "O Joachim, holy spouse of Anne, father of the glorious Virgin, assist now thy servants unto salvation. Alleluia."

The Gospel gives us the genealogy of Our Lord, according to St. Matthew. This genealogy differs from that given by St. Luke; for, although St. Joseph is mentioned in both, his descent is traced from Nathan, brother of Solomon, by the latter; and from Solomon by St. Matthew. The explanation seems to be that St. Luke gives the actual descent of Our Lady; and St. Matthew, according to Jewish custom, that of St. Joseph, "the husband of Mary." The latter emphasizes the royal descent of Our Lord, through His reputed father, by the enumeration of one after another of the ancient kings; though both lines unite in David. The Church, by choosing St. Matthew's Gospel, does not detract from the honor due to St. Joachim, as Abbot Guéranger points out. "The name of Joachim," he says, "which signifies the 'Preparation of the Lord,' is thus rendered more majestic, without losing aught of its mystical meaning."

In the Offertory verse the Church celebrates the saint's dignity and power, springing from his close relationship with God made Man. "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor, and hast set him over the works of Thy hands, O Lord!" That glory was bestowed by God. "By your fruits are you known," says St. John Damascene. "You have given birth to a daughter who is greater than the angels and has become their Queen." Holy Church, led by the Spirit of God, rejoices in that glory. "Ecclesiasticus teaches us that we ought to praise our fathers in their generation. What great honor and veneration ought we then, to render to St. Joachim and St. Anne, who begot the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God, and are on that account more glorious than all others!" Thus speaks Pope Leo XIII. in the decree by which he raised to higher rank the feasts of the parents of Our Lady.

The Communion verse styles the saint: "A faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord set over his family, to give them their measure of wheat in due season." St. Joachim was in more than one sense a faithful steward toward God's family: he was the loving and provident father of God's dearest earthly child; he is now the powerful and ready advocate of the Church and her children. But the words, as here used, will bear a deeper significance: the Bread of Life, just received in Holy Mass, came to us through Mary, Joachim's wondrous child. Thus, in a certain sense, we are indebted to him for God's gracious Gift — *Panis Angelorum, factus cibus viatorum*. ("The Bread of Angels, made the Food of pilgrims.")

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HOLY WRIT is as a river, shallow and deep, wherein a lamb may walk and an elephant swim. Wondrous is that river which is so shallow that a lamb (i. e., one who is simple and unlearned) can cross it dry-foot, and an elephant (i. e., one great and wise) can swim—yea, sink himself.

—St. Gregory the Great.



## A Unique Guild.

**A**T Blois, France, there is a species of mercantile community, or association, which dates back to the oldtime guilds and preserves their characteristics. The Fishwives ("Women of the Fish Market") turn into a common fund the product of their sales, and every week make a division of the profits. They have no contracts, no constitution or by-laws, no board of control; everything rests on mutual understanding, and the association is ruled by custom and tradition. At present the members are only ten in number; but they continue to be recruited from the same fishing families, they live in the same street, wear the same headdress, and have their special seats in church.

As a matter of fact, they are very religious. Their market is adorned with a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and woe to the anti-clerical bold enough to touch it! Ten years ago, when the market was rebuilt, the fishwives insisted that a niche be provided for their patroness' statue, and their demand was complied with.

One of the most interesting features of the association is its system of aid, or, if you will, insurance against sickness and old age. Every member who is either too ill or too old to work receives her share of profits every week, just as if she were in active service. It must be said that the members are fairly long-lived, and that they do not consider it the proper thing for a woman of only threescore to be living off the labor of others. One of the actual sellers in the market is eighty-one. Last year one of them did retire; but, as she was eighty-seven, she had fairly earned a rest.

A rather picturesque detail of this Fishwives' Guild is that every year, on August 16, it has a Mass celebrated for the Blois victims of the cholera of 1849. The horror of that epidemic evidently remains one of the Guild's traditions.

## Metaphors of a Mediæval Preacher.

**R**EADERS of the "Metaphors of Brother Bozon," a Norman-French manuscript work of the fourteenth century in the possession of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, a translation of which has just been published by Constable & Co., of London, will admire the book's richness and frequency of Scripture quotation. It is a triumphant refutation of the charge, still repeated, that the Bible was practically unknown in the Middle Ages. Few preachers or writers of our day, when printing has rendered concordances and other reference books so accessible, can compare with Brother Bozon in familiarity with the Sacred Text. Indeed, his facility in quoting both the Old and New Testament must have been remarkable even at a time when everyone was more or less familiar with the Bible, and sermons for all occasions abounded in Scriptural texts.

As the "Metaphors" is not a work for general reading, we shall, with the translator's and publishers' permission, present from time to time such extracts from it as will be of interest to our readers. It seems a pity that the book had not been rendered suitable for all classes of readers. The quaint simplicity of the author's diction might have been reproduced without including certain of the stories. The book, however, has the character of attractive sincerity. Nearly every section of it begins with a statement of the habits of some animal, or the qualities of some stone or herb; then follow moralizations thereon, supported by passages from the Bible, and examples culled from all available sources. Two or three selections will suffice for the present. The first is entitled: "That Good Superiors Desire a Good Household; and Bad, a Bad One":

Loadstone is a precious stone that draws iron to it, and gagaz is another stone which draws straw to it; and they signify the great landlords, of whom some draw to them the steadfast folk, loyal, and of good counsel; the others draw toward them straw, the crazy and silly

and rascals, as did the hare chosen for magistrate. Then his friends said that he would do well to take to himself good counsel and good company. "You should take," said they, "an ox because he is strong, and a horse because he is of good courage, and a greyhound because he is gentle and well-running."—"Forsooth!" said the other. "Have you said all? Of those that you have named, I can make but little; for the ox is too butting, and the horse too kicking, and the greyhound too snarling; but I will betake myself to the young ape, and to the kitten, and to the kid."

So do the great lords. They have naught to do with the ox, that butts them out of their project; nor with the horse, that spurns with his hoof (that is to say, with a man who loves truth); nor with the biting hound (that is to say, with the man who scolds their folly); but all ever betake themselves to the kitten—to crazy folk, who follow their foolishness and will; and to the young ape, that makes them laugh vainly; and to the kids, who are connected with them by relationship. Wherefore said Solomon: "What manner of man the ruler of a city is such are all they that dwell therein." (Ecclus., x, 2.)

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The philosopher Pliny says (li. 8) if the tongue of a goat touches an olive tree, however well it may flourish, it becomes barren; and this is a great wonder. So is it with fools, who through their tongue spoil many virtues, as St. Paul witnesses: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." (I Cor., xv, 33.) And this example may be taken otherwise. The well-flourishing olive tree is the man of fair life who can easily lose the merit of his good deeds if he yields to the tongue of the goat—that is to say, to foolish flatterers. Wherefore Solomon teaches us and says: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." (Prov., i, 10.) Here one may tell about the crow.

The crow carried cheese in her mouth, whom the fox met, and said: "What a fine bird you are! And you would be indeed precious if you sang as clearly as your father formerly did." The crow was joyful at the praise, and opened her mouth to sing, and lost her cheese. "Be off!" said the fox, "I have enough of your song."

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Let one who is proud of himself take example to humble himself, by the peacock that, after being proud of his tail, casts a glance at his foot, and the pride is soon appeased. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, . . . and knowest not that thou art wretched and . . . poor." (Rev., iii, 17.) "Why is earth and ashes proud?" (Ecclus., x, 9.)

## The Duty of Restitution.

AN occasional review of the multifarious details that enter into a complete exposition of the seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is for most Christians an excellent practice, and for some a necessary one. The methods of taking or retaining what lawfully belongs to another are so numerous, the cases in which one becomes a real and responsible co-operator in unjust deeds are so varied, and the consequences of failure to restore goods unjustly acquired or to make compensation for damage unjustly done are ultimately so momentous, that no apology is needed for endeavoring to supplement the work of catechist and preacher by insisting at times on different points in this branch of the moral law. One particular point that can not be too thoroughly understood is the strict obligation of restitution.

The same law that forbids us to violate the property rights of another clearly ordains that we repair such damage as we have unjustly caused. The obligation of restoring goods dishonestly in our possession is based upon the natural law. Ordinary good sense is sufficient to discern that, in its broader lines at least, this obligation is just and reasonable, and that to deny its existence would be to introduce all sorts of confusion and disorder into social life and intercourse.

So far as God is concerned, restitution is an indispensable condition of pardon. When the Prophet Elias reproached Achab for having unjustly taken possession of Naboth's vineyard, Achab humbled himself and put on sackcloth in token of penitence; but he did not restore the vineyard, and neither did God grant him pardon. St. Augustine says formally on this subject: "The sin is not forgiven unless the thing stolen is restored, when possible." The same great Doctor emphasizes the fact that, as long as one who has wronged his neighbor refuses to make reparation, he may do whatever else he



will—fast, pray, entreat God's pardon with tears, perform the severest penitential works—but his sin will not be remitted. "Such a one," he writes, "does not do penance: he only counterfeits it." It is just as true in our day as in Ezekiel's that "he who will not render what he hath robbed shall die everlastingly."

Restitution, is then, a practical and pressing duty for all those who have become guilty, no matter in what manner, of injustice toward others. If I am in possession of something that belongs to another, I am bound to restore it to its owner, whether I acquired the object in good faith or bad. For that matter, once I discover that the thing belongs of right to another, I can no longer be considered a just possessor. This, of course, excludes the case in which I have retained goods or property in good faith for the length of time prescribed by the law to legitimize. It is pertinent just here to remark that prescription can not be pleaded by the purloiners of objects in general use; and that the apparent laxity of the world as to the taking or the retaining of such objects does not either make such actions less sinful or excuse the actors from restitution.

Equally obliged to restore ill-gotten goods are they who by fraud, artifice, or craftiness have secured possession of what properly belongs to others. And in what innumerable ways is injustice not committed, especially in this age when the get-rich-quick fever is so prevalent in the commercial, the industrial, and, above all, the speculative world! How many of the makers of the rapidly acquired fortunes of our day have preserved during the acquisition consciences altogether free from the reproach of unjust dealings with their fellows? "They who would become rich," says St. Paul, "fall into the snare of the devil"; and it is to be feared that without restitution a number of the wealthy will never get out of that snare. In default of the actual author of the injustice, the obligation of restoring

rests of course upon his heirs and assigns. Wealth unjustly acquired does not become purged of criminality by the mere process of descending to sons and daughters.

If the question be asked, To whom should restitution be made? the answer is unequivocal: To him from whom the goods have been stolen, whose property is unfairly detained from his possession,—who has, in a word, suffered the injustice. If he is no longer living, his rights have passed to his heirs, and full restitution must be made to them. A mischievous error that appears to be prevalent in certain classes of society is that the restitution to which one is obliged may be made in the form of pious gifts to the Church, to confraternities, to the poor, to hospitals, to benevolent associations. Only in the case in which the rightful owner of the ill-gotten goods or property is dead and has left no heirs is such action permissible. If he or his heirs be alive, the restitution must be made to him or to them. Charity is an excellent virtue; but this form of it ranks after justice, and justice demands restitution to the one despoiled.

Finally, *when* should restitution be made? At once, without any delay, or, at the very least, as soon as possible. To put it off indefinitely is to live in sin, and, if the restitution be a considerable one, in mortal sin. To postpone it to the hour of death is to expose one's self to the danger of not making it at all; or, at best, of leaving to one's heirs a duty of which they may not, and probably will not, be in any hurry to acquit themselves. The one practical counsel that should be followed in this matter by any Catholic, high or low, whom it concerns, is: consult your confessor, and be guided by his advice. And the one prayer that all Christians, in these days of multiform violations of justice and honesty, may well have frequently upon their lips is that of the Psalmist: "Direct my steps according to Thy word, and let no iniquity have dominion over me."

## Notes and Remarks.

We are in receipt of a leaflet on which is reprinted a condemnation, by a Jesuit Father, of an American monthly magazine. The periodical in question is vigorously characterized as "dirty, vulgar, pagan, and immoral"; and the final paragraph of the leaflet runs:

Catholics and decent families should not tolerate a copy of this sadly fallen magazine in their homes. It is not for the children; it is dangerous to the maiden; it is unfit for the young man; it is bad for all; it is vulgarizing to all.

It may be well, in this connection, to remind our readers—and well for our clerical readers, in turn, to remind their flocks—that among the general decrees of the Roman Index of Forbidden Books is this: "Those newspapers and periodicals which, not only now and then, but regularly and of set purpose, attack religion or morality, or propagate anti-Catholic views" are prohibited. In accordance with this decree, tolerance in Catholic homes of the magazine referred to in the leaflet is nothing more or less than sinful, and may easily be grievously so. Apart from any legislation of the Church relative to any such publications, all Catholics know that to frequent unnecessarily the occasions of sin is to sin.

Catholic teachers on this side of the Atlantic who have been attracted by the Montessori Method—which, notwithstanding features of unquestionable excellence, has others that are decidedly objectionable, though less prominent,—would do well to consider what the Bishop of Salford has to say about this system, writing in the *Catholic Federationist*. "I am not going to deny," says his Lordship, "that this much-vaunted method contains elements of real value, and may serve as a useful reaction against a certain amount of stiffness or rigidity which may have crept into our methods of educating young children. From that point of view,

it has been appreciated and welcomed by some of our Catholic educators. Nevertheless, it has always appeared to me that, taken as a whole, the Montessori Method involves principles which are both false and dangerous, and might prove pernicious in the training of the young."

The Bishop then quotes the following criticism from the pen of Dr. Mansueto Colombo, who reviewed Madame Montessori's book in the scholastic journal *La Difesa*:

Modern pedagogy exaggerates in proclaiming liberty as the platform of education, either owing to a false conception, or to reaction against the abuses of authority. But, between untrammelled liberty on the one side and despotic authority on the other, there is a common ground of agreement on which both may simultaneously and efficaciously influence, without collision or contest, the mind of the pupil. . . . He who knows how to temper his own authority wisely, by means of the exercise of power at once strong and gentle, with the liberty of the pupil, will attain without violence or trickery the end of education. Take away from the army the authority of the commander-in-chief, and want of discipline will make it an easy prey to a well-ordered enemy; take from the family the authority of the father, the formal cause of its bond of stability, and it will fall to pieces; take from the kingdom, the republic, the social order itself, the authority to make laws and to have them executed, and you will have anarchy,—worse still, chaos.

Assured that the common-sense of these principles will be unquestioned, the Bishop continues:

The school is a social microcosm, a state in embryo, with the social organism itself, its attributes and relations, on a tiny scale. Hence the first character of education must be authority. To-day, partly from the exaggerated mania for the principles of 1789, and partly as a reaction against the rigorism of the nineteenth century, there is a tendency, on the contrary, to laxity. Dr. Montessori seems to derive her inspiration from this Jacobin reaction; for she declares that "a fundamental principle of scientific pedagogy must be the liberty of the pupils, so as to permit the evolution of the spontaneous manifestations of the infant." In answer to the natural question, "How are you going to teach the infant to become master of himself?" Madame Montessori does not hesitate to reply: "In this it is necessary to avoid rigorously



the arresting of spontaneous movements and the enforcing of actions by the will of another person." To translate this into practical language: "If you see a child raise its hand in threatening attitude toward its companion, leave it alone until it gives him a slap; if it wants to hum a song, don't interrupt it; this incipient masterful attitude *ought to be respected with religious veneration.*" In a word, the Montessori system consists in favoring the complete development of life, "having for its basis the liberty of the infant, in leading the latter on the road of independence, in so far as it helps to diminish the social ties which limit its activity."

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A Catholic teacher of twenty years' experience, in a letter to the *London Tablet*, expresses the opinion that, while learning the words of the Catechism makes little impression upon the minds of children, the teacher's explanation of the answers undoubtedly does. But the need of something more than this is experienced by every zealous teacher. "I believe spiritual reading suited to the tastes of the child is the one thing lacking," says the *Tablet's* correspondent. "At least half an hour each week should be devoted to spiritual reading in our schools. In this way we shall train up a generation of reading Catholics who will be induced to avoid the bad Sunday newspaper and such dangerous literature."

The suggestion impresses us as being an eminently wise one. The importance of children's reading is one of those rare things which it is impossible to exaggerate. Alas that there should be so few books and periodicals suited to the needs of our children! But let it not be forgotten that, until there is a far more general demand for the publications already provided, it is useless to expect any notable increase in output, or any appreciable improvement in quality.

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Mr. T. P. O'Connor having stated of a Labor leader that he began life with no fortune "beyond the good education that every Scotch child has got since the days of John Knox," the *Glasgow Observer* remarks that the Irish M. P. is

evidently to be numbered among the victims of the widespread superstition that Scotland owes its primary school system to John Knox, and that a good primary education has been the boon of youthful Scotians since Knox's time. The fact is, as is shown in a recently published book ("Broken Links in Scottish Education"), that up to a hundred years ago, there was an enormous number of Scotch parishes devoid of any school whatever—not through lack of any interest or eagerness on the part of the people for learning, but for lack of facilities to learn. The author of the book named, himself a Presbyterian clergyman, declares that very little was done for more than a century after the time when the Presbyterian Church in Scotland took up the matter of parish schools, and that it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the parish school system of the country was anything like generally established.

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The late Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education in the State of New York, was a more mischievous character than people thought in his lifetime. In his earlier days he played the rôle of Republican politician, and was supposed to have the flexibility of mind and the generous outlook which remove the intelligent politician from the influence of the bigot. His experience of the world was matched by his experience in education as head of the Illinois State University. Yet in some revelations of his, entitled "Holiday Papers" (1911), he claimed all the discredit of the success of New York bigots in securing a judicial decision against the Sisters' garb being worn in schools supported by the State. Here are his own words:

"In 1889 the writer, as superintendent, held that the distinguishing garb of an order of religious and sectarian workers could not be worn by teachers in the common schools because of the sectarian church influence. In view of the impor-

tance of the matter, and the persistence of feeling and comment about it, the writer, as Commissioner of Education, in recent years has co-operated with those who differed with him to secure the decision of the Court of Appeals upon the question, with the result that the decision of the superintendent has been upheld by the court of last resort (184 N. Y., 421). The amended Constitution of 1894 provides (Art. 9, Sec. 1) that 'the Legislature shall provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein all children of the State may be educated'; and Section 4 of the same article provides that 'neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance other than for examination and inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.'"

Plainly, men of the writer's stamp should not be put into public office; and it is to be hoped that Dr. John H. Finley, who has succeeded Dr. Draper as Commissioner of Education, will bring a more generous spirit into his administration. But all candidates should be studied and their careers made plain to the public before office is given to them. While Senator Thomas C. Platt was cajoling Catholic Republicans of their votes in his support, and naming persons like Dr. Draper to office, he was (intentionally we do not assert) aiding bigots secretly to secure court decisions and Constitutional amendments against the rights and privileges of American citizens who chanced to be Catholics.

More and more abundantly, as the twentieth century wears on, comes the testimony of the world's most thoughtful and authoritative publicists in favor of religion in education. We quoted recently

Dr. F. W. Förster's condemnation of the Ethical Culture idea — replacing religion by ethics; and now we have the English statesman, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, advocating these two ideals: first, that religious education should not be separated from secular; and, secondly, that the religious education should be the religious education desired by the parents of the child for the child. Some day not far distant, it is tolerably certain, American statesmen will recognize that our national prosperity, not to say our national life, imperatively needs morality and God and a definite religious teaching in every school of the land.

□ In the course of an article dealing with the salaries and expenditures of the members of the Presidential Cabinet, "Holland" gives, in the *Wall Street Journal*, this footnote to contemporary, or recent, American history:

With a single exception, every one of the members of Cleveland's first Cabinet was obliged to eke out a salary of \$8000. The one exception was Attorney General Garland, of Arkansas. Senator Garland stipulated, when discussing with President Cleveland the offer of the post of Attorney-General, that he should not be obliged to take part in social entertainment,—that it would not be looked upon as an offence if he did not give entertainments; and he frankly gave as his reason his absolute dependence upon his salary for his support, and his desire to save something out of it so that he might not be obliged to depend upon philanthropy or charity in his old age.

While Mr. Garland, who survived his retirement from office for ten years, did not attain extreme old age—dying as he did in his sixty-seventh year,—his foresight and moral courage in living up to his conviction were none the less admirable. The country needed, not his social activity, but his legal attainments.

For the benefit of those readers—by no means few in number—who have been hearing in season and out of season of Ireland's backwardness, unprogressive-



ness, reactionary conservatism, and what not, we quote, from so unprejudiced an authority as the *London Times*, conclusive testimony to the contrary. Referring to the American Commission for the examination of European agriculture, and its visit to London, the *Times* says:

Americans have much to learn from us in the matter of provident, scientific, and intensive farming; but, apart from that, we are not very much more advanced than they are in the organization of agriculture as a business or in our political recognition of rural interests. It is in Ireland that the visiting Commissioners will find such enlightenment as the British Isles are capable of furnishing on the subjects of their inquiry. With the principles and practices of co-operation they will already have familiarized themselves at first hand during their Continental tour. But in Ireland they will see what can nowhere else be seen—an English-speaking community applying these principles and practices to their own conditions, and in many ways improving on them. They will also see, in the Irish Department of Agriculture and its activities and constitution, an official institution laboring with the people as well as for them; keeping in touch with the needs of each district without losing its centralized efficiency; and bringing State aid to agriculture in such a way as to evoke and supplement, but not to supplant, self-help and individual initiative.

No one will suspect the London journal of unduly praising anything Irish, and accordingly this quoted tribute is really worth while.

Non-Catholic admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells, and his romances dealing with imaginary future scientific results, will not unanimously applaud this passage from his book, "Anticipations":

There will be a steady decay in the various Protestant congregations. The rich as a class, and the people of the abyss, so far as they move toward any existing religious body, will be attracted by the moral kindness, picturesque organization, and venerable tradition of the Roman Catholic Church. We are only in the very beginning of a great Roman Catholic revival. The country side of the coming time will show many a splendid cathedral, many an elaborate monastic palace, towering amidst the abounding colleges and technical schools. Along the moving platforms of the urban centre—amid

the shining advertisements that will adorn them—will go the ceremonial procession, all glorious with banners and censer-bearers. Countless ecstatic nuns will shelter from the world in simple refuges of refined austerity. Where miracles are needed, miracles will occur. Except for a few queer people, nourished on "Maria Monk" and such like anti-Papal pornography, I doubt if there will be any Protestants among the rich. But, of course, there will be much outspoken atheism and anti-religion.

The romanticist has, in the foregoing passage, merely repeated a commonplace of Catholic writers for decades past: that Protestantism is in a state of disintegration, and that the next struggle will be between Catholicity and infidelity.

An eminently practical and timely suggestion is offered by the editor of the *Irish-American* in an editorial referring to the recent visit of thirty-seven members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce to South America, the object being to promote trade relations between the countries north and south of the Canal Zone. "The moral of the entire thing," says our metropolitan contemporary, "is that

a young man looking to a business career, or even to securing a Government position, should study the Spanish language. Next to the English, the people of the United States are the worst linguists in the world. But those who will get the plums in South America in trade and in Government positions must, of necessity, know Spanish. We, therefore advise our youthful *Irish-American* readers to take up the language, as its acquisition may place them in a position otherwise unobtainable.

"Learning Spanish is almost as easy as falling off a horse when compared with English and German. Any young man of average intelligence can get a good speaking and reading knowledge of it in a year's study, provided he goes to a teacher who speaks it to him and does not cloud his brain with rules of grammar before he has use for them. As a further inducement, he may consider that he will be a better citizen, and of more use to his country if a contingency should arise whereby the United States would be called upon to send a number of its young men to the assistance of some of the sister republics. . . . A general advice that a young man may follow with profit is, 'Study Spanish.'"

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS

## To Our Blessed Mother on the Feast of Her Assumption.

BY CHARLES VINCENT HAMMOND.

A LITTLE snowflake fell one day  
Upon the arid plain;  
It blessed the soil, and the white sun  
Then drew it back again.

So came sweet Mary long ago,  
God's snowflake undefiled;  
Man was redeemed—and home again  
God drew His spotless Child.

O Mother Mary, pray that we  
Unspotted from the world may be!

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### VIII.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

MRS. SEYMOUR felt it to be like a bolt from a clear sky falling upon the serene atmosphere of her home when her husband returned one day, looking very grave, and told her that James Forrester had been down to the office to ask a great favor of him. And this favor was no less than that he might be permitted to take up his abode in their house for the next few weeks. He asked this boon as a charity, representing his miserable circumstances; and so made the strongest possible appeal to Mr. Seymour's generous and charitable heart. The man had declared himself to be at the end of his resources, broken in health; with a prospect, however, if he could maintain himself till the autumn, of returning to find lucrative employment in the West.

"My dear," said Mr. Seymour, "he looked so forlorn and wretched, and

almost as if driven to desperation, that I had not the heart to refuse him. However, I made my consent contingent on your approval."

Mrs. Seymour stood up and went to the window,—one of the library windows looking out upon the yard. The voices of the children at play came to her ears, and mingled with the joyous barking of Prinnie, and snatches of an Irish song that Mary Doyle was carolling in the kitchen. The whole atmosphere suggested peace and cheerfulness, and it seemed too hard to bring into it a disturbing element in the shape of that sinister, unlovable man. Yet here in this house, perhaps in this very room, another woman had fought a stern battle between principle and inclination; and if she, without the household of faith, could make such a sacrifice, what might not be expected of those who rejoiced in the full light? And is there not, too, a special blessing for those who harbor the harborless?

As was her habit, Mrs. Seymour turned to prayer; and her earnest petition for light and guidance floated upward like some exquisite thing, beyond the blue ether, into the world of the spirit,—the world that ever dominates this other world of earth, which as a huge monster is kept in subjection by the flaming sword of prayer. Then she turned resolutely from the tranquillity of the scene without—the green of the grass, the soft tendrils of the grapevine stirring gently in the breeze, and the sun shining down upon the flagged walks,—and sat down beside her husband.

"It is hard, Henry," she said,—"very hard."

"Is it *too* hard?" he inquired. "If so—" "There is that saying of St. Teresa," replied the wife, smiling at him, "which says that all things pass away. So what



is hard to-day will be over to-morrow. The summer will not be long in passing," she added, trying to speak cheerfully; "and you think that James is to take up a position in the autumn?"

"So he told me," said Henry Seymour, gravely; for he himself was not without apprehensions.

"Oh, but if he should not go away then!" the wife cried, almost involuntarily. She could not bear the thought that this man, whom she intuitively disliked, should fasten himself permanently, like a barnacle, on their home.

"Once the appointed time for him to go has come," said the husband, "I shall make it clear to him that some other arrangement must be made. If we offer this shelter for the present, it must be with the distinct understanding that it can be only temporary."

The clear, florid face had in it, at the moment, a hint of that determination, which did not belie the firm-set chin, which Mrs. Seymour knew so well.

"Then in God's Name, let us do as he asks," she said.

"It seems to me the right thing," assented her husband; "and I hope we shall never have cause to regret it. He is to come for the answer to-day, and I suppose we may as well let him move in at once."

"I shall see that his room is ready," said Mrs. Seymour. "Shall we give him the spare room downstairs or that large, bright one near Fred's?"

"I think he will prefer the one above," decided Mr. Seymour. "He will be freer there." And then he added: "God bless you, Margaret, for your kindness! There are not many women like you."

"A partial judge!" smiled Mrs. Seymour, still standing there, with the sunlight on her hair, and her hand resting on the open door.

"Well, one thing is certain," said her husband. "In my opinion, you never did a kinder thing than you are doing to-day."

So Mrs. Seymour, replying that they must try to make James Forrester as comfortable as possible, and striving to drive away the cloud that rested on her own spirits, brought Selma, the housemaid, with her to prepare the room for the guest.

It was a large, square room, bright and sunny, with wall-paper of white foliage on a gray ground, and a carpet faded in spots, as if by the sun. It was handsomely furnished; but Mrs. Seymour, after it had been thoroughly swept and dusted, brought out fresh muslin curtains and added such touches as she thought would make it look as comfortable and homelike as possible.

"It will be beautiful when done!" cried Selma, enthusiastically.

"I hope so," answered Mrs. Seymour; "for the gentleman who is coming will be staying for some time."

"It is, then, a gentleman who comes?" Selma inquired, in her incurious and uninterested way.

"Yes: he is a connection of my husband's—Mr. Forrester."

Now, if the lady had struck the servant a blow she could not have produced a more singular result; for Selma's pale face turned a sickly green, and then flamed darkly red; while in the dull eyes a light flashed for an instant, and then went out again like the flicker of a flame. Her utterance sounded thick, almost inarticulate, as she exclaimed:

"*He* comes here? *He* is coming to live in this house?"

"Why, what do you mean, Selma?" asked Mrs. Seymour, in astonishment. "Do you know Mr. Forrester?"

But Selma, who was muttering to herself in a foreign tongue, did not at first answer; and the expression of her face, convulsed by some inward feeling, alarmed Mrs. Seymour. In an instant, however, the housemaid had recovered herself, and answered, with a deprecatory gesture:

"No, I do not know that gentleman."

In spite of the definiteness of that reply, Selma's late agitation left an

uneasy feeling in Mrs. Seymour's mind. But there was nothing to be gained by insisting, and the servant was already moving round, putting the last touches to the room. The mistress of the house went downstairs, with a curious certainty that this woman had some knowledge of James Forrester and was displeased at his coming. She decided, however, not to disturb her husband's mind by mentioning the matter to him, but to await developments.

Going down to dust the drawing-room, a household task which she and Alice were in the habit of performing together, she put on an apron with sleeves, and a cap to protect herself from the dust; which Alice, coming in from the yard, was all eagerness to assist her in doing. The mother said nothing until Fred, who had been engaged with some carpenter work in the tool room of the attic, came to join them. Then Mrs. Seymour broke the news, which she knew would be disagreeable to both.

"You haven't heard yet," she began, "that we are going to have a visitor."

"O mother," cried the children, all interest and curiosity, "who can it be? Some one nice?"

The mother shook her head.

"I am afraid," she said, "it is not any one you will particularly care for. In fact, it is Uncle Jim."

"Uncle Jim?" the children exclaimed incredulously and with something like horror in their tones. "Is Uncle Jim coming to live here—"

"To stay for the summer," the mother corrected.

"For the whole summer?" asked Fred.

"I believe so. Your father was anxious to invite him, so there is no more to be said."

Nor did the children inquire further; but their crestfallen faces, losing the bright expectancy of a moment before, caused their mother a pang.

"Poor Uncle Jim," she explained, "is not well off, you know, children; and, in

order to help him, your father has asked him to stay here until it is time to go West. So you children must give a helping hand."

"All right, mother!" said Fred, heartily.

"You must do all you can to make it pleasant for him."

"We will," said Alice solemnly. Then, stealing up close to her mother, she whispered: "But, oh, I do hope he will go to the West in the autumn!"

"He says it is certain," declared Mrs. Seymour, gravely. "And we must not be selfish, children. Since we ourselves have a good home, we ought to be willing to share it with others."

Alice, unable to dispute this philosophy, went back to the dusting of her ornaments—quaint little Dutch figures, baskets, pink and gold, and vases of Bohemian glass, that, held up to the light, caught and held in their rich tints a glowing red that seemed to vitalize the colorless primness of the Quaker atmosphere.

Of the two children, Alice was the more disturbed by the news; for she felt toward the prospective visitor one of those strong aversions that often take deep root in the gentlest and most inoffensive characters. And this feeling had been strengthened not a little by the incidents of a previous evening: the man's sudden appearance at the lobby window, saying that he had found the door "on the latch" and had let himself in; his manner, half sneering, half malicious, which he never permitted himself before grown people. She could not forget that episode in the hall, when he had shown such unreasonable terror. Still, Alice was quite as determined as Fred to overcome her distaste for the unwelcome guest, and to do whatever was in her power to make his stay agreeable.

James Forrester arrived promptly that evening, having the grace to show a certain shamefacedness as he said to his hostess:

"It's very kind of you, Margaret, to consent to my coming here. Just a little temporary embarrassment, you know."



He waved that embarrassment away with a flourish of his hand, as he continued: "I will be all right again in the autumn, as I told Henry. The summer always upsets me. It is just my old enemy again. Only for that I should not have to trouble you. I don't find the climate of New York beneficial, so I'll be glad to go back to the West again."

"Well," said Mrs. Seymour, cordially, "I hope you will make yourself perfectly at home while you are with us; and if you need anything, be sure to let me know."

To which the man responded in a low, hesitating voice, and with not a little awkwardness:

"You are too kind, Margaret,—indeed, you are too kind. And I see you have given me Jerry's room."

"Jerry's room?" echoed Mrs. Seymour,—at which the children looked up quickly from the books they were reading, and all three were conscious of a feeling of regret.

"Yes, poor old Jerry!" went on James Forrester. "He was a first-rate fellow. Sad to think of his being taken off so quickly. He would have been wiser had he followed his mother's advice and stopped at home. His room, I may say, is just as he left it, except for your pretty decorations, Margaret,—why, even to the spots on the carpet where he was experimenting with some acid!"

"Oh, I thought that was just where the sun near the window had faded it!" said Mrs. Seymour.

"No, no! I remember it very well. His mother was vexed; but she always kept her temper under control, and only said: 'It was not kind of thee to spoil my carpet.' Jerry was so grieved about it that he bought a savings bank, and began to save up to buy her a new carpet. Long before the bank was full he grew to manhood and went off to the war. But the mother kept that half-filled savings bank till she died."

James Forrester, being thus installed in the house, actually made himself "per-

fectly at home," giving his orders calmly, and ringing for a servant or calling down the speaking tube for anything he wanted. And it was a noteworthy fact that Selma never responded to any summons of his, but left such service to the good-natured Mary Doyle. On the other hand, it must be owned that the newcomer took quite an interest in the affairs of the house, and whenever possible gave what assistance he could to its mistress. He even strove to be agreeable to the children,—all of which proved that those things that are most dreaded sometimes turn out better than was expected. Nevertheless, that sense of misgiving, that uneasiness, was never entirely absent from Mrs. Seymour's mind,—even before the occurrence of the peculiar train of incidents which made that summer an eventful one, and each one of which has its place in the warp and woof of this narrative.

(To be continued.)

### When His Courage Came.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the late King Edward VII. of England, and the present dowager-queen, Alexandra, were known only as the Prince and Princess of Wales, they were walking one day along one of the quays or wharves at Folkstone, and stopped to watch the antics of a number of young swimmers. The little fellows recognized the royal spectators, and forthwith proceeded to show off all their accomplishments—diving, floating, swimming on their backs, remaining under water as long as they could hold their breath, racing, and so on. The Prince amused himself for some time by throwing small silver coins into the water, and watching the boys dive after them and bring them up from the bottom with a rapidity and surety that were well-nigh incredible even to the spectators.

Only one of the youthful group did not share in the bounty of the royal

couple,—a little fellow of nine or ten, who, although he wore a bathing-suit like his companions, seemed afraid to take the risks which they so willingly embraced. When the others had put on their clothes and started off gaily to spend the money they had just acquired, poor Tommy sat on a log, crying silently and shamefacedly as the Prince and Princess approached to console him. Their efforts, however, were for some time ineffectual.

Finally, in order to dry his tears, the Princess offered him some silver pieces; but Tommy, to her great surprise, declined to accept them.

"I didn't earn them," he stammered, when she pressed them upon him; and, despite her insisting that that didn't matter, the lad still declined the proffered coins.

While his would-be benefactors were wondering whether his refusal sprang from pride or from a sense of justice, some cries were heard from a neighboring wharf. A band of heartless young scamps were amusing themselves with the drowning of a dog. They had thrown the poor animal into the sea, and whenever it swam to the shore they pushed it back with some long poles. The poor dog was almost exhausted, and had closed its eyes and stopped moving its paws, when the boys, seeing the Prince and Princess approaching them, scampered away as fast as they could in all directions. The cruel are always cowardly.

In the meantime Tommy saw the poor dog sinking; and, forgetting all about being afraid, down he went head-first off the wharf, came up puffing, swam half a dozen strokes, grabbed the animal, and with considerable difficulty brought it to the quay, where the attention of some onlookers soon revived it. A more grateful dog would be hard to find; he seemed never to tire of wagging his tail when he had recovered his breath and realized that he was safe among friends, on dry land.

Princess Alexandra, who had been an

interested spectator of the rescue, was moved to tears to see how kindness of heart had impelled Tommy to attempt a feat which his liking for money had been powerless to make him try; and, slipping a large gold piece into his hand, she said in the kindest voice: "Here: child! You need not object to taking this, you have earned it. Not everybody can say as much."

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### Weeping Animals.

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There is no animal besides man, unless we mention the hyena, that laughs; but there are many that weep when alarmed or discouraged. Who has not seen a dog shed tears when being left tied by his master? Bears and deer and giraffes will weep when in danger of death. Elks will also act in the same manner, as will some species of monkeys. If a dolphin thinks he is going to die he will sigh and shed profuse tears. A camel will weep when tormented, so will a young seal and an elephant. But the very cry-baby of animals is the calf. When people say of a boy that has got a whipping, "He bawls like a calf," they use a very common and true comparison.

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### The Lotus Blossom.

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The beautiful lotus blossom of the Orient has a religious significance. Its triangular calyx served the early missionaries to illustrate the Holy Trinity, as the shamrock served St. Patrick in Ireland; and the seed pods encased in mud and thrown into the stream exemplified Our Lord's saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," since bread is made from the lotus seeds. In art, too, the lotus has its place; for the Ionic capital is said to have been fashioned from it; and the swastika ornament, now so greatly in vogue, is considered to have been derived from the same source.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new volume of poems by Miss Emily Hickey is announced for publication in the early autumn by Messrs. Grant Richards, of London.

—"An excellent number of one of the best written reviews of to-day" is the *Athenæum's* description of the July issue of the *Dublin Review*. It is one of varied interest.

—An appeal for aid in building a church in honor of St. Patrick in Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, is accompanied by a pamphlet containing a summary of the proofs by which William Canon Fleming, of Moorfields, London, claims to have established the birth of Ireland's Apostle in that French town.

—Alice Dease, as our readers well know, writes charming stories of Ireland. Eight of these have been gathered, by the English Catholic Truth Society, into a little volume with the title "Some Irish Stories." Miss Dease's material is often somewhat commonplace, but there is in her handling of it the exquisite touch of the true artist.

—*Saint Antony's Almanac*, published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Most Holy Name, and *St. Michael's Almanac*, issued by the Mission Press, Techny, Ill., have already made their appearance for 1914. The latter of the two is printed in several languages. Doubtless there are good reasons for bringing out these year-books thus early; still one is not disposed to welcome them quite so soon. Both are attractive-looking publications, to say the least of them.

—"Gone Before," published anonymously by Burns & Oates, is made up of the biographies of three eminent servants of God: Margaret Mary Ward, Mother Mary of St. Ignatius; Alice de Sèze, Mother Mary of Blessed Ignatius Azevedo; and Agnes Westlake, Mother Mary of Blessed Andrew Gonzales. The subject of the first sketch was the daughter of William George Ward, of the Oxford Movement and Ultramontane fame; she became a nun of the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and was made perfect in a short space. The narrative is brightly told, and its frequent quotations from the writings of men like Newman and Wilfrid Ward give it distinct literary charm. Alice de Sèze, the subject of the second sketch, was a young French girl of a noble family, who became a member of the same community, and died shortly after, while on missionary service in China. She, too, in a short space had fulfilled

a long time. Agnes Westlake, her English counterpart, was also a member of the same community, and a laborer in the same vineyard where she, too, died. The book is for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—"The Consolations of Purgatory" is translated from the French of Father H. Faure, S. M., by W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G. It sets forth lucidly the doctrine of the Church on Purgatory, drawing therefrom the chief thoughts of consolation for all whom Death has bereaved. Therefrom, too, it argues the duty of the faithful to pray for the faithful departed, making real our "communion of saints." Benziger Brothers.

—In a substantial volume of three hundred and sixty pages, published by the W. B. Conkey Co., Elinor Tong Dehey presents accounts of the origin and most important institutions of the "Religious Orders of Women in the United States"; the accounts being "interwoven with brief histories of many famous convents, especially prepared (with illustrations) from authentic sources." It is a book of no little interest and edification, and an important contribution to the history of the Church in this country. The different accounts have been furnished by the Sisters themselves, or prepared from data supplied by them. The illustrations number about seventy; those which are well reproduced greatly enhance the attractiveness of the work, which is sure of a welcome from those in whose interests it was compiled. Here and there we have noticed things calling for correction. For instance, in the Contents (to confine ourselves to that): "Ghost, Sisters of the Holy"; "Word, Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate," etc. Such slips as these, however, are blemishes which can easily be removed in the next edition of the book.

—"The Church and Socialism," a pamphlet of some forty pages, is a lecture delivered by the Rev. Brother Constantius, of the Christian Brothers' College, to the Holy Name Society of St. Peter's Church, Memphis, Tenn., and printed under that Society's auspices. It bears the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Nashville, and is a comprehensive statement of Socialistic as opposed to Christian teaching. In a personal letter to the author, Bishop Byrne says: "By setting down briefly the doctrine of the Church and the parallel teaching of recognized authorities on Socialism on the same subjects, you give the reader an opportunity of comparing the two and of seeing the ghastly and disastrous

consequences to which their wild and incoherent theories lead. This contrast is especially conspicuous in the antagonistic teaching of each on religion, the family, marriage, woman, education, and private ownership. Your illustrations of the failures of attempts to reduce to practice in everyday life the theories of Socialism are admirable and convincing." The pamphlet is an excellent addition to the store of Catholic anti-Socialism works.

—The third volume of "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church," a collection of sermons from the German, adapted and edited by the Rev. Edward Jones (B. Herder), has its usefulness enhanced by the inclusion therein of two instructions by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland on the new Marriage Law promulgated by his Holiness Pius X. Of the thirty other sermons in the book, the majority deal with the Sacraments, and display the same qualities of clear exposition, piety, and practicality that we have had occasion to commend in noticing the first and second volumes of the work.

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### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Vol. III. \$1.35.
- "The Consolations of Purgatory." Fr. Faure, S. M. 90 cts.
- "Gone Before." 90 cts.
- "Some Irish Stories." Alice Dease. 50 cts.
- "Tolerance." Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Luther." Hartman Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation. Vol. I. \$3.25.
- "Poems." Alice Meynell. \$1.25.
- "St. Francis de Sales and His Friends." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1.35.
- "Our Reasonable Service." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. \$1.10.
- "Trilogy to the Sacred Heart." Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cts.
- "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord." Abbé de Brandt. 3 vols. \$6.50.

- "The Meditations of a Martyr." 50 cts.
- "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.75.
- "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine." 60 cts.
- "The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.
- "The Mantilla." Richard Aumerle. 80 cts.
- "A Little Sister." \$1.50.
- "From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.
- "The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.
- "Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. III. Very Rev. L. Brancherau. \$1, net.
- "Florence in Poetry, History and Art." Sara Agnes Ryan. \$3.
- "Out of Shadows into Light." Charles J. Callan, O. P. 50 cts.
- "St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.
- "St. Gilbert of Sempringham." \$1.25.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.
- "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartman Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

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### Obituary.

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*Remember them that are in bands, —HEB., xiii, 3.*

Very Rev. Joseph P. Hawkins, of the diocese of Northampton; Rev. John T. Carroll, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Matthias McCabe, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Michael Cook, diocese of Fall River; and Rev. Timothy Sweeney, diocese of Hartford.

Mother Hyacinth, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Sarah Agnes, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Walter J. Young, Mr. Richard Moore, Mrs. A. E. McDonough, Mr. Gaston Richter, Mrs. John Gale, Mrs. Mary Harold, Mr. Charles Kaul, Dr. Thomas Bailey, Mr. David Coleman, Mrs. Francis Duffy, and Mrs. Theodore Metcalf.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL HER BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Madonna.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

BEHOLD the fadeless beauty of her face!  
 Virgin and Mother: there do charms of spring  
 Shine from her azure eyes, and summers cling  
 In roses on her cheeks; the richer grace  
 Of autumn in her tresses has a place;  
 Her smile is gentle as the winnowing  
 Of winds that through a garden lightly swing;  
 Her fair arms clasp the Promise of the race.  
 O tender Mother of the Blessed Child!  
 Though now no cloud of sorrow or of grief  
 Shadows your joyance with the hint of loss,  
 There is a prescience in your features mild—  
 The Babe that in your breast finds sweet relief  
 So soon must lay Him down upon the Cross!

## Have God's Ways Changed Since the First Century?

BY T. D. G.

A MAN'S whole mental attitude is sometimes determined by a theory that he has never put into words. He himself is only half conscious of it. It lies, so to say, at the back of his mind, coloring his thoughts and giving a bent to his opinions. In dealing with non-Catholics, one often finds that they have a very strange theory of this kind underlying their whole drift of thought on religious matters. It is one of the greatest obstacles to their accepting Catholic truth. It is the source of more than one misleading line of reasoning on

their part. The theory may be thus stated: 'Toward the end of the first century, St. John wrote his Apocalypse, the latest of the Scriptures. The Bible was then complete. When this event occurred (say sometime about the year A. D. 95) there was an abrupt and complete change in God's dealings with men and in the whole relation between the visible and invisible world.

'In the thousands of years before this critical date, God had again and again manifested himself to men. He had spoken to them directly or through angel messengers, who at times appeared to them in visible form. He had raised up teachers and leaders for His people and given them the power of working miracles. No utterly impenetrable barrier lay between the world of spirit and the world of sight. Visions and revelations gave glimpses of the unseen world or of the veiled future. The ways of individual men and of whole nations were directed at times by something like a special Providence. God was near to men; and in the temple, that formed the centre for the national and religious life of His chosen people, there was even a special Presence of the Almighty in the Holy of Holies.

'But after this epoch-making date—A. D. 95 or thereabouts,—when the last page of the Bible was written, all this was changed. Vision and miracle—things quite credible in the period covered by the Biblical record—had become impossibilities. God had withdrawn Himself to a great extent from any special inter-

vention in human affairs. All His action was henceforth to be something unseen and invisible. Miracles were no longer to happen. Any alleged record of them was nothing more than a fraud or a blundering misinterpretation of facts capable of a mere material explanation. As for visions, these were the hallucinations of hysterical dreamers or persons of doubtful sanity. That God should use men as the agents of His action among them was a thing that might well have happened in Bible days, but was no longer a theory to be accepted by matter-of-fact moderns. It was intelligible enough that He should have had a temple in Sion, where He dwelt among His people and accepted the solemn worship of sacrifice; but it was impossible to conceive that He should still have His temple anywhere on earth or be worshipped by any sacrificial rite. As for a priesthood, subsequent to the closing of the Bible record, that was a human invention; though for more than a thousand years a highly organized priesthood had been, by His own appointment, the ministers of His worship.'

Such is the theory,—stated, it is true, much more definitely than the average Protestant will enunciate it, till he has been compelled to face the question of his mental attitude on the point. He will probably at once say that he rejects miracles recorded in the history of the Church or the Lives of the saints, or reported as occurring in our own day. He rejects them all under one sweeping condemnation of impossibility,—not merely in this or that particular instance, from defect of evidence. And so in other things. He draws everywhere a hard and fast line between what happened in the days of the Bible record, and what happened after it was closed. It is fair, therefore, to say that he assumes a sudden change in God's whole attitude toward men and the world,—a change occurring a little more than nineteen centuries ago, when the last line of the Apocalypse was written.

Let us take some instances of how this attitude of mind affects his opinions and beliefs. If he were to read in the Book of Judges, among other instances of God's intervention to save His people from their oppressors, the story of a shepherd girl seeing visions and hearing heavenly voices bidding her go to the rulers of the people and tell them she was bidden to lead their armies to victory, and then of how she took up the sword and won battles, he would think this was not unlike other records in the Book of Judges, and something that fitted well with God's dealings with His people. But when he reads the story of Blessed Joan of Arc, he decides that her visions were the outcome of excitement, imagination, perhaps hysteria; and suggests that she was not guided by Heaven in her campaign, but that Dunois and the other leaders used her presence to inspire the soldiers with a superstitious kind of fanatical outrage.

He reads in the Acts of miracles worked by the Apostles in testimony of their message to Jew and Gentile. This is all credible enough for him. But when he takes up the Life, let us say, of St. Francis Xavier, and reads of his having worked miracles under precisely the same conditions, he says to himself: "Miracles do not happen. This is all an unreliable legend, with perhaps some foundation of inaccurate observation underlying it."

He reads in the Gospel of the sick being healed as they plunged in the pool of Siloam. He accepts the record as the simple truth. He is told of similar cures in the waters of Lourdes. 'All nonsense!' he says. 'Perhaps there are some cures by suggestion; or hysterical cases of imaginary maladies are cured; or nervous affections yield to excitement and shock, as happens sometimes quite naturally elsewhere.' You tell him of cancers healed, of wounds suddenly closing, of a broken bone reuniting, of sight restored to the blind. He does not believe it. He will not even examine



the evidence. 'It is impossible!' he says. 'Miracles don't happen.'

But our Protestant friend does not realize the full import of the theory that lies behind this attitude of mind. It is a theory much older than Protestantism. Those who summarily dismiss all manifestations of supernatural power in the historical period after the closing of the Scripture record, and in our own days had their prototypes in the times of the Old Law, [and in the days when the Redeemer lived visibly among men, and when the Apostles were making their first converts. Men were found to stone the prophets, despite their miracles. In the Gospel itself we read of the rulers of the people browbeating the man who had been given his sight after he had been blind from birth, and trying to shake his testimony. We read of some who till then had apparently been followers of Our Lord Himself, and had witnessed stupendous miracles, treating His promise of the Holy Eucharist as a "hard saying" that they could not accept, and "walking no longer with Him." It is quite evident that the Jewish leaders treated the sudden defection of their zealous ally, Saul of Tarsus, as something quite unwarranted by his own account of it. St. Paul told them of the light from heaven that dazzled and for a while blinded him, and of the Voice that spoke to him as he drew near to Damascus. They treated it as a fiction or a hallucination.

But all these doubters themselves believed firmly enough in the record of the Old Testament—"the Law and the Prophets." They accepted vision and miracle in the past. They closed their eyes to the evidence of the like happenings in their own time. There is thus nothing new in this Protestant theory, but the realization of this fact places the sceptical Protestant of the twentieth century in strange company. And the theory is only tenable for him if he also shuts his eyes to the teaching of the Scripture itself. On this point it

would be easy to elaborate a telling line of argument, of which it will be sufficient to indicate here merely the general drift.

The Old Covenant was a foreshadowing of something greater and better that was to be given to men by the Messiah. Israel was God's kingdom among men, but there was to be a wider and more glorious kingdom which would include the nations of the whole earth. Isaias describes its glories in one of the most marvellous passages of inspired eloquence to be found in the Scriptures. The new kingdom was to be something not less, but greater, than its prototype. It was not to be confined to one people, but was to make wide its frontiers, to gather in subjects from all the nations. Then there was the prediction that vision and prophecy were not to cease, and Our Lord's own promise that those who believed in Him and were the heralds of his Gospel would work even greater wonders than His own miracles. The worship of the temple, the indwelling of God in the Holy of Holies, were to pass away, but only to be replaced by something greater. There was to be a new priesthood "according to the order of Melchisedech," and the last of the prophets, five centuries before the coming of Christ, told of the pure Sacrifice that was to be offered in every land from East to West, "from the rising of the sun to its going down," making the Name of God "great among the nations."

If the Protestant theory of a sudden withdrawal of God's visible action from His creation is accepted, all these promises and predictions become unmeaning rhapsodies. But if we reject this strange view and read these promises and prophecies in the light of Catholic teaching, they become intelligible, and we see their verification in the whole history of the Church. There is no need to urge the point further. To a Catholic the idea of the nearness of God, His constant action through His Church, His presence on its altars, the Sacrifice of the

New Law offered in every land, the fulfilment of the promise that vision and miracle should not cease,—all seem something that fits into the divine scheme of God's dealings with men, and makes the Scriptural record easily intelligible. It would be strangely hard to understand if we were asked to hold a theory that those who lived under the Old Law had greater helps to realize the presence and the unceasing action of God among them than those of the New Covenant, in the face of the promise that the Old was not to be destroyed but fulfilled. With the frank acceptance of these divine promises, however, the Catholic idea of the Church of God comes home to the mind as the key to the whole story of the human race as told not only in the inspired writings of the Bible but also in the records of human history.

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### The Real Oliver.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

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### VIII.

**D**URING the early days of his nephew's stay in Philadelphia, Hugh Carew was in "a state of suspended judgment" about him. Oliver was not the least like what he had expected. He was much more a man of the world; and his uncle wondered that so brilliant a speaker should have remained at Camphill; especially as he scarcely troubled, after the first interview, to hide his contempt both for the place and the people who lived there. At times Carew was attracted and half won; then some word, or maybe only a look or gesture, brought to his mind Patrick's decision concerning the newcomer; and he, too, put him down as worthy neither of entire trust nor of the full respect that one honest man owes to another.

It was true that the older man was failing; and the newcomer's presence, instead of a rest and comfort, was becom-

ing a strain and an uneasiness. And he did not regret the eagerness with which Oliver accepted his offer of an introduction to a club, nor the hours that he subsequently spent there with newly-made friends.

Hugh Carew had acted on impulse in sending as he had done for an unknown relative. But the truth is that the doctor had frightened him about his state of health, and a longing came over him to have his sister's children round him when he died, and to let them benefit by the fortune he had made.

Gradually he realized that from his nephew, at least, he need expect no comfort or real companionship. Though he grew more and more firmly convinced as the days passed that it was the idea of heirship alone that had induced Oliver to answer his request in person, he argued to himself that the feelings of distrust and disappointment, which were growing into a smouldering dislike, with which this plausible-spoken young man inspired him, were not enough to weaken the claim that his sister's children had upon him, and he determined to put Oliver to a test, into which no personal feelings of his own could enter.

Though his business was centred in Philadelphia, his principal manager lived in Michigan; and his plan was to send Oliver to this George Johnson, telling him in confidence that, if his nephew showed business qualities, he intended to make him a partner in the firm and his heir. Johnson was his friend as well as his manager, and had his fullest trust; and he knew that a few months under this man would sift young Oliver's pretensions as nothing else could do. This had been at first the full extent of his plan; but before the arrangements for carrying it out could be completed, an idea struck him that would make his investigation more thorough, and which provided an alternative, supposing Oliver was found wanting.

It was by the merest chance that this



last idea came to him. One day, seated near him, in a street car, were two ladies who, entirely oblivious of the neighborhood of a stranger, were discussing in unmodulated voices a girl of fifteen or sixteen who had just alighted.

"It is the greatest pity that she has no one to take her in hand," one of the ladies was saying. "She is just at the most impressionable age, and the surroundings of the next few years will either make or mar her character for life."

"The most impressionable age!" Hugh Carew sat outwardly impassive, inwardly struck with a wonderful new idea. He had gathered from Robert Bird's letter that his nieces were grown up, but Oliver spoke of them as mere children; in fact, that they were "at the most impressionable age." How would it be if he, Hugh Carew, went and saw for himself whether they could not be brought up to supply the void that, ever since he had learned of their existence, had been aching within him? If they proved to be already treading in their brother's footsteps, he need not even make himself known to them. If, on the contrary, they had in them what surely must be somewhere in Ursula's and Oliver's children, he would have found what he was seeking, what money alone was powerless to procure.

It was not, however, part of his scheme to tell Oliver of his proposed journey to England. He was now much stronger than when he had first written home; and the trip which then would have been impossible was now quite feasible.

Oliver had, so far, refrained from showing any eagerness to learn his uncle's intentions toward him; but he was not able to conceal a flash of anticipation, that lighted his eyes for the fraction of a second, when one evening, about a fortnight after his arrival, Hugh Carew asked him to spare an hour or so from the club so that they might have a talk about business, and set things on a clear basis between them.

"I was speaking to Dr. Gibbs this

morning," began the old man (and, as his hand was shading his face, Oliver hoped that the slight start he gave escaped notice), "and he told me what he has said before, and what I believe he told you, my dear fellow, when you were kind enough to inquire about my health—"

"I—I was anxious to know if there was anything I could do," broke in Oliver,—"anything that should be avoided."

"Very kind, my boy! I quite understand," said his uncle, grimly. "As I was saying, he told me my life was not much to count on; and, though I may live on still, he advised me to make my will."

Mr. Carew paused for a moment and looked over at his nephew; but the latter, who had risen from his chair, was standing by the fireplace and his face was hidden.

"This, however," the older man went on slowly, "I am not inclined to do."

Again he paused, and this time he was almost certain that he had caught the sound of a quickly checked exclamation.

"You see, I have no one but you and your sisters. A will in my case is hardly necessary; for the law will see that my wishes are carried out."

With a quick, impulsive movement, Oliver turned round and faced the speaker.

"My dear uncle," he said, with a show of almost boyish frankness, "I hardly know how to speak to you on a subject that to me is very distasteful. Any reference to a will or to the benefits you are generous enough to wish us to enjoy must seem to include a wish, or at least a thought, on our part of when you are gone; so that it is disagreeable to have to mention it at all. You have, however, spoken so openly that I can do no less than follow your example; only if I say anything that seems unkind or—or calculating, I ask you beforehand to forgive me."

"Speak on!" replied Mr. Carew. "My feelings are tough, and business is business."

"Thank you!" replied Oliver, with

the directness that his uncle found both surprising and attractive. "Well, then, you say that we—my sisters and I—are to inherit from you. They, as you know, are little more than children; and, should the inheritance become theirs whilst they are under age, there will be, according to English law, as I dare say you know, considerable difficulty in arranging matters for their benefit."

"What alternative do you suggest?" inquired Mr. Carew, in a voice that was entirely noncommittal.

"Well, either to leave their share in the hands of a trustee," said Oliver, "or, if you do not care to do that, to leave the entire sum to me, with a charge upon it of the share you would wish them to have."

"Ah! So you propose that I should make you my heir and leave your sisters dependent on your bounty?"

Mr. Carew's voice did not even yet betray what he thought of these proposals; but Oliver answered as indignantly as though he had been accused of something heinous.

"You—you are generous in your intentions but not in your insinuations, sir!" he cried angrily. "I am grateful to you for wishing to make us your heirs, but even that intention does not make you free to insult me."

"True, true," said Mr. Carew, hastily. "And, after all, there is something in what you say. Girls are not always to be trusted with a lump sum of money, and perhaps some provisions and restrictions might be advisable. I will think it over. But there is another thing I want to propose to you. As my life is so uncertain, you might find yourself saddled with a business of which you know nothing, at a time when it would be most inadvisable to sell. Now, what would you think of looking into matters yourself, say for six months? And if by that time I am still alive, and you are willing, I might take you into partnership."

Oliver was silent for a moment.

"I see no objection to what you

suggest," he said at length. "I should like to meet your wishes as far as possible."

"In that case," replied Mr. Carew, "I should like you to go to George Johnson at our place in Michigan. A few months under him will teach you most of what there is to be learned. Then you can come back here and tackle the office work for a while; and by that time you will know whether it would be better to keep the concern or to sell it and go back to England."

"That I should have no desire to do!" exclaimed Oliver, with unmistakable sincerity. "When do you wish me to start for Michigan?" he asked.

"I will write to Johnson to-morrow," answered Mr. Carew. "But stay! There is one thing more that I should like you to know. As I have said, I wish you and your sisters to be my heirs, but I also intend to provide for Patrick. We have been good comrades, good friends for many years now, and I should like to know that when I am gone he will have his heart's desire. As he is an Irishman, it is hardly needful to say what that is."

"I am afraid that conveys nothing to me," answered Oliver, dryly; for if Patrick disliked him, he returned the dislike whole-heartedly, and he had no wish or intention of doing anything more than he was obliged to do for him.

Mr. Carew laughed.

"Surely the heart's desire of every Irishman, whether he understands agriculture or not, is to possess a farm of his own," he said. "Certainly it is Patrick's dearest wish, and I have arranged so that he shall have it. I have bought for him two thousand pounds' worth of various government stocks, and at my death my solicitor has received instructions to hand the scrip to Patrick. This money is entirely apart from my own business and investments, and—"

"Surely," interrupted Oliver, as his uncle paused, "this is an additional reason for you to make a will."

"A will for Patrick!" Mr. Carew smiled.



"Well, perhaps you are right. I will think things over, and before you leave I will tell you my decision. Good-night now—or rather good-morning; for surely that is midnight I hear striking."

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Oliver, getting up from the chair into which during the latter part of the conversation he had thrown himself. "I—I should like to thank you—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mr. Carew. "I don't want thanks,—not in words, at any rate," he added significantly; and then, when the door had shut on his nephew, he sighed wearily and turned again to the fire.

What was the fellow really like? What did his suggestions and professions really mean? He would have liked to trust him, to take the simple frankness that occasionally showed itself, as the expression of Oliver's real character. And, after all, what reason had he to doubt him? None, except an instinctive, unreasoning distrust that made him look out for confirmatory looks and gestures to which, it almost seemed despite himself, Oliver every now and then gave vent. Only this and the deliberate and decisive warning of Patrick, who might in this case be unreasonably prejudiced through jealousy, yet whose intuitive conclusions he had seldom found to be at fault.

(To be continued.)

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### The World Invisible.

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BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

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THE world is full of music,  
Whose echoes from afar  
Our dullard ear but catches,  
In faint and broken snatches,  
As from a distant star.

The world is full of beauty,  
Seen but in glimpses rare;  
For eyes, bent earthward, gazing,  
See not the sight amazing—  
The foot of heaven's stair.

### The Story of St. Cecilia.

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BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

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#### IV.

POPE URBAN attended personally to every detail of St. Cecilia's obsequies. A cypress wood coffin was prepared, and in this she was laid by the priests in attendance. Urban would not permit any change from the attitude of virginal modesty in which she had expired; so, with tender care, the consecrated hands raised her and laid her body in the coffin, just as it was—on the right side, with the face turned to the ground. The cloths dipped in her blood were rolled up and placed at her feet; a profusion of rich ointments and perfumes was shed around her, and then the fragrant casket was closed.

Under cover of night, the Pontiff had it carried out to the Cemetery of St. Calixtus on the Appian Way, wishing to honor her zealous apostleship for Christ by burying her close to the tomb where he had laid his predecessor, the martyr Pope, St. Zephyrinus. The Cemetery of Pretextatus, where Valerianus and Tiburtius had been buried, was close at hand; and Urban, to commemorate the pure love that had united them on earth, made Cecilia's tomb at the extreme confines of the Calixtus Catacomb, where its direction turned toward the older one. Fearing desecration—perhaps prophetically foreseeing that which threatened the resting-places of martyrs in the invasion of the Arian heretics some two hundred years later,—he closed the tomb with one large slab of stone, and left it for the moment bare of all inscription. Doubtless he intended to place one there immediately, but had no time to do so before his own death.\* Those who had loved her needed

\* This hypothesis appears to me more reasonable than the one usually put forward—viz., that Cecilia's inscription was destroyed by the Goths. They destroyed many such inscriptions, with the tombs that bore them; but the resting-place of St. Cecilia, when discovered, showed no marks of violence, and answered precisely to the contemporary description of it.

not to see her name; they came day after day to weep there and ask for her prayers. But God had inspired His servant to protect and hide her blessed remains from all the enemies of the Church.

It seems as if St. Urban's own life had been prolonged thus far that he might not only carry out the pious task, but also fulfil Cecilia's last commands by giving the remainder of her goods to the poor and by consecrating as a church the house in which she died. A short month later he was taken and brought, with some of his deacons, before Almachius, to answer to two charges — that of being a Christian, and that of having seized Cecilia's property, which the covetous Prefect had counted on securing for himself. The usual farce of a trial ensued. The confessors were dragged out to the Pagus Triopius, and, on their refusing to sacrifice to Jupiter, savagely scourged. One of them, Lucian, died under the lash; Urban and the others were beheaded, in another spot, three days later.

Valerianus and his brother had suffered on the 18th of April; Cecilia, a week or more after them; and St. Urban and his companions, on the 25th day of May. St. Cecilia's name was inserted at once in the Canon of the Mass. Agnes precedes her; Anastasia, burned alive on Christmas Day, under Diocletian, follows; and three hundred years later St. Gregory inserted the names of the martyrs, Agatha and Lucy. But none inscribed on that sacred list which the priest repeats every morning at Mass eclipses the name of Cecilia. Her house has never ceased to be "a church of the Lord," as she ordained. Every year, on her feast, the most glorious music resounds there: and many a time have I been one of the crowd gathered on the 22d of November to listen to the finest singers in Rome gathered to do her honor, because she loved to praise the Lord in song and psalm. The anniversary of her death often coincides with the great feasts of the Ascension and Pentecost; and, for some reason of which

we have lost the clue, the 22d of November was fixed for the celebration of it. On that day she is glorified not only in her church, but also in the cemetery in which her body has lain for some five hundred years, and which is brilliantly illuminated for the occasion; and a grand musical Mass is sung in her honor.

Yet for centuries that blessed tomb was lost and none could pray beside it. Every word, almost every look and gesture of Cecilia's last days on earth, was written in the "Acts of the Martyrs," that enormous collection of archives instituted by St. Clement, the immediate successor of St. Peter, who appointed seven holy and learned notaries to take down at once even the smallest details connected with the trial and sufferings of the Christian victims,—a work zealously continued by all the succeeding Pontiffs, one of whom, Anterus, was put to death solely on this charge. The "Acts of the Martyrs," as we possess it to-day, was finally compiled in the fourth or early part of the fifth century. The Latin, though vivid and powerful, is already notably defective, ungrammatical, but not so debased as it became at the beginning of the sixth century. The great masters of language in the fourth century, St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome, were eager to preserve the purity of the Latin tongue; but their contemporaries all over the Empire, either through ignorance or carelessness, spoke and wrote an idiom as far removed from that of the Golden Age of Augustus as is fashionable English to-day from that of Addison and Pope. Is our misuse of our own noble tongue the cause or the effect of political degeneration? One thing is certain: the slaughter of its language has invariably preceded the downfall of a State.

When the Goths invaded Rome in the fifth century, their heretical fury was especially directed at all that Catholics held sacred, barring only the tombs of the Apostles, which they feared to profane. They raged through the catacombs in the



hope of finding plunder, or else some secret ingress to the city. The Christians, warned of their approach, had time to fill up and close the entrance of a few of the cemeteries; among others, of that where Cecilia's body lay. As a result, the Christians were unable to visit these underground sanctuaries for a number of years; and when peace was restored to the Church, and the bodies of many martyrs brought back to the city, all but the vaguest clue to her resting-place was lost, though it was sought for eagerly and persistently. Her church—the "house where Cecilia prayed"—\*—was ever protected from destruction, and continually resounded with prayer and praise, but it was empty of the treasure of her remains. As time went on, almost all the bones of the martyrs had been restored to the piety of the faithful in the different churches and basilicas of Rome; the sanctuaries ruined and desecrated by the Goths and Lombards had been rebuilt; the Catacombs reopened and partially restored; so that, although they would never again claim quite the veneration with which they had been regarded before the barbarians defaced and defiled them, yet pilgrims, with their strange old guide-books to direct their steps, would visit the places which had been hallowed by those noble presences in past ages.

In 817 Pope Paschal ascended the Pontifical Throne, and made it his especial duty to rescue from the Catacombs any holy relics that still remained there. Great was his desire to find the tomb of St. Cecilia. He sought for it long and patiently, and seems to have passed it more than once, owing to its lack of inscription. He had already rebuilt her church (which had suffered much from time) and decorated it magnificently, but it seemed destined to be deprived of the honor of sheltering

all that earth still held of her. In great depression, he, with many others, came to the conclusion that her body must have been carried away by the Lombards when Charlemagne drove them out of Italy.

And then Cecilia herself reanimated him to the search. He has left us an enchanting description of her visit. On a certain Sunday morning, very, very early, Pope Paschal was sitting in St. Peter's near the tomb of the Apostles, listening entranced to the sweet voices of the Canons, who were singing Lauds—the office with which the Church opens her day before the first gleam of light has come into the east. It was not the St. Peter's that we know, but the ancient basilica founded by Constantine and consecrated in the year 326, vast and dark, with heavy Byzantine arches, and windows closed by panes of thin Oriental alabaster. The good Pope speaks regretfully of a slight weariness which was creeping over him after the long night's vigil, and says that just as the eastern windows became visible squares in the first faint flush of dawn—"lusciescientes a Dominica"—he was overcome with drowsiness and closed his eyes, so that the soaring music became the music of dreams.

Then a luminous vision appeared. A young virgin adorned as a bride, stood before Paschal; and, after reproaching him with his too easy abandonment of the task he had undertaken, said: "Nevertheless, thou wast so near me that we could have spoken mouth to mouth." Amazed and agitated, Paschal asked who she was. She answered: "Cecilia, the servant of Christ." But the prudent Pontiff, knowing that all visions are not of heaven, and fearing a snare of the evil one, said: "How can I believe thee? All men say that the body of the holy Cecilia was carried away by the Lombards."

Very gently she replied that the Lombards had indeed sought for her, but that the Blessed Virgin had protected her sepulchre, so that they had not found it. She bade him persevere in his search,

\* It is amusing to find, in Baedeker's guide-book to Rome, the following statement: "Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, originally a dwelling-house which was converted into a church by Urban I., who was misled by the erroneous tradition that St. Cecilia had once occupied it."

which she promised should soon be rewarded, and commanded him to bring her body and those of "other saints near her" to her own church. Then she disappeared; and Paschal, greatly rejoiced, went forth and straightway returned to the ground over which he had gone so many times in vain. In the Cemetery of St. Calixtus he now noticed a nameless tomb, which he had never connected in his mind with that of the saint, because of its extreme bareness and apparent obscurity. He realized that this must be what he had been seeking. The slab was at once removed from the wall, disclosing a marble-lined recess, in which a little chest of cypress wood, just over four feet long, reposed without a trace of age or decay.

Very carefully it was lifted down and placed at Paschal's feet. The opening of it presented some difficulty; but when the cover was removed, a strong fragrance of roses and lilies came welling up from the interior. Then the Pope and his assistants beheld Cecilia, lying like a child asleep, her face turned down, her hands folded, her robe, tinged with blood, outlining the modest grace of her young body. That was whole and sweet as on the day when Urban laid it away hundreds of years before; no decay or corruption had been suffered to approach it. All was as on the day of her death,—from the great wounds in her neck to the gold embroidery on her dress; and at her feet were the rolls of linen steeped in her blood.

They brought her, with great and reverent rejoicing, back to her own house, now the Lord's. They brought, too, the bodies of her beloved husband and his brother, and that of Maximus, the brave officer who had been charged with their execution, but who chose to follow them to glory. For greater honor, Paschal brought there the body of St. Urban, and placed it, with that of Cecilia and her comrade martyrs, under the high altar.

For Cecilia he prepared a white marble sarcophagus, and in this the little cypress

wood coffin\* was placed. Paschal would not have her body touched, and left her as she had lain ever since that sad and glorious May morning six hundred years before. But he lined the sides of the coffin with a rich damask silk with fringed edges; and spread over her a great veil, of silk also, but diaphanously thin; and this, too, was delicately fringed. All these details, so carefully set down at the time, were destined to be of great value, not only as aids to identification in after years, but as testimonies to the immeasurable reverence with which the Church regarded the bodies of the martyrs in the early ages.

After gazing for the last time at her pure loveliness, Paschal closed the sarcophagus with a marble slab; and then, with no less love and reverence, placed the bodies of her three heroes, Valerianus, Tiburtius, and Maximus, in another sarcophagus,—"all together, but each wrapped in a separate winding-sheet." For St. Urban a third marble coffin was made; but—a little touch of human nature that brings a smile and a tear—Paschal feared he "might be lonely" in it, and brought the body of one of his martyred successors, Lucius, to lie beside him; though he is careful to tell us that they, too, had each "a separate winding-sheet."

The three sarcophagi were placed below the high altar in the church now called St. Cecilia in Trastevere. A marble table inscribed with a cross, the martyrs' names, and the account of their sepulture in this spot, was duly placed near them; and then a strong circular wall was built all around and closed up. But just above it, in the pavement of the church, a grating opened on a long, funnel-like aperture, through which, according to ancient custom, the faithful could lower strips of linen to rest for a moment on the marble coffins, and then be withdrawn and carried away as souvenirs of the holy ones lying therein.

\* The coffin is four feet, three inches long, thirteen inches broad, and seventeen inches high.



## The Overhauling of Regan.

BY ALICE DEASE.

MRS. REGAN went down the steps leading to the church and pushed open the swing door. Then, taking holy water, she knelt for a while in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. But the grace she asked for was so great, and she felt her own prayers to be so feeble, that, getting up, she went to the altar where a statue of Our Lady stood, to remind all who saw it that the Mother of Christ is always waiting to show herself the Mother of mankind according to the trust that her Divine Son laid upon her. Often and often Mrs. Regan had prayed for this same intention — that her husband might return to the practice of his religion,— but never before had she thrown her whole heart and being into her prayer as she did to-day.

James Regan was dying. The doctor had not said so; and, like all consumptives, the invalid himself was buoyed up with hope; but his wife could not, and did not try to deceive herself about him. Every day he was growing weaker; and even if one of his attacks of coughing did not carry him off, he could not linger as he was. Yet the mention of religion made him start on one of his usual tirades against God and the Church; and when his wife had dared to suggest his seeing a priest, he had refused with words she could not forget.

Yet neither could she see him die like a dog, without any of the helps that might have been his, to pay the debt which his sins had been laying by for him for years, and which he would have to pay in this world or the next. It was useless asking their parish priest to come to the sick man: he had tried too often, and always unsuccessfully, to induce him to reform his ways; and the favor Mrs. Regan was begging for before Our Lady's statue was that she should send a priest who would

have influence with the dying man and so obtain the grace of his conversion.

Unconsciously, the fact of living with a man whose every thought of religion was tinged with hatred, and who could not mention the priesthood without calumny or contempt, had made Mrs. Regan less loyal to God, and careless, though never quite unfaithful, to her duties. But now, looking as she was down into the Valley of the Shadows, she saw more clearly than she had ever seen before how, when death draws near, nothing matters but God and one's soul. Her faith revived and grew strong as she prayed; and she felt assured that Our Lady, whose faithful child she once had been, would present her petition to God, and that He would not refuse to grant it.

There were candles burning before the altar, and Mrs. Regan looked first at them and then at the coppers she held in her hand. They were few in number; for there had been nothing beyond the insurance coming in for many weeks, with lodging, food and nourishment for the invalid to pay for. Yet it was so necessary Our Lady should not forget her prayer; and, since she was only able to snatch a moment from her busy day, she could not do better than leave a candle burning there, its flame rising to Heaven, a silent reminder of the favor she implored.

As she first saw the priest who answered her summons at the presbytery a few moments later, her heart sank within her. He was so young, "a mere boy," whose word would have no weight with a man like her husband. Then, remembering that she had left the choice of God's instrument to Our Lady, she took hope again and told her story.

"I don't deserve to get his conversion, Father," she said, the tears choking her voice. "For, though I never sold my God, there's times and times again when I pawned Him for the sake of peace."

What Father Hubert learned of James Regan from the rector, between the time

of his conversation with Mrs. Regan and his visit to their room next day, did not reassure him as to his success; though it prepared him somewhat for the kind of case that lay before him; and he, too, paid a visit to Our Lady's altar, asking for the guidance that, had he known it, Mrs. Regan had already asked for him in the same place.

She was waiting for him when he reached the house, and he heard her voice through the darkness of the tenement stairway.

"Mind yourself, Father!" she whispered. "'Tis but a poor place we've got, with Regan sick so long. Mind yourself now when you come to the top step—for there's not one." (!)

With this caution, Father Hubert reached in safety the door Mrs. Regan had purposely left open, so that his visit might seem to be one of chance. His inquiry after the invalid's health was greeted with a black look at his Roman collar and at the soft hat in his hand, and a growling retort as to what was that of his business.

"Well, it is my business in a sort of a way," replied the priest, ignoring the intended rudeness. "My work this morning happens to be visiting several sick people; so, when I saw you lying there, it was only natural I should ask how you were, with my mind running on my own invalids. But perhaps you don't care for visitors. Now, the man I am going to see tells me that visits do him good. A talk with some one besides one's own family helps to shorten the day for him a little, he says."

"Pooh! one's own family!" repeated Regan in a tone of disgust. "What's the good of talking to one's own family? What do women know of the things that are worth talking about?"

"As, for instance?" inquired Father Hubert, taking a chair, which, though it had not been offered to him, had, he felt sure, been dusted and set there for him by Mrs. Regan.

As he sat down his eye fell on a copy of the *Mechanical World*, and he suddenly realized that the weapon he had been seeking had been put into his hands. If there was one thing—besides the usual amount of theology—that Father Hubert did know something about, it was mechanics; and without further preliminaries he plunged into a conversation, in which he found Regan's intelligence and practical knowledge of such interest that for a moment he forgot the reason of his visit. Then, whilst the dying mechanic was still engrossed in his favorite topic, Father Hubert took his leave, pleading a fear of fatiguing him whilst so weak, but promising to return the next time he found himself in that district.

And two days later, of set design, he did find himself there; and on that and several ensuing days he talked of machinery and motors, giving man credit for his share in carrying out the designs of God, but insisting through all upon God as master and motive power of all. Once or twice, growing bolder, he spoke his mind when Regan began the ante-Christian cant with which clever half-educated talkers, and even others who should know better, do the devil's work amongst men of Regan's type; and, to his surprise, his reproaches did not seem to be resented.

Father Hubert knew that, whilst he was with her husband, Mrs. Regan took the opportunity of going again and again to remind Our Lady that this conversion was in her hands, and the knowledge of these prayers gave him confidence and help. Then, when the sick man was growing visibly weaker, their talk turned one day to the labor entailed in the cleaning of the huge locomotives in the engine yard where Regan used to work.

"You don't know the job it is to clean them engines after a two hundred-mile run," said Regan. "Talk of a motor! That's a lady's job compared to an engine."



"You must have a bad time with them, in that case," replied Father Hubert,— "if you call cleaning a 60-horse Mercedes a lady's job."

"Oh, I don't have the time!" replied Regan, loftily. "That's the cleaner's work, not ours."

"So much the better for you, I should imagine," said the priest; "for they must get themselves into no end of a mess, and so have their own cleaning up to do into the bargain."

"There must be dirty jobs in your line of business, too, I expect," said Regan, suddenly.

"How do you mean?" asked Father Hubert; though as he spoke a tinge of color in the ashen face upon the pillow gave him an inkling of what was coming.

"Well, for instance," explained Regan, turning his eyes away from his interlocutor and plucking nervously at his bedclothes, "when you get hold of an old machine like me, that hasn't been cleaned or overhauled for years and years."

"It's not easy work certainly," replied Father Hubert. "But all that's really needed is a little grit and good will; then, with God's help, we get all in order very quickly."

"'Twould be a dirty job, no doubt," said Regan, thoughtfully.

"Will you let me have a try?" asked Father Hubert, and his voice was soft, though eager.

"Try if you like," answered Regan, gruffly. "Only I tell you you'll find it a dirty job. I'd advise you to turn up your cuffs before you start upon it."

They did it together, the young priest and the worn-out mechanic, who, as he said himself, had allowed the dirt of years of sin and impiety to clog and stain him. When the overhauling was done, and the words of absolution spoken, both one and the other breathed a sigh of relief.

"Now, there's the rest," said Regan. "The last Sacraments." (For he had

been well instructed long ago in the religion that later he had mocked at and denied.) "I—I believe I'm not getting better." (It was the first time he had admitted that death was near.) "I remember well my First Communion. When may I have my last?"

"I will bring you Holy Communion to-morrow if you wish," said Father Hubert.

"At what time, then? As early as you can?"

"I say Mass at seven. Would half-past six be too early?"

"Six would be better," said Regan.

"Very well; let us say six," replied the priest.

"I hope you'll be up to time, then," was all the reply vouchsafed.

And Father Hubert went away, with a sudden doubt as to whether he had not been, perhaps, a little hasty. Was the man, after so many years of neglect, prepared for what he asked? Was he really in good faith when only yesterday his words had still been bitter against God? Then he remembered the earnestness of that overhauling, and he reproached himself for his doubt; remembering, too, as he met Mrs. Regan, her face radiant at last, that this was Our Lady's convert, not his own.

Punctually next morning, as a neighboring clock was striking six, Father Hubert mounted the stairs with which during the last days he had grown so familiar. There were voices in the room above; and, entering, he found a little group of men—half a dozen or more,—all evidently comrades of Regan's working days. At the entrance of the priest they moved awkwardly to one corner; and he, laying down his sacred Burden on the white cloth that Mrs. Regan had made ready, turned to the dying man. But he, raising himself as well as he could, and looking toward the little group in the corner, spoke aloud, though in a husky voice.

"I asked you chaps to come," he said,

"because you're the ones that heard me blaspheme the worst against the God who's forgiven me, and who's coming Himself now to help me through with this job of dying. You're the ones that ought to know better, and maybe without me you wouldn't be what you are to-day—a Godless, sinful lot. I don't doubt that one or more of you should be Catholics like myself, and we're by far the worst because we've given up the truth and the faith. I wanted you to come to hear me say that I'm sorry. I'm sorry for the curses and I'm sorry for the lies, and I'm sorry for all the harm I done you—"

His voice trailed away to a whisper; and Father Hubert, bending down, saw that tears were lying on his sunken cheeks. The men in the window were silent; and when Mrs. Regan knelt down, so, too, did they, — both those who understood the ceremony before them, and those who only partly guessed its meaning. And all were still silently kneeling when Father Hubert left the room.

A few days later he stood again near Mrs. Regan, after reading the burial service over her husband's grave.

"'Twas Our Lady did it," she kept saying, — "'twas herself sent you, who knew the talk and all that 'ticed him on. May I never forget to thank her and the Almighty for His mercy!"

WHAT our neighbor really is we may never know, but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does we have seen, but we have no idea what may have been his thoughts and intentions. People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble, while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle, studied selfishness get the name of self-sacrifice; and silent, heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.

—*Ian Maclaren*,

## A Gem of Architecture.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

A WORD-PICTURE of a person, or of a place, however ably or carefully drawn, is, at the best, but an unsatisfactory method of conveying a clear image of the object it is intended to portray. This is more particularly true of so "conventional" a building as a church, it being more than ordinarily difficult to make clear and distinct the details wherein it differs, not only from churches already familiar to the reader, but also from that general notion which the word itself most naturally and most readily evokes. My chief aim in drawing the attention of American Catholics to the beauties of "Bentley's Gem," as it is called, is to induce some of them to make a pilgrimage to it.

Watford is one of those old market towns lying between London and Saint Albans (the shrine of Britain's proto-martyr), which, while retaining many of its primitive and simpler characteristics, is gradually developing (or the reverse, as you are or are not enamored of "progress" and villadom) into a no less typical London suburb. Its parish church of "Saint Mary's" speaks eloquently of England's ancient devotion to our Blessed Lady,—a devotion now confined, so far as modern Watford is concerned, to the "little flock" to whom the two zealous priests of the Catholic mission minister.

That mission, founded fifty years ago, in the early days of England's "Second Spring" (in 1863), now boasts—thanks to the generosity of a single benefactor, and to the genius of one of the greatest of modern church architects, John Francis Bentley—of possessing a church hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any country church (our own, or held by others) in the United Kingdom,—a church justly spoken of as "Bentley's Gem"; "a perfect example of late perpendicular architecture."



It is built, to begin with its exterior, of flints set in mortar—a style also shown in the old parish church of Saint Mary's, just referred to, and by no means uncommon in Hertfordshire and other parts of the South of England, — and consists, roughly speaking, of a nave and two side aisles (though not cruciform), with a tower at the west end. The visitor—let us rather say, the intending worshipper,—on entering by the door under this tower, finds himself in a roomy porch, cut off by inner doors from the church itself, and used, indeed, in accordance with the mind and ancient custom of Holy Mother Church, for the preliminary ceremonies of the Sacrament of Baptism; thus emphasizing, by place, by rite and symbol, the child's entrance not only into the outward and visible but also into the mystical fold and body of Christ.

From this porch a special door leads into a large baptistery, actually under the tower, and divided, by arches, from the nave. Here, as throughout every portion of the building, all the details of architecture and of symbolism are thought out and carried out with the loving carefulness—I know of no better term—which we usually ascribe to the church-builders of those Ages of Faith to which John Francis Bentley rightly and spiritually belonged, and in which he “lived, moved, and had his being,” as in the forecourts of heaven itself. How otherwise could he have builded as he has done? How otherwise could he have been under the continual patronage of the Beloved Disciple—to whom, in this very church, he dedicated the chapel in the south aisle—and of “gentle Saint Francis”?

In the baptistery, this detail of symbolism bears of course exclusively on the inner and mystical meaning of the first and most necessary of Sacraments, without which, indeed, none of the others are valid, or within our reach. The whole is but another instance, and a striking one, of the delight, as we may fairly call it, which Bentley took in making

use of every beautiful symbol wherewith men, in the days before the great falling away—before England was robbed of her ancient Faith,—loved to adorn and enrich even the smallest of country churches.

This wealth of symbolism, as has been already said, pervades the whole building; and, while in some sense it renders the task of description apparently less difficult, it no less surely renders it more so by the risk it so obviously entails of making what should be a word-picture of a church, a mere catalogue of architectural details. It is a fault which, I need not say, I shall do my best to avoid; all the more that, after some weeks of worshipping in this “decorous” House of God, the symbolism—if I may dare to say so—seems to have taken possession of my very soul, and, do what I may, will out, when I endeavor to convey to the minds of others the impressions it has made on my own.

From the baptistery, then, the pilgrim passes into the north aisle, and comes, first, to the founder's “chantry” (another ancient custom fittingly revived, and worthy of imitation), which is dedicated to the Third Person of the ever Blessed and Adorable Trinity. Here, not the symbolism only, but the very “color-scheme,” speaks of the divine fire and of the gifts of Pentecost; and the mosaic over the altar pictures the descent of the “cloven tongues” on our Blessed Lady and on the Apostles and disciples, in that “upper room,” where they were “endued with power from on high” for the task assigned them by their ascended yet still present Lord. Round the spring of the roof are inscribed the beautiful words of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*; just as in the church itself are inscribed those of the *Pange Lingua* of the Sacred Passion; and, on the arches between the choir and the side chapel, those of the *Vexilla Regis*.

From the founder's chantry, the north aisle leads to the shrine of our Blessed Lady, to the “Joseph window,” the entrance to the sacristy, and to the Lady Chapel. The shrine, pinnacled and gilded,

can be described here only as a fitting tribute of Bentley's genius, and of his deep devotion to Our Lady; the whole being in due harmony with, in due subordination to, the supreme purpose for which the church was built—the "perpetual remembrance," as the inscription on the foundation stone tells us, of our dear Lord's bitter Cross and Passion.

For it is chiefly and above all else (the altar, of course, excepted) the "rood loft," with its Crucified Christ, "Owre Ladye Seynte Mary, and Sir Seynt Iohn," which draw the eyes (and surely the heart and devotion) of everyone entering the church, dedicated as it is to this very mystery of man's Redemption. Here, once again and supremely, Bentley drew his inspiration from the parish churches of Catholic England, whose chief and almost universal adornment was this very rood loft, with its Calvary—the book of the unlearned—with or without its screen. In the Watford church there is no screen to obstruct the view of the altar, and of that eternal and perpetual Sacrifice which, first offered on the Cross, is daily renewed on the Church's altars "for us men and for our salvation." On the lower edge, as it were, of the rood loft (note again the careful detail of appropriate symbolism) are five shields, bearing the various implements of the Passion. The pulpit, it may be noted, entered from a door in the wall, stands on the left of the chancel arch; on the right is an exceptionally beautiful and devotional statue of the Sacred Heart.

Passing under the rood loft—a passage symbolizing our journey, by the way and under the shadow of the Cross, from the Church militant to the Church triumphant,—we note, as we approach the altar itself, the oak choir stalls; and the medallions, on the walls above them, of saints closely connected with England's Catholic life, whose merits, memories, and names we plead before God for England's resurrection to that life which she has lost. We see, to right and to left of the altar, on the north and south walls, glass mosaics

of the Entombment and of the Agony in the Garden; on the east wall, in the same order, frescoes of the *Ecce Homo*, and of the Betrayal in Gethsemane.

Although we shall attempt no description of the windows in this beautiful church of the Holy Rood, to one of them at least—the east window over the high altar—special attention may be drawn, as to a most striking example of Bentley's use of symbolism. It shows our Blessed Lord enthroned, and beneath His feet the empty Cross, from which flow the seven streams of grace, typifying the seven Sacraments, wherein and whereby His Precious Blood is applied to the souls for whom "He endured the Cross."

And the altar itself, if it comes last in this crude drawing of the church, is it not because it is the chief aim and purpose for which the church was built, the eternal symbol of the Presence we adore, of all that should rest, most lastingly, most deeply, on our minds and hearts? Let it be enough to say that it is of dark red marble, bearing two large inlaid mosaic "pines"; one of the most ancient symbols (dating back, indeed, to the sixth century) of the Church's fruitfulness. The canopy over the altar is of gilt open-work, much in the style, with the necessary differences, of the shrine of Our Lady already referred to, but which, like that shrine, needs to be seen to be appreciated in its full beauty.

Here, then, in the very Presence of that loving Lord who, having died for us on the Holy Rood, lives ever with us in the Divine and Adorable Sacrament, the writer of this word-picture would fain leave those for whom he has drawn it. Let there be added only a renewed wish that American Catholics visiting England may make many a pilgrimage to this church of the Holy Rood, to learn there afresh the old and too often forgotten lesson that it is by "the King's Highway of the Holy Cross" that we, pilgrims from earth to eternity, may hope to enter into the Paradise of God—our home.



## The Ancient City of Durazzo.

BY E. C.

THE port of Durazzo, around which centred during the recent war so much interest, dates from the seventh century before Christ. It was founded by colonists from Corinth, and ranks among the most ancient cities of the world existing on their first site. Its history has been stormy; for it belongs to a region where divergent political and commercial interests meet in conflict. But when the Servian troops entered Durazzo after their memorable march over the Albanian Alps, they were received with every demonstration of friendliness by the citizens, both Christian and Mussulman. A solemn service of thanksgiving was held in the Greek Orthodox church, at which the Austrian and other foreign Consuls were present in gala uniform. Municipal authority was confided to a Greek and to a Catholic Albanian. The lesser officials were Servians, and the interests of the Mohammedans were placed in the hands of a Hodja (Mohammedan priest), by birth an Albanian.

There occurred here no regrettable incident like that of Prisren, where the Catholic inhabitants were warned by the Austrian Consul not to display flags or in anywise join in the rejoicings at the entry of the allied troops. A very different spirit prevailed on the Adriatic coast, not only at Durazzo, but at St. John de Medna and Alessio, where Catholic convent bells pealed joyously as the Servian and Montenegrin soldiers passed, their army chaplains in front, crucifix in hand. For the moment there was no remembrance of schism or national rivalry, but a general sense of gladness that Christianity had come to triumph where Moslem tyranny had so long held sway. Durazzo in particular distinguished itself by kindly attentions to the emaciated soldiers, many of whom, alas! succumbed to the

hardships they had undergone and found their last resting-place within its walls.

The harbor of Durazzo is sandy and little adapted to receive great ships; there is no breakwater, and it is exposed to such gales in winter that neither ship nor boat can approach the coast. Three winds—western, southern and south-western—blow upon it, making navigation not only difficult but often impossible. The conversion of Durazzo into a military haven, as Austria feared, would be attended with such formidable hindrances and such vast expense that it may be dismissed as too remote a contingency to be dwelt upon. The opening is so wide, moreover, that it would require a very large fleet to block the entrance of torpedos and submarines. Servia does not possess a single ship as yet, and will be long dependent on her ally, Greece, for facilities to ply her sea trade. Durazzo has no natural defences, no elevated rocks to serve as a basis for protective works. The Turkish warship *Hamidei* had a fair field in its recent sudden attack on the Servian camp at Durazzo. The batteries made a vain attempt to retaliate, and soon recognized that, in such a position, they were powerless.

The use of Durazzo as a commercial port is, however, not to be despised. Already in 1853 Austria profited by the hostilities between Montenegro and Turkey to put in a claim for Durazzo, which she proposed to convert into a free port. Turkey refused, and Austria resolved to bide her time. Servia, however, stole a march upon her, and, in virtue of the great sacrifices of human life entailed by occupation of this part of Turkey-in-Europe, claimed the right to reserve Durazzo as a Servian outlet to the sea. What little trade exists at present is in the hands of the Greeks, who have made it a brisker market than the larger towns of Valona or Scutari. Austria is the chief factor in both export and import. She takes coffee, cotton, rice, olive oil, eggs, and wool—all that Albania can furnish—

in exchange for manufactured iron articles, paper, matches, beer, glass, and timber. Durazzo is only seventy miles from Brindisi across the water; but Italy gets nothing save flour and petroleum from Durazzo, and her intercourse is conducted by means of sailing-boats.

The coast hereabouts is desert and uniform. The little port, on a slight elevation, as it meets the eye far out at sea, is a welcome break in the monotony. Stepping from the ship on to the wooden quay, one comes soon to the fine Catholic church, near which there is a convent of Sisters of Charity. Durazzo is the oldest See in Albania, although now, numerically, the smallest. The Archdiocese includes 14,620 faithful of the Latin and 152 of the Greek rite.

The general appearance of the town is pretty, for the houses are whitewashed, and the shutters of the windows painted a bright blue, which is very decorative. In December it is a treat to walk in the park, redolent of almond blossoms. Almost every house has a garden, wherein flourish olives, figs, oranges, and lemons. Oranges abound so that the children use them to play with. The main street of Durazzo is narrow but clean, and gravelled with a tiny stone pavement next the houses. The climate is so mild that there are no stoves except for cooking purposes. Snow is rare and short-lived. Should heating a room be necessary, in case of illness, it is done by means of red-hot coals on a tray.

In general, Turkish traces are less observable here than elsewhere in the Balkans. There are but three mosques, whereas some inland towns, such as Jakovitsa and Prishtin, have at least a dozen of them. The huge fortress gates and ruined tower tell eloquently of an important strategical past. The chief buildings, erected on pillars (*svodobe*) so as to keep high and dry, reveal Venetian influence. Many were its rulers, and conquered has been its fate from the Corinthian foundation until to-day.

After being the capital of Illyria, Durrachium (Durazzo) fell to the Romans, as old Roman inscriptions, alongside of Byzantine pictures in stone slabs on the fortress walls, still testify. It was from here that Pompey embarked for the encounter with his great rival, Cæsar. Here, too, was Cicero's place of banishment when he incurred the displeasure of the powers at Rome. Theodoric, King of the Goths, seized the town in 481; and little is known of it from then till the advent of the Bulgars, in the eleventh century. Durazzo was included in the Servian Empire soon afterward, but Prince Voyislav made the land of Zeta rise in rebellion. The Governor of Durazzo, Michael Pavlogon, got a reinforcement of 60,000 from Greece,—a force at that time equivalent to half a million in our days. It was, however, annihilated by Voyislav, who enticed it into a ravine. At the death of this turbulent prince, Byzantium again held sway, defeating the Normans who besieged it later. In the First Crusade an army, led by the brother of the King of France, landed here from Apulia, and marched to join the other Crusaders.

In the thirteenth century Sicily and Italy began to have a footing on the west coast of the Balkan Peninsula. Durazzo belonged for a time to the Sicilian King, Maufred the Handsome; but it was retaken by King Milutin and reintegrated in the Servian Empire. Under Dushan the Mighty, who possessed all the coast, Durazzo, for diplomatic reasons, was left to the House of Anjou, with whom he had political dealings of vast scope. Later it fell to the Servian Catholic Prince of Zeta, Balsh II.; and when he was overpowered by the Venetians, it became part of that great Adriatic Republic.

The Turks took Durazzo in 1501, and held it until November of last year, when it was once more restored to Christianity by the entrance of the Servian troops. What will be its next vicissitude remains to be seen; for its deliverers are loath



to bestow it on a Mohammedan State, although, geographically, it should belong to Albania.

The ancient name of Durazzo was Epidamnus. Under this name it figures as one of the causes of the War of Peleponnesus. It is called Dratch in Slav, Druts in Turkish, Duretsi in Albanian, Durazzo in all other European languages. Its population is 2000, and is composed of Servians Albanians, Greeks, Turks, and Italians.

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*August 24, Feast of St. Bartholomew.*

**T**O-DAY the Church rejoices in the triumph over death of one of Our Lord's Apostles. St. Bartholomew has been identified by many learned writers with Nathaniel—the "Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile," as the welcoming salutation of Our Lord described him. After the Ascension, this Apostle preached the Gospel in India, and afterward evangelized many countries in upper Asia. He was cruelly martyred at Albanopolis, in Armenia, for strenuously opposing idolatry; being flayed alive and afterward beheaded, or, as some say, crucified. His body, after many translations from one city to another, both in the East and West, found its place of repose in Rome, where a church was built to receive it on the site of the ancient Temple of Æsculapius, on the island in the Tiber, by the Emperor Otho III., about the year 983.

The Introit is taken from Psalm cxxxviii, of which it formed in past ages the continually repeated antiphon: "To me" (it seems that) "Thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honorable; their principality is exceedingly strengthened." The psalm runs: "Lord, Thou hast proved me and known me: Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up, etc." The drift of the whole psalm is that God knows

everything and provides for everything; therefore it is desirable for us to unite ourselves to the just, whom He enriches with blessings; and detach ourselves from sinners, whom He is constrained by His justice to punish. The verse chosen for the Introit is an expression of surprise at the reward awaiting the just; it bears the signification: "It seems to me that Thy friends, O God, are too greatly honored in their exalted principedom!"

The Collect speaks of the day as one of joy; for the death of the martyrs is their birthday to eternal happiness. "Almighty, everlasting God, who hast granted us a venerable and holy joy on this day in the festival of Thy blessed Apostle Bartholomew; grant to Thy Church, we beseech Thee, both to love what he believed and to preach what he taught." By the petition here made we are not to conclude that there is danger of the failure of the Church, the bride of Christ, either in faith or love; but there is always danger of the particular churches of which she is composed detaching themselves from unity. Such, indeed, has been the case with the Church of Armenia, founded by this Apostle, which separated from the Roman See. Though reunited more than once, it again seceded; and now, while one body, is in communion with Rome, the majority of Armenian Christians are both schismatics and heretics.

The Epistle speaks of the Church as the body of Christ, of which we are all members, though some are more honorable than others. The Apostles come first; then prophets, doctors, workers of miracles, and the like, have all their due rank and honor. All can not be thus exalted; yet all share in the glory gained for the whole body.

The Gradual seems to echo the astonishment expressed in the Introit at God's exceeding goodness in rewarding His servants: "Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth: they shall remember Thy name, O Lord!" Then, addressing

the Apostle, it continues: "Instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee; therefore shall people praise thee." This is the recompense for having left father, mother, and all things, to follow Christ. The Alleluia verse celebrates their heavenly glory, which is added to the power they possess on earth. "Alleluia! The glorious choir of Apostles praise Thee, O God. Alleluia!"

In the Gospel we have the record of the calling of St. Bartholomew, together with his fellows, when, after Our Lord had "passed the whole night in the prayer of God," He chose the twelve to be witnesses of His life and miracles, and to spread abroad His teaching in due time.

The Offertory verse is a repetition of the Introit.

The Communion verse is Our Lord's promise to His friends: "You who have followed Me shall sit on seats, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The Apostles are the dignitaries, the nobility of Christ's kingdom; and as such will be associated with Him in the last Judgment as His assistants. They have had a part in His royal power and judicial office in the Church on earth; by their labors and sacrifices they have extended and elevated His kingdom, and so they will be rewarded in heaven by special glory, and will take part in the ratification at the last day of what they have "bound and loosed" as the pastors of the Church.

It is worthy of note that the Collect for the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, which finds a place in the Mass of to-day, embodies a petition similar to that of this festival. "May continued mercy purify and defend Thy Church, O Lord! And, since without Thee it can not remain safe, may it ever be governed by Thy bounty." As already explained, although the Church of Christ can never fail as a body, yet its various members are always in danger of falling away; it is in this sense that we are taught thus to pray.

### The Need of Good Mothers.

NINE-TENTHS of the girls who "go wrong" in their second decade of life have been trained wrong in their first; and the veritable criminals in more than half the cases brought before our juvenile courts are, not the bad boys immediately involved, but the fathers and mothers whose indulgence or neglect has resulted in their becoming bad boys instead of good. Lack of parental control is one of the outstanding evils in American family life to-day; and unless the evil be checked, unless the children are subjected to a healthy discipline, are taught to obey and punished for disobeying, are made to see that pleasure must yield to duty, and forced to recognize that respect for laws — divine, civil, and family laws — is essential to a happy and worthy life, then the number of penitentiaries and haunts of shame will inevitably go on increasing rather than diminishing.

"Who shall find a valiant woman?" asks the author of Proverbs; "far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." Who shall find the really good mother, the Christian woman who because she 'looks well to the paths of her house' now, shall hereafter behold 'her children rise up and call her blessed.' As the root of the whole matter, what is needed is a sense of responsibility in mothers, a thorough realization of the truth that their children, even in babyhood, are not dolls and playthings, to be petted and scolded according to the whim of the moment; but genuine gifts, or rather loans, from the Lord, — gifts which they must make fructify, loans for which they will one day be held responsible.

Mother-love is a beautiful thing, and at times a sublime thing as well; but the doting affection of the foolishly fond parent is pathetic in its actual manifestations, and nothing less than tragic in its probable consequences. "There is no person of mature experience," says a writer in the *London Telegraph*, "who is



not acquainted with the tragedy of the spoiled child, ultimately compelled to confront the world with a feebly-based and falsely-formed character. We are all acquainted with the weak mother,—a creature filled with the foolish idolatry of her own offspring, devoid of clear-sightedness in their regard, taking their worst tendencies for amiable eccentricities or for a sign of original talent. This lady, wherever we behold her, is overcome with a natural fondness for her children; and yet, for their own sakes, almost any harshness compatible with their physical health and mental progress would be better than an ignoble and helpless inability to control their conduct, and to compel them—by gentleness if possible, by strictness if necessary—to adopt right habits. For it is true that we are creatures of habit, and the tenacious instincts, the second nature formed by the wholesome routine of a sound training, will often stand to us when physical strength fails and active will is worn out.”

The sentimentality with which innumerable people at the present day regard the question of child-training is quite as disastrous in its tendencies as is the culpable indulgence of the “weak mother” characterized in the foregoing paragraph. “Let the poor little things,” it is said, “have a good time while they are young; their troubles will come quite soon enough.” By all means, let childhood be happy; but unlimited indulgence of childish whims, caprices, and mischievous tendencies is not the recipe for effecting that result. On the contrary, over-indulgence mars the happiness of children even in their early years, and is an infallible method of rendering them miserable later on in life. “The happy child is the one under firm and loving control; the one that has learned to obey without hesitation or question; the one that trusts its mother and feels unconsciously that obedience is required for good reason, and that when an indulgence is denied it is not for want of affection.”

To Catholic mothers of the little ones of to-day it should not be necessary to point out the fact that their task of properly training their children has been materially facilitated by the action of the Sovereign Pontiff in the matter of admitting those little ones to frequent and daily Holy Communion. The evil propensities which original sin has left in these young natures will most readily yield to the all-holy influence of the divine Visitant present in their hearts; and when this frequent companionship with Our Lord is supplemented by a tenderly inculcated love for His Blessed Mother, parents may well hope that their children are on the direct road to becoming upright and worthy men and women—Christians worthy of their name.

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#### Admitting One's Ignorance.

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The field of knowledge has become so amazingly vast in our day that it does not now require so much courage as was formerly the case to confess one's ignorance of very many subjects. The sensible person feels no shame in avowing his lack of knowledge in matters that lie beyond the sphere of his experience and activities; and it is only insufferable conceit that can prompt a man to pretend to know “everything about something, and something about everything.”

Even so illustrious a scholar as “the Great Bear of English literature,” Dr. Samuel Johnson, was candid enough to avow his limitations. Boswell, who admits that some of the definitions in Johnson's great work, the Dictionary, are erroneous, gives an instance of the Doctor's candor. A lady once asked the brusque lexicographer how he came to define “pastern” as the *knee* of a horse, instead of a part of a horse's foot, evidently expecting that Johnson would enter upon an elaborate defence. Much to her surprise, and not a little to her edification, he at once answered: “Ignorance, Madam,—pure ignorance.”

## Notes and Remarks.

Two brothers, the younger an invalid, on a return journey from a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, were discussing the subject of their trip. The sick boy had obtained no physical benefit whatever at the shrine, but both had been the astonished witnesses of three cures reported as being miraculous. "It is not so strange, after all," remarked the elder brother, "that you have not been cured or benefited. Neither of us entered upon our pilgrimage in the proper spirit. We lacked the faith for a miracle. From what I have seen, how changed my ideas are as to the wonders of our holy religion! Only now I realize that a true Catholic lives ever in direct contact with the Supernatural. How thankful one should be for the gift of faith!"—"Yes," answered the invalid, "I must learn to appreciate that gift more than I do."

The young men returned home, no doubt, disappointed. But the miraculous is not always visible. The "Good St. Anne" must have rejoiced in the results of her intercession. On that pilgrimage, amongst other benefits, three had been cured of physical infirmities; but, more wonderful still, two had their faith made whole.

The readiness of a certain class of non-Catholic editors to accept any contribution that seems to tell against the Church, no matter how unveracious the production may be, is shown by the appearance, in a recent issue of an English paper calling itself *The Christian*, of a tale entitled "Rome in Ireland," the hero of which is a Catholic man who permitted his wife to bring up their six children as Protestants. "But when he came to die, his wife offered to send for the priest, who, when he arrived, promised to provide for the children if the parents would sign a paper agreeing that they should be brought up Catholics. Next day two priests brought the paper; but the

mother having declined to sign it, the husband also refused. Then the two priests stretched their hands over the dying man, and repeated this curse: 'Let him be accursed at home and abroad, accursed in the city and in the field, accursed in walking and sleeping.'" And so on *ad nauseam*.

That editors should still be found to publish rubbish like this, and readers to delight in it, emphasizes the need of antidotal Catholic literature of all sorts, and the duty of distributing it as widely as possible.

We shall hope to see in pamphlet form, for dissemination all over the world, the addresses delivered at the Catholic Congress at Plymouth, England, last month. They are full of suggestion and inspiration, and are calculated to uphold or to establish Catholic ideals and standards wherever they are echoed. One of the best of these addresses was the one by Father Martindale, S. J., who said (in reference to the immense opportunity now presented to English-speaking Catholics):

It is not necessary for me to point out that while determination to take it is absolutely necessary, so too is ability to take it. Doubtless we need learned men, learned books, and experts. Even more, I believe, we want a higher Catholic education for the average intelligent young man and woman, which at present scarcely exists. We want intellectual as well as affectionate sympathy, on the part of our clergy, with modern young minds tormented by the problems of the hour.

But not everybody can be expert, not everybody a leader; not everybody can create nor even educate. What is asked of all modern Catholics is that they should be well instructed, and that they should be keen. Wherever a non-Catholic meets a Catholic, he ought to go away feeling it easier to become a Catholic himself. He must have met sympathy, and he must have met intelligence, and he must have met sincerity of life.

It is heartbreaking to meet, as one does, practising Catholics who yet are quite uninterested in their religion, and—how often!—Catholics whose lives are really in no discernible way different from those of the ordinary non-Catholic. Above all, it is heartbreaking to meet men, and women too, not only not helping,



but by their lack of Catholic spirit positively hindering, and even, in the long run, for no valid reason whatever, giving up first the practice of their religion, and then allowing their very faith to evaporate. I beg you, as Catholics, at an hour when so many souls are reaching out their hands to you, ready at any expense, any sacrifice, to take the great step, be ready and equipped, in mind and morals and sympathy, to be their help, not hindrance.

It is no surprise to learn that Fr. Martindale's address was listened to with closest attention, and applauded to the echo.

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Considering that competent teachers of the deaf command high salaries, it is surprising to learn that there is a general scarcity of such instructors. Standing advertisements for them by the directors of State institutions remain unanswered. In order to supply the need as far as possible, the De Paul Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., is about to open a normal course for the purpose of training teachers to become specialists in the instruction of the deaf. The Institute has two large buildings in that city, with a capacity for one hundred children, and is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The modern, fireproof buildings, the expert instructors in charge of the course, and the large number of children in attendance, afford abundant opportunity to acquire a thorough knowledge of the latest and most approved methods in deaf instruction; thus qualifying Catholic girls to take advantage of the many lucrative positions now going begging, and in filling which untold good might be done. A limited number of applicants to this normal course will be received, and full particulars may be obtained by addressing the Superior, De Paul Institute, Castlegate Ave., Brookline, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Only an extended review could give an adequate idea of the importance and usefulness of Fr. Vermeersch's work on "Tolerance," a translation of which, by W. H. Page, was recently published by R. and T. Washbourne. The author's

purpose is to show that tolerance is traditional in the Church, the spirit of whose Founder is a spirit of peace, of mercy, and of love. It is true that she has sometimes tolerated outward coercion, but this was to preserve convictions, not to produce them. That Fr. Vermeersch's work is calculated to modify many current misconceptions will be seen from a single passage on the Inquisition:

The number of persons condemned to death can not be exactly stated, but it is interesting to observe how remarkably the figures are reduced when we turn from the works of prejudiced writers to those that are more impartial and better supported by evidence. Take one remarkable example with reference to the Spanish Inquisition. A French school-reader . . . attributes to this Inquisition two millions of victims in ten years. A. Rambaud, in his "Histoire de la Civilisation Française," gives the number at 300,000 in three centuries and a half. Llorente, who was very ill-disposed to the Inquisition, brings it down for the same period to 30,000. According to Mgr. Landrieux, recent German investigations reduce this still further to 10,000; and, finally, Gams puts it at 4000 only.

No Catholic library should be without one or more copies of "Tolerance." Unfortunately it lacks an index, but there is an ample analysis at the head of each of the chapters:

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The tenth of "A Novelist's Sermons," contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* by John Ayscough, has for title "Progress and Perfection," and contains some admirable characterizations of non-believers who are free from violent rancors against supernatural religion, and content themselves with a placid surprise that it should survive in any shape. Their viewpoint and their criticism are given in this delicious paragraph:

Interesting as the venerable institution of Catholicity is; striking as her objective personality undoubtedly remains; grandiose as have been the spectacles with which she has decorated the stage of history; noble as have been many of her aims—far before the times as some of them clearly were; exalted as was the mission she set herself; great as was the part she once played in civilizing the savage

nations that were too virile to assimilate so effete a civilization as that of the Roman Empire, sick and dying; fine as were the ideals she displayed to mankind in comparison with any that had been promulgated before her time,—she is, alas! an enemy to Progress. She is the latter-day Canute, with her throne upon the shore of Time, opposed to the advance of a tide inexorably advancing to submerge it; but, unlike Canute, forbidding its advance with a fatuous, sincere desire of being obeyed. Her throne, indeed, was planted, as she avers, not upon the low and shifting sand, but upon a rock—the intensely significant, picturesque Peter-rock; but she is unable to perceive that the rock itself (owing to the erosion of time) is now below high-water mark, and if she persists in remaining in her ancient seat she must find herself overwhelmed.

Fine satire this, is it not?

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The New York *Sun*, which of all our great dailies seems to be the best informed, never fails to remind its readers of anything said in the past that is especially worthy of consideration in the discussion of questions the interest of which circumstances have revived or intensified. For the enlightenment of such of its readers as hold that military intervention on the part of the United States is the only solution of the Mexican problem, our metropolitan luminary quotes as follows from Francisco Madero's last message to the American people,—“a message obtained in an interview by appointment, and therefore carefully considered.” As the unfortunate ruler was assassinated only a few days afterward, this may have been his very last public utterance:

The Americans in Mexico realize far better than any body of men in the world that the intervention of the United States in Mexican affairs would be the worst possible thing that could happen to either country. It is unfortunately true that the operations of lawless bands have resulted in property losses to Americans and other foreign residents in Mexico, but international law insures that such losses will be adjusted. It is not on Americans that the greatest losses have fallen. For every dollar taken from them our people have lost ten. The actual damage resulting from the operations and depredations of these rebels and bandits is far less than the world has been led to believe.

Mexico is solvent. Her credit is unimpaired. She is abundantly able to meet all just claims of those who have been injured through the reign of lawlessness in certain small sections of her great domain; and all my influence will be exerted to see that no American citizen be denied just redress.

“It is only necessary to add to this analysis of the situation existing early in February,” says the *Sun*, “that, while it is true that outrages on persons and property have increased, the accountability of Mexico remains the same—the bill is larger and it can be collected. The alternative of intervention is just as serious a matter now as it was then; in fact, Americans resident in Mexico would be in greater danger to-day if the United States were to undertake to pacify the country. It is so obviously a case for tactful mediation in the interests of both Mexicans and foreigners that there can be no intelligent and patriotic opposition to the general course adopted by President Wilson.”

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Not merely the three million Catholics represented by the delegates assembled last week in Milwaukee, but the thirteen other millions in this country, will do well to reflect seriously on these paragraphs from the sermon delivered by Archbishop Keane at the opening of the convention:

While moral life [outside the Church] is still upheld by timid reference to Scriptural precept, supernatural aid is almost disregarded, and uncertain form of words of little meaning takes the place of Sacraments which once fortified Christian life. Of church adherents who attend worship, many do so not on the grounds of faith, but as an act of compliance, or social duty.

The masses of men in non-Catholic communities and countries recite no creed and own no church affiliation. They have pushed the fundamental principles of the system—the denial of doctrinal authority and the adequacy and the right of self-guidance in religion—to their logical issues. . . .

Let us not be blind to the truth that these are hard days for supernatural faith. We see around us a civilization in which a belief in God and immortality is becoming perilously weak and vague; in which education takes no account of what is highest and best in man,



and so deforms him by unnatural development; in which a positive caricature of forces, destructive of social order, shows itself in the extreme form of Socialism.

Demonstration of our numerical force must be of little avail until there are in every community Catholic laymen who will arrest attention and excite interest in the Catholic creed by their pre-eminence in virtue and knowledge.

Trite truths, if you will, but important ones, that can never be too insistently forced upon the attention of a generation all too apt to ignore them.

Seldom if ever, since the passing of John Boyle O'Reilly, or that of his friend, P. A. Collins, has there been such unanimity of unqualified eulogy by the Irish and Irish-American press as that evoked by the death of a third citizen of Boston, Mr. John O'Callaghan. From an editorial in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, we quote the concluding paragraph:

The death of so whole-souled a worker is, as the Chairman of the Irish Party describes it, a national disaster. His position, declares the Irish Party in their mournful tribute to him, was a national one, his death a national misfortune. . . . He lived to come within sight of victory, but not to share in it. His name will be forever associated with the achievement of Irish liberty. The country recognizes the greatness of his work, his power of organization, his incessant labors, his eloquent appeal and his powerful vindication of the Irish people and the Irish character, which enlisted on the side of Ireland the sympathy of the different nationalities in the United States. . . . Irishmen the world over will sorrow that he did not live to see the crowning victory of the struggle in which he had taken so glorious a part.

Ireland is nothing if not grateful; and when Home Rule permits the free and full expression, in symbols more lasting than words, of her whole-souled gratitude to the American citizens who helped her in her need, Mr. O'Callaghan's memory will come into its full inheritance of lasting fame and honor.

The Pentecostal Diocese of America is the title claimed by the Rev. Dr. Coakley, in a communication to the *London Tablet*, for the Diocese of Pittsburgh, in which

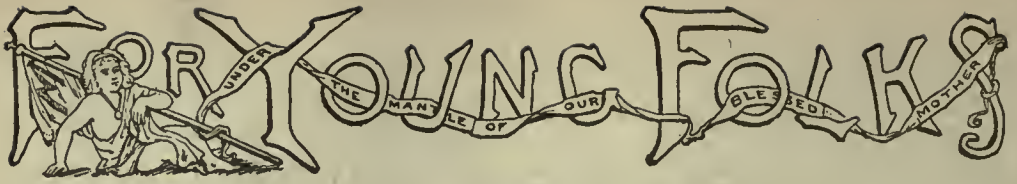
the Gospel is preached every Sunday in no fewer than sixteen different languages. It will doubtless surprise as many readers of *THE AVE MARIA* as of the *Tablet* to learn that two-fifths of the entire population of the diocese do not speak the English language at all.

That consistent and persistent opponent of purely secular, unmoral education, Mr. Bird S. Coler, tells the *Common Cause*:

There is hope in the widespread recognition of the fact that our Godless school system has broken down. There is not yet in all quarters a recognition of the quite obvious cause. Men who are all bound up in the secular side of education can see quite clearly the breakdown of the system on that side, but are as yet blind to the thing behind the breakdown. More and more, however, the professional educators are approaching a knowledge of the facts of the matter. . . . Teachers of reputation have cried out their warnings.

The warnings will grow in number and in emphasis as the years go on; and, while it may take some time to convince the public at large that Godless schools make for low citizenship, there can scarcely be a doubt that that lesson will eventually be learned; and then enlightened statesmanship will speedily solve what timorous publicists now profess to consider an insolvable problem: how to distribute public funds equitably among denominational schools.

Emphasizing the point that mere publicity will never succeed in checking or correcting crime, and that mere knowledge of sex problems will not ensure the betterment of morals, *America* remarks: "In the very lesson in which you reveal the evils of sensual indulgence, you are likely to elicit the attractiveness of sensual gratification. The evils are remote; the pleasure is present and insistent. The drunkard in presence of temptation is not going to be saved from his indulgence by tables of statistics." A point on which the devotees of eugenics in the school-room would do well to ponder.



### The Three Woodcutters of Fougeray.

**I**N the year 1341 war broke out in Brittany between two pretenders to the title of Duke, Charles de Blois and Jean de Montfort. The King of France upheld the claims of the former, while De Montfort had asked the aid of the English.

The contest was a protracted one, and the chroniclers of the time have left us lengthy narratives of all its incidents. It was not a case of two armies drawn up in the regular order of battle, winning one day and losing the next; but an irregular warfare, in which detached groups, under the command of some hardy captain, suddenly surprised the enemy and inflicted more or less heavy loss. There was not much discipline among the troops, but there was abundant heroism; and boldness and skill often supplied the lack of numbers. A striking instance of this was the capture by only three men of a fortified castle held by the allies of De Montfort—the Castle of Fougeray.

One morning the drawbridge of the castle was lowered and the governor, with a portion of the garrison, passed out. The enemy had been sighted in the vicinity, and a rapid skirmish was to be tried against them. Two scouts had assured the governor that the route was safe and that he could advance without fear. "We have seen no one," they said, "except three peasants cutting wood in the grove yonder."

As a matter of fact, the little troop from the castle, the governor at its head, soon saw the three men in question, and passed them by without comment. The three were dressed in coarse, loose blouses,

and wore the usual bonnet of the peasant. In their belts were stuck the axes with which they had cut the fagots they were now tying in bundles. All three seemed preoccupied as the troop passed them at the distance of a few yards; but as soon as the governor was out of sight, one of the woodcutters suddenly drew himself up and asked:

"Comrades, now is our time!"

The speaker was undersized, squat in figure, and the reverse of handsome; but his countenance bore an expression of reckless courage and audacity.

"At your orders," said his companions.

"Englishmen in our Brittany!" growled the first speaker, shaking his fist at the castle,—from which it would appear that Fougeray was garrisoned by De Montfort's English allies.

The three woodcutters forthwith shouldered their bundles and betook themselves to the castle. The sentinel saw them coming, and did not even challenge them.

"Here is the wood ordered by the governor," said the squat fellow. And then, with a careless air, he added: "We have to carry these fagots inside; open up the way."

The soldier on guard at once gave the order: "Lower the drawbridge."

The chains creaked, and the movable bridge, that had been raised in case of attack, was let down; at the same time the portcullis, or double door that gave admission to the fortress, was raised up.

The woodcutters crossed the deep moat, or ditch, that surrounded the castle. They appeared to be over-fatigued with their heavy loads, and quietly, as if to rest for a few minutes, they dropped the bundles on the bridge,—one result of which action was the keeping the portcullis raised, as the weight of the wood kept the drawbridge down, and, conse-



quently (on the seesaw principle), the portcullis up. The soldiers, however, did not apparently notice this fact.

"Pretty heavy, eh?" said one of them.

"Heavy enough."

"Well, you haven't much farther to carry your loads."

Just then one of the woodcutters got his blouse caught by the end of a fagot, and there was a glint, beneath his outer dress, of a coat of mail.

"Ha! treason!" cried the sentinel. "Down with the portcullis!"

For the reason given above, however, the portcullis could not come down. The supposed peasants seized their axes and threw themselves upon the English, thus taken completely unawares.

"For Our Lady and De Blois! Down with the English dogs!" cried the leader of the woodcutters. And, suiting the action to the word, he laid about him with such disastrous effect that the ground around him was speedily covered with the bodies of the English guard who had been left to defend the castle. His two companions fought well also, and they varied his war-cry by shouting: "For Our Lady and Du Guesclin!"

It was indeed no other than the great Breton captain, Bertrand du Guesclin, who had conceived this bold plan of surprising the garrison of Fougeray, and whose coolness and bravery had crowned his plan with success. He had thrown away the peasant's bonnet he had lately worn; his tattered blouse no longer hid shining coat of mail; his ugly features were transfigured with the joy of combat; and he not only acted but looked the genuine martial hero. The defenders of the castle were speedily slain, or made prisoners and securely bound.

"And now," said Du Guesclin, "remove those fagots. The castle is ours, and they will have to be both shrewd and strong who take it from us. Our friends will soon be here, and, instead of awaiting the arrival of the English, we will take the offensive and go out to meet them."

Ascending one of the castle's turrets, he gave a preconcerted signal, and immediately some two-score men sprang up from the undergrowth in the neighboring grove and speedily joined him. Placing himself at their head, Du Guesclin went out to intercept the return of the governor. They met, and, after a sharp skirmish, the governor, furious and hopeless, was forced to retreat. Castle Fougeray remained in possession of Brittany's most famous soldier.

### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

#### IX.—A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.



It was while Mr. Seymour was away for a few days on business, and Katherine and Willie were paying a second visit to their cousins, that the first of a series of singular occurrences, slight in themselves, but savoring of the mysterious, came to disturb the even tenor of everyday life.

The four children had repaired to the attic, and divided into parties of two. For some time past Fred had been engaged in the tool room, on various pieces of carpentry work, such as boxes, shelves, or cupboards, for his mother; and Willie, who took a keen interest in their progress, proved himself invaluable as an assistant. The girls were less usefully, though no less pleasantly, employed in setting up house-keeping with their dolls.

All at once Alice, stopping short, asked: "Did you hear anything, Katherine?"

"Hear anything?" echoed her cousin. "Why, only the boys over there in the tool room!"

"I thought I heard something else," continued Alice, rather hesitatingly; for she did not care to be set down as a coward by her cousin.

"If it was not in the tool room, it must have been from outside," said Katherine, impatiently; for she did not like the interruption.

"I thought it was over us," said Alice.

For the sound that she had heard was a stealthy step in the loft overhead. At the same moment, as if in confirmation of her fears, Prinnie, who had been sleeping in the sunshine near one of the windows, arose and began to move about uneasily, with ears cocked and tail aggressively erect. Approaching the closed door of the cockloft, he began to sniff about.

"See!" exclaimed Alice, paling a little. "Prinnie hears something, too!"

"Or smells something!" laughed Katherine. But, after watching the movements of the dog for an instant, she called out: "Boys!"

They did not hear at first,—the one being busy planing, the other sawing.

Prinnie's excitement at the moment found voice in a series of short, sharp barks; and the girls, without more ado, precipitated themselves into the tool room.

"What's the matter, Sis?" asked Willie, suspending operations on the saw.

"Hush!" said Katherine, putting her fingers to her lips. "Alice thought she heard something upstairs."

"Oh, bother!" cried Fred, continuing to plane vigorously. "There couldn't be anything upstairs."

"But look at Prinnie!" said Alice. "Just hear him bark!"

"Most likely a rat," volunteered the practical Willie. "That would excite him fast enough."

Something certainly *did* excite him; for he continued whining and sniffing under the door, with interludes of loud barking.

"I vote," said Fred, "that we fellows go up and see."

"All right," agreed Willie; and the two started for the door.

"Oh," remonstrated Alice, "perhaps you'd better not go up! It might be something fearful. Don't you remember what Uncle Jim told us that day about the Quaker lady?"

"That her ghost was walking about?" sniffed Fred, with a scorn tempered by

uneasiness. "As if any one believes that!"

"A dog would not bark at a ghost," Willie declared. "So come on, Fred!"

The two began to ascend the stairs; and the dog, seeing their intention, leaped about them, as if pleased. At that moment, too, the voice of Uncle Jim was heard, and his pallid face was seen between the railings of the lower stairs.

"What are you all playing at?" he asked. "And what is the dog barking so loud for?"

The girls hurriedly explained, and Uncle Jim lost no time in following the boys up to the cockloft.

"Is there any one up there?" called Jim from the top of the stairs, trying as he spoke to peer into the darkness.

"It must have been a rat," declared Willie again.

But Uncle Jim, without more ado, mounted the ladder leading to the skylight, and called to the boys to give him a hand in opening it. Meantime the dog stood wagging his tail and looking up into the faces of the girls, who, remaining in the tool room during those thrilling moments, shivered in anticipation of they knew not what.

All of a sudden there was a light patter of feet overhead, the soft rustle of a gown, and presently steps hurriedly descending the stairs.

"O sweet Mother, help us!" cried Katherine, covering her face with her hands; while past the door a figure glided so swiftly as to be almost indistinguishable, disappearing down the lower stairs. It was hotly pursued by Prinnie, who again set up a furious barking.

Fred and Willie, who had been on the ladder helping Uncle Jim to lift the heavy skylight, with a view to letting in light upon the subject, declared that they saw nothing. Katherine had covered her eyes, and Alice alone was in a position to state that she was sure it was a woman, though not at all such a one as she imagined the Quaker lady to have been. She had an idea, which for the present she kept to



herself; and something like it must have suggested itself to Uncle Jim, for, later on, he asked Mrs. Seymour:

"What was that girl, that housemaid, doing all the afternoon?"

"Working about, as she is always doing," answered Mrs. Seymour. "She goes from one end of the house to the other."

"I wonder," said Uncle Jim, with a gleam in his eye, "if her labors extended to the cockloft?"

"I should hardly think so," replied Mrs. Seymour. "However, if no other explanation offers, I shall ask her."

Mrs. Seymour, who was of a courageous as well as placid temperament, and not easily disturbed, had come to the conclusion that the whole thing had been more or less in the imagination of the children. The boys had seen nothing; Katherine was obliged to admit the same thing; and, though Alice was both truthful and accurate, it seemed to the mother that her fears must have got the better of her judgment, and that she had merely fancied the flying apparition. Of course there was the behavior of the dog; but he might have heard a rat in the flooring. Uncle Jim, it was true, thought that some one had been there; but, though he was by no means lacking in physical courage, Mrs. Seymour was of opinion that he inclined to the sensational.

It was not till a day or two afterward that Alice quietly suggested to her mother:

"Do you know, I think that Selma was in the cockloft the other day?"

"Why do you think so?" asked the mother, in surprise.

"The figure that ran by us looked like her," replied Alice.

"But why should she run and behave like that?"

"Perhaps," said Alice, "she might have been afraid of the boys or Uncle Jim, or even of Prinnie. He always barks at her. I am sometimes afraid he will bite her."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Seymour, thoughtfully.

Acting upon an impulse for which she

could scarcely account, Mrs. Seymour mentioned this supposition of Alice to Uncle Jim. There was an angry gleam in the man's eyes, and an excitement in his manner greater than the occasion seemed to warrant, as he said:

"Ah, ha! I told you that at first, Margaret. That woman will bear watching."

"I can not see," dissented Mrs. Seymour, "what possible harm there could be in her having gone up to the cockloft, even if it were she that was there."

"What could she possibly want up there?"

"It would be just her passion for work; her mania for having every corner of the house clean."

"But why should she act in the manner she did?" demanded Uncle Jim,—"flying down the stairs, so that no one had a chance to see her. And why didn't she answer when I called?"

"All that might be very easily explained," said Mrs. Seymour, placidly. "She might have been startled when she heard you all come up. She has her peculiarities, you know. Or she may have been afraid of the dog barking. As to her not answering, her knowledge of English is limited, and she may not have realized that you were calling to her."

"That woman needs watching," repeated Uncle Jim, vehemently.

"I don't see what harm she could possibly do in the cockloft," said Mrs. Seymour, with a gleam of humor in her quiet eyes. "There is certainly nothing to steal up there."

"Are you so very sure of that?" he muttered, though his voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "To tell the truth, I am always afraid of those foreigners."

"Selma is an excellent servant," Mrs. Seymour said. "She came well recommended, and I have had no reason to doubt that all her employers said was true."

"Oh, if I wanted to speak," exclaimed Uncle Jim, "I could tell of how people have been deceived before now by some of these foreigners!"

But, as he did not care to speak further, and as Mrs. Seymour was plainly incredulous, the subject was dropped for the time, though she questioned Selma as to whether she had been in the cockloft that particular afternoon, as a means of setting the matter at rest. The woman, with undisturbed mien, answered:

"Yes, I was for a little while."

"Why, what could you find to do up there?" inquired her mistress.

"I swept, I dusted away cobwebs," Selma responded.

"In the dark, with the skylight and the door closed?"

For answer, Selma brought forth from her capacious apron pocket a long coil of curiously twisted wax taper.

"It is with this I do see," said Selma.

"It would be better to open the skylight," Mrs. Seymour observed.

"Too heavy — much too heavy — for Selma's arms," the girl answered.

"Yes, indeed, that is true," said Mrs. Seymour. "I had forgotten. You would have to get Mary, or some one else, to open it with you. But you must be very careful with that taper, Selma, or you might set the house on fire."

"Very careful I am," said the woman; "no danger can there be with me."

There was no more to be said. For if it were Selma who had been in the cockloft, her presence there, in view of her own explanation, seemed natural enough; though it must be owned that the house mistress was not at all satisfied as regarded the taper. It might so easily become the cause of serious mischief; and there was something weird in the idea of this woman, with her singular face and inscrutable eyes, sweeping about in a darkness enlivened only by its rays. It was evident, however, that the reticent Swede either could not or would not throw further light on the present matter; and surely there was nothing to be gained by spreading through the house the alarm that had seized upon the children. In fact, Mrs. Seymour tried to dismiss the affair from

her mind; and it was only the officious Uncle Jim who thought it necessary to relate all that had occurred to Mr. Seymour immediately on his return.

The gentleman laughed long and loud at the idea that any mystery was connected with the matter, and was even disposed to be annoyed at James Forrester's persistence in attaching any importance to it. He thought it was of a piece with the half suggestions that the latter had thrown out on the occasion of his first visit, and that had evidently remained in the children's minds; also he absolutely declined to say anything on the subject to Selma. And so the affair might have been entirely forgotten were it not for another incident.

(To be continued.)

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### A Perfect Fit.

Henry VIII. of England wanted one of his bishops to act as his ambassador to Francis I. of France, with whom he had a bitter quarrel. As his message to the French monarch was a haughty and threatening one, the bishop objected that his life would be in danger in presenting it to so proud a monarch as Francis. "Don't fear," said Henry. "Should he execute you, I would cut off many a head of Frenchmen who are in my power."—"Yes, sire," said the bishop; "but of all those heads, there's not one that fits my body so well as this," touching his own.

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### A Hungry Little Girl.

BY L. H.

"JENNIE," said mamma, "I left some cake  
On the shelf a while ago;  
It isn't there, and where it has gone  
I should really like to know."

"I gave it," she said, "to a little girl  
As hungry as she could be."

"God bless you, darling! And who was the girl?"  
"Well, mamma, the girl was me."





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## His Feet.

BY CATHAL MALLOY.

THE Babe is sleeping sweet,  
The Mother bending low  
Above the folded feet,—  
The roads that they shall go!  
By lake and little town,  
By heading fields of corn,  
The city, up and down,  
Noon and night and morn.  
Dusk and dark and day,  
In ministering free,  
They walk the broad highway,  
They tread the very sea.  
Unfettered, tireless till—  
With all their labor red—  
They climb a weary hill,  
Their work consummated.  
Consummated? Not so.  
Those shamed and shining feet  
The Way forever show,  
And make the going sweet.

## The Year of Jubilee.

**T**HE dawn of the fourteenth century (A. D. 1300) witnessed the first general Jubilee, proclaimed for the universal Church by Boniface VIII., one of the greatest as well as the most maligned of Popes. "Despite the hostilities of kings," says the historian Rohrbacher, "piety and faith proclaimed a Jubilee for the Christian nations, and a grand centenary festival of forgiveness, of peace, and of universal reconciliation."

It is stated, on the authority of the Florentine chronicler Villani, that "at no time during that year were there fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims in Rome, where, however, the utmost peace and order prevailed. They came from the ends of the world, verifying to the letter the grandest predictions of the prophets, the most heavenly promises of the Divine Founder in favor of His ever holy and imperishable Church."

That Jubilee and the many that have succeeded constitute in themselves an interesting chapter in the history of Rome. Never, in the proudest days of imperial supremacy, did such a concourse of people flock to that common centre from the uttermost parts of the earth. But, indeed, in this present year of Jubilee, the Catholic mind might well be filled with "long, long, thoughts," and realize something of the grandeur of its inheritance. For, with superb disdain for the passage of time, it leaps backward from the celebration of this year and its occasion, not only to that first Jubilee more than six centuries ago, but to that stupendous event which has been now recalled to the faithful by Pope Pius X.,—namely, the Edict of Constantine, that, humanly speaking, laid the foundation of Christian history. In the countless vicissitudes that have since befallen humanity, events and personages crowding thick upon each other, even the most cursory study of universal history brings forth the truth that the Papacy is its most significant feature, even from a purely material standpoint. So clearly, too, are shown the tremendous services

rendered by the Popes to Rome, to Italy, to Christendom, that it is hard to understand why ordinary intelligence should not discover, in the curtailment of the power of the Papacy in the sixteenth century, something fraught with disaster to mankind. For Christendom was thus deprived of an impartial and universally accepted tribunal, a beneficent influence alone capable of regulating its disorders.

On every page of the history of the Roman Pontiffs is proof that the Papacy ever was, and might still be if untrammelled and unhindered, the one potent influence for the regeneration of mankind, and its foremost benefactor, very often its only hope until "the vanward cloud of evil days had spent its force"; and all this apart from the perpetual lesson the Pontiffs (with but few exceptions) offered of justice, holiness, wisdom, and sanctity, in their spiritual mission as Vicars of Jesus Christ. Even the worst Popes—and, when all evidence is carefully sifted, how very few they were in number!—seem to serve the providential purpose of showing how the light of truth may be carried even in no shining vessel. They never made any attempt to interfere with the sacred deposit of truth.

It was sixteen hundred years ago, in the year A. D. 313, that Caius Flavius Valerius Aurelius Claudius Constantine, surnamed the Great, issued his famous Edict of Milan, that at one blow struck the fetters from the Church and enabled it to stand erect upon that soil deluged with the blood of martyrs. He did not immediately destroy paganism: he granted toleration to all who professed it; and it continued, in fact, so strong that the character of the State remained essentially pagan; and the Prince himself, though publicly declaring himself a Christian and putting himself under instruction, did not dare to receive baptism and thus proclaim his formal reception into the Church. And so it was, no doubt, that the character of Constantine displayed

such contradictions, and retained throughout some taint of that atmosphere in which he had been brought up.

He was the son of Constantius Chlorus and the saintly Empress Helena; and when Diocletian called the father to share the imperial throne, it is related that he kept at court the son, "for the graces of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, above all for his military talents." These very qualities excited the jealousy of the succeeding Emperor, Galerius, who strove to rid himself of his young and too popular rival by sending him to posts of danger. He refused him the title of Augustus, permitting him only to be called Cæsar. But the star of that great destiny hastened, in spite of him, toward its zenith. The Prince possessed from his father an inheritance that included Spain, England, and Gaul; and against the Franks, who were ravaging the last-named country, he gained those first military triumphs that dazzled his countrymen. He took prisoner two of their kings; he crossed the Rhine and cut their armies to pieces.

But, far from being permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace, Constantine was forced to turn his arms against Maxentius and Maximian; and during the latter campaign occurred that episode which has forever associated his name with the victory of the Cross. As he was marching at the head of his legions and about to cross the Italian frontiers, he beheld, as tradition declares, at an early hour in the afternoon, a luminous cross on which were inscribed the words, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" It is further related that on the night following, Christ, the Conqueror of death, appeared to him, bidding him use as his standard that pillar of light, the ever-famous Labarum. In all history there is no more impressive scene, with its background of vast forests, and a stream famed in song and story,—the young Roman soldier, flushed with triumph, born to the imperial purple of the Cæsars, suddenly called upon to



accept the leadership of the Crucified, and to adopt as his device that which had been so lately the symbol of defeat and obloquy.

Scarcely had the vision faded than he caused to be made an ensign, representing, besides the Cross, the first two Greek letters of the name of Christ. Very soon afterward Constantine gained a decisive victory over Maxentius, who drowned himself in the Tiber. He made a triumphal entry into Rome, and showed himself worthy of the standard he carried by releasing not only those whom his late enemy had imprisoned, but by pardoning all who had taken part against himself. Amid the acclamations of the populace, he was declared by the Senate the First Augustus, and, by a singular inconsistency (since he was then a neophyte), Grand Priest of Jupiter.

Associated with his brother-in-law Licinius in the supreme government of the Empire, he issued in the following year (A. D. 313) his famous edict of toleration for all, and ordained that all property confiscated from the Christians during preceding persecutions should be restored to them. But jealousy incited Licinius to proclaim, soon after, a persecution against those whom Constantine had favored; and the latter was compelled to take up arms against him. Surrounded by bishops and priests, and praying for help from the God of the Christians, Constantine was once more victorious, and meted out stern justice to Licinius, who, as it is recorded, was strangled.

The conqueror thenceforth set himself to promote that public tranquillity which had been restored, and to unite the East and the West. He labored for the suppression of vice, freed slaves in the churches, caused poor children to be fed at his expense, and issued a decree that complaints against any of his officers should be heard by himself, and that if they were proved true the accuser should be rewarded and the accused punished.

Not only did he permit the Christians to build churches, but he himself defrayed the cost of their erection. He convoked the General Council of Arles against the schism of the Donatists; and again, in A. D. 325, that against the Arians at Nice, where he appeared in his imperial robes; though it is recorded that he stood until the bishops and clergy were seated, and respectfully kissed the scars of those who had suffered for Christ.

And yet, misled by the false principles that have worked havoc in many a State as in many an individual—that the civil authority may overstep its own limits and infringe upon those of the Church,—Constantine interfered in religious matters, and went so far astray as to become the persecutor of Athanasius and the virtual supporter of the Arians. It is true he repented of the former offence, and recalled the venerable champion of the Cross from exile. But it is said that he received baptism on his deathbed from the noted heretic, Eusebius of Nicomedia; though his apologists claim that in this case he was deceived by the specious sophistries of an arch-hypocrite pretending to be a loyal Catholic.

Of the other grave faults with which he is charged—of cruelty and murder that were said to have marred the latter years of his long reign,—some at least, as it is alleged, were unnoticed by the writers of his time, and rest mostly upon the testimony of eighteenth-century historians who strove hard to discredit whatever was connected with Christianity. It is more agreeable certainly, in this year which commemorates his greatest service to mankind, to remember chiefly those virtues and those magnanimous qualities that won for Constantine the admiration of his contemporaries and of the world in general. He is thus characterized by Gibbon, a none too friendly witness:

"He was tall in stature, majestic in countenance, gracious of mien; compelling admiration by his strength and

the agility he displayed in all exercises. From his earliest years to a very advanced age, he preserved the vigor of his temperament by the regularity of his habits and his frugality. He willingly laid aside the irksome majesty of the prince to give himself up as a friend to the claims of familiar conversation. . . . He won the hearts of all who approached him by his courtesy and urbanity. He has been accused of betraying friends, but he proved in various circumstances of his life that he was not incapable of a lively and lasting attachment. . . . A part of his time he spent in reading and meditation; the other, in writing, giving audience to ambassadors and receiving the complaints of his subjects. Those who have most loudly condemned his conduct can not deny that he sublimely planned and vigorously executed the boldest designs."

Gibbon is naturally silent as to that respect for bishops and priests, that reverence for sacred things and persons, that submission to ecclesiastical discipline, that zeal for religion, together with a magnificent liberality, which marked the best years of the Emperor's life. The number and splendor of his gifts to the Church would, indeed, be incredible but for the testimony of reliable contemporaries and the list that has been preserved.

"Constantine," says a Catholic biographer,\* "was a great prince, fortunate, wise, and enlightened; virtuous until the last years of his life. His virtues were then obscured by faults which seem to be inseparable from long reigns. But it is not precisely by the end of his reign that he must be judged. A glory that has been legitimately won is not destroyed by the weaknesses that succeed it. If, as has been declared, Constantine, in his last years, seems to have come forth from the class of great princes, he did so without becoming either wholly wicked or contemptible; while in the first years of his sovereignty he may be compared with

whatever was most illustrious on the throne of the Cæsars, possessing in general great mental and physical qualities." With this verdict the pagan authors and most of his contemporaries agree, while some few go much further in his praise.

Constantine made over to the Popes the Palace of the Lateran, so long the residence of the Emperors. "The lonely tombs of the Apostles, the Catacombs, the places where the martyrs had been tortured, . . . whatever bore the slightest relationship to Christianity, now that the persecutions were over, became the objects of enthusiastic interest and respect. Even the most bigoted, in their wonder at the great and unexpected alteration in affairs, cried out that the God of the Christians was the great and only God. . . . And thus it was that the Rome of Christianity and of the Pontiffs took its rise."\*

Meanwhile there was a fierce and persistent hostility to the new Faith on the part of a considerable number of Romans, whether in the Senate, the Circus, the Amphitheatre or the schools. And perhaps it is on that account, or because the Christianized mind of the Emperor perceived that there was not room for two empires in that primal city of the world, that he withdrew his capital to Byzantium, where he founded his new city of Constantinople. Now, there is little doubt that this transmigration gave, as it were, a new and decisive character to the power and authority of the Popes,—a power which has been seen to be gradually growing. For previous to that era, "at the decisive crisis between ancient and modern history," Schlegel finds "two powers opposed to each other. On the one hand," he says, "we behold the Emperors, the earthly gods and absolute masters of the world, in all the pomp and glory of ancient paganism, and standing on the verge and summit of the old world now tottering to its ruin. On the other hand, we trace the obscure rise of an almost imperceptible point of light, from which

\* Feller, "Biographie Universelle."

\* Miley, "Hist. Papal States," Vol. I.



the whole modern world is to spring, and whose further progress and full development, through succeeding ages, constitute the true purport of modern history."\*

That point of light was the Christian Church; and from the first it was centred in the Papacy, which the pressure of events began very shortly to make not only independent of all earthly power but invested with sovereignty. Even from the first the Church had revenues and possessions accruing from the offerings of the faithful, and employed for the advantage of the whole flock. At an early date, through princes and nobles, certain lands and territories were set apart for the Pontiffs and were known as the patrimony of the Church. Some were seigneuries embracing cities and provinces, and were not only in Italy but in Gaul and even in Africa. As early as A. D. 708, the Lombards are to be found making restitution, through their King Aripert, of patrimonies belonging to the Church. The revenues from all these estates were very considerable. And thus we see the rise and progress of that temporal power which was so clearly designed by Providence to protect the spiritual foundation which was to spread over the whole earth. For it is easy to perceive with what evils it would have been continually menaced, and how impossible it would have been for the Popes to exercise, without such safeguard, that beneficent mission which in its very nature was universal.

"The Northern nations," says Johan Müller, the historian of Switzerland, "rushing in upon the most beautiful countries of Europe, trampling under foot or disturbing and convulsing all social institutions, menaced the whole Western world with a barbarism similar to that which, under the Ottoman sceptre, had obliterated everything good or great or beautiful. Yet the bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, strong in their authority, contrived to impose a restraint

on those giants of the North, who, as regards intelligence, were but as children. . . . The Popes of Rome employed their authority, with the same address which we admire in the ancient Senate, to render their See independent, to subject to its immediate action the whole Western hierarchy, and to establish its sway far beyond the boundaries of the ancient Empire, on the ruins of the Northern religions. Thus, whoever refused to honor Christ trembled before the Pope, and one faith and one Church were preserved in Europe, amid the breaking up of the newly founded kingdoms into a thousand petty principalities. The Pope, they say, was only a bishop; yes, but at the same time, the Holy Father, the Sovereign Pontiff, of all the kingdoms and principalities, of all the lordships and cities of the West. It was he who controlled, by the fear of God, the stormy youth of our modern states."

In the midst of the warring of factions, the internecine conflicts that tore asunder States, or the wars that continually involved one kingdom after another, the conviction became inalterable, in the minds of faithful princes and people, that the sacred prerogatives of "Blessed Peter" demanded that he should be free, a sovereign ruler over his own patrimonies, and yielding allegiance to no earthly potentate. Common-sense, indeed, demanded such a condition of affairs, since it seems both incongruous and absurd that the spiritual ruler of the universe should be subject to any king. And it may be boldly stated that it is no less incongruous and absurd, now that the first decade of the twentieth century has run its course, to presume that Blessed Peter should be the subject of any man or group of men, by whatever title they are called. The petty insults, the restrictions upon liberty, the persecution, covert and furtive, that is restrained from open violence only by fear of consequences,—all constitute a situation that could not have been so long tolerated by these

\* Schlegel, "Philosophy of Hist.," p. 273.

valiant pioneers of the Faith. For if Cæsarism—that deadly force that is continually springing up in the heart of States, to resist the spiritual authority—was then from time to time rampant, it was effectively checked, and counter-balanced before long, by the sublime faith of Christian princes. And it was always “St. Peter’s rights,” the “plenary rights of Peter,” that they were defending; as if to show that such prerogatives were not the personal appanage of any Pope, nor by any Pope so claimed, but only in so far as he was the rightful heir of Peter.

“The most embittered enemies of Papal pretensions,” says Miley, “admit that fully two hundred years before the diadem of the West was placed on the brow of Charlemagne by the *ex proprio motu* act, and by the hand of the Pope, the successors of St. Peter had been the only *de facto* sovereigns of Rome and its dependencies, the only champions and safeguards of the rights and interests of Italians. The whole tenor of history, as it is hived up in genuine and mostly contemporaneous records, shows the sceptre to have been forced into their hands by the same omnipotent authority which entrusted the Keys to St. Peter.”

The Pope has hitherto triumphed over all who have opposed him, singly or collectively. How small seem even the mightiest of those who in the past have taken up arms against Blessed Peter,—Lombard or Hun or Vandal, Goth or Hohenstaufen, Herulian or Saracen, feudal baron or godless king, a Bismarck or a Napoleon! How much more puny shall seem those who at the present moment are engaged in petty warfare against the Apostolic See! And it is worthy of note that wherever the love of Blessed Peter has waned and died in Catholic States, disaster has followed, no less in the material than in the spiritual order.

For Peter must live and reign, despite the utmost efforts of his enemies; and the logic of events and the sequence of history make it seem probable that even

the earthly sovereignty which Providence has willed him to possess must, after a season of eclipse, shine out again. And that sceptre will return to him, as it has always done,—not by any forcible action of his own, but by the will and demand of the people. Perhaps this time it may be through the voice of his numberless spiritual subjects spread over the wide world, in whom is as active as ever the love of Blessed Peter. They, rising up, may demand at least the independence of their spiritual suzerain. Or it may be that, in some political convulsion rending Christendom, or in the great struggle with those modern forces of evil which are already darkening the horizon of the future, he may be called to rule not only over his own patrimony, but possibly over a larger territory. The love of Blessed Peter can never die; rather it should ever grow stronger in the hearts of his children. And some day, perhaps, an affrighted world may fly to him again for refuge, and set up his dominions on the ruins of many States.

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### The Real Oliver.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,”  
“THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE,” ETC.

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### IX.

ALTHOUGH Oliver Plunkett’s letter had brought with it no satisfaction, still it let his sisters know that nothing untoward had happened to him. But when a week and some days more passed without any further news, their anxiety reawakened, and they began to look out as eagerly for a second letter as they had for the first.

Scarcely a day passed that Miss Amy did not put herself in the way of finding out from one or other of the members of the corner household whether the expected letter had come; but after a time she ceased to question: from their faces she could read at once the answer that she sought. Then at last one morning she



learned from Anne, whom she met in the street, that there had been news of Oliver, though even yet he himself had not written.

Another letter had come to Mr. Bird from Hugh Carew, and Anne invited Miss Amy to come in and hear what he said. This second letter was written with more caution and restraint than the first had been. The writer mentioned Oliver's arrival, but merely said that he was disappointed to see no likeness in him to his mother; but that, of course, he would not permit sentimentality to stand between him and his duty; and that he intended to make him "and the two children at home" his heirs. For a moment the girls had failed to recognize themselves as so described; but now when Maura repeated the words Mr. Bird had read aloud, Ula broke out into protestations.

"Isn't it too bad, Miss Amy?" she cried. "Oliver can never have shown him our photographs, and they were so nice."

"Well, I'll say they were," interposed Anne; "and if Miss Ula wasn't the dead image of her dear mother—God rest her soul!—then it's meself that's losing me sight an' senses."

"And he says, too, that Oliver isn't like our mother, and he *is*," went on Maura. "Uncle Hugh couldn't have forgotten what his own sister was like; could he, Miss Amy?"

"Likenesses are curious things," replied the old lady, uncertainly. "But no, my dears, I can't pretend to understand how your uncle could say such a thing."

"Mr. Bird will have it that the illness of which Uncle Hugh spoke has—has affected his mind," observed Maura, coloring a little; for she had not mentioned her uncle to her old friend since she had learned from Ula of her secret. And she was afraid of hurting her, yet anxious at the same time to find out her opinion of a theory which she was beginning to think might be true. "And if that were really so, it might account for Oliver's silence.

Uncle Hugh evidently thinks he has written; for his letter refers to Oliver's arrival, as though we had already been told about it."

"My dear," cried Miss Amy, almost indignantly, "you may put that idea from you once and for all! Your uncle is the last man in the world to suffer from delusions of any kind. Whatever the reason may be for Oliver's painful silence, and for his curious neglect to show your pretty pictures to his uncle, it is not, believe me, to hide any mental deficiency of Hugh's."

She had forgotten herself for a moment; and when she ceased speaking, there was an instant's silence till Ula spoke with quick eagerness. "I have an idea!" she cried. "Perhaps Oliver has lost the photographs. Do you remember, Maura? I put them quite at the top of his suit-case, and they might have fallen out when he opened it at a hotel or on the boat. Anyhow, I myself shall write to Uncle Hugh and send him two more. Then he will see that I am like mother, even if he still says Oliver isn't."

"But, Ula," objected Maura, "we don't know where Uncle Hugh has gone. Don't you remember he said to Mr. Bird that Oliver was going to his partner somewhere in the States, to see if he would like to go into the firm, whatever it is, and that he, too, had to leave home on business? We don't know where either of them is." And tears sprang suddenly into the steady grey eyes that were generally so calm and peaceful.

For Maura was hurt, deeply and bitterly hurt, at Oliver's neglect. He and she had been more to each other than many brothers and sisters. Their almost parental care of Ula had bound them together; and, besides that, though in some ways Maura relied upon him and referred to his judgment and decision, she had a sort of semi-maternal love for him; for, whilst he and Ula had inherited the light-hearted temperament of their mother and uncle, to her had come some of her

father's grave and almost over-anxious ways. Now, however, the anxiety that pressed upon her was real and definite enough.

To outsiders—even to Mr. Bird and to Miss Amy—she would not show how grievously she felt her brother's silence; and not even Ula guessed how deep and sore was the wound that his carelessness had made. Whatever explanation he might make later of his conduct, Maura declared to herself he could never be the same to her again. Then, too—and here old Anne was in her confidence,—unless Oliver either returned to his place in Mr. Bird's office or sent them what would represent a part of his salary, they would before very long be short of money. The sum that had been left for her to go on with was nearly spent; for there had been some unexpected payments to be made, and the rent of the house would be due in little more than another month. This was no inconsiderable amount to come out of a limited income; for the house was really much larger than they needed. But it had always been their home; their father had taken it on an indefinitely long lease, and they had agreed to undertake other economies sooner than break this agreement.

Now and again Maura had talked to Oliver of having a lodger, or, according to the more modern phraseology, a paying guest; but up to this they had always managed to get on without having recourse to a plan which was distasteful to them all,—to Anne no less than to her grown-up nurslings. But since Oliver's departure this idea had come back both to Maura and to Anne; and they had agreed together that, if only the right person could be found, it would be advisable to put it into execution.

But how was the right person to be found, and where was he or she to come from? Where indeed, one might have thought, was any one, right or wrong, to be found who wanted to lodge or live at Camphill? So said Ula when, wiping

her tears bravely away, Maura unfolded her scheme to her and to Miss Amy.

The latter, however, was more encouraging, and even more sympathetic. If only the tiny income that kept the Doctor's House going could have been induced to do it, Miss Amy would have gladly paid the rent, and provided whatever else was needed; but, since it was beyond her ability to play the fairy god-mother, she did the best that was in her power; and, after talking over the pros and cons of Maura's idea with the deepest sympathy and interest, she took herself off "to think things out," she said. The girls well knew that she really meant to take her perplexity to the chapel, and to ask there for light and for help for them; and she left even Maura calmed and cheered by her optimistic sympathy.

Every year the beauties of the country round Camphill were attracting artists, both men and women, in increasing numbers; and Miss Amy prophesied that, as soon as it was decided that the rooms downstairs should be let, some nice artist—two sisters, perhaps, like the girls who had lodged in one of the neighboring farmhouses the previous year—should come; and, being out all day, they would give but little extra trouble to Anne—under whom, Ula declared, she intended to learn the business of lodging-housekeeper-in-chief—and yet who would contribute enough toward the housekeeping expenses to enable them to get on either until Oliver—their own real Oliver, not the unkind new edition of himself—should come back to them, or should send for them to go out to him, if he really meant to stay in America.

But, after all, though it was Miss Amy who found them their lodger, he was not an artist; and, while quiet and easily pleased, he did not seem to be a person of much interest,—just a quiet, elderly gentleman, who had been ill, and who had evidently come to Camphill in obedience to his doctor's orders, to rest for a while in a quiet, bracing place.



## X.

It was seldom, excepting during the summer months that any one, save an occasional commercial traveller, made use of the old one-horse bus that rumbled down twice a day from Camphill to the station in the valley; returning after a considerable delay, which enabled both up and down trains to be served by one journey.

There was a mild commotion at the White Hart Inn when one morning, nearly six weeks after Oliver Plunkett's departure, the bus brought from the station a traveller quite unlike the usual type of business man, who was, as a rule, the only guest seeking hospitality at the Inn at that time of year.

He was a tall, thin man, prematurely aged, maybe by illness or hardship or the severity of varying climates; and, his way of speaking not being that to which the innkeeper was accustomed, he was immediately set down as a foreigner; although the ordinary British surname of Hughes by which he announced himself scarcely upheld this foundationless theory. But, while he gave the name of Hughes and his luggage carried labels so inscribed, it was not thus that he had been called when last he stood in the street of Camphill. Hugh Carew, after a lifetime of wandering, had come home, but not as he had dreamed for so long,—as successful in spite of prophesied failure; not as a young man who had made a fortune, coming to crown and complete his life. He was old and broken; rich certainly, but friendless, alone, and in failing health.

He had vowed to himself, after Oliver's arrival in Philadelphia, that never again would he act on impulse; and yet when he arrived at Camphill he realized that he had broken his vow. He had come in search of his nieces just as impulsively as he had sent for his nephew to come to him; and now that he was in the Old-World village, where the years, which had made another man of him, had wrought

so few changes, he was at a loss to know what to do next.

Leaving his luggage at the White Hart, he went out into the market-place, so strange, yet so familiar; and, without any special plan in view, he started to look at the house which he remembered as the newly acquired home of a newly married couple, and which now, he knew, had no occupants but the nieces whose acquaintance he had come so far to make.

Before he came to the Corner House, however, there was another and an even more familiar dwelling for him to pass,—the Doctor's House, the home of the girl for whose sake he had exiled himself, leaving her with many promises for the future,—promises which, from first to last, he had failed to keep. Unconsciously he stood still, gazing at the gray walls; the windows with their neat blinds, even the paint on the door seemingly unchanged.

What had the years brought to Amy, his pretty little girl of long ago? What a fool,—what a fool he had been! In all probability she had been for half a lifetime the happy wife of some other man; whilst he, from his stubborn, stupid pride, had been alone,—always alone, and now, in his old age, still homeless and alone. If only he had been satisfied to work on at one or other of the employments he had tried his hand at in Australia, he might have made a little home to which she would have gladly come. But no. He had said he would make a fortune for her; and then, when the fortune was made, her memory had faded. He needed her no longer, and the thought that she had waited and waited for news of him had never crossed his mind. He was a confirmed bachelor.

The door upon which his eyes were lingering opened suddenly, and so his reverie was broken. For a moment he thought that the little figure standing in the darkened hall preparing to go out was Mrs. Venn, the mother, who nearly thirty years ago had timorously taken his part

when her husband would hear nothing in his favor. Then, with sudden recollection, it came to him that the quaint and dainty little old lady was Amy,—his own Amy of long ago, grown into her mother's likeness,—herself an old woman, just as he was an old man.

He did not realize that he was standing gazing at her; nor had it occurred to him as a possibility that, after such an age of absence, any one at Camphill would remember him. But as the little old lady's eyes fell straight upon him, he saw in them a flash of amazement, a bewildered look of wonder, almost of fear; and as her face turned ashy grey, and she stretched out her hands with a little smothered cry, he, thinking she would fall, was up the steps and holding her before either one or the other had realized well what had happened to them.

"Hugh!"

"Amy!"

Their eyes met; and then the self-control of years came back to the little lady, and she motioned to him to shut the door, sinking down herself on a chair that stood at hand. When, having obeyed her, he turned again to where she sat, she had, outwardly at least, quite recovered herself.

"How good of you to come to see us!" she cried, putting out her hand in welcome. "But we had no idea! The girls never breathed a word of your arrival, and for a moment I could not believe my eyes."

"I should not have come so suddenly if I had not thought myself to be changed beyond all recognition," he answered; for, vague as his plans had been, the idea of being recognized before he chose to declare his identity had never struck him as a possibility.

"You *are* changed—we're all changed—people and places—" Miss Amy broke off; and, rising to her feet, she quickly changed the conversation. "Come," she said. "I must not be selfish. We want to hear all that you have to tell—every detail; and I shall be asking the same

questions that Lucy will be asking as well."

Like a man in a dream, Hugh Carew followed his guide up the old familiar stairway. He could not think now: his mind seemed numbed. But, imitating his guide's composure, and put at ease by her simplicity, he was able to greet Miss Lucy naturally and warmly; for she, too, after a moment of dumb amazement, had known and welcomed him just as her sister had done.

He realized afterward that, without his old friends' aid, this second scheme of his could not possibly have been made to work. But now he only told them his wishes; and they listened and advised, and finally worked out everything for him. He told them how he had been disappointed in Oliver, and how in consequence, he wanted to make his nieces' acquaintance before they learned that he was their uncle.

"I can not understand at all what has come over that dear boy!" cried Miss Amy, the tears starting to her eyes, as Hugh Carew said briefly that his nephew was not what he expected him to be. "He was the dearest, kindest brother! And now he never writes."

"What!" cried Mr. Carew. "Surely that is a mistake. He gave me to understand he wrote regularly."

"He did write once," said Miss Lucy. "But such a letter! We said very little, and that sweet Maura could hardly keep from crying as she read it to us,—so hard, so calculating!"

"I don't doubt it," muttered Mr. Carew. "The young man all over! And the children?" he went on. "What are they like? But no!" he added quickly. "I want to form my own opinion. Only I don't know how to get to know them. Perhaps you would help me in this?"

"Help you? Of course we will help you," responded the old ladies together.

Then, with a little cry of triumph, Miss Amy turned to him. Always forgetful of self, she had now thrown herself so completely into his scheme that the pain



and awkwardness of their moment of meeting was buried away and forgotten.

"I have it!" she cried. "You speak of them as children; but Maura, you know, is only two years younger than Oliver; and even Ula would not consider herself a child,—and, indeed, she is not one any more. I tell you this only to explain my suggestion. Now, perhaps you know that Oliver has never sent home the money he promised, and the poor dears are in consequence—well, inconvenienced for the moment, and they have decided to look for a paying guest. My idea is this. Let us recommend you to them as—as an old friend of their father's and of ours. Then you can go and see them as they really are."

"Go to them as a paying guest!" repeated Hugh Carew, eagerly. "What a splendid notion! Nothing would suit or please me better. If only they will have me!"

"Oh, they will,—they will!" cried Miss Lucy. "And in a week's time you will love them as they deserve."

There was much to talk over regarding this plan. It seemed for a moment to the old ladies to be unfair to the girls to deceive them, even for their good; but Hugh Carew had so set his heart on knowing them before they knew him, that, after the disappointment Oliver had turned out to be, neither Miss Amy nor Miss Lucy could bear to deny him his wish.

Mr. Bird, most fortunately, happened to be away, and there was no danger of the guest being recognized except by Anne, who most certainly would not be long in finding out the deception. Miss Amy, therefore, undertook to tell her all and bind her over to secrecy,—a secrecy which they well knew would not have to last more than a few days; for Maura and Ula could not fail to win their uncle's love as soon as ever he came to know them."

Whilst they talked, Hugh Carew could not keep his mind from wandering away into the past. What a fool he had been,—

a senseless, selfish, cruel fool! So she had waited for him till her youth was past, mourning for him as dead, yet ever faithful to his memory! What, then, must she have thought of him when only lately she had learned that, after all, he was not dead? Selfish, cruel! Ah, yes! Now he saw his youthful bravado in its right light; and, with a fierce pang of regret, he realized what his life might have been if only he had been satisfied with a competency, and had come back to ask her to share the little home and moderate income that, over and over again, might have been his, if he had not indulged his taste for roaming, and his stubborn pride in standing to his word—not to return without a fortune.

Going out, she went with him to the door; and as she laid her hand in his, he held it for a moment, and bent down so that no ears but hers could hear the words he said.

"I have been cruel," he murmured,—  
"cruel and selfish. But, O Amy, think what, through my own fault, I have missed! Forgive me if you can, and believe this one thing of me: there has never been any woman in my life but you."

Then he was gone; and she, standing alone again in the little hall, felt in her heart a balm and a joy that the patience of her life had won her, and that made compensation for many sorrows and many trials of the past.

(To be continued.)

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WE are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it.—*Ruskin*.

## The Story of St. Cecilia.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

### V.

ST. CECILIA in Trastevere is one of the most interesting churches in Rome to the Catholic pilgrim. As a well-known Protestant writer\* says: "The traveller who tries to overlook Catholicity in his sight-seeing in Rome misses all that is most interesting to see." Paschal lavished splendid gifts on the church he so dearly loved. The chroniclers have left full descriptions of the gold and the silver, the marvellously embroidered vestments and hangings that he provided for it; and, as time went on, his successors adorned it with lovely paintings and mosaics. But the best offering of all was Paschal's own. That Cecilia's last wish might be carried out and "the praises of the Lord sound there forever," he built and endowed a monastery close by, and established there a choir of monks who sang those praises night and day from that time forth. Then he passed away to be greeted in heaven by those whom he had so loved to honor upon earth. There had been many martyrs—so many that only the angels could count them,—but none greater, more glorious, more dear to God and beloved of men, than Cecilia.

The devotion to her spread rapidly over Europe. Britain, France, and Germany emulated Italy in the honors paid to her; and many churches boasted, in perfect good faith, that they possessed some of her relics. We know, not only from Paschal's account, but from the eye-testimony of witnesses quite near to our own times, that only one tiny fragment of her blessed human frame (and that by accident) was ever parted from the rest. But we know, too, that the Church counts three other Cecílias, two of them Roman, among the known martyrs. Their relics

were borne away for veneration' and time caused their origin to be so far forgotten that they were for centuries regarded as belonging to the Roman heroine of the third century.

Pope Paschal died in 824. The monastery which he had founded passed away from the Benedictines, was made into a collegiate church; was again restored to the Benedictines, and had to be abandoned during the stirring years of the first part of the sixteenth century, because the zealous sons of St. Benedict had so many institutions to attend to that their numbers no longer sufficed for the work to be done. The church of St. Cecilia, in 1532, had fallen into such decay that it was barely possible to celebrate her feast there any longer, and this in spite of the fact that it was still considered the most honorable "titular church" in Rome.\*

On the 19th of December, 1590, Gregory XIV., who had been made Pope on the 5th day of that month, conferred the Cardinal's hat on the son of his brother, the young Paul Emilius Sfondrato, with the "titular" of St. Cecilia, which the Pontiff himself had held before his election to the Papacy. The Sfondrati were a Milanese family; but Paul had already spent much time in Rome under the spiritual tutorship of St. Philip Neri, and he joyfully hastened thither in response to his uncle's summons. The young Cardinal was already famous for his wisdom and learning, but still more so for his goodness and his tender charity to the poor. His two leading motives in life were the honoring of God and the saints, and the relief of suffering. We read that he built and decorated church after church, recking nothing of spending a great part of his large fortune on the house of God and the dwellers therein; at the same time denying himself every sort of luxury and living like a poor man,

\* Every Cardinal takes his title from one or other of the ancient churches; hence the term, "Titular Cardinal of St. Cecilia," "of St. Clement," etc.

\* Augustus Hare.



in order that the needy might not be defrauded of their share of the goods which he considered he held only in trust for the Lord.

One of his first resolves on coming to Rome in 1591 was to rebuild the almost ruinous church of St. Cecilia; and, while doing so, to find her tomb, the exact location of which had been lost in the centuries that had elapsed since Paschal closed it. Other traces of her presence had also disappeared, and it was reserved for Sfondrato to rediscover the bath-room where she had expired. At first a chapel had been built over it; but, with succeeding modifications, this had been pulled down and the space incorporated in the church, and although there were old men then alive who remembered having prayed there in their childhood, it was only after much study of the ancient and actual topography that Sfondrato was led to the correct spot. There, however, all doubts were set at rest. He found the "*calidarius*," of the small size adapted to a private dwelling, with its marble floor, its great boiler, and the remains of the large leaden and earthenware pipes through which the steam percolated into the bath-room. When the rubbish was cleared away, it was easy to call up the touching scenes it had witnessed in those May days hundreds of years earlier.

The pious Cardinal, wishing to place under the high altar of the restored basilica some precious relics of other saints, commanded the workmen to take up the pavement, so that the supposed space below could be utilized for this purpose. They found there, however, only a very small recess, and all further excavation was arrested by a thick rounded wall, of such solid material that their instruments made scarcely any impression upon it. Sfondrato at once realized that this must be the barrier mentioned in Paschal's account of the burial of St. Cecilia by himself, and directed the masons to make some aperture in the wall, through which a glimpse might be obtained of

that which it protected. At the same time he was so scrupulous as to the respect to be shown to the martyr that he forbade the men to strike a blow of any kind except in his own presence.

At last, on the 20th day of October, 1599, an opening was effected; and Paul Sfondrato, looking through it with beating heart and straining eyes, beheld, by the light of a taper, that for which he had sought so eagerly—two large white marble sarcophagi, standing side by side immediately below the high altar. St. Cecilia and her companions were undoubtedly there, just as Paschal had placed them; but the prudent Cardinal would not open their tombs except in the presence of eminent and reliable witnesses. Curbing his impatience, he sent for four learned and holy men: the bishop who was acting as vice-regent of the Cardinal Vicar, a Canon of St. John Lateran, and two Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Many others came with them; but a palpitating silence reigned in the vault while the workmen removed the marble slab from the coffin nearest the entrance, and disclosed to eyes already misty with tears the little cypress casket, so touchingly small, in which Urban had laid the dear saint on her "*natal day*."

With extreme precaution, this was lifted out; but the perfumed wood proved to be perfectly solid, as if put together the day before, only the cover showing some slight marks of the flight of time. At first this cover baffled all efforts to remove it; it held tightly, but with no visible fastening. Finally Sfondrato himself found out the secret. It had been so contrived as to slip along two perfectly fitted lateral grooves. With his own hands he drew it off, and looked at last on the body of St. Cecilia, perfect, untouched, lovely, and at rest like that of a sleeping child.

Every detail of Paschal's description was verified. The gold embroidery of her dress showed a little dulled through the airy veil he had thrown over her,

and his fringed damask lining was slightly faded; otherwise no change had been suffered to approach her whom the Lord so loved. From the last few moments before her death no one had ever looked on her face, so pathetically turned to the ground; and none could see now more than the soft outline of the rounded cheek and the indication of the temple. Her little hands lay together, and for the first time it was noticed that her very last movement must have been a confession of faith; for of one hand three fingers were distended; of the other, one,—to symbolize the Trinity in Unity. And the last crowning sweetness was not wanting. As soon as the small coffin was opened, a heavenly fragrance, as of freshly gathered lilies and roses, welled out from it and filled all the place.

With joy too great and tender to find words, Sfondrato and his companions carried the precious casket up to the light of day, and deposited it for safety in the small chapel, with grated windows, where the nuns of the contiguous convent were accustomed to assist at Mass. Raised on a dais hung with rich silk, surrounded with lighted tapers that shed a soft glow all around, half smothered in flowers, Cecilia lay there, while all Rome, beside itself with joy, came to gaze upon her and entreat her prayers. No perfumes were permitted to be used, since the heavenly fragrance of roses and lilies still emanated from the coffin. The nuns knelt round her for a guard of honor; and soon the great Pope Clement VIII., who had barely recovered from a severe illness, travelled in from Frascati to pray beside the virgin martyr.

The times were evil, just then, for him and for the Church. Calvinism was devastating France, and threatening to give her a sovereign dyed in its abominable impieties. England, Holland, Scandinavia, and a great part of Germany and of Switzerland were altogether lost to the Faith, and had become the bitterest enemies of the Church, while impious

hands were scattering the bones of the saints on the public highways. Only two months had elapsed since the ghastly tragedy of the Cenci had thrown a pall of gloom over Rome itself; but everything was forgotten in the joy of having the beloved Cecilia's remains restored to the veneration of her people. Clement himself, the "hard, stern" old man, was completely overcome when he beheld her; his tears choked his speech. The Romans of every class thronged to the place in such numbers that Sfondrato himself was almost crushed to death in the crowd, and the Pontifical Swiss Guards had to be stationed there to keep order. Such was still the enthusiastic love with which our forbears regarded all that was dear to God.

Clement, with rare restraint, forbade that even the veil which covered the virgin's body should be lifted; but he permitted Sfondrato to remove the linen cloths rolled up at her feet, to be distributed to such as were worthy to possess such sacred souvenirs. The Cardinal gave away all but one piece—a little rag that he had reserved for himself. Another Cardinal, Baronius, the great historian, was present at the scenes I have described, and tells us that Sfondrato was rewarded for all his love and charity by finding, adhering to this fragment, a tiny particle of bone, which must have detached itself under the hand which was tenderly attempting to staunch one of the wounds inflicted by the lector's axe. This is the only relic of the saint which was ever separated from her body, and no greater treasure could she have bestowed upon her faithful servant. He bequeathed it to her church when his own body found, like that of Clement, a resting-place at her feet. He also cut off a tiny piece of her dress; and, as he did so, felt beneath it the knots of the hair-shirt which she continually wore to mortify her innocent flesh.

The bodies of Valerianus, Tiburtius, and Maximus were found in the second



sarcophagus, everything about them testifying to the truth of the records of their martyrdom. The two brothers were exactly alike, as tradition recorded, in form and size; while Maximus was a much larger, heavier man. The manner of his martyrdom was also attested,—the leaden plummets of the whips having fractured his skull in several places, so that the thick brown hair, which was perfectly preserved, was all matted with blood and particles of bone. Urban and Lucius were found buried directly below Cecilia's resting-place. To this her body was returned a month later, when on her feast, the 22d of November, the Pope, with all the Cardinals and a great concourse of bishops and prelates, came to celebrate the holy mysteries, and, for the third time since her death, consign the dear maid's body to the keeping of earth. Clement enclosed the little cypress wood coffin in one of silver, superbly ornamented with gold; and then enclosed this in a newer and larger marble sarcophagus, the old one being too small for the double treasure. He inscribed on a silver tablet the record of all that had taken place, sealed the whole with his Pontifical seal, and had the vault built over once more, not to be opened again, God willing, till the last day.\*

Before closing the saint's coffin, Clement sent for the eminent sculptor Maderno, and commissioned him to model a statue

as like as possible to the fair body that lay there, but forbade him to remove the veil. Maderno hastened to obey; and the statue now in the church, and known by thousands of reproductions all through the artistic world, is an exact portrait of Cecilia, with every detail of pose and garments faithfully represented. Baronius and Bosio, to whom he related them, have minutely chronicled all the circumstances connected with the second finding of her body.

(The End.)

### An Old-English Ballad in Praise of the Blessed Virgin.

THE following quaint and interesting ballad in praise of the Blessed Virgin is taken from Alexander Barclay's (or Barklay's) "Ship of Fools," a famous satire published in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, now almost forgotten. It was founded on a German satire of the same name, on the follies of all ranks, by Sebastian Brandt. Barclay was a monk of Ely and Canterbury, priest in the College of Ottery St. Mary, vicar of Much Badew in Essex, and rector of All Hallows, Lombard Street, London. He translated into English an allegorical French poem entitled "The Castle of Labor," also Sallust's "Jugurthine War," and wrote the Lives of several saints. He died in 1552. "The Ship of Fools" enjoyed extraordinary popularity in its time, and was translated into Latin and the principal European languages. Additional interest attaches to the work from the fact that it was the first English book in which any specific mention is made of the New World. Our extract is a faithful copy as regards punctuation, capitals, and spelling; it is entitled, "A conclusyon of this Boke with a Balade of the translatour in honour of the blessyd Virgyn Mary, Moder of God." It will be noticed that long centuries ago she was invoked in our own language under the title of Mother Immaculate;

\* The Acts of St. Cecilia have always been considered among the most absolutely authentic of those preserved by the Church; and every circumstance connected with the finding of her body, both by Paschal and Sfondrato, bears them out. Tillesnaut, the lying Jansenist historian, so dear to heretical students, has made a ludicrous attempt to prove that St. Cecilia was not a Roman, and, as we know her, never existed. He supports this amazing theory on one line (many times recopied by ignorant scribes) of the poet Fortunatus, who speaks of "St. Cecilia" as having suffered in "Sicilia." The Church knows of no Sicilian martyr of that name; but there was one in Sardinia, a name which one of Fortunatus' copyists apparently mistook for "Sicilia."

O Moder mary flour of all womankynde  
In beauty passynge eche erthly creature  
In whom the Fende no thought of synne coude  
fynde

O blessyd moder remaynygne Mayden pure  
O lemynge\* lampe in lyght passynge nature  
Moste clere Crystall by clene virgynyte  
O holy moder, and virgne most demure  
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O well of mercy: o godly graffe† of grace  
Bryght as the mone, and porte of Paradyse  
In whome Chryst Jesu elect his dwellynge  
place

Chosen as the son, O rose passynge all pryce  
Plantyd in Ann without consent of vyce  
O noble fruyte spronge of a barayne tre  
Syns to thy son thou art our mediatryce  
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O ceder tre growynge in Lybany  
O rod of Jesse, and spouse of Salomon  
O well of water lastynge eternally  
O gardayne, cloyd, o flees of gedeon  
O cyte of god, and sempiternall trone  
Of god elect for thy humylyte  
To the I call: o Lady here my mone  
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Mary, myrrour clere and immaculate  
O tour of Dauid: with Pynacles without pere  
O pleasaunt olyue, with vertue decorate  
Pyller of fayth, whyle thou wast lyuynge† here  
O heuenly starre, of gardyns fountayne clere  
O plesaunt Lyly moste goodly in beautye  
Compalyd rounde with the sharpe thorne and  
hrere  
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

Hayle moder of mercy: Hayle myrrour of  
mekenes

Hayle Quene of blysse: hayle sterre celestyall  
Hayle hope of synners, eternall Emperes  
Whiche by the fruyt of thy closet virgnall  
Mankynde hast wasshyd from synne orygynall  
Lowse of our bondes, and make vs synners fre  
From paynfull pyt and dongeon infernall  
Gydyng our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Quene vs red out, of captyuyte  
On the we call, in the our comfort is  
That by thy prayer to the hye Trinyte  
All shall be pardonyd that we haue done amys  
Syns thou art in eternall joy and blys  
Our mediatryce: before the deyte  
Our hope is sure: that thou wylt neuer mys  
Our lyfe to gyde in this tempestous se

O glorious Ladye: o Quene most excellent  
Howe may I synner thy lawdes comprehend  
My synfull mouth is nat sufficeyent

Worthy nor able thy goodnes to commende  
My wyt ne reason coude nat therto extende  
Thoughe euery member of myne were tungen  
thre

Yet is my trust that thou wylt euer intende

To gyde vs synners in this tempestous se  
Syns synners stray here in this se mundayne  
In dyuers synnes, by error and fraylnes  
By thy bryghtnes redure our way agayne  
Shewe vs thy lyght to clere our thycke derknes  
And to subdue the Prynce of viciousnes  
With all his pompes, his pryde and vanyte  
And come to heuen by way of rightwysnes  
Thou gydyng vs in this tempestous se

O blessyd Moder, set hye in goddes trone  
In ioy and blysse surmountynge mannes mynde  
Syns by thy fruyte we saued are echone\*  
And heuen yatis opened to mankynde  
Graunt that we dayly by the may sucour fynde  
Of soule and body in eche aduersyte  
Let thy lyght, Lady, the Fende subdue and  
blynde

And gyde vs wretches in this tempestous se

Thou art the Sterre, blasynge with bemys bryght  
Above these worldes wawes so violent  
Our synnes darke enclerynge with thy lyght  
Mannys mediatryce to god ommypotent  
Wherfore to the, o Lady I present  
This symple Boke thoughe it vnworthy be  
But pore and symple and moche ineloquent  
Rudely composyd in this tempestous se

O blessyd virgyn, O resplendaunt lanterne  
Defende my Shyp from the malyciousnes  
Of fals enuy, withsaue† it to gouerne  
From stroke of storme; as most holy patrones  
My soule and body: to the also Empres  
And all my workes I submyt besekynge the  
That the foule Fende me neuer may oppres  
Whyle I here wander in this tempestous se

And after whan my soule is seporate  
From this mortall body, and clot of clay  
With thy holy presence, o moder immaculate  
From me expell the ougly fende away  
O moder of mercy syns thou well may  
Thy sonnes presence purchase for me  
By thy ayde and socour that I may say  
That I haue escapyd this stormy se

Our Shyp here lenth the sees brode  
By helpe of God almyght and quyetly  
At Anker we lye within the rode  
But who that lysteth of them to bye  
In Flete strete shall them fynde truly  
At the George: in Richarde Pynsonnes place  
Pryn timer vnto the Kynges noble grace.

*Deo gratias.*

\* Shining

† Craft

‡ Living

\* Each one

† Vouchsafe



## The Old Bookkeeper.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

WITH a frown on his face, Mr. Sheldon paced restlessly back and forth before the closed door of Mr. Whitmore's private office. A man of boundless wealth and world-wide interests, he was unaccustomed to waiting in any one's anteroom, and grew more and more impatient as the minutes passed. When at last the door was opened, and he turned quickly toward it, he saw that it was an old man who had been closeted with Mr. Whitmore, and now stood with his hand on the knob,—a tall, thin man, with drooping shoulders, a grave, kindly face, and of princely bearing that accorded ill with the general shabbiness of his carefully brushed clothes. Instantly Mr. Sheldon realized that he had seen him somewhere, but before he had time to wonder where he overheard Mr. Whitmore say crisply, by way of dismissal:

"I am very sorry, Mr. O'Keefe; but business is business. As I explained, it is young men we need these days,—men who are quick and active and up-to-date."

Without a word, the old gentleman softly closed the door. He passed through the anteroom and into the main office. His head was bowed; perhaps there were tears in his eyes; at any rate, he did not see Mr. Sheldon, who, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. With hands that trembled, Mr. O'Keefe sorted the papers that lay in a neat stack on his desk before he gave them to the man nearest him. At first this bookkeeper did not seem to understand; but when he did grasp the meaning of Mr. O'Keefe's incoherent explanation, he slid down from his stool, and, seizing the two thin, wrinkled hands, shook them with a merciless fervor that made them ache. Mr. O'Keefe broke away from him and hurried into the adjoining room, where a number of hats and overcoats were

hanging. He stayed there longer than seemed necessary, and came out, more tremulous than he went in, wearing a threadbare spring ulster and carrying a hat of a style long forgotten.

By this time a clerk had recognized Mr. Sheldon, and came forward, smiling and obsequious, to ask what he could do for him; but Mr. Sheldon answered brusquely that he would return later in the day, and then he passed out to the street after Mr. O'Keefe.

For a quarter of an hour the old man wandered about slowly and aimlessly, Mr. Sheldon at his heels. He went into St. Patrick's Church, and Mr. Sheldon followed him; and followed him still when he left it, walked a square farther, and entered a public garden. Though it was early in April and still chilly, the old man sank down on the first bench he found, buttoning his coat about his throat as a protection against the wind. A minute afterward—quite inadvertently, of course—Mr. Sheldon took the seat beside his, and began to glance through a number of letters which he drew from an inner pocket. But all the while it was of Mr. O'Keefe he was thinking,—Mr. O'Keefe whom he saw rather than his mail.

The old man unfolded the newspaper which had been crammed into his pocket and stared vacantly at it. He felt no interest in the news, and could not have read it if he had; but the big sheet served as a screen for the tears that, try as he would, he could not control. They filled his eyes, and flowed down over his thin cheeks; and when he had brushed them away—unseen, he thought,—more came, and more and more. After a time, however, he let the paper fall to his knee and gazed thoughtfully at the gravel path at his feet. He had not been sitting so very long before Mr. Sheldon spoke to him in a crisp, businesslike way,

"A nice morning, isn't it?—though a little too chilly for us to be quite comfortable sitting here out of doors."

"A beautiful morning," the old man

agreed courteously. The fact had not occurred to him before.

Mr. Sheldon was shrewd enough to see that Mr. O'Keefe shrank from further conversation, but he was pitiless.

"A quiet spot like this is a good place to come to think,—just the place for the solving of difficulties," he said next; and, not seeming to see that Mr. O'Keefe winced, he went on: "Now, I have an office full of feather-brained young fellows. They are quick and eager but unreliable, and for some months I have been wondering how I could improve the state of affairs. I could not imagine an hour ago, but in the restful silence of this garden a plan has suggested itself to me. I am going to try to get an elderly man, quiet and gentlemanly, and accustomed to office work, who will oversee those boys. Such a one may not be easy to find; but I should be glad to pay him well, and his work would not be exacting. It is his influence I want most. Do you happen to know any one fitted for such a position and free to take it?"

Mr. O'Keefe was as unsophisticated and as unsuspicious as a child. It did not for an instant occur to him that there was anything strange or flimsy about Mr. Sheldon's story. He looked up at the keen face beside him, his own brightening with great joy.

"Would—would *I* do?" he asked timidly.

"Are you, then, without a position?"

"Yes," Mr. O'Keefe faltered.

"And accustomed to office work?"

"I've done nothing else for fifty years," was the reply; and for some minutes the two men discussed qualifications and terms and reference; Mr. Sheldon making it sound as if an elderly man in his office were his greatest need, and Mr. O'Keefe's smile broadening every second as his tired old heart grew light and lighter. But after every detail had been satisfactorily arranged, a troubled expression suddenly came over his gentle, worn face, and settled there. He said nothing for a few moments; and when he did

speak his voice was tremulous once more, though he looked at Mr. Sheldon with eyes that did not flinch.

"I feel that it's only fair to tell you that—that I was discharged from Whitmore & Cole's this morning. I had been employed there for twenty years and more, but they say that I am too old and too slow to be of use any longer."

Throughout their talk Mr. Sheldon had been entirely impersonal. Apparently, Mr. O'Keefe was to him a machine, no more. Now, however, his big heart got the better of him. He seized Mr. O'Keefe's hand and shook it hard.

"You are a man of honor, which is far better than being young. Suppose you *are* slow,—what's the hurry? Besides, most of us will be old some day, and the wiser for it."

Mr. O'Keefe's face beamed again, though his eyes were dim with tears.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he exclaimed. "You can not imagine all it means to me to get this position, and at once. I have never earned a great deal,—not much more than half what you are giving me; and I have been able to lay but little aside for the rainy day which I thought had come. My wife is old now, and she's frail, and she feels badly when anything worries me. For all these reasons I—I—when you spoke to me I was wondering how I *could* tell her about Whitmore & Cole's. It was because I had not courage enough to go directly home that I came here to the garden. After I left the office I stopped in the church and said a little prayer to Our Lady, and then I came here. Heaven isn't often on the side of a coward, is it?"

"Heaven is always on the right side," Mr. Sheldon observed reverently.

For a few minutes no more was said. Mr. O'Keefe was thinking how delighted his wife would be when he told his great good news. It would have been hard to guess what was in Mr. Sheldon's mind. He was gazing absently at a nearby bush which flaunted the first green of spring



on every twig, and he looked far less stern and less prosaic than usual. His face was almost tender. After a little while he turned again to Mr. O'Keefe.

"I have a story to tell you," he said; and, not noticing that the old man seemed surprised, he continued after a pause: "Twenty-five—no, nearly thirty years ago a country boy, friendless and almost penniless, went to Chicago in search of work. His father had been dead a long, long time; his mother, only three weeks. He could find nothing to do at first, and had known hunger and cold before he got a position in a railroad office. His pay there was niggardly. In the beginning he did not understand his work; he was homesick and lonely,—desperately lonely. No one ever noticed him—except to make fun of his awkwardness or his old-fashioned clothes—save one of the book-keepers, a middle-aged man. He was always kind to the boy; and once, when he fell ill, went to his poor boarding place, and, bundling him up, took him to his own home, where his wife gave him the first mothering he had had for a year,—the last he was ever to have. A month after he got well Christmas came; and those two kind people gave the boy a scarf pin prettier than anything either of them owned, for they were far from rich. And—and—" Mr. Sheldon's heavy voice was becoming husky—"and here it is! I've worn it ever since."

Mr. O'Keefe did not even glance at the pin which Mr. Sheldon held out for him to see; instead, he peered into his employer's face for a moment, before he laid his trembling hands on his knee.

"Is it Tom?" he asked,—“our little Tom?” And, when Mr. Sheldon smiled, he cried, in a fever of loving excitement: “O Tom, we've grieved so much, my wife and I, because we lost sight of you! We always felt as if you were our own boy; and now—O Tom, I am glad that it was you the good God and His dear Mother sent to me this morning! You were the only son I ever had.”

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*August 31, Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.*

WE shall find the formulas of the liturgy of this day bearing upon the value and necessity of God's grace to enable man to serve Him. The Introit is taken from Psalm lxxxv, which bears in the Douay Bible the title, “A prayer for God's grace to assist us to the end.” It is a psalm full of lowly petition; its first verse, which still follows the Introit, though the whole psalm is no longer sung, cries out: “Bow down Thine ear to me, O Lord, and hear me; for I am needy and poor.” The two verses which form the Introit breathe a still more fervent petition: “Have mercy on me, O Lord; for I have cried unto Thee all the day! For Thou, O Lord, art sweet and mild, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon Thee.”

The Collect asks directly for the unceasing help of grace for all Christians. Our salvation can not be secured unless grace precede our good actions by inspiring holy desires; follow them, and lead them to a happy termination. Therefore we are taught to pray: “May Thy grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord, ever go before us and follow us, and may it ever make us intent on good works.”

The Epistle, written by St. Paul from his prison in Rome, is full of sublime teaching. He begs his Ephesian converts and disciples not to lose courage on account of his tribulations; for they are a glory rather than a shame to the Apostle of Christ. Then he prays earnestly for them that God may grant them, “according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit with might unto the inward man.” He desires that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith; that they may know how greatly their Lord loves them; that they may

be "filled unto all the fulness of God," who is able to do greater things in our souls, through "the power that worketh in us." Not to the Ephesians only, but to all Christians are the words of the Apostle applicable. To all God gives His grace in abundant measure; for to bring grace nearer to man, Christ Jesus came to earth.

The Gradual sings of the glory of God's Church: He is present within her in power and majesty, ruling through her the great ones of the world. "The Gentiles shall fear Thy name, O Lord, and all the kings of the earth Thy glory. For the Lord hath built up Sion, and He shall be seen in His majesty." The Alleluia verse continues the strain: "Alleluia! Sing to the Lord a new canticle; for the Lord hath done wonderful things." The Church is the new Sion, the chief source of all God's graces to mankind. It is by means of His abundant grace that He does such wonders in souls.

The Gospel shows us our Blessed Lord present at a banquet given—in His honor, perhaps—by a leading man among the Pharisees on a certain Sabbath Day. The giver of the feast may not have been so hostile to Our Lord as some of his guests; but of the latter it is said, "they watched" (or, more literally interpreted, "were watching") "Him." Their manifest intent was to be able to accuse Him of some breach of the law. Regardless of their empty scruples, He healed a poor sufferer from dropsy; showing by His subsequent instruction that such a work of mercy could never be a breach of the Sabbath. In the very miracle we may find a lesson on the subject of grace. That poor sufferer was a type of a sinner: God alone could thus speedily restore him to health, even as God's grace alone can justify a soul.

But the Gospel teaches another lesson on the same subject. "Marking how they chose the first seats at the table"—for it was the custom of the Pharisees to push their way ostentatiously to the fore-

most place in assemblies, since they regarded themselves as more worthy of respect and honor than ordinary men,—Our Lord gave them a beautiful instruction on humility: "When thou art invited to a wedding, . . . go, sit down in the lowest place." The motive He gives is the avoiding shame before others, and the obtaining of respect from those who see them thus honored. But there is a hidden meaning. By a wedding feast was often understood the blessed Banquet of Heaven, and some authors say that precedence among the company at an earthly feast was regarded by the Jews as a symbol of their rank in God's sight; this may help to explain the contention spoken of for the more honorable places. But at the feast in heaven, those will be first who have made themselves last here below: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." St. James tells us: "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." And it is grace that will gain heaven for us all.

In the true spirit of humility, the Offertory verse begs for grace: "Look down, O Lord, to help me! Let them be put to confusion and shame that seek after my soul to take it away. Look down, O Lord, to help me!"

In like manner the Communion verse ascribes to God's grace ability to keep His law: "I will remember Thy justice alone, O Lord! O God, Thou hast instructed me from my youth; and unto old age and grey hairs, O God, forsake me not!"

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By the mountains are denoted the apostles and prophets who preach the Gospel of peace—that is of Christ, the Prince of Peace,—to the nations. The hills denote the lesser saints, who have not attained the same heights of divine grace, but who yet declare righteousness by announcing the precepts of the Lord to the earth: "The mountains also shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness unto the people."—*Cassiodorus*,



### Every Man's Duty as to Socialism.

AT a time when, as at present, realization of the old truth that in union there is strength has brought into being multiplied instances of corporate action, when men in all spheres of life are banded together for common purposes and increased effectiveness, there is danger of forgetting or overlooking the fact that the combined efforts of a league, syndicate, trades union, federation, or other society, do not, or at least should not, supersede the personal efforts of individual members of such an association. One's individual conscience can not be safely merged in the prevalent opinion of the majority of one's associates, or even in the consensus of them all. The Evangelist's question, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" emphasizes the paramount issue; and no exaggerated eulogy of altruism, class-loyalty, or fraternal devotedness can avail to blink that issue.

To make a pertinent application of the foregoing generalizations, it is every man's duty at the present day, not merely to take part in such organized opposition to Socialism as is being waged in the civic district of which he is a resident, but to combat by his habitual personal conduct the principles and practices of that irreligious and reprehensible system. We are told that when the walls of Jerusalem were being rebuilt after the great Captivity, every man worked at the reparation *just opposite his own house*. To a Spanish knight who was pessimistically commenting on the decadence of the age, St. Peter of Alcantara replied: "My friend, see to it that, by example and authority, God's law is observed in your own home; and if everyone does as much, the world will be saved." It was just this simple concrete view of sociology that distinguished St. Francis of Assisi as a social reformer. The removal of sin from the individual soul was the object of his lifelong efforts: individuals being brought from vice to

virtue, the aggregate of individuals, society, would be safe and happy.

The same lesson of personal effort in the matter of social reform is found in Pope Leo XIII.'s illuminative encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. "Let everyone, therefore, put his hand to the work which falls to his share. . . . Those who rule the State must use the laws and the institutions of the country; masters and rich men must remember their duty; the poor, whose interests are at stake, must make every lawful and proper effort; and, since religion alone . . . can destroy the evil at its root, all men must be persuaded that the primary thing needful is a return to Christianity, in the absence of which all the plans and devices of the wisest will be of little avail." In so far as the individual Catholic is concerned, the primary thing needful is his translation into practice of those Catholic principles of justice and charity, the general acceptance and operation of which would adequately settle the problems now agitating the industrial and commercial world,—problems the Socialistic solution of which is as iniquitous in theory as it would be utterly futile in practice.

The Catholic employer or master is bound in justice to pay a just wage to his employees or servants. He can not conscientiously shirk the payment of a wage sufficient to support the worker by urging that the latter freely contracts to take a lesser wage. The Church has declared that if, under the pressure of necessity, a laborer accepts less than a living wage, the contract is not only harsh and cruel but also unjust and invalid. The Catholic, be he employer or employee, master or servant, is bound in justice to pay his debts without unnecessary delay or postponement. The putting off the payment of such debts is always unjust, and in many a case is constructively equivalent to the grossest robbery.

As for the charitable duties incumbent on the individual, they are more numerous than those of justice; but, it is worth

while remarking, they may be not less grave. "The Catholic notion of charity," says Father Bernard Vaughan, "is often misunderstood; and some seem to imagine that because a duty is a 'duty of charity,' it may be neglected. The difference between justice and charity is important, and has important consequences, especially as regards the obligation of restitution. But this does not mean that charity is optional. Christ threatens with eternal punishment those who neglect to practise it."

It is the doctrine of the Church, in a word, that those who have received from Providence a large share of temporal blessings, whether these be goods of the world or gifts of the mind, are to use them not only for the perfecting of their own nature, but also, as stewards of God's Providence, for the benefit of others. St. Gregory the Great thus summarizes the doctrine: "He that hath a talent, let him see that he hide it not; he that hath abundance, let him quicken himself to mercy and generosity; he that hath art and skill, let him do his best to share the use and the utility thereof with his neighbor." While one's neighbor has not a strict right of justice to one's superfluous wealth or art or skill, still one is absolutely bound in charity to give it.

The putting into daily practice, as occasion may arise, of these principles of Christian justice and charity is a duty incumbent especially, no doubt, upon the wealthy, the capitalist, the employer; but incumbent also in fitting measure and degree on those who are merely comfortably well off. To conclude with another apt quotation from Leo XIII., the workingman's Pope and the uncompromising foe of Socialism: "The happy results we all long for must be chiefly brought about by the plenteous outpouring of charity,—that true, Christian charity which is the fulfilling of the whole Gospel law; that charity which is always ready to sacrifice itself for others' sake, and which is man's surest antidote against worldly pride and immoderate love of self."

## Notes and Remarks.

"'The Need of Good Mothers,' published in last week's *Ave Maria*, ought to be read from every pulpit in the land."

At least that passage quoted from a writer in the London *Telegraph*. In fact, the article was suggested by it. The weak mother and the spoiled child have become so common that the sense of responsibility would seem to be lost in the one, the sense of accountability in the other. But let us repeat here what was quoted:

There is no person of mature experience who is not acquainted with the tragedy of the spoiled child, ultimately compelled to confront the world with a feebly-based and falsely-formed character. We are all acquainted with the weak mother,—a creature filled with the foolish idolatry of her own offspring, devoid of clear-sightedness in their regard, taking their worst tendencies for amiable eccentricities or for a sign of original talent. This lady, wherever we behold her, is overcome with a natural fondness for her children; and yet, for their own sakes, almost any harshness compatible with their physical health and mental progress would be better than an ignoble and helpless inability to control their conduct, and to compel them—by gentleness if possible, by strictness if necessary—to adopt right habits. For it is true that we are creatures of habit; and the tenacious instincts, the second nature formed by the wholesome routine of a sound training, will often stand to us when physical strength fails and active will is worn out.

Memorably wise words indeed, and of more general application than the writer intended.

The general situation in Belgium should have special interest for the Catholics of other countries, because Belgium has now become the headquarters of international Socialism, as it has long been, to a greater extent than is generally realized, the headquarters of international "Clericalism." In Belgium, Christianity and anti-Christianity are face to face; and—strange fact—the Germanic race, elsewhere closely associated with Protestantism, has become a bulwark of Catholicity, while the Latin race tends to become the Church's most



dangerous enemy. The recent strike was in reality a victory for the Catholic party, and its prospects are now brighter than they have hitherto been. The Left will leave nothing undone, however, to drive it from power in 1914. But, as Mr. Francis McCullagh remarks, in concluding a discussion of the strike in the current number of the *Dublin Review*, "if the worst comes to the worst, the Catholics will have it in their power to play a winning card by giving the vote to women. As practically all the women in Belgium are Conservative and religious, this step would certainly not be to the advantage of the Socialists, who are therefore strongly opposed to it. Catholics generally, and even Belgian Catholics, dislike the idea of Women's Suffrage; but there can be no doubt that if the women of France had had the vote for the last twenty years, the French Church would have been spared the anti-clerical attacks which have been made on her during that time."

Here is something well worthy of consideration. It is doubtless true that "Catholics generally dislike the idea of Women's Suffrage," and no less true that many Catholic leaders are doing all in their power to intensify that antipathy. Would it not be wiser to lie low until we "see how the cards are going"? Not a few of those who rage against Women's Suffrage admit that "it is sure to come." If so, what sense can there be in opposing the inevitable?

Among those who keep anniversaries in their memories, the writer of "Et Cætera" in the *London Tablet* is certainly foremost; and he never fails to recall something of special interest in connection with persons or events commemorated. Noting that the poet Shelley was born in the August of 1792, he says: "The Shelleys, like the Swinburnes, retained Catholic traditions long after the Reformation; and, had Shelley lived, there is no knowing how far he might have progressed on that journey from atheism

to orthodoxy, in the course of which he had already, as a recent Catholic writer has memorably set forth, reached the halfway house of Pantheism. Sir Walter Scott once said to Byron, boasting of his scepticism, that he would probably end by becoming a religious man. 'What! Do you think I shall turn Methodist?'—'No,' replied Sir Walter; 'but I should not be surprised if you became a Roman Catholic.' That prediction went unfulfilled in Byron's own case, though fulfilled in subsequent generations; for in every living descendant of the poet at this time is the forecast of Sir Walter verified."

As a partial offset to the more or less acrid criticism to which our Secretary of State is being subjected because of what is looked upon as his—undue thrift, the following testimony of Mr. Will Reed Dunroy will be welcome to Mr. Bryan's admirers:

There seems to be a vast concern at present as to what Mr. Bryan does with his salary. I do not know; but I do know that when he was a poor Congressman from Nebraska, living on D Street in Lincoln, he paid all my expenses in the University of Nebraska, and made it possible for me to have two years in that institution. I also know that when I published a volume of verse, he paid the printer's bills in order that I might put it on the market. I have heard that he has helped many young persons in their quest of education.

Mr. Dunroy's manly expression of his grateful indebtedness to the Secretary of State is not less admirable than was the Secretary's generosity.

Among the resolutions adopted by the American Federation of Catholic Societies at the recent Milwaukee Convention, we note the following:

We hail with pleasure the idea of an International Union of all Catholic organizations into one grand World Federation, and pledge our hearty support and co-operation.

We commend the work of State and County Federations in having placed on the shelves of public libraries genuinely Catholic books. We welcome every effort made to encourage the people to read Catholic books, papers, and

magazines. As a practical measure, we recommend that the Federation appoint a committee to make an official list of Catholic books for the use of its affiliated bodies.

We regard with abhorrence the project of introducing into the schools the study of sex-hygiene. We look upon it as a mischievous and immoral proposal, destined inevitably to defeat the very purpose which its well-meaning but ill-advised advocates have in view.

We disapprove the practice of holding the graduation exercises of public schools in denominational churches.

In the foregoing, as in most of the other resolutions, the Federation has merely stamped with its approval the position taken by the Catholic press of the country; but its registered approval should mean much in the way of translating theory into practice.

While a good many readers of the startling adventures of French aviators doubtless condemn their daring feats as mere foolhardiness, the Paris correspondent of the *Living Church* finds a different reason for their readiness to take perilous risks. "It would seem," he writes, "that it is because they are true believers, earnest Christians, rather than atheists or doubters, that aviators so fearlessly risk their earthly lives in what they believe to be a great cause." The following facts appear to bear out this contention:

Santos Dumont was a fervent Catholic; Latham, a true believer. Bleriot was a practicing Catholic, went regularly to Mass, to confession, to Communion. His airships all bore the medal of Notre-Dame-du-Platin, patron of aviators. De Caumont said: "If ever I fall, let a priest be sent for at once." Bagne made the Sign of the Cross as he set off flying. Princeteau was known as a "Clerical." Paul Echemon, who perished last year, wrote thus to his sister, who is a nun: "You know up high in the air in the silent hours when everything is motionless, it often happens that one grows very weary. At such times one braces oneself by singing. I love to shout in the wind of my steering wheel the invocation St. George des Cavaliers de St. Cyr."

Somewhat notable, in this connection, are the remarks made by Mgr. Gibier,

at the solemn blessing of the machine of France's greatest aviator, Brindejone des Moulinais: "Bishops go about in motor-cars. Soon perhaps they will mount in aeroplanes. And you young apostles of the foreign missions, who dare affirm that you will not one day bear the Gospel of civilization to the peoples of the most distant lands on the wings of a monoplane? Religion can not disinterest itself from the progress of aviation." And that religion does not, at least in France, is clear from the fact that at the opening of the European Circuit, Mass was offered by Cardinal Amette.

Even non-Catholics, we notice, do not regard as successful the attempt of Mr. Parley Paul Womer to sum up what position Christians should hold as to Labor, and especially as to the unrest among the toilers of the present day. ("The Church and the Labor Conflict.") He is evidently under the delusion that the Church of England is The Church, and shows no familiarity with the luminous teaching of Leo XIII. on the problems which he has ventured to discuss. His incompetency to deal with them from such a viewpoint as he has chosen is plain from this short paragraph:

The New Testament came in a time that is much younger than ours. Many of the complex social problems that now vex the world were not then foreseen, and hence the modern man often looks up from his Bible to find himself confronted by questions concerning which it is silent.

"If this means," says a reviewer of Mr. Womer's book in the London *Athenæum*, "that there are problems to-day to which no words of Christ's give a definite answer, it is only because our understanding is at fault. To take a single instance in which truer appreciation has revealed His wonderful foresight: some Socialists still pride themselves on originating the morality of the maxim 'To each according to his need,' forgetting the parable of the payment of the laborers."

One admires Mr. Womer's sympathy



for the struggling wage-earners, and his insistence on the fact that the duty of the Church is spiritual, not material,—that its concern is the right moulding of thought rather than the determination of technical details. As the *Athenæum* writer remarks: "Right thinking should be the preliminary to right doing. Coercion with regard to the latter is merely a resort to expediency, and leaves the fundamental to follow where it should lead."

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Bulletin No. 634 of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, dated July 12, 1913, reports a large shrinkage in annual revenue to the city through exemptions from taxation of churches and charitable property. The Bulletin gives the total value of exempted property, exclusive of that owned by city, State or nation, as \$371,543,528, on which the taxes remitted would come to \$6,700,000.

A thoroughly adequate answer to the implied argument of the foregoing is given by Mr. Robert R. Green, one of New York's best known educators. Writing to the *Sun*, he says of the Bureau in question:

So ultra-fair-minded a body is bound in conscience to issue Bulletin 635 and announce just how much is saved annually to the city by some of these exempt properties. The various Catholic parish schools, all exempt, have, it seems, 137,000 pupils in them. Each would cost the city \$50 a year, so that one Church alone pays the tax exemptions for all Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Masonic Temple properties.

Religious or sentimental considerations apart, therefore, it is eminently "good business" for New York to exempt at least Catholic church and charitable property from taxation,—especially as our coreligionists in the State are already paying a double educational tax.

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Our readers may perhaps remember that some two years ago, in a book entitled "My Italian Year," Mr. Richard Bagot, the novelist, recorded as a historical fact the deliberate burning to death of twenty children "for the edifi-

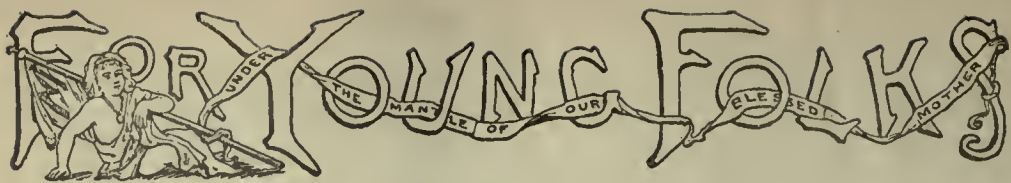
cation of the faithful," on the occasion of a Corpus Christi procession at Bassano in 1705. Totally incredible as, on the face of it, the statement was, the author upheld its truth for more than a year; but, in the current issue of the *Month*, we notice a letter from him, of which the following is one paragraph:

I have recently received two newspaper cuttings—one from a journal called the *Protestant Observer*, published in London; and the other from a journal called the *Bulwark*, apparently published in Glasgow—which quote from "My Italian Year" and give great prominence to my account of the affair at Bassano. I have addressed a letter to the editors of these journals, stating that my account of the occurrence was entirely erroneous, and that subsequent investigations had proved to me that the burning of the unfortunate children was due to pure accident and in no way connected with religious fanaticism. I have begged the editors to give to my disclaimers the same prominence as they afforded to their quotations from "My Italian Year."

Mr. Bagot is to be congratulated on his frank withdrawal of the charge; but it is to be hoped that he has thoroughly learned the lesson contained in the incident: to be quite sure of his facts before making future charges of a similar nature. Apology is good; conduct which needs no apology is much better.

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"There is no longer any claim," says the New York *Independent*, "that the Knights of Columbus is not a Catholic organization, just as the Young Men's Christian Association is a Protestant institution." When was there ever a claim that the Knights of Columbus is anything else than a Catholic Association? But officials and leading members of the Y. M. C. A. have repeatedly represented their organization as non-sectarian, and as often tried to induce young Catholics to join it. Not a few, we are sorry to say, have unwittingly done so. But now that the Y. M. C. A. is characterized as a Protestant institution by Protestants themselves, our young men should know what to do, and do it without delay.



## A Rhyme of Wise Boys.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE poets have sung of the heroes young  
Who have rushed to the field of glory,  
And bartered their life in a noble strife  
To live for all time in story;  
They crowd their lays with unstinted praise  
Of the gallant boy and earnest,  
The undaunted youth, strong in love and truth,  
Who braves stern fate at its sternest.

Now, here is a song for a goodly throng  
Of lads of all classes and ages;  
They are genuine boys, full of mirth and noise,  
Fond of fun in all its stages:  
For their future career no man need fear—  
' They have given to Fortune retainers;  
And to help them succeed, here's a hearty God-  
speed  
To these wise boys, the Total Abstiners!

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### X.—"THAT MR. FORRESTER."

NOW, the second occurrence in that curious train of circumstances took place another afternoon, when the children were in the attic, having on this occasion no other companion than the faithful Prinnie. Both Fred and Alice distinctly heard a noise, loud and regular, which convinced them that the cockloft was, for the time being, inhabited. As at intervals the noise became more distinct and prolonged, the children called the dog's attention; but, beyond a sniff or two at the cockloft door, the animal took no notice. Still it seemed certain that some one was up there; and, despite Alice's protests, Fred determined to make

sure. Opening the door at the foot of the stairs, he saw that the skylight was sufficiently ajar to give light within the apartment.

"It's no ghost this time," he said, "because the person has let in light. It must be Selma."

But Alice tremulously assured him that Selma had gone out. Fred then called in a loud tone, and was answered by an indistinct murmur, which told them that the voice was that of a man. Alice wanted Fred to go down and alarm the household, but the boy had no notion of showing the "white feather." He presently reached the top of the stairs, followed by Alice, who, timid as she was, would not let him go alone, and who murmured the fervent "Hail Mary" that their mother had so often recommended for times of danger.

The two distinctly saw a man upon his knees, busy, as it seemed, nailing down a plank in the floor. They thought at first it might be a workman who, unknown to themselves, had been sent up there to make some repairs. But the man turned his head, and the children saw to their amazement the pallid face and deep-set eyes of Uncle Jim.

"Oh," he said, "is that you, children? I thought you had gone out with your mother."

And it seemed, especially to the little girl's quick perceptions, that he was none too well pleased at seeing them there. He looked hot and perspiring, as if he had been taking a good deal of exercise; and his hands and face were dusty.

"We did go out," answered Fred; "but we are back again."

James Forrester then slowly rose to his feet, with an explanation.

"I have felt uneasy," he said, "ever since that afternoon,—you know the one



coming an. I wanted to see if there were any rats or rat holes up here, or—or anything else suspicious. I didn't find anything except that board loose in the floor."

His manner was somewhat nervous and constrained.

"I don't think it was a rat," observed Alice. "I am sure it was Selma."

"And I agree with you," he declared eagerly. He advanced quite close and whispered, as if he expected some one to be within earshot: "Several boards have been loosened, and I believe that that Swedish woman is at the bottom of it."

"Why should she want to loosen boards?" inquired Fred. "Only to give herself the trouble of nailing them down again?"

"They were all nailed down with fresh, new nails," said Uncle Jim, "except this one. I suppose we disturbed her that day before she had finished her job. And as for her cleaning, she left dust enough up here—Faugh! I'm nearly suffocated."

"And you've got a good coat of it on your face and hands," laughed Fred.

"That'll wash off easy enough," Uncle Jim replied. "But there are other things not so easily repaired."

The children stared at him, hopeless of being able to follow his meaning; and they heard him mutter to himself, as if forgetful of their presence:

"I wonder if she found anything? She was after something when she raised those boards. For she didn't hide anything down there. I searched the place thoroughly."

Perceiving that the others were observing him curiously, he suddenly changed his tone to a light and jocular one; advising them to go down before he closed the skylight, for fear that Mrs. Spencer should be appearing to them in her gown of gray. But as they did so, they heard him mutter to himself:

"I'll charge her with it! I'll find out before I'm a week older what she is about."

Somewhat soberly, Fred and Alice went downstairs; while Uncle Jim set off to "scour" himself. The brother and sister, opening the door into the yard, sat down upon the gray steps outside, to talk the matter over. Alice was the first to speak.

"Isn't it queer," she said, "that Uncle Jim is always talking about Selma? I wonder if he could know anything against her?"

"I never thought of that," replied Fred. "I supposed it was just his way of making mysteries out of nothing. One thing I *do* know, though," he added after a pause. "The house isn't half as nice since he came here. I wish it were time for him to go off to the West."

Alice, putting her lips close to her brother's ear, said:

"I don't believe he will ever go—at least not for a long time. I think he has some reason of his own for wanting to stay here."

"Of course he has," assented Fred. "He himself told the reason. It is because he is short of money."

"Yes," said Alice; "but there's another reason besides that. For I'm not sure that he hasn't money. Once I heard him jingling quite a lot of loose silver in his pocket."

"Oh, you silly girl!" exclaimed Fred. "That much money wouldn't be of any use to pay his board anywhere."

Their further reflections were cut short by the appearance of the man himself. He glanced sharply at them, as if he suspected they had been talking about him. Then he took a quarter out of his pocket.

"There, children," he said, "is a quarter to spend at your friend, Taffy John's."

The children hesitated. After having talked against him, both felt it was mean to take what they certainly regarded as a treasure-trove—a whole, bright quarter, to spend as they pleased. But, on the other hand, it would be uncivil to refuse, and might lead to the suspicion of unfriendliness. However, after they had accepted the money with due acknowledg-



ments, Uncle Jim supplied a motive for his sudden generosity. He said, as if quite casually:

"I don't think, children, you had better mention anything about the boards in the attic to your father or mother. It might make them anxious for nothing, and they'll think we're always getting up scares."

This seemed reasonable enough; and somehow James Forrester, freshly shaved, and with all traces of his late adventure removed, seemed quite different from the haggard and dusty spectre that had confronted them in the cockloft. This settled, Jim left them abruptly, saying that he was going out to get the evening paper.

"I wish," said Alice, after a pause, "that we really liked him. I just hate not to like people—"

"And to talk against them behind backs," interposed Fred. "It made me feel pretty mean just now when he offered us the money."

On this point Alice heartily agreed with Fred; and the children made a new resolution to follow the example of their mother, who was never known to speak against her neighbor; while their father was all that was open and frank, and seemed to have no dislike for any of his fellow-beings.

About half an hour later the two children set out to make their visit to the church,—a practice which they had kept up since early childhood. They had gone about as far as Mrs. Horton's bakery when they saw a crowd of jeering, hooting boys gathered about some object which they could not at first distinguish. Pausing for an instant on the outskirts of the crowd, they discovered that it was an old man, feeble and bent with age. His clothing was ragged and unkempt, his battered hat lay on the ground, and he was covered with dust, as though he had fallen.

As the brother and sister regarded the scene with amazement and indignation,

they presently became aware that it is a personage than Uncle Jim stood laughing his noiseless laugh, and apparently enjoying both the bewilderment of the old man and the cruel and wanton attacks of the lads. Alice's pale face flushed, and she called out something that was lost in the din. But Fred, regardless of consequences, dashed into the very centre of the group, and placed himself in front of the victim.

"Leave him alone, fellows!" he cried. "It's a shame to torment a helpless old man."

Instantly the attention of the crowd was diverted from the principal object of attack to his valiant defender. There were taunting cries,—

"Say, sonny, are you his grandson? Punch his head! Knock him over! Ain't he got the nerve? Pitch into him!"

One of the leaders of the mob, acting on this suggestion, aimed a blow at Fred, which he managed to dodge, and returned in so prompt and vigorous a manner that the others were not quite so anxious to get within reach of his fist.

"Come on!" he shouted. "I can't fight you all, but I'm ready for the biggest fellow in the crowd. You're a pack of cowards, anyhow!"

What might have been the results of this temerity it is difficult to say, but intervention came from two quarters at the same time. In the first place, Uncle Jim felt called upon to interfere, lest he might be blamed should anything happen to Fred. In the second place, Mrs. Horton threw open the door of her shop and declared that she had sent for the police. This was enough, and the boys began to call out that the "cops" were coming, and ran in all directions.

Two or three lingered long enough to throw balls of mud at the old man and at Fred; and one of the most courageous aimed a parting blow at the latter, who stood, like a young lion at bay, in front of the old man. His cheeks were flushed, his hair blown about, and his breath



coming quick with anger and excitement.

As the late aggressor thus ignominiously fled, Alice, who had been very much alarmed for her brother, picked up the old man's hat and offered it to him, asking him in her gentle voice where he lived.

"There—down there," he answered, pointing vaguely in the direction of the East River. "I am very old and poor, and I wasn't doing any harm to anybody."

"We might take him home, Fred," suggested Alice.

Her brother agreed to do so, but the old man complicated matters by sitting down on a doorstep next to Mrs. Horton's shop. He seemed quite dazed and could not be persuaded to move on. Uncle Jim, now interposing, was strongly opposed to the children mixing up any further in the affair.

"Your mother would be vexed," he said, "if you were to go into the slums."

"We can't leave him here," Fred answered rather shortly; for he was still full of indignation at Uncle Jim's heartless behavior in cheering on the crowd, at least by his laughter and tacit approval.

"The best thing to do," decided Uncle Jim, "is to leave him in charge of the police."

"Bring him into my store," said Mrs. Horton, ignoring Uncle Jim and addressing the children. "I'll give him a cup of tea and something to eat. Perhaps after that he will be able to tell where he lives, and I can send the boy home with him when he has rested a while."

With some difficulty, the man was persuaded to rise; and Mrs. Horton, ostentatiously closing the shop door upon James Forrester, and taking no notice of his salutation, led the ragged one into a room behind the shop, where his clothes were dusted and adjusted as well as possible. Being revived by the tea and some slices of fresh bread and butter, he was able to explain that he had taken a faint turn, and, on recovering consciousness, had found himself surrounded by a crowd of boys, who evidently supposed him to

be "tipsy." He was still so terrified and trembling that he found it hard to articulate. But two things seemed quite clear in his mind: that Fred had come to his relief, and that the "little young lady" had spoken kindly to him. When he attempted to walk, it became evident that he was in no condition to go home.

Alice, therefore, called her brother aside to confer.

"If you are willing, Fred," she suggested, "we might give that twenty-five cents that Uncle Jim gave us, and I could add a little more from my savings bank, to send him home in a cab. I wonder how much it costs."

Fred was quite willing to give up his share of the quarter, and even volunteered a contribution out of his own savings. He also was of opinion that Mrs. Horton would be able to tell them the cab fare, which proved to be the case. So Alice set out home to bring the required sum. On the way thither, she encountered her father, who became interested in the case at once. He offered to accompany her back to the confectioner's, to see what could be done; and he not only rendered the children's sacrifice unnecessary by summoning a carriage, but proffered a bundle of clothing to transform the ragged man into a respectable citizen.

Mrs. Horton greeted the newcomer cordially, crying out:

"You've got a noble son, sir,—I may say a noble pair of children. God bless their kind hearts!"

And she burst into a graphic description of the encounter that had taken place in front of her door, and Fred's part therein. Nor did she fail to introduce into her discourse "that Mr. Forrester, who stood by helping the young ruffians along, and laughing fit to kill himself, without ever offering a hand to the poor, old, witless creature." Her cheeks flushed a duller red, and her smoothly waved and parted black hair seemed to quiver with indignation, as she wound up impressively:

"But it's what might have been expected. It's all of a piece."

Mr. Seymour, who did not care to enter into that subject, busied himself in assisting the old man into his coat; and, having replaced the battered hat by one of his own, installed him in the cab, together with the confectioner's boy, and paid the driver to leave him at home. So the late victim, childishly pleased with the drive he was going to have, and the new clothes, drove off, calling down blessings on all his benefactors and notably on the "brave young gentleman and the purty young lady." Mr. Seymour took the man's address; for, as he told Mrs. Horton, it was very likely that his wife would go down herself to see what more could be done for him.

Now, though Mr. Seymour had not felt at liberty to discuss James Forrester with the outspoken shopwoman, nor yet with his son and daughter, he knitted his brows, on the homeward way, over all that he had heard. It tended to confirm an impression which had been daily growing concerning that guest who had been in some sort forced upon him. And, despite his own good nature and his desire to judge leniently, that impression was distinctly unfavorable. He did not, however, say anything of what had occurred in the hearing of James Forrester, who went about all that day with a shamefaced and hangdog expression.

(To be continued.)

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### An Adventure of Two Brothers.

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Toward the close of the siege of Scutari, during the Balkan War, there was great distress, and whole families succumbed to famine. One mother resolved to part with her two boys, aged thirteen and eleven, rather than see them die of hunger. She dressed them carefully in warm clothes, put a Turkish fez on their heads, and said to them:

"Have courage and confidence in God and you will be saved. Pass over the

Drina bridge, where only Mohanmedans are allowed to go; and if you are questioned, ask the sentries to have pity and let you go, as your parents have six mouths to feed. While you wear the fez the Mohammedans will not molest you; but when you get near the Servian lines be sure to flutter this piece of white linen and make the Sign of the Cross."

The weeping children said good-bye to their parents and set out hand in hand, as they had been told. They passed over the bridge unhindered; and soon the two little figures were lost to sight near the Berditsa Fort, still held by the Turks. Here they lay in a trench till nightfall, and then went farther, crawling along the ground. In the morning they crossed the dangerous space between the hostile armies. At the Servian outposts they were accosted by soldiers, who led them to the officer in command. When asked their nationality, they answered: "We are Catholics," and threw away the Turkish fez they had been wearing. They soon became the pets of the entire camp, and were most useful as interpreters between Servians and Albanians. They entered Scutari in the rear of the Montenegrin army, and were soon restored to their parents, who had providentially escaped the famine.

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### Ribbon Farms.

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All along the St. Lawrence River one observes the very narrow farms that have but a few feet of frontage on the water, yet extend back for a considerable distance. In the early days of French occupation, the owner of a piece of land, when dividing his acres among his sons, would manage that each one should have a certain portion facing directly on the river, as a security in time of war with the Indians. These farms are known as "ribbon farms"; and the quaint houses upon them, so close together, remind one of a string of beads when seen from a passing steamer.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—From the publishing house of Isaac Pitman & Sons come "The Student's Practice Book," by Katherine E. Wiley, and a shorthand version of "Scenes from Pickwick." The first volume, a collection of letters designed to promote speed in writing shorthand, seems well adapted to its purpose; the delightful illustrations in the second show that the scenes have been carefully chosen.

—The centenary of Verdi's birth is to be elaborately celebrated in Rome. Four special performances of his famous Requiem will be given by the Accademia di St. Cecilia. October 10 is the composer's birthday; but the celebration has been postponed until November, to suit the convenience of visitors, a large number of whom, including celebrated representatives of musical art in Europe and directors of foremost academies and conservatories, will be in attendance.

—"Minor Orders," by the Rev. Louis Baczcz, S. S. (B. Herder), a clearly printed and well bound sixteenmo of almost three hundred pages, is specifically adapted for the use of youthful seminarists, but not at all inappropriate reading for clerics of any age. Part I consists of five instructions on Minor Orders; Part II. contains fifty admirable meditations on these Orders; and Part III. (ten pages) gives the rite of ordination. The book is a sequel to a little work on "Tonsure" by the same author, and can be unreservedly recommended to the rectors of seminaries.

—Readers who are interested in the development of religious Orders, and in the incidental life-stories of their most eminent members, will welcome "Peronne Marie," the biography of a spiritual daughter of St. Francis of Sales. The work has been written by a religious of the Visitation and is published by Benziger Brothers. As Mother Peronne Marie de Châtel passed away, at the age of fifty-one, in 1637, her story lacks, of course, the note of actuality that characterizes a number of religious biographies recently published; but, on the other hand, it sheds numerous sidelights on historical events, and is, as a matter of course, thoroughly edifying.

—A new volume of the excellent *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica*, published by B. Herder, is made up of two admirable, though little known, *opuscula* of Fr. John of Jesus and Mary, a learned and holy monk of the Order of Mt. Carmel (1564-1615), edited by Fr. Redemptus of the

Cross, Carm. Disc.; and Scupoli's great work, "*Pugna Spiritualis*," newly edited by Fr. Lehmkuhl, S. J. The first of the two smaller works is a treatise on mystical theology; the second is entitled "*Epistola Christi ad Hominem*." Both were well known to, and highly esteemed by, St. Francis de Sales. The *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica* is now so well and so favorably known that further commendation of it would be almost superfluous. The volumes are admirably selected, ably edited, and most satisfactorily produced.

—We cordially welcome a new American edition of the *Month*, to be published by the Devin-Adair Co. It begins with the July number, which is one of much value, and of exceptional interest to Catholics on this side of the Atlantic. The cover is a decided improvement over the old one, but there is nothing to indicate that this issue is the first of either a new volume or a new edition. There has been unavoidable delay in the appearance of the present number; but we are assured that future ones will reach subscribers at the end of the first, or early in the second, week of each month.

—Among the many present-day aids to the religious instruction of the young, few will be found more apt than "The Graduated Catechism of Christian Doctrine and Prayer-Book," compiled by a Chief Inspector of Schools, published by R. & T. Washbourne, and sold for one penny. The catechetical part is divided into a section for children under five years, and into four other "standards" that meet the needs of children up to the age of eleven. The prayers in the second part of the work are well chosen, and some simple and familiar hymns have been added. The illustrations, too, will be found helpful.

—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons contributes a laudatory preface to a new "*Matrimonial Catechism*," by the Rev. A. McEachan, and published by the Catholic Book Co. Assuredly the matter of this work makes it perennially timely, and Father McEachan has gone at the subject in a logical, frank, and uncompromising manner. The wording of question and answer is simple and forceful. We note, however, that the third question, with its answer, on page seven, is not perfectly clear. On page twelve we are told "the Church sometimes, for grave reasons, permits mixed marriages"; and the following question asks, "Under what conditions does the Church grant a dispensation for mixed marriages?" the answer being: "When there is a

grave reason, the Church, etc." What constitutes a "grave reason" is not explained. On page twenty-eight the expressions "to counteract conception" and "to prevent conception" are used interchangeably. Finally, the last answer on the same page reads: "It would be as grave a sin to prevent conception even one moment after it has taken place etc. . . ." How can one "prevent" that which "has taken place?"

—Mr. B. Herder announces the following new publications, to be issued during September: "The Cure of Alcoholism," by Dr. Austin O'Malley; "The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible," by the Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell; "The Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers," by Dr. John A. Ryan; "Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church," by Gerhard Rauschen; "Soteriology," by Dr. Joseph Pohle, edited by Arthur Preuss; "A Loyal Life," by the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J.; "Truth and Error," by the Rev. Aloysius Rother, S. J.; and "The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord," by Grace Keon.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "Minor Orders." Rev. Louis Bacuez, S. S. \$1.25.
- "Peronne Marie." \$1.25.
- "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." New Vol. \$1.25.
- "Eucharistic Lilies." Helen Maery. \$1.
- "The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet." Minnie Sawyer. 90 cts., net.
- "Flowers of the Cloister." Sister Mary Wilfrid La Motte. \$1.25.
- "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Vol. III. Rev. Edward Jones. \$1.35.
- "The Consolations of Purgatory." Fr. Faure, S. M. 90 cts.
- "Gone Before." 90 cts.
- "Some Irish Stories." Alice Dease. 50 cts.
- "Tolerance." Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Luther." Hartman Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation. Vol. I. \$3.25.

- "Poems." Alice Meynell. \$1.25.
- "St. Francis de Sales and His Friends." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1.35.
- "Our Reasonable Service." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. \$1.10.
- "The Meditations of a Martyr." 50 cts.
- "Trilogy to the Sacred Heart." Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cts.
- "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord." Abbé de Brandt. 3 vols. \$6.50.
- "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.75.
- "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine." 60 cts.
- "The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.
- "The Mantilla." Richard Aumerle. 80 cts.
- "From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase." Henry Patrick Russell. \$1.50, net.
- "The Greater Eve; or, The Throne of the Virgin Mother." Rev. Joseph Stewart. 90 cts.
- "Happiness and Beauty." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 60 cts., net.
- "St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.10.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Vol. III. (Upper California.) Part II. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. \$2.75, net.
- "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. Hartman Grisar, S. J. \$4.50.
- "Confessions of a Convert." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Ferdinand Steinlage, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. John Macpherson, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Joseph Tasker, O. S. C.

Mr. Thomas Byerley, Mr. Aloysius Ullerich, Mrs. Ellen Donovan, Mr. George Goss, Mrs. Jeremiah J. O'Brien, Mrs. Annic Mary Hancock, Miss Agnes Walsh, Mr. John G. Dolde, Mr. William Forst, Mrs. Mary A. Gatous, Mrs. Rose McCabe, Mr. John Bannon, Mr. Edward Woods, Mr. Thomas Passek, Mary Dougher, Mary Alice Brady, Margaret Ryan, Mr. George Henrichs, Mr. Henry Gildchaus, and Mrs. John Martin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 10

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## Summer's Sacrament.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

THE wheat field bows its heavy head,  
The grapes hang from the vine,  
And one has offering of bread,  
And one a gift of wine.

The word of all—"Consummated":  
Cut, thresh, then grind and knead;  
And One from Bosra He shall tread  
The grapes that yearn to bleed.

## The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Your birth, O Virgin Mother of God, announces to the world the happiness which is coming upon it; for from you will come forth the Sun of Justice, Jesus Christ our Lord, who, delivering us from the curse, will bring us benediction; and who, triumphing over death, will open to us the gates of eternal life.—*Antiphon for Vespers.*

THE Church celebrates the birth of the saints on the day of their death and their martyrdom, as the day on which they are born into the glory of Heaven. The Christian Year contains only three feasts that bear the name of Nativity: that of Jesus Christ, or Christmas; that of St. John the Baptist, sanctified in his mother's womb; that of Mary, the object of this solemnity. How could the birth of the children of men be celebrated—children of wrath by nature, branded with original sin, condemned to the death of the body, and also the death of the soul, if the grace of Jesus Christ had not preserved them? "Men," says St. Alphonsus,

"are accustomed to celebrate the birth of their children with feasts and rejoicings; they should rather weep over them, remembering that they come into the world not only without any merit, but as children of wrath, under the burden of sin, and destined to undergo all the afflictions of life, as well as the irrevocable penalty of death. Different from this, however, was the birth of Mary, who, conceived without sin, was the especial child of benediction."

If the angel announcing the birth of St. John the Baptist said to Zachary, "Many shall rejoice in his nativity," what shall we say of the joy spread throughout the world by the birth of Mary, the Mother of our Divine Redeemer? For four thousand years miserable man sighed for this miraculous child of promise, whom the Prophet saluted with all the desire of hope, like the wanderer, lost in darkness, awaiting the morning light. To-day she appears as that blessed Rod of Jesse, which soon shall be crowned with flowers, whose perfume shall renew the whole earth. Of Mary will be born Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in whom all nations will be blessed, by whose grace we shall conquer our enemies, and through whom we shall receive all good. "Let the whole universe rejoice," exclaims St. Peter Damian; "for an infant is born who is to be the Queen of the World, the Gate of Heaven, the Tabernacle of God, the Star of the Sea, the heavenly Ladder by which the Lord of heaven and earth will vouchsafe to descend among men, who, groaning under the curse of Adam's disobedience, will

not only be restored, but raised above their original state."

It is of faith that we are born in sin, and therefore debarred from our inheritance. It is of faith that we ourselves, through our own proper efforts, without the grace of Jesus Christ, can do nothing for our salvation; we are miserable, shipwrecked voyagers, without any hope of arriving at port. Without baptismal grace, one may, perhaps, lead a good life—that is, he may not be sullied with any grievous crimes; he may show compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and do good works. Still, history shows even this to be rare. The wisest of pagans were the slaves of gross passions; the Gospel alone is based upon the divine law of charity.

But grant a man to be exteriorly without reproach, of what benefit will his good life be, says St. Augustine, if it lead him not to a life eternally happy? No, there is no other name given to men whereby they can be saved but the adorable Name of Jesus Christ. In His quality of God our Saviour, He has left His disciples this solemn promise: 'Fear nothing: I am with you even unto the end of time,' to give us the grace to overcome the world and hell. Therefore it is that the angels sang over His Crib at Bethlehem: 'Behold tidings of great joy: there is born to you to-day a Saviour, in the city of David. Peace upon earth to men of good will.'

But who has given us this Saviour? Mary, the Virgin of Nazareth,—Mary, who will soon hear the Archangel saying to her, with profound reverence: 'Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee. Fear nothing, O Mary! thou hast found grace before God. Behold thou shalt bring forth a Son, who shall be called Jesus—that is, Saviour, because He will deliver His people from sin and from hell, to give them the title and rights of children of God.' Yes, the Word, the Eternal Son of God, so loved sinful, degraded, corrupt man as to come and put Himself in his place. He took upon Himself human

nature and made Himself a victim; He delivered His flesh to the severity of the elements; he submitted to a life of persecution from His cradle, to a death the most unjust and infamous.

So many touching mysteries accomplished by His mercy in order to prepare for us thrones beside His own! And it was from Mary, His Mother, that He received that heart so tender for men, that body wounded and immolated for them, that sacred blood that gushed forth from all His veins and from His sacred side, pierced with the lance, to wash away their stains. She alone upon earth was found pure and heavenly enough to become the sanctuary within which was wrought our reconciliation with God. Alone among all the children of Eve, she calls God her Son, and He calls her His Mother. Who can refrain, when contemplating this ravishing spectacle, from crying out with transport: "Mother of divine grace, Mother of our Redeemer, pray for us!"

The present world is like a frightful desert, where, as the Prince of the Apostles says, 'the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' He spreads his poison over all creatures—over dignities, honors, riches, terrestrial goods; and these become snares for the feet of the imprudent.

But in this desert, this exile, through which we must pass before arriving at the land of promise, there is one who points out to the Christian refreshing and salutary fountains,—an angel who causes rivers of living waters to flow for the whole people of God. That angel is Mary, the Mother of our Saviour, the treasurer of His graces. This Virgin, the joy of God, of His angels, and of men, whom we reverence to-day in her cradle, will be our incomparable Mother, uniting mercy with power in order to guide us in the paths where the enemy lies in wait, to console us in our sorrows and our suffering—to conduct us to heaven. From those fountains of the Saviour where



she drinks at will, she has refreshed the Apostles in their labors, the martyrs in their torments, the confessors and virgins in their varied combats, the hermits in their solitude.

It is by the grace that the Blessed Virgin secures to us from God that souls beget and preserve within themselves piety, purity, devotedness, and a spirit of sacrifice; through Mary there have been raised up, everywhere throughout the wide world, asylums for virtue, for repentance, for misfortune, for the abandoned infant, for the plague-stricken, for the aged without resources, for all wounded and suffering in body or mind. Mary has destroyed paganism with all its cruelties and its horrors; in other words, she has curbed the power of the demon. She does not cease to crush his head, to stop him at the entrance of the heart consecrated to her service; she unceasingly expels him from the heart of the sinner who implores her aid.

If innocence sleeps peacefully beneath the shadow of Mary's wings, through her also the guilty are converted and forgiven, and the Heavens rejoice. Through her we all hope one day to inhabit the eternal City of God, there to celebrate her solemnities unceasingly, in company with the angels. By Mary the faithful soul is assisted at the last hour, is led with confidence before the Sovereign Judge, and then into the everlasting Tabernacles. Take away Mary from earth, and death, begotten by Eve, destroys bodies and souls. May not the Church well call upon us to celebrate her Nativity with gratitude and joy,—to repeat at her feet the words of the Archangel, "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee"; "Mother of divine grace, pray for us!"—assuring us with the testimony of all ages that she has never been invoked in vain?

How ought we not to bless her birth, to love and venerate the Mother of the World's Redeemer, and attach ourselves to her! The Nativity of Mary has filled the whole universe with joy. On this

beautiful feast, then, let us rejoice; let us raise our hearts on High. In the words of St. Peter Damian, "Let us deliver ourselves up to gladness, and let our whole being exult with joy in the Lord; for the birth of the Blessed Virgin is the origin of all our solemn feasts. And as we are accustomed to rejoice in the Nativity of Christ, let us also celebrate with holy joy the birth of His Blessed Mother."

### The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEV,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

#### XI.

**I**T came about, through the old ladies' instrumentality, that Hugh Carew's introduction to his nieces took place as the most natural thing in the world. The first step was to let old Anne into the secret; and, though she could not understand the need for so much mystery, Miss Amy persuaded her to accept it as a fancy of "Mr. Hughes'," which would work out in due time to the benefit of her nurslings. Then, with silence secured in the only quarter through which his secret might have been discovered, there was no reason to delay the meeting between the unconscious nieces and their unknown uncle. And in a flutter of excitement, which the girls put down merely to pleasure at having found them a lodger, the old ladies exhorted their friend to keep the appointment they had made for him with his hostesses to be.

Disturbed by the reawakening of old memories, Hugh Carew had scarcely heeded Miss Amy's reference to the real age of his nieces, and his introduction to them came both as a surprise and a shock. Maura, with the cares of a household upon her, appeared older than her age, and even Ula looked grave and sedate, as befitted the occasion of a first interview with their much-desired lodger.

How could Oliver have said or insinuated that they were children! Certainly he had spoken of their being under age; and Maura, her uncle now learned, was twenty-four. Was it possible that their brother was utterly unprincipled and that he had schemed to get hold of their money for himself? It seemed as though there were something that Mr. Carew could not understand; and his only relief was that neither of the girls bore the slightest resemblance to their brother.

His heart warmed to Maura for her likeness to her father, the best friend of his young days; but it was Ula, the living image of his sister when he had seen her last, that made him long, even at that first meeting, to make himself known and claim her as his own.

The girls had not expected their lodger to seek their society, and for the first day they kept out of his way. In the evening, however, Ula, finding him solitary and lonely in the sitting-room that had been provided for him, asked him, impulsively, if he would not come in and pay them a visit; and after that it seemed only natural that he should fall into the place that really was his by right.

Maura was astonished that Anne should have taken so kindly to their new inmate; for of course she knew nothing of the pact that Miss Amy had made with the old servant. Sometimes, coming in, she would hear voices in Mr. Hughes' sitting-room, and discover that it was he and Anne talking together; and, though she used laughingly to ask what subjects of conversation they chose, she was in reality glad that Anne was contented and did not feel the addition to her work too much. Maura cared little what the talks were about, so long as the talkers were satisfied with each other.

After the first shyness had worn off, the girls chatted freely before their guest; and the more he heard them speak of Oliver, the less was he able to reconcile what they said with the idea he had formed of his nephew's personality. It

puzzled him, too, that in appearance as well as in character the brother and sisters were so unlike, and he was able to compare the faces, not only in his own memory, but in the more tangible form of an amateur photograph that he had discovered one day lying loosely in a book on the table in the sitting-room. It was a group, evidently taken at some summer picnic; and, besides several people who were strangers to him, his nephew and both his nieces figured prominently in it. There was Oliver, just as he had seen him in Philadelphia; and Maura, with the anxious look that her uncle hoped would soon wear away, at least in so far as it was caused by money troubles; whilst Ula appeared as radiant and light-hearted as could be.

Certainly, judging from Ula's face in the photograph, as well as from all both the girls and Anne and even the old ladies in the Doctor's House had said, Oliver had done nothing, before he went to America, to distress them. On the contrary, it seemed as though he had been a model brother. It was hardly possible that the sudden discovery that he was the probable heir to a large fortune had changed his whole nature; and the more his uncle compared the Oliver he had tried to study in Philadelphia with the Oliver who apparently had been the *preux chevalier* of Camphill, the less was he able to reconcile the two characters as one.

Perhaps he was not fair in his estimation of his nephew; and, on the other hand, the old proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," might have slightly colored the girls' eager praise of their absent brother. With this not very satisfactory conclusion he was forced to content himself; but he could not keep the same question from coming back again and again to his mind: "What is the real Oliver like?"

It was this perplexity in regard to his nephew that made him doubly cautious about disclosing his identity to his nieces. If Oliver had two such distinct sides to



his character, it was possible that his sisters' natures were equally complex; yet they seemed to be so like what he would have expected his sister's children to be that it was all he could do to refrain from making himself known to them. Then the thought of Oliver checked him. And so the days passed by, and his secret remained untold.

Although relieved for the time from worry as to ways and means, Maura was still anxious and troubled about Oliver. No news had come from him; and now, in Mr. Bird's absence, they heard nothing even through their uncle. They had always kept up the custom of making a family holiday of each one's birthday; and Maura buoyed herself up with the idea that on her birthday at least she would hear from Oliver. Yet the post came on that day, as it had done on many another, without a word or line from over the water.

The paying guest was unaware that this day's post had been looked forward to so eagerly; and, going upstairs, as he was now in the habit of doing, to seek a companion for his daily walk, he came on Ula, trying vainly to get through her task of sewing, with big tears first dimming her sight, and then falling upon the white work on her knee.

"My dear," he said, as she tried to smile at him, wiping her eyes the while, "won't you tell me what is wrong? I am a lonely old man, as you know; and if I could do anything for you, it would be such a pleasure that I am sure you would not deprive me of it."

"But you can't,—oh, you can't, Mr. Hughes!" cried Ula. "You are so very kind! But it is nothing you can remedy." Then, calming herself resolutely, she told her trouble simply. "It is Oliver," she explained,—"*my brother who is away in America. He used to be so dear and so thoughtful that, even though lately he has not been kind about writing, we made sure he would not forget that to-day was Maura's birthday—and now he has forgotten. We were certain*

*there would be a letter to-day, and there is no word. Maura is heartbroken. Of course it is worse for her because she won't even be angry with him, and I am. Oh, yes, I am furiously angry! It's too bad of him to treat us like this.*" But, in spite of her defiant words, she could not keep from crying again.

"My dear child," began the paying guest, "you are right: I am afraid I can do nothing about Oliver. But there is something I should like to tell you,—something, perhaps, I ought to have told you before—"

But Ula was not heeding his words, and he saw that he must take her mind off Oliver's omissions before she would listen to what he had to say.

"You say it is your sister's birthday," he remarked, in a different tone of voice. "Well, then, will you do something for me? Come out and help me to choose a present for her. You see I don't know what she would like, or if there is anything in the Camphill emporium that I could get for her."

His ruse was successful; for at the mention of a present for Maura, Ula brightened visibly.

"Oh, yes, there is!" she cried. "It was only a few days ago we saw a frame in the stores that she said she would like for Oliver's photograph,—not that he deserves it," she added painfully.

At the same time she got up and went across to the old diamond-paned cupboard that Hugh Carew saw standing in the same place that it had stood so many years before. The three photographs, copies of which had been so carefully stowed away in Oliver's bag, had been taken not very long before his departure for America. They were good likenesses, all of them; and as Ula looked at her brother's face, she softened again and the tears gathered afresh in her eyes.

"He doesn't look as if he could be so unkind," she said childishly, handing the portrait to the old man beside her; and, as he took it, she turned to wipe the troublesome tears away.

There was silence for a moment, and then a strangled exclamation made her look up in sudden alarm.

"This!" she heard Mr. Hughes say. "Ursula's boy! Ursula's face! My God!"

The old man sank upon a sofa that stood near by, clutching the picture and scanning every line and shade. Then he turned almost fiercely upon her.

"What does it mean? For God's sake, girl, don't trifle with me! Who is this lad that you call your brother?"

"It is Oliver," faltered Ursula, with a pang of fear lest this old man, who, after all, was such a stranger, had suddenly gone mad. "Oliver, our brother."

"Oliver! Impossible! There is a picture over there of Oliver. This is not Oliver. And yet it is your face, his mother's face!" And the old man, white and shaking, rose to his feet.

"It is Oliver,—it really is," repeated Ula, almost piteously. "O Mr. Hughes, you are ill! Let me go and call Anne or Maura."

"Stay!" cried the old man, and he turned feverishly to the table where he had seen the other picture lying. "If that is Oliver," and he held up the photographer's card, "who, then, is this?" And he threw the amateur's print down on the table, pointing to the figure that stood by her own in the group.

"That," and the color flooded her face, — "oh, that's Mr. Leigh!"

"Who?"

"Mr. Leigh, — Stuart Leigh, a friend of Oliver's. Oh, no, not a friend exactly: just a man we knew."

"Not a friend!" Hugh Carew repeated the words almost mechanically, as he looked at the face of the man who had come to him as his nephew. "Not a friend!" And as he said them a second time, a wild fear came upon him. This man, this impostor, had arrived in Philadelphia with Oliver's luggage and Oliver's papers. With daring effrontery, he had personated Oliver's self, and personated him so successfully that for six weeks and more no suspicion had been aroused that

he was not in truth the man he represented himself to be.

Where, then, for all these weeks, had the real Oliver been? That was the question that gripped Hugh Carew with sudden, agonizing fear. The gaining possession of his papers might have been encompassed by some trick, but how had Oliver's silence been assured? How had he been disposed of and made helpless? It seemed to the old man—who sat there, vainly trying to reason, with Ula's eyes, wide with fear and amazement, glued upon him—that there could be but one answer to this question.

The man who had taken Oliver's place had first silenced him effectually. If Oliver still lived, even so barefaced an impostor as Leigh would never have dared to act as he had done. There seemed to Hugh Carew but one possible solution: Oliver was dead. How and where he had been killed remained still to be found out. Yet the fact was clear as day: Surely, surely he was dead! And how was he to break the news to the sisters who loved him so dearly, and who had trusted him in spite of all?

(To be continued.)

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### My Wishes.

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BY MARIAN NESBITT.

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WHEN the eastern light is stealing  
Up the sky,  
"God be with you this new morning!"  
Then I cry.

When the sun is westward going,  
Golden, low,  
And the pine stems turn to crimson  
In the glow,

Then my thoughts, like summer swallows,  
Wing their flight,  
Bringing you, o'er rolling waters,  
My "Good-night!"

Every hour and every moment  
Of each day,  
All my heart goes out to greet you,  
Far away!



## The Irish Peasantry as They Are.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

A STRANGER, coming amongst them for the first time, must feel much impressed by the devotional phrases interspersing the ordinary conversation of the Irish peasantry. Lowly and abiding resignation to the divine will, unflinching confidence in the divine wisdom and goodness, and pious invocations fervently uttered, characterize and dominate the thoughts and feelings of this ancient Catholic race.

Be their fate what it may, be their fortune good or ill, their trust in the mercy and justice of an omnipotent Providence is ever the same—deep and abiding. In any circumstance or event, there must be no thought of rebelling or “flying in the face of the Almighty.” “God is good: He knows best,” is the reflection which makes an otherwise insupportable position tolerable. Other like consolatory expressions may be heard any day: “God in His own good time was pleased to take him.” “Our loss, indeed, is great; but God has His wise ends for everything. Welcome be His holy will!”

With these spiritually-minded people God’s will is the universal law, visibly manifested in the manifold operations of Nature. Nothing by results is to be attributed to chance or accidental circumstance. Faithful and simple in soul, they are staunchly Catholic, in accordance with the spirit and teaching of their upbringing. Indeed, only a few days ago, in an up-to-date Irish city, the writer heard an old woman prompt in tones of mild reproof: “Say ‘Thank God,’ child,—say ‘Thank God.’” Be it wet or shine, storm or calm, it is all the same—everything is as God has willed it; and the Almighty is the font and head of justice and mercy, and worthy of all praise and homage. The experience of one on the highways and byways, in the public market-places and the homes of Ireland, unerringly gives

demonstrable proofs of the assertion. Remark to a poor old road-mender in the rural parts on the severity of the weather, and promptly comes the invincible rejoinder, “’Tis terrible bad, praise be to God!” Or inquire of the man of many acres as to the season’s prospects, in view of the unfavorable climatic conditions prevailing, his answer will be equally as resigned, his summing up of the situation being somewhat thus: “Only the goodness of God can save the crops from destruction.”

But though they ascribe all things as emanating from, and governed in operation by, the hand of a Supreme Being, these peasants, better versed in Christian doctrine than their would-be proselytizers, are no fatalists, even in the remotest degree; in fact, there is an old saying among them that “God requires help”; and another, “Heaven helps those who help themselves,” alike from the moral and material standpoint,—an injunction which is religiously adhered to until all resources have failed in the carrying out of the object in view. Then, with a sense of duty faithfully performed, they resign their will to what seems inevitable.

One can not but feel, it may be permitted to observe, that it was this unquestioning belief in the justice and wisdom of an Almighty Providence that had sustained them in the heroic efforts which they made in order to resist the unexampled persecution which for centuries had ruthlessly oppressed the race. Though they should suffer, as no other nation had ever suffered, in the sacred cause of religion and country, it was their firm belief that Almighty God had His own wise ends in having them to endure so long and cruel a martyrdom. If they, by any possibility, had been brought to ignore such conviction, they must inevitably have succumbed to the storm, with obvious disastrous consequences.

Carlyle once said that the real aristocracy of Ireland was to be found in the quay-laborers of that country. Whether

or not the so-called seer be taken seriously in the expression of such an opinion, it may fairly be granted that the average Irish peasant possesses some of the finer qualities of the human genus, lowly as his lot is, and squalid as his surroundings were, till a few years ago. He is generous and hospitable almost to a fault, courteous and genial, submissive to authority, loyal in friendship, and as law-abiding as any to be found anywhere. The more intimately one knows him, or the more closely he is studied, the keener one's appreciation of him becomes. This fact was strikingly illustrated a few weeks since, in no less a place than the British House of Commons, and by no less a personage than a Cabinet Minister.

During a full-dress debate in the final stages of the Home Rule Bill, before a crowded house, with a distinguished audience of Peers and ambassadors and others illustrious in Church and State, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, the genial author of "Obiter Dicta," wound up the proceedings with the striking admission that, having occupied the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland for a term of years longer than any of his predecessors in the office, and having made himself thoroughly conversant, by intimate personal intercourse, with every phase of the national character, he not alone respected and admired but loved the Irish Catholic people.

No one, be he native or stranger, will feel that he is among an unfriendly people whilst sojourning in Ireland. There are few so churlish or inhospitable, natives of the soil, that will not greet the wayfarer whom they meet on the country highways. It is "God bless" here, and "Fine day" there; or, to give the original forms of such salutations, rich and expressive as the language of Tuscany spoken by a Roman, and prayerful as a psalm: *Dra Agus Muirre dui!* ("God and Mary bless you!") *La bra.* ("Fine day.") *Ta she fuat.* ("It is cold"), and the like.

As to the people's obligingness, it need only be said that, if one requests to be directed to a place one can not properly locate, the chances are that not only will one promptly be given the desired information, but the sturdy yeoman will cheerfully volunteer his services on one's behalf, remarking as he will: "Stop! I'll go a piece of the road with you." And straightway he trudges along.

Apropos of Irish hospitality, quite a unique instance of it was recently recounted in a case tried before a Judge of Assize in a Southern Irish city. A youth was indicted on an agrarian charge, and among the witnesses for the defence was the father of the accused, a respectable farmer. In the course of cross-examination, the attorney-general, prosecuting for the Crown, questioned the witness as to his complaint of the hostility of the constable who had just given evidence in the case. "That, in fact," labored the prosecuting counsel, "the constable observed an aggressive attitude toward yourself even in your own house?" To which the witness replied that such was so. "Then why did you not instantly order the man to quit your house and presence?" demanded the counsel. The witness quietly made answer that this he could not do. "Why not?" then interrogated the representative of the Crown. "For the simple reason that the man was under my roof." — "Native hospitality!" suggested the attorney-general, and the witness modestly assented.

"God save all here!" is the fine old salutation by which the visitor or caller greets the household as he stands on the threshold of an Irish homestead. "God save you kindly!" is the response, and instantly the caller is invited indoors. It may be relied on confidently that a courteous and hearty reception is accorded even to the merest stranger who seeks the hospitality of an Irish homestead with such talismanic utterance on his lips.

But a benediction is invoked on one's



going forth as well as on one's coming in. "God see you safe home!" "God speed you on your journey!" may be heard upon one's departure. But God's blessing is invoked almost universally. "God prosper the undertaking!" when a business has been embarked on. "God send you luck and happiness!" as in the case of marriage. "God bless the work and the workers!"—gleaning in the fields, or otherwise variously employed. When speaking of dear ones far away, the people at home commend them to the guidance and protection of Almighty God and His Blessed Mother.

No one speaks of the dead without making a brief intercessory remark for the repose of the soul of the departed mentioned, and then will add, "And for all the souls we are bound to pray for." In the case of a sudden death, news of the tragic occurrence will be received with a prayerful exclamation after the bearer of the shocking intelligence has ejaculated, "God bless the hearers and where it is told!" at the same time making the Sign of the Cross with the thumb on the forehead. Nobody will speak in praise of the cattle, the crops—in fact, of anything created for the use and benefit of man, without saying, "God bless them!"

Assuredly the Irish, as a Catholic people, are intensely spiritual and God-fearing, and instinct with human sympathy and a generosity of spirit perhaps unequalled. As an Irish Protestant prelate, speaking at the annual synod for his diocese, a short time ago, significantly asked (all the more significant and noteworthy was the utterance coming from such an unexpected quarter): "Where in the whole world will you find such kind-heartedness and such humanity?" The bishop was recounting the very happy experience which a few months spent amid the peasantry of Connaught had been to him. "My coming to the West," pursued his Lordship, "has made me more than ever proud of the fact that I am an Irishman; for here I have been

brought into personal contact with one of the most pronounced features and characteristic marks of the true Ireland."

It may be pointed out that the proportion of Protestants to Catholics, in point of population, in Connaught, is almost infinitesimal; which goes to prove, if proof were needed, how remarkably tolerant, exceptionally free from religious bigotry, Irish Catholics are,—not alone in Connaught but throughout the other provinces. The only plague spot in Ireland where religious hate and bigotry unhappily prevail is a portion of Ulster, whose extent could be gauged and determined almost by a pin's point on the map of the country.

#### A Delightful Story of Strenuous Lives.

RARELY have we been so forcibly impressed with the wisdom of the old adage, "Never judge a book by its cover," as a few hours ago when, looking over a batch of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets, we came upon the raciest, most piquant and sparkling, as well as most impressive, tale of romantic realism that it has been our good fortune to read in the proverbial month of Sundays.\* If this seems somewhat extravagant praise for a brochure of sixty-four pages destitute of typographical beauty, let the following paragraph, the first to catch our eye, make its plea in our justification:

"... For an amiable, gentle, pious dare-devil, commend me to a Sister of the Catholic Mission let loose in the Papuan forests. A Sister of the Mission, when she is not praying, or teaching, or tending native babies rescued from murderous cannibal parents, or making clothes, or cooking, or mending fences, or carpentering, or milking cows, is usually engaged in some form of athletic exercise,—only she does not call it

\* "Adventures in Papua with the Catholic Mission" By Beatrice Grimshaw. Melbourne: Australian C. T. S.

athletics: she calls it going about her business. She may be swimming a flooded river, full of alligators; she may be riding a nasty-tempered horse on a broken cross saddle; she may be covering ten or twenty miles afoot, in a sun that would fry an egg; she may even be climbing a tree, rapidly and without premeditation, prayers on her lips and an infuriated wild boar or cassowary at her heels,—but, in any case, she is going about her business. All the same, the flower of feminine athletes from high schools and ladies' colleges would find it hard to rival her on her own ground."

Unnecessary to say, the casual reading of this paragraph sent us at once to the beginning of the booklet, which we forthwith perused at a sitting. The impression it has left upon our mind is one of vivid charm and of blended reminiscences of "The Lady of the Decoration"; Dr. Mozans' "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," and "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon"; and Charles Warren Stoddard's "South Sea Idylls" and "The Lepers of Molokai." The narrative abounds in the grace and humor and felicitous phrasing and pungent characterization and rare descriptive painting of all these books; and has withal a distinct and very pleasant flavor of its own,—a thoroughly wholesome flavor of Catholic joy of life, keen appreciation of religious everyday heroism, and buoyant optimism as to missionary progress.

The Papua of the booklet's title is British New Guinea, with an area of 90,540 square miles, and a population of more than half a million. The cost of the administration (under a governor) is borne by the Australian Commonwealth. The sphere of the Catholic mission in the country extends principally over the Mekeo plain, which is the tract of country lying immediately behind Hall Sound. The missionaries are Fathers and Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and Sisters of the Order of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. In his Introduction to

the present pamphlet, Bishop de Bois-menu, Vicar Apostolic of British New Guinea, gives this account of his actual working force: "The apostolic work is carried on to-day in six different languages, among a populace divided into forty-five tribes, including 297 villages. These are scattered about a great extent of wild and difficult country, almost entirely devoid of civilization, and extremely hard to travel over. Forty-three missionaries, assisted by thirty-four nuns and a few catechists, carry on the work of the Mission in the twelve principal stations and the twenty-three secondary stations, which are provided with twenty-nine churches, thirty-four schools, and seven orphan asylums."

Miss Grimshaw tells us that all the thirty-five stations are much like quiet little Waima, of which the following is a partial description:

A church, partly or wholly of corrugated iron, with a few rude seats, a homemade Communion rail, and an altar decorated only by the hands of the missionaries themselves, . . . pitiful brave shifts to hide the barest poverty,—jam jars and bottles cunningly disguised in gilt paper and cardboard to make altar vases; calico flowers; candlesticks cut out of tin. A house for the Fathers and Brothers, built of wattle-sticks, with chairs, tables, and beds, all carpentered roughly from the nearest bush material. A house for the Sisters, much the same. A school also built of sticks, with rude makeshifts for desks and benches. . . . The houses in these out stations have practically no furniture. The Fathers and Brothers have barely enough common shirts and trousers (of the kind worn by miners and railway men) to keep them clad. The habits of the Sisters are patched and darned and faded; their veils are a wonder of stitchery. Boots and shoes are freely lent from one to another, patched, remade, worked out to the last shred of leather. A yard of cotton is a treasure that can be turned to twenty different uses; a tin of meat is stretched to cover several meals for several people, and "to do up" afterward.

The matter of clothes, an important one with the missionaries, is a comparatively simple affair with the natives. The Mission, says our author, has taught them



many useful things; but "it has not taught them to wear clothes, because it knows better than to think that modesty depends upon the amount of clothing worn by these savages; and it knows, too, that consumption and worse evils follow in the train of clothes-wearing, once the habit is begun. And the Catholic Mission very wisely holds the opinion that one live naked convert is worth any number of dead and decent Papuans." The farther one recedes into the interior of New Guinea, it appears, the less cumbersome grows the costume of the natives.

There are several pages in our author's narrative on the Papuan variety of sorcery, but we have no room save for her comment on the actual standing of the practice:

The elder sorcerers of Mekeo are nearly all competent anatomists, knowing as much about the mysteries of the human body as any medical student who has been made free of the dissection room—and for the same reason. When they were young, there were interesting things you could do with pieces of human bodies, in the way of really high sorcery; there are still, in districts that lie just round the corner, in Papua. But here in Mekeo, civilization has progressed so far that the murders of sorcery must be secret, and not clearly labelled as murder. The Government has a nasty way of hanging people by the neck till they are dead, without consideration for their social position as sorcerers; and the Mission discourages, persistently and effectively, even the most interesting forms of killing.

In other directions than sorcery the Mission has shown its effectiveness; for we read:

Mekeo is thickly populated; it has many villages and towns, some with five or six hundred inhabitants. Thirty years ago, many amongst these people were cannibals. None of them are cannibals to-day, and many of them are Catholics. Decent family life is replacing the polygamy of the older days. Infanticide has ceased to be a popular pastime, though it is not yet wiped out. War, treacherous war, made up of midnight raids and massacres, torturings, burning, devouring alive, used to be the sole occupation of adult manhood. It is gone; the Mission and the

Government, working hand in hand, have freed Mekeo from that curse. The state of the district, after thirty-five years' mission work, is as heaven compared to hell.

That comparison may be justified in the author's mind; but, from the viewpoint of her readers, the district still serves as a fairly effective substitute for purgatory. Commenting on the fact that the Catholic Mission, as a rule, does not delegate its work to native teachers, of whom there are few, and whose work is strictly under direction, the author says:

The Catholic priest asks nothing of the black man that he will not do himself; he takes for his own portion the terrible risks of the new, untamed cannibal country, as well as the slow, monotonous, year-by-year grinding on at the districts already reclaimed, far from civilization, out of the way of steamers, towns, luxuries and conveniences of every kind. Alone in New Guinea, the Catholic missionaries have dared to penetrate into the far unexplored interior; have set up their stations in inaccessible, dreary spots, where news from the outer world can scarcely penetrate. It is in these places that mission work is most of all needed. About the easy and accessible coast districts, where other missions congregate, there are many civilizing influences, and the native is under Government control.

One of the most curious sights in a country where everything is curious was witnessed at Beipaa, a cemetery town. Wives must mourn on their husbands' graves, and husbands on those of their wives, for periods varying from a month to a year.

"Look," said the Sister, beckoning me under a roof so low that I had to stoop down to the earth.

Inside was brown dusk, with the sunset light sifting in through the rustling leaves of the thatch. A formless heap, covered with bark cloth, lay upon the ground. It stirred as we came in, and a woman raised her head. She was yellow-pale; her eyes were like deep wells with a spark of smoky fire somewhere at the bottom; her body was a crate of bones.

"That is a widow," the Sister said. "They make the widows lie on their husbands' graves like this" (just sheltered by a roof) "all the time of mourning." They must never be seen out in daylight, and they have to live on what is brought to them by relatives.

This poor creature cries nearly all the time."

The woman was moaning, and clinging to the Sister's dark blue habit. I never saw a face more wretched. . . .

The next widow was certainly a change. She was young, fat, and well-looking. She was not lying on her husband's grave, with her head hidden under a mat, but peeping coyly out from under the grave-house roof. And may I never see a widow again if she was not looking and laughing toward the lodge that sheltered a more or less disconsolate young widower, also doing his time in the cemetery!

In connection with her visit to Beipaa, the author utters a paradox that many a traveller elsewhere than in Papua will appreciate:

I liked the Mission folk of Beipaa much the best. I also liked those of Waima, Inawi, Rara, Inawaia, Yule Island, Mafulu, and Dilava much the best, too. This may read confusingly, but it is nevertheless true. Each Sister, when one fixed one's mind on her, was the best of the lot; each Father or Brother was nicer than all the rest—until one detached one's mind again, and carried on the comparison. The fact is that they were all too good to be true—only they *were* true.

Not the least notable work of the Fathers and Brothers in Papua has been their building a road into the mountains, under conditions that might well daunt the courage of the hardiest modern engineers. Miss Grimshaw says of it:

After the first day, the easy level of the plains was left behind; and now one began to understand the wonder of the Mission track,—be it repeated, the only road in all New Guinea that penetrates into the far interior.

Along the edges of formidable scarps and gorges it crept, knitted in long zigzags up the sides of hills as steep as a house roof; round ugly corners where one's feet dangled over floating clouds,—creeping and wriggling, and getting along somehow through a landscape that was literally set on edge. Here for the first time one saw the extraordinary formation of the mountain country: every hillside running into every other, without a yard of level; and almost every hill ending, as it touched the next, in a stream or a waterfall. Down the cliffs and gorges they came, those innumerable streams, foaming among huge green varnished leaves as big as hearth-rugs, and stately crosiers of giant ferns taller than the tallest man; scattering cool spray over the rich red clusters of the wild begonia, cutting formidable gullies

across the path as they rushed out from the dark recesses of clefts and caves filled with orchid, jasmine, and maidenhair. . . .

A country wet and green as a salad; a country wild, beautiful, uninhabited, trackless save for the little thread that wound like a magic clue of safety through the midst of indescribable chaos. Forest on forest, huge and dark and knitted inextricably together with creeping liana and "lawyer"; gorge after gorge, precipice shouldering precipice; all in the shadow of the never-ending trees, all veiled with constant rain,—this was the way. Steeper and steeper the track grew as we neared the big ranges. It was admirably engineered; but, even so, one had to walk a good deal here and there; and the carriers halted often, streaming with sweat, to lay down their loads and take breath.

Difficult as travel proved on this road, there are other paths still more arduous. For instance:

Next day I went to see the nearest of the villages. It looked to be almost within touch, but took the best part of an hour to reach; so is the way of things among the mountains. Once off the Mission track, we reverted, the Father and I, to the alleged arboreal ancestor of whom one has heard so much,—crawling and climbing along, and using our hands almost as much as our feet, for that was the way of the native "road." Some of it at first I took for a landslip, some for the track of a torrent, and the rest I could not see at all, until the Father showed me certain depressions in the foliage of thick low bushes hanging right out over a cloudy precipice of unknown depth, and told me that this was the road now, and that one had to hold on tight!

It seemed impossible, but it was true: we had to walk for quite a good way in the tops of the bushes, hanging on for support to those immediately above. The light showed through the foliage on which we took our bird-like way; the angle of the slope scarce seemed to be an angle at all, being almost perpendicular. One false step would have sent us crashing down through the foolish little leaves and twigs to the very bottom of the peak. . . . This was the main road to the village, used by thirty odd inhabitants. One ceased to wonder at the prehensile great toe of the mountaineer, and the hand-like appearance of his foot. One would have been glad to be prehensile-toed oneself.

We have quoted at such unconscionable length that we must hasten to a conclusion; yet room must be made for



a story told at Mafulu, "the end of the long, long journey":

Eight years ago, Bishop de Boismenu came up to this very spot. It was the most dangerous place in Papua to visit just then; for Baiva, the great cannibal chief of the district, had given out that he would kill the first white man who dared to pass a certain fig-tree. In that fig-tree were hung up the unburied bones of Baiva's only brother, who had been killed by Government troops in punishment for a raid made on the missionaries. The missionaries had done all in their power to keep the Government from avenging their wrongs, but without effect. So it was that Baiva's brother died, and that Baiva made his vow. Father C—— told me the whole story, standing beside me under the shade of the great fig-tree. The bones were still in the branches. The valley looked as it had looked on the day, eight years ago, when the Bishop came up alone to the fatal tree, and confronted Baiva. The savage chieftain barred the way; behind him were his men in panoply of war—painted, feathered, armed with clubs and spears.

"He came up to them unarmed," said the Father, "here where you stand, and said that he wished only for peace. And Baiva said that he had vowed to kill the first white man who dared to pass that tree, and now the white man had done it, and he would kill him where he stood. And he took his war-club in his hand. As for Monseigneur, he thought that he had failed in his mission of peace to Baiva, and that the end had come; so he commended his soul to God. And there was silence; not a warrior stirred, but Baiva did not strike. All of a sudden he stretched out his hand to Monseigneur and said: 'I have changed my mind: I do not wish to kill you. I am your friend, and I will give you the best piece of ground I have, for nothing, to build your house on.'"

"What do you call that, Father?" I asked.

The Father spread out his hands, silently.

"I think so too," I said.

If the reader of the foregoing extracts from the narrative of the clear-visioned, sane-minded, humor-loving traveller whom we have been citing wishes for the lesson her journey taught her, here it is:

The simile of fire returns again and again watching the work of the Catholic Mission in Papua. It is inevitable. The enthusiasm, the devotion, the high, unfailing courage, ready and bright as a well-kept sword; the eagerness, almost hurry, that seems to run through the work, so that a Father or Brother or Sister on

the road is always going at top speed, and any work carried on about the house seems to drive along under high pressure,—looking on at all this from the sluggish world outside, one feels the very wind and onrush of some sacred flame.

What explanation can the man without religion give?

Enthusiasm is common enough. Charity, thank God, is not rare. Devotion, self-sacrifice,—the world outside knows them well. But . . . who can be always at the blossom time of good? Who does not weary, turn slack and slow, get tired of effort! A year or so, a month or so, even a day or so, and the flower drops from its stem. The winter comes.

But the fire flower at the heart of the Catholic Mission spreads its petals of immortal flame to-day, to-morrow, and forever. It is the flower, the fire of the Sacred Heart.

The missionaries do not tire. I did not ask them if they did. Their faces, their work, were proof enough. After twenty years, a Father, a Brother, a Sister, lives on in the bright enthusiasm of the earliest days; just that kind of light-hearted, eager industry and interest that—anywhere else—one would mark as certain not to last.

Again, where is the agnostic's answer? Auto-suggestion, delusion? Dreams? As well look on at a giant dynamo making the light of a thousand homes, harnessing the power of a myriad horses, and say that it gets its force from its own bright, polished wheels.

And, now that we have reached the end of our quoting, the thought occurs to us that we have said nothing whatever of one passage which, more than any other in the pamphlet perhaps, its author would wish us to reproduce. It deals with the poverty of the missionaries and of their practical inability to remedy it. Skilful and proficient as are these religious of Papua in all the ways and means, the arts and contrivances by which a dime is made to do the work of a dollar, they are sadly lacking, it seems, in one qualification of the up-to-date mission band in a foreign field: they do not know how to beg. This drawback, however, will, we venture to predict, be counteracted in a large measure by the charitable impulses awakened by Miss Grimshaw's graphic story of their strenuous lives. To those who read it no more eloquent appeal could well be made.

### What Brought Me into the Church.

IT is now more than two years since I had the great happiness of being received into the True Church. My soul experienced such comfort and peace at that time, and my will was so strengthened to accomplish whatever God intended for me, that the day of my reception seems but yesterday, and my conviction is, if anything, stronger than at the outset.

Strange and mysterious are the ways by which a convert is led into the Church. Looking back through the years, it would seem that each event must have been a step leading me toward the one fold of our true Shepherd, Jesus Christ. From childhood, I had received a careful Puritan training; for my mother's parents were descendants of Puritan settlers in New England, many of whom were Congregational ministers. My father died when I was six years old; and, being an only child, I was much of the time with my grandparents, who, on my father's side, were devout Methodists; and on my mother's, equally devout Calvinists.

When I was nine years old, I twice attended service in St. Joseph's Catholic church at —, being taken there by a Scotch woman who lived with us at that time. From then until I was eighteen and went to France for a prolonged stay, I never entered a Catholic church or knew anything about its form of worship.

I was in Paris from October until June of the years 1879 and 1880, when the French Government began persecuting the religious Orders. One morning, when out for a walk, I came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a little band of nuns who had just been ejected from their convent, of which the Government took possession simply because it had the law in its own hands. The patient religious were quietly facing a most angry-looking officer of the law, who was doing what the Government had directed to be done.

Although I was then a Protestant, I regarded the officer as brutal to perform so mean an act; and I pitied the nuns, who looked so innocent and helpless. That day, at noon, I heard the whole affair discussed in the French family where I was living. They said it was an outrage, but that the worst was that Catholics were powerless to help the poor religious.

The Catholic Church always had an attraction for me. It suggested the religious life of the Middle Ages, when God was all in all to the souls of men,—a life so filled with reverence and solemnity that it gave me keen pleasure to pass through the grand churches that awakened such thoughts. I believed in the splendid history of the Church. I loved her martyrs and saints, but knew nothing of her true history since the so-called Reformation, and as little of her action during that period. And I was not in a position to learn anything; for Protestant prejudice clouded the atmosphere about me.

I had a friend in Paris who had been born of Catholic parents, was baptized, and educated in a convent. She told me more about the Church than I had known before. She became a Protestant when about to marry a Lutheran; but the man died before I knew her, on his way to Paris, eight days before the wedding was to have taken place. Although a Protestant, she wore on a slight gold chain about her neck a pretty medal of the Immaculate Conception. She told me she had received it when she made her First Communion, and never took it off. She seemed to love the Church so much I wondered how she could have left it. Everything I learned from her about the Catholic religion seemed good and reasonable. One thing that she told me which interested me greatly was the deep, inner meaning of the symbolism in everything pertaining to the Church. I tried to learn as much as possible about this; but, somehow, it was very little I



was able to acquire at that time. I often wished that Protestantism brought one closer to the early centuries of Christianity,—to the Apostles, martyrs, and primitive saints.

After returning to America, I became greatly interested in the Jansenists of Port Royal. I read the *Lives of Mme. Guyon, Fénelon, Frédéric and Jacqueline Arnould*, and some others. At that time I perused a book that made a lasting impression upon my mind. It was "*A Dominican Artist*," a sketch of the Rev. Father Besson, a young man of remarkable talent as a painter, who devoted himself with his great gift to the service of God by joining the Dominican Order. His whole-hearted devotion was ideal, and I have always believed that book exerted more influence in making known to me the spirit of the Catholic Faith than anything else for years to come. I read later two very large and full histories of Ireland—one by O'Halloran, the other by Abbé Mac Geoghegan,—written in France. The bitter wrongs, cruelties, and persecutions inflicted by the English nation upon that patient and courageous people made a very strong impression upon my mind and heart in favor of the Catholic Faith; and the more I read, the more I was convinced that the Irish were right in sacrificing all worldly things to keep the Faith which their great apostle, St. Patrick, had taught them.

By this time I had become acquainted with some of St. Augustine's writings, and obtained a copy of Pusey's translation of St. Augustine's *Confessions*. A "song of triumph" it has been called, and it seemed to me, next to "*The Imitation of Christ*," the finest thing I had known among devotional books. It was through St. Augustine's *Confessions* and "*The Imitation*" that I was led to feel it necessary to understand the Catholic Faith in order to make progress in the spiritual life, which I hoped had been begun in me.

I was one of many Protestants among a vast throng of Catholic pilgrims ad-

mitted to St. Peter's in Rome at half-past eleven on the morning of Nov. 15, 1900, the year of Jubilee. We were to receive the blessing of Pope Leo XIII. When in Rome in 1879, I had declined a most kindly invitation, given me by an English lady, daughter of an Anglican clergyman, to go with her to receive the Pope's blessing. Protestants, awestruck, whispered that she was about to "go over to Rome." I went with her instead the next Sunday morning to hear the Pope's choir, and knelt beside her upon the stone floor of St. Peter's. She had a missal and I had none, but I tried to pray just as fervently as she did; and I may owe my conversion to her prayers in my behalf.

As I stood among the pilgrims in the great cathedral church of St. Peter's that November morning, I wondered how any person could consent to accept such homage from his fellowmen. Yet when the Holy Father came into the church, borne high upon the shoulders of devoted attendants, in his white vestments, and sitting under a regal canopy, his pale face beaming with kindness and joy, my wonder turned to amazement at his distinguished personality, his reverent and peaceful dignity. I could not help then and there praying God most earnestly that He would accept my sincere love, and that He would bless me through His servant and Vicar on earth. I resolved that if, in His goodness, He would bless me, I would do all in my power to honor and serve Him. I prayed earnestly that this blessing might rest upon me forever, and I came away convinced that I had received a great spiritual favor; and have never ceased to feel the deep sense of gratitude and responsibility I then experienced.

Through trials and disappointments, the blessing was ever with me; and when I returned to America, it was but a short time before I was reading some more Catholic literature. Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* convinced me that the High

Church Anglican party were the most Catholic of the sects. I prayed much, earnestly desiring that I might be led into the light of the true Faith. Previously I had known something of what was called the Oxford Movement; now I hastened to make as thorough an investigation of it as I was able; reading all I could find on both sides of the question. I read one very profound book, by a Bishop of London, against Newman. In fact, all the Anglican writings I could find seemed to be against him; so I was driven back to Newman's own writings; and, as I knew him better, came more and more to admire and love him and his writings, and to believe him in the right. Newman was so gentle and Christlike under the worst treatment!

During July and August of 1903 I was at Nantucket, Mass., when the sad news of Pope Leo's death was received. The little church of St. Mary's there, called the Church of Our Lady of the Isle, was draped in mourning. Yielding to a strong impulse, I entered the church, and knelt down among the few souls praying there. I felt a personal bereavement in the Holy Father's death, though I was a Protestant who could have no sort of claim on him, because my ancestors had wilfully cut themselves off from the Church (and their posterity, in the process, for which I was not thankful). How considerate and kind he had been to receive us with his own children; and, not only to receive us, but to include us in the same blessing! My prayer in St. Mary's gave me great peace and satisfaction, and I thought I would go into the church soon again, but I did not do so; something restrained me, although I passed it many times a day.

The bright, sunny atmosphere of the island, the sea, and all nature combined to produce a mental exhilaration that acted very strongly upon me, making me keenly alive to every Catholic influence. On rainy days, or when I had nothing especial to do, I loved to rummage

among the books in an old curiosity shop near my lodgings, and came across some old volumes of the Rev. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. How delighted I was to find them! They were a never-failing source of instruction, and had evidently come from Ireland. But that only pleased me the more. They contained some pencil notes by their former owner, who had lived in Boston, and whose name was written on the fly-leaf. I also found a copy of "*Trésor des Fidèles*," a French manual of prayers. It seemed to contain everything except the Ordinary of Holy Mass, which I now wanted to procure. This manual had a list of all the indulgences granted up to the time it was published, with a clear explanation in regard to them. I had previously had so little understanding of what an indulgence meant that the very word frightened me.

The *Lives of the Saints* and "*Trésor des Fidèles*" went into my trunk and journeyed home with me, to furnish means for beginning a Catholic life. I worked among my flowers, and filled my mind with *Lives of the Saints*. For a while I read nothing else except the Holy Scriptures. These occupations harmonized well, and were my chief delight for some years. One of the most important things, it seemed to me, was to settle in my own mind, once for all, points of Catholic practice, so that those things would not, at some future time, come up to distract me, especially when I might have something on my mind that demanded all my attention. It was not difficult for me to understand the veneration the Church pays to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It seemed so natural. Protestants understand it so little that they take for granted that divine honor is paid to her, the same as to God.

Faber's "*Life and Letters*," with his "*Growth in Holiness*," and Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, decided me to become a Catholic as soon as possible. Now, more than ever, difficul-



ties beset my path. I went at once to see a priest, who received me most kindly. He was very dignified, yet friendly, and neither urged nor discouraged my entering the True Fold, which I was determined to do sooner or later. It was almost three years from that time before I was able to come into the Church, and then amid a storm of protest. Still, I came, and I thank God from my heart that I am at peace in His fold at last, far from the noise, confusion, and din of this present age of unrest.

The Rosary was another thing I had to learn to understand; for I had no knowledge of it at all, and I had always heard it spoken of by Protestants as a "relic of superstition." When I came to know how the whole life of Our Lord is illustrated and illuminated by it, and brought close to our hearts and souls, I was delighted and could not praise it enough. It was the same with the Stations of the Cross. In the Church I gain calmness, strength and courage to battle against our spiritual foes—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

I came to Mass for the first time, at five o'clock, on Christmas morning, 1910. It seemed to me a most beautiful and touching thing, and a rich reward after my long struggle to get there. The lilies upon the altar, the rich vestments, the reverent manner of the priest,—all impressed me as bearing the stamp of Truth. And as the priest proceeded with the Mass, offering up the Holy Sacrifice to celebrate the coming of the Divine Child, my heart was too full for words. Thus I found what I had been seeking so long. Still, everything was new to me, and had to be learned. I resolved to study the Mass thoroughly, so that I might know every detail, if possible. And I am still studying it, and expect to go on studying it all my life; for who can fully comprehend these wonderful mysteries, showing forth the love of God for His poor sinful children!

K.

AUGUST 18, 1913

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*September 7, Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.*

THE true love of God, which leads His servants to devote themselves entirely to His will, forms the chief subject of this Sunday's liturgy. In the Introit we petition the favor of His abundant mercy, that with confidence we may give ourselves to His service, who "desires our undivided hearts." At the same time we profess our absolute trust in His unswerving justice toward His creatures in all His dealings with them. "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgment is right. Deal with Thy servant according to Thy mercy." The psalm which has supplied these words is the long cxviii, which is filled with praises of the divine law, with prayers for grace to observe it faithfully, and petitions for help in dangers, whether they come from men or devils. The first verse, still sung with the Introit, runs: "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord." This verse, together with the remainder of the psalm, has a close connection with the Collect of the day, which prays for grace to avoid contact with the defiling influence of the serpent, who is ever striving to tarnish the soul's purity. "Grant to Thy people, we beseech Thee, O Lord," is the petition it puts into our mouths on this Sunday, "to avoid the contagion of the devil, and with a pure mind to seek Thee, the only God."

The Epistle is an exhortation toward this seeking after God. It calls upon Christians to live in a manner worthy of their high vocation,—in meekness, patience, and charity; preserving that union of will and affection which becomes the members of one body devoted to the service of one God. While asserting, like the Collect, the unity of God, the Epistle alludes to the mystery of the Trinity of

Persons. "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." God the Father is the Supreme Lord, — "above all." The Son, "by whom all things were made," is referred to in the words that follow, "through all"; and the indwelling Spirit, in the concluding words, "in us all." This interpretation of the passage by early Fathers is adopted even by some non-Catholic commentators. Dean Alford says: "I can not but recognize in these three carefully chosen expressions a distinct allusion to the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity." It may be noted that the doxology comprised in the concluding words of this Epistle is not found in St. Paul, but has been added by the Church as a fitting finale to the Apostle's glowing words.

The Gradual is as follows: "Blessed is the nation that hath the Lord for its God, the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance. By the word of the Lord were the heavens established, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." The words celebrate the happiness of Christians in their faithful service of God; for by the power and love which have made their souls His inheritance, they have become a little heaven upon earth, wherein the Almighty has set up His abode.

The Alleluia verse is a cry of humility, at the thought of God's overwhelming goodness in thus blessing His people. "O Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto Thee," says the devout soul. "May I never," in other words, "become so unworthy of Thy bounty as to cause Thee to close Thine ears to my petition for continual supplies of Thy saving grace."

The Gospel is that in which Our Lord declares that love fulfils the law. "On these two commandments" [of the love of God and of our neighbor] "dependeth the whole law and the prophets." In the remainder of this Gospel we may discern a lesson similar to that taught by the

Collect. The devil is always on the watch to overcome the followers of Christ, as he was to bring about the destruction of Our Lord Himself. He had been overthrown in his encounter with Christ in the temptation in the desert; yet we see him ever stirring up enmity in the hearts of the Scribes and Pharisees, that they may carry out his designs against the Holy One whom he hates. But Jesus Christ is always victorious; and so will His followers be, if they put their trust in His help.

There is an apparent difficulty about the reason of the choice of the particular Offertory verse assigned to this Sunday. At first sight it has no connection with the liturgy, or with any part of it. It runs thus: "I Daniel prayed unto my God, saying: Graciously hear, O Lord, the prayers of Thy servant. Show Thy face upon Thy sanctuary, and mercifully look upon this people, upon which is invoked Thy name, O God!" This anthem originally formed a portion of a responsory comprising two other verses, which are no longer in use. They are as follows "Whilst I was speaking and praying and confessing my sins, and the sins of my people Israel" (then was interpolated, "Upon which is invoked Thy name, O God!"), "I heard a voice saying unto me: Daniel! understand the words that I speak unto thee; for I am sent unto thee; for Michael likewise cometh to help me." (Then was repeated: "And mercifully look upon this people...") The mention of the Archangel gives the clue to the difficulty. In the ancient antiphonaries this Sunday was the beginning of the "week of the Archangel," whose festival, on the 29th of September, would usually fall about this time in ordinary years. The Offertory verse was, therefore, an announcement of the approaching solemnity of St. Michael.

The Communion verse reminds Christians that the God who humbles Himself to become their food is, nevertheless, the Most High, who subdues the pride of



princes and punishes those who are faithless to Him. It is an exhortation to continue firm in His service, which is a service of love rather than fear. "Vow ye, and pay to the Lord your God; bring presents, all ye that are round about Him. Unto Him that is terrible, even unto Him who taketh away the spirit of princes; unto Him that is terrible unto the kings of the earth."

### The Little Wooden Pyx.\*

IN the Life of the Countess de Vavas seur, a holy French woman, a singular incident is told illustrating the efforts that had to be made to conceal the Blessed Sacrament in the time of the French Revolution.

A priest, the Abbé Lalanne des Camps, having been pursued by the minions of the Government, was forced to hide in a dry well. Here he was tended by a poor woman named Ursula Montauzé. This woman was in the habit of making altar breads, and buying from her own earnings altar wine for the hunted priests to say Mass. She took the greatest care to escape suspicion in her visits to the Abbé Lalanne hidden in the well. But he was soon discovered, and carried off to the neighboring prison, where a large number of priests were confined.

For himself he cared naught, but he was greatly troubled for a little wooden box that he carried on his person. Ursula Montauzé was nursing a sick child of one of the leading Republicans in the place, and was therefore looked upon as a trusty adherent to the "powers that be." She was consequently permitted to go where she would, and had the *entrée* of the prison at any hour of the day. She went regularly to see the priests, carrying them bread or some nourishment hidden in her dress. One day the Abbé Lalanne said to her:

"I am not now going to speak to you of the bread that perisheth: I desire to

speak to you of the Bread that leadeth to life everlasting. Do you see this little box? It contains the Blessed Sacrament. There are several consecrated Particles in it, and I want you to take charge of it."

"Me, Monsieur l'Abbé? Oh, no, no!" she answered, giving such good reasons why it could not be safe in her house that he was forced to listen to her, on one condition—that she would find some one in whose custody the box would be safe.

Away she ran, and brought a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, Jeannette Dublanc. On arriving at the prison, Ursula said to the priest:

"Jeannette wishes to speak to you, Monsieur l'Abbé. She wishes to confess."

"You desire confession, my child?"

"Yes, Father, if possible; but where is the confessional?"

"There is none here," said the priest. "But come! We will walk about and talk, just as if we had something ordinary to speak of. And as we go along you can make your confession."

They did so; and as soon as the confession was over, the Abbé Lalanne made the same proposal to her that he had made to Ursula Montauzé. But Jeannette had the same reverential objection that Ursula had:

"Oh, I can not, *mon Père!* Oh, I can not! It is only the ordained ministers of God that may carry the Blessed Sacrament."

"Very well. But will you permit the adorable mysteries to fall into the hands of those who will desecrate them? I can not leave here: the prison walls and the prison bars shut me in. The jailers will find the Sacred Hosts with me, and, instead of honoring and adoring, they will defile and outrage them."

"O God, *mon Père!* What can I do?"

"Listen, child. In the early ages of the Church, when the persecutions were daily trying the faith of the brave Christians, the faithful, at the order of the Church, took the Blessed Sacrament to their homes, and from time to time admin-

\* FOR THE AVE MARIA, from a French account, by R. O'K.

istered Holy Communion to themselves, to strengthen their faith and give them heavenly courage and consolation against death. Now, Ursula has said that our Eucharistic Lord will be safe in your keeping; and I do not *ask* but I *command* you to take charge of this little wooden pyx. There is a third woman, named Maria. Ursula, Maria, and you will receive Holy Communion every Sunday; and you will administer It to one another."

Accordingly Jeannette, with the utmost reverence, received the pyx. She would have cast herself on her knees, but the priest forbade her; adding this further injunction—that when the Sacred Particles in the pyx were exhausted, she should ask for more from any priest she knew; and, giving his name as guarantee, he dismissed her.

Every Sunday the three good women gathered in some secret place. There, having laid the pyx on a little table that served for altar, they knelt down and read from their Missals the Ordinary of the Mass. When the time of Holy Communion came Jeannette stood up, and, as she was directed, administered the Blessed Sacrament to her companions, reciting the formula of the Church—*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi*—while doing so. When the Sacred Particles in the pyx were exhausted, Jeannette went to two priests successively, mentioned the Abbé Lalanne's name, and from both received the Adorable Sacrament.

It is not said how long this continued, neither is it told what became of Jeannette or Marie. The Abbé Lalanne suffered a martyr's death with his heroic companions, but Ursula lived to a great old age. As grand-aunt, she nursed a little boy on her knees, and told him stories of the dreadful Reign of Terror. It was a very humble home where the stories were told; it was in the ears of a poor boy that they sounded; but they took root in the child's heart. The grand-aunt had the happiness to see him study for the

priesthood. His days were spent in gathering boys for the Church. "Give us priests for God's work! Give us priests for God's work!" was his cry. He himself taught them, then he sent them to college; he got money to build colleges; he was appointed head of one of these institutes. A most painstaking and zealous priest, and a successful administrator, was the Abbé Montauzé, grand-nephew of poor Ursula who hid and fed the hunted priests during the Revolution.

The Abbé's vocation was, mayhap, a blessing from the little wooden pyx. The pyx remained long among the families of Marie, Ursula, and Jeannette. Then it fell into the hands of the Abbé Montauzé; and finally became the property of the Countess de Vavasseur's family, where it still remains—a priceless heirloom of the past.

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### Preaching the Gospel.

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THE department captioned "The Catholic Pulpit" in the London *Universe* presents, during the course of a year, a number of thoughtful, purposeful and effective discourses. These are not what might be termed closet sermons, neither are they merely the materials of preaching; they are sermons which have actually been delivered, usually within the week preceding, by some well-known preacher, in a church whose name is given in a footnote. Thus they have an interest and a power which always attend *actualité* in the preaching of the Divine Word.

Of all the discourses which have made up the department during the present year, none has been more interesting or more striking than the latest to appear, "Christianity in the Crude," by Bishop Keating, preached on Sunday, August 10, at St. Dominic's Church, London. This sermon is on preaching itself. Having introduced his subject by explaining the origin and purpose of the Order of Preachers, the learned Bishop analyzes the status of present-day preaching, and



comes to the conclusion that nothing, in the Church or out of it, can ever take the place of oral preaching of the Word. He asks:

Was there ever a time when preaching was more necessary than it is to-day? Was there ever a time when supernatural things needed not only announcing to the world, but forcibly obtruding upon the world; when supernatural religion needed to be put not only before the eyes of the people, but, so to say, rammed down their throats? Your moral efficiency depends upon your power to hold your heads above the waters of materialism that are threatening to submerge you. Your whole life—now more than ever, I suppose—is steeped in material things. Your work, your play, the literature you read, the company you keep, the principles you hear constantly preached, and the standards of value you are bound, more or less, to accept,—they are all of the earth, earthy. It is not your fault: it is your lot. You can no more help this moral atmosphere which almost asphyxiates you than you can help the atmosphere of this great city.

But, thanks be to God, Sunday comes round every week; and Sunday is a change for every man of good-will. Sunday is, or should be, an object of thanksgiving to God,—a release from the daily routine. It has peace and quietness, and the chance of meeting your own families, and of spending the hours with them, and most of all your Communion. But amongst all the blessings that Sunday brings, it seems to me that the greatest of blessings, if you appreciate it, is to have your spiritual thinking done for you by some one whose vocation ought to keep him unspotted from the world. You have books, I know; but how many people read spiritual books? How many educated people read spiritual books? How many professional men? If a very few of them read spiritual books to any great extent, what are we to say of the multitudes of the laboring poor,—those poor souls who must not be robbed of the things of eternity because they are so scantily supplied with the things of this world? Books can never take the place of preaching. Our necessities are such that the spoken word alone is capable of supplying those needs.

Reflecting on the need of preaching, and also upon its admitted general ineffectiveness in the world at large, Bishop Keating declares the cause of the latter to be that preachers neglect the fundamental things of the Gospel and devote themselves to finespun discussions

of inessentials, whether of belief or of conduct; whereas "in every man and woman the supreme problem is sin and its forgiveness." Consequently, "the Gospel in the crude," as his Lordship phrases it, is the preacher's cue as answering to these vital needs:

If history teaches anything, it teaches this: that the only remedy for the guilty conscience of man is the Gospel, not as it has been improved upon by modern learning, but the Gospel in the crude,—the miraculous Gospel, with its miracles, its miraculous healings, and so forth. It is the Gospel in the crude, the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that alone, which is capable of administering medicine to the sick soul. I appeal to history. It is not a matter for argumentation. It was the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the crude that the Apostles preached in the beginning, and it was that that converted the world then. It was the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the crude that was preached to our heathen forefathers and made them bow their knees to Christianity. It was the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the crude that was preached by St. Dominic and St. Francis, with their friars, that won the world to repentance. It was the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the crude that was ordered by the Council of Trent to be preached in the sixteenth century. It is the Gospel in the crude that is able to make a giant of the simplest preacher, provided he be sincere.

A word for the listener concludes this fresh and highly profitable discourse:

The obvious lesson of these considerations is that you should regard preaching as a sacramental thing—which it is. It is the outward sign of the inward grace, if the outward sign is properly placed. The sign may be applied by the silvery or the stammering tongue, but if it is God's word it will be effective. If the outward sign be the word of man, though it be placed by one who speaks like an angel it will be barren and fruitless, as it deserves to be. Listen for your Master, Christ. It is for His voice you must be straining all the time; His voice you must be hungering for.

Missioners and preachers of retreats would do well to ponder this grave sermon. Perhaps it might lead them to so practical a result as the giving of a conference, at the very opening of the retreat or mission, on how to hear a sermon. The central idea of this would be in the Baptist's phrasing, that "He must increase, but I must decrease."

## Notes and Remarks.

The fifty-eighth National Convention of the Central Verein, held recently at Buffalo, was notable for its enunciation of specific suggestions in harmony with its admirable principles. In one of its timely resolutions on a matter of predominant interest at the present day, the Central Verein proclaims its unqualified endorsement of the right of organization of working men and working women, and regrets that this right is so frequently denied. On the other hand, the drafters of the resolution are not blind to the danger of abuse which is concomitant with the right of organization, and raise their voice in warning against this abuse. They recognize the Trade Unions as the sole existing organizations through which workers can safeguard and advance the interests of their class and craft; they endorse the just and proper efforts of the Trade Unions, and recognize the right of the Catholic worker to labor in and with his Union for better conditions. But they likewise insist on the duty of combating Socialistic and other dire influences in the Unions, lest the radical elements gain control and make it impossible for practical Catholics to retain their membership.

More and more insistently the Catholic worker must be warned that Socialism, despite the disavowal of some Socialists, is radically antagonistic to the Church,—is her enemy to the death.

Especially timely reading for Catholic parents at the close of vacation is the following excerpt from a recent pastoral letter by Archbishop Ireland:

The whole atmosphere of a schoolroom from which God and His Christ are forcibly expelled makes for secularism and materialism. The lesson is taught in the very air, in the studied absence of the spiritual and supernatural, that the physical world is solely worth the seeking; that success in gathering up pelf and pleasure is the one goal to be coveted; that to look beyond is to waste time and labor upon the

unreal and the unnecessary. More unfortunate yet, in the non-Catholic school, too often it is not only the tacit negation of the supernatural: it is, through words and examples of unbelieving master or unbelieving fellow-pupil, the positive, aggressive warfare against dogmas of revealed religion,—against the primary principles of natural religion itself. From such teachings and such examples the Catholic will resolutely guard his children, if he is at all concerned for their faith and in the salvation of their immortal souls. . . . To Catholic parents I repeat: A Catholic education for the Catholic child. Were I to say less, I were betraying the responsibilities of my sacred office: I were the unworthy guardian of the faith of Holy Church.

As the number of Catholic colleges, academies, and parochial schools is continually increasing, and their equipment improving, it is becoming correspondingly difficult for Catholic parents, with a safe conscience, to expose their sons and daughters to the risks they must necessarily run in non-Catholic institutions. The recent horrible revelations of actual conditions in the public high schools of more than one State should give the most heedless Catholic parent pause

Molasses in midwinter is "not in it" for slowness with truth as to the Inquisition. However, truth is mighty, though mighty slow; and before the century ends people who want them will have the facts about that much-maligned tribunal. A week or two ago we had something to tell about the Inquisition in Spain—the number of victims—which must have come as a surprise to many readers. Now we can refer to a work, just edited for the Royal Historical Society of England, which shows that the chief grievance of the prisoners of the Inquisition in the Canaries, of those crimes Protestant historians have had so much to say, was "the delay in dealing with cases." The allegations as to torture are shown to have been exaggerated out of all reason. As to the prisons of the Holy Office, "they were carefully regulated, and their administration was much milder than that of civil jails; the prisoners were well fed,



and allowed a good deal of latitude—so much, indeed, that in most cases they ultimately succeeded in effecting their escape.”

Two replies of the Council of the General Inquisition to appeals of the Inquisition of the Canaries are full of significance. One reads: “Your worship should proceed and act in accordance with justice.” The second, dated 1594, elicited a distinct snub to the local Inquisitor for excess of zeal. Dr. Claudio de la Cuenca is instructed to expedite the cases pending “with all brevity and justice”; and he is not to take proceedings against any masters or mariners, or any foreigners, unless he have received information that they have “offended against the faith within the dominions of the Spanish Crown.”

The recent death at Omdurman, Egypt, of Father Joseph Ohrwalder, recalls a series of tragic events which three decades ago focused the attention of the world on the Soudan. Born at Lana, near Meran, in the Tyrol, in 1856, Father Ohrwalder went to Cairo in 1879, after being trained as a missionary at Verona. In the following year he journeyed up to Khartoum. Thence he went to El Obeid, in Darfur, destined to be the scene shortly afterward of a most appalling military disaster. It was the centre of the original successes of the first Mahdi. This was an impostor, Sheik Mahmoud Ahmed of Dongola, who gave himself out as a prophet of Mahdi, foretold by the prophets of Islam. He succeeded in capturing the Province of Darfur, of which El Obeid was the capital. A force of 11,000 English and Egyptian troops was dispatched to the Soudan under Hicks Pasha; but was annihilated by the tribesmen in the battle of El Obeid on Nov. 3 and 4, 1883. A year or more before this overwhelming disaster, Father Ohrwalder and his brother missionaries and Sisters of the Mission had been made captives by the Mahdi. Their lives were spared,

but they were treated with shocking inhumanity, and continually told that unless they embraced the religion of Islam they would be put to death. Through the untiring efforts of Archbishop Sogaro, at Cairo, Father Ohrwalder, a ten-year prisoner, finally escaped from the power of the Mahdi; but on the reconquest of the Soudan by England in the closing years of the last century, he returned to his mission work at Omdurman. A priest of heroic mould, his detailed story is one of singular and pathetic interest.

In a letter approving the Guild of St. Luke, St. Cosmas, and St. Damian, of the city of Philadelphia, Archbishop Prendergast says: “A body of Catholic physicians, united in the bonds of faith and inspired by the principles of religion, working with zeal, will be a power for the promotion of good amongst us. We bless the work from our heart, and we cherish the hope that manifold benefits will result from this association.” The stated purpose of the Guild is the development of the following aims: (1) upholding the principles of Catholic morality; (2) investigating the relation of medical theory and practice to philosophy and theology; and among its by-laws we find the following: “Members who have not received Holy Communion with the Guild at its quarterly Communion for four consecutive times, may be dropped from the roll of membership upon the unanimous vote of the council.” An excellent association, to which we cordially wish long life.

Montreal is the home of a practice which impresses us as being eminently good, and worthy of general imitation. In public places are to be found baskets to receive gifts of flowers which are sent to the different hospitals. “The humble flowers of the fields, plucked by children,” says the *Casket*, “are being placed in these boxes, side by side with the costly

hothouse flowers bought by the rich. All are welcome." An excellent form of the charity or kindness which produces gratification in the recipient out of all proportion to the cost entailed on the giver.

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According to an American lady, "Professor" Bates, the politest children in the world are the Spanish; and their courtesy manifests itself even in infancy. For instance, while in Spain this lady one day noticed a pretty little child carried in the arms of a young woman, and stopped to admire him. The result, she informs us, was startling.

Not in the least expecting this infant, whose rosy face was bashfully snuggled into his young aunt's neck, to understand, I said to her: "What a fine little fellow!" Whereupon Master Roly-Poly suddenly sat up straight on her arm, ducked his head in my direction and gravely enunciated: "It is a compliment you pay me."

We are further told that, "so natural is politeness to Spanish childhood, so far are the little ones from regarding it as a thing enforced or artificial, that it creeps with no sense of incongruity into their very prayers. The brief bedtime petition of young Spain is quaintly like and unlike the familiar 'Now I lay me' of our own land:

'Jesus, Joseph, Mary,  
Your little servant keep  
While, with your kind permission,  
I lay me down to sleep.'

We advocated recently the study of the Spanish language by Young America. If, while imbibing the language, our boys and girls should incidentally be inoculated with the politeness that characterizes its native users, it would be a valuable acquisition.

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While a Diamond Jubilee, according to the oldtime denotation of the phrase, is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the event celebrated, custom has of late years been applying the name to the sixtieth anniversary. In the case of sacerdotal jubilees, the Golden one, marking fifty years of priesthood, ordinarily finds the

jubilant seventy-four or seventy-five years of age; and the Diamond one would, strictly speaking, be celebrated only by clerics of ninety-nine or a hundred. Priests who attain that great age are as rare as white blackbirds; but occasionally one reads of a nonagenarian ecclesiastic who bids fair to round out his full century. Such a one is the Very Rev. Father Audibert, of the Religious of the Blessed Sacrament. A few months ago, on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of his ordination, he sang High Mass and also preached. Pope Pius X. sent the venerable priest an autograph letter of congratulation, with his Apostolic Benediction, and the faculty to bestow the Papal Benediction on those participating in the jubilee. Father Audibert is ninety-four; he was at one time Superior General of his Congregation; and he knew its founder, the Venerable Father Eymard, even before the latter took up his great life-work.

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It may be useful to repeat here what the Abbot Gasquet had to say to a representative of the *London Tablet*, before embarking for the United States, concerning the purpose and work of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, of which he is the head:

Six years ago it was announced in the press that the Pope had determined to prepare for a critical revision of the Latin Bible. The need for such a revision has been recognized from the time when, in 1592, Pope Clement VIII. published the present authentic edition; and, in this age of critical examination of all texts, it has been frequently made a subject of reproach to the Church that nothing has been done for the official Latin text. In the spring of 1907, therefore, the Holy Father charged the Benedictine Order with the task of making preparations for a full and adequate examination of the Latin text; and, as a first step, to endeavor by a critical study of the existing Latin MSS. to obtain as nearly as possible the version of St. Jerome. . . . He had access to Greek and other manuscripts even then considered ancient, which are no longer known to exist; he could compare dozens of texts for every one we can now examine; and he had



means of testing their value, which we do not possess. So clear is the importance of obtaining the pure text of St. Jerome that it is considered by the most competent authorities that the text would probably be found to afford a better basis for the true text of the Greek Septuagint Version than any Greek MS. now extant. To recover this text is the scope of the present Commission. . . .

From the first it was obvious that the work would be both long and costly. The Holy Father desired that the best methods should be employed, regardless of expense. He made himself from the first responsible for all necessary expenses; but he trusted that the Catholic world would soon recognize the importance of this project for religion, and would support it by their contributions. In this expectation the Pope has not been disappointed, and up to the present there has been forthcoming sufficient means to carry on the work. Now, however, a new need has arisen which obliges me to make a wider appeal to the Catholic world.

So far we have been most occupied with the collection of material, and with the collation of the existing MSS. with the present Latin text. To facilitate this, at the outset it became necessary to print an edition of this text, with a large margin for the purpose of noting the various variants. In fact, the print occupied only one-third part of the paper. This entailed great expense; but its use, and indeed necessity, has been obvious from the first to all who are occupied in the work.

The collations made upon these sheets are returned to Rome when finished, and are bound into volumes. Already this collection forms a large library, which is daily increasing on the shelves of our Commission room. But beyond this it was determined that it was imperative, in order to secure perfect accuracy, to have photographic copies made of practically all the ancient texts used in the revision. This also entailed a great expenditure of money; but it may be said that experience has shown it absolutely necessary to have these photographs to appeal to in any question as to the correctness of any collation. Over three hundred volumes of mounted and bound photographs are now available for the use of the workers at the revision.

From the first it was obvious that our temporary quarters in the Benedictine College of St. Anselm's on the Aventine would prove to be inadequate for the work. On the need being pointed out to the Holy Father, he suggested as the quarters of the Commission a portion of the monastery of St. Callisto, which has been so far used by the community of St. Paul-

without-the-Walls for a summer residence. Arrangements have now been made to carry out the Pope's wish, and the place has been taken for the Commission. The setting up of the house will entail great expense; but, by the generosity of a benefactor, the rent has been provided for ten years, and the repairs and alterations provided for. What is now necessary is, if possible, to secure a sum which will give the needed support. . . . I have no doubt that the people of America will generously respond to my appeal, which is being made with the special blessing and authority of the Holy Father.

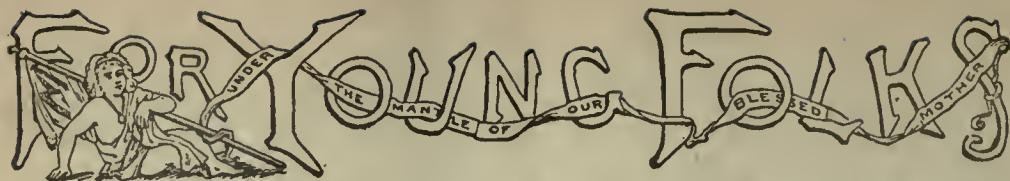
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¶The *Glasgow Observer* is authority for the statement that, during the past few weeks, the workmen engaged in connection with the operations at the old Church of St. John the Baptist, Ayr, Scotland, have made a number of interesting new discoveries regarding that venerable structure, which a few months ago was purchased by the Marquess of Bute. Father O'Malley, of Ayr, states that the church in question is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth century; but it is believed that possibly there was an earlier foundation, and that the church was built on the site of a Columban cell or chapel. Only the great west tower,—about 26 ft. square, and to the wall head 66 ft. in height—remains. It contains five stories, the lower being vaulted, and the walls vary in thickness from 4 ft. 5 in. to 6 ft. 10 in.

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The *Catholic Standard and Times* quotes the *Evening Wisconsin* as saying: "Americans of all persuasions who are in touch with the spirit of the age recognize the menace of immorality and the need of uplifting ideals, and salute the Catholic Church as an inestimably powerful influence among the forces that preserve social order and protect and advance civilization."

If this be the conviction and sentiment of Americans of all persuasions, we have only to say that by far the vast majority of Americans of all persuasions have a way of keeping their conviction and sentiment to themselves,



## Morning Star.

BY R. V. R.

**E**ARTH'S longest, darkest night o'er every nation

Was brooding dense,  
Yet happily, with thrills of expectation  
And hope intense,  
When sudden, silent, the still night adorning,  
A lovely Star  
Upon the faint, low rim of coming morning  
Trembled afar.

Men had no eyes to read its heavenly meaning—  
With sight sin-dimmed,—  
But angels, from the heights celestial leaning,  
Its glories hymned  
In sweeter tones than when the first creation  
Unto their gaze  
Revealed God's work, and they in exultation  
Made songs of praise.

For God had sent that Star, His sign and token,  
In darkest night,  
To fade from heaven never—pledge unspoken,  
Of coming light;  
Not the pale light of Time's uncertain morning,  
Which drops away—  
This Morning Star is set for the adorning  
Of endless day!

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XI.—WHAT THE CHILDREN OVERHEARD.

**J**AMES FORRESTER having made up his mind to demand an explanation of Selma, it chanced that what passed between the two was overheard in quite an involuntary manner by Fred and Alice. They were very busy in the drawing-room,—Alice tidying the drawers of the china cupboard, and Fred fitting in an extra shelf which he had made at his mother's request. Each was silently

absorbed in the work undertaken, when Selma came to hang up her broom and dustpan in the hall cupboard. But, being suddenly accosted by James Forrester, she neglected to close the door, while it chanced that the sliding panel of the china cupboard was also partially open. The astonished children at first attempted to make their presence known; but those two without were too much engrossed to notice such effort, and Fred and Alice were presently reduced to silent consternation.

In the first place, they heard Uncle Jim address the woman by another name than that by which she was known in the house, calling her Christina.

"What are you doing here, Christina?" he demanded. "How dare you come to this house?"

To which Selma replied, with defiance in her tone:

"Why should I come not here to earn my wages?"

The man laughed scornfully.

"Wages, indeed! You know well why you should not have come here, and why you were dismissed from here before."

"Never have I been dismissed from here," Selma contradicted, but without much disturbance of her imperturbability.

"So you would add lying to your other accomplishments!" exclaimed Uncle Jim, in a voice whose suppressed fury startled the children.

"And the noble gentleman has never lied?" retorted the woman, in a tone of insolent mockery. "I speak the truth."

"I know why you have come!" said Uncle Jim, raising his voice. "It is to carry out the nefarious scheme in which you were foiled before."

"The gentleman is using the English words which I do not know. But though I have not lived here before, I can



make some guesses of the reason that has brought here Mr. Forrester."

"I have come by invitation to the house of my relatives," he declared. "But you—you, after all that has come and gone—"

He paused as if the words were actually choking him, and it was with difficulty he spoke again:

"And I find you at your old tricks; for you it was, and no other, that was in the cockloft the other day; and you, and no other, that has been raising boards from the flooring. And if I do not ask why, it is because I know. You are seeking something which—"

"And because the gentleman might wish also to raise boards from the floor," responded Selma.

"Oh," cried Forrester, "this is intolerable,—altogether intolerable! When you frightened the children the other day, it was the same thing you had done before. You must remember—for it would be impossible for you to forget—that day when Mr. Jerry caught you."

"No, no!" replied the woman. "Neither lie nor any other has caught me."

"He was too kind, too generous," continued Jim, unheeding her denial. "He would not inform upon you. He was a boy then, playing in what he called his house. He was a man when your other crime was made known to him, and he repented his forbearance."

To this speech the woman made no answer save a low crooning, as though she were reciting a litany; and Jim, thus encouraged, proceeded:

"You know all that followed. You were taken ill of a fever,—or so they said. You were removed to the hospital, where I was sent to try to secure from you a confession of your crime. That confession was but half made. The nurse and doctor intervened, and forbade you to exhaust yourself any further that day. When I returned the next day, we were told that you were dead."

"But never have I been dead," the

woman protested, with grim humor; "though it is a ghost you have believed me to be one time."

"And as you did not die then," said the other, ignoring her taunt, "I will force you to complete that confession."

"No confession have I made, no crime have I committed," replied the woman, vehemently. "But though I have not been in this house before, I know one black heart that has been here and has come back once again."

There was an angry exclamation, and a movement as though Uncle Jim would have struck her, and then a hoarse whisper:

"There is the door bell! Some one is coming now. But I will watch you, and you shall not escape. You have come back here to complete your work, but I tell you you shall never accomplish it."

The woman laughed low and scornfully, and moved off to open the door; while the children, horror-stricken, cowered together, fearing that Uncle Jim might come in and discover them. It was with relief that they heard his soft, stealthy step mounting the stairs, and next the sound of their mother's voice in conversation with the housemaid. They were afraid that the former might call, or put her head in the drawing-room door, and so reveal their presence to Selma. But when she, too, had passed up to her room, and Selma had gone down to the kitchen, they slipped out into the yard. There they were busy tying up the branch of a rose tree that had fallen down, when, a few minutes later, Selma came out with a plate of cookies from Mary Doyle.

"I knew I would find you here," the woman said; "though Mary is certain that you are in the house."

It seemed to Alice that Selma cast a scrutinizing glance at them out of her pale eyes. But that might have been merely the result of a guilty conscience. For the pair were disposed to feel as if they had been conspirators; whereas in reality they had only become, through

no fault of their own, the possessors of a most uncomfortable secret.

At tea that evening Uncle Jim, fixing his deep-set eyes, first upon one, then upon the other, asked what they had been doing all the afternoon. As the children hesitated to reply, Mrs. Seymour said quietly:

"Why, Alice has been busy tidying the drawers of the china cupboard, and Fred has been putting up a new shelf."

"Ah!" said Uncle Jim; and the children fancied that there was a change of countenance, and also a gleam of suspicion in the look he cast at them. "About what time was that?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Mrs. Seymour answered, looking at the inquirer in some surprise. "I told them any time before dark would do. But I think they were still at it when I came in."

Alice afterward confessed to her brother that she felt herself turning every color. But Fred met his uncle's gaze with perfect composure, and declared:

"We were doing no harm. We couldn't help hearing, and it was all his own work."

James Forrester certainly felt uneasy. But he was far too wary to excite suspicion by asking further questions. He argued to himself that, if the children had heard anything, they might not have understood its purport; whereas, if they had not heard, any allusions to the subject might excite their wonder, possibly their suspicion; and, in any case, there was no possible explanation that he was prepared to give.

Fred and Alice, repairing later to their favorite council chamber under the trumpet vine, consulted together as to whether or not they should tell their parents what they had heard. They had an instinctive dislike to the rôle of eavesdropper into which they had been forced; and talebearing had begun, since their nursery days, an odious fault. So they could not feel certain whether they were justified in withholding from their parents

this information, which it might be right and even necessary for them to know. For, although that conversation was not meant for their ears, why should Uncle Jim have secrets in common with this strange woman, whom he had accused of coming into the house for some sinister purpose?

"I think we shall have to tell," decided Alice, picking absently at a cluster of the scarlet flowers that were falling around her and framing her sensitive little face as in a picture.

"I suppose so," said Fred, drawing a deep breath; "for of course we can't tell what mischief Selma may be up to. And as for Uncle Jim—"

He stopped abruptly, remembering the resolution he and Alice had taken of avoiding the sin of detraction.

Alice confessed that she felt a shuddering fear of Selma, whom she had heard charged with a crime, but who went about sweeping and dusting just as if nothing had occurred. Even the suggestion that Uncle Jim had thrown out about supposing her to be dead seemed weird and uncanny. To the mind of a child that had been brought up in an atmosphere free from all suggestions of evil, there was something so terrible in the idea of a criminal that it almost seemed as if such a one should be set apart from his fellows and branded with a special mark.

And there was Uncle Jim, who had known this criminal, and been associated with her, at least in the knowledge of some mysterious crime, and whom she, in her turn, had called a black heart! Even those things which they had before disliked in the man, now took on a more sinister significance. The black beard appeared portentous. Alice suggested that they should make a special intention in their prayers that night, and wait until the next day before they troubled their parents.

It almost seemed as if Uncle Jim had feared some communication on their part, so sedulously did he hang about Mr. and



Mrs. Seymour, as if to prevent the chance of private conversation. He smoked a pipe at the invitation of the former, though tobacco was abhorrent to him,—a thing which, as he explained, he had been obliged to give up. Also he became extremely conversational with Mrs. Seymour, running on from one subject to another, and interlarding his discourse with anecdotes relating to the Spencer family, which was one of his favorite topics; while the children listened with a new interest, wondering in what way Selma had entered into those lives.

Next morning, 'as Mr. Seymour was about starting for the office, he met Fred in the hall and cried out to him:

"Well, my boy, what a tragic face you are wearing! Fit for treason, spoils, and stratagem. You look like an arch-conspirator."

Fred flushed crimson, and forced a laugh which did not sound natural as he fixed solemn eyes upon his father.

"Is it a monetary question?" said the latter, feeling in his pocket.

Fred disclaimed any pressing financial needs; and his father—casting a sharp glance at him, and discovering in a corner of his pocket a twenty-five cent piece, which he laughingly bestowed upon the boy—pursued his way.

With an entirely new and singular feeling, Fred watched his father pass out through that white door, with its silver handle, which, as it had seemed to the children on the day of their arrival, might conceal many mysteries. Now they knew that it did, indeed, conceal secrets of which they had never dreamed. Fred heartily wished that the disagreeable revelation he and Alice had to make were over, and almost regretted now that they had not blurted out the whole story at once. And it chanced that circumstances arose, in one way or another, to prevent them that day, and for many days to come, from acquainting their parents with what they had overheard.

(To be continued.)

### The "Little Flower of Jesus" and the Pony.

Among innumerable favors obtained through the intercession of Sister Thérèse of Lisieux, better known as the "Little Flower of Jesus," a saintly Sister of the Order of Mount Carmel, who died on September 30, 1897, is one that will have a special interest for our young readers. It is recounted by a member of one of England's best-known Catholic families, all the children of which, we are told, are devoted clients of the Little Flower, and pray daily that she may soon be enrolled among the Saints. Before she died she promised that as soon as she got to heaven she would do all the good she could upon earth,—*"shower down roses."* The Life that has been written of her—we wish there were one for young folk—shows how faithfully she has kept her promise. Answers to prayers addressed to her began immediately after her death, proving that she must have gone straight to heaven, as all who knew her were sure she would. Now for the story, the reading of which should procure many new clients for the Little Flower, though none of them may have a pony to be cured.

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We have a little New Forest pony, and during June, 1911, he had a violent attack of double pneumonia. The groom and the veterinary surgeon stayed up with him one whole night. In the morning he was no better. About midday the groom came, and called me to go and see the poor little animal. He was trembling and quivering all over, and groaning with pain as he struggled for breath. His poor little head was hanging quite down between his fore feet. When I called him he could not lift his head, but he turned it a little and gazed up at me out of his piteous and terror-stricken eyes. I have never seen anything quite so hopeless.

The groom told me that if his legs gave way and he lay down he would surely

die. He had neither eaten nor drunk for about twenty-four hours. I sent the groom to bring back the veterinary surgeon, and ask the latter to fetch some broad strong straps that we might put them under the pony and so help to support him. I could have cried. But I went out of the stable to where Eleanor and Elizabeth were standing in silence and grief and said to them: "The pony is dying, I fear. Pray quickly to the Little Flower." I recited some "Hail Marys," and then went in again to the little creature. "Never mind, dear old fellow!" I said. "You are not dead yet." I had literally to lift his head up and support his neck on my shoulder. I shall never forget the look of love that he gave me.

I kept saying "Hail Marys" to the Little Flower, and I made the Sign of the Cross on his face three times in the name of the Blessed Trinity. He lifted up his neck from my shoulder, and walked two or three steps and held up his head, completely changed. I called to Eleanor to run and get a bit of sugar, to see if I could tempt him to eat it. There was a pail of water for him in the corner, and some ground barley in his box. Before Eleanor got back with the sugar he had walked over to his pail and taken a long drink, and then walked back to his box and began to eat his food. This is the exact truth. He was eating and drinking in less than five minutes from the moment that I entered the stable, and in less than one since I prayed to the Little Flower.

When the veterinary surgeon and the groom returned with the big leathern belts, they could not believe the evidence of their own eyes. While coming back they had been discussing what my judgment would be as to putting the poor little creature out of his misery—so hopeless was the case, and so sure were they that he was going to die. He is alive to-day, merry and beloved; but he can not do any carriage work. He can only run about the lanes with the children riding on him.

### Chinese Justice.

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There was a trial recently in a village near Pekin, China. Four merchants had combined to purchase some bales of cotton; and, as they feared that the rats would damage their goods, they invested also in a cat, deciding that each of the four would be specific owner and proprietor of one of the cat's legs. Shortly afterward the cat hurt one of her paws, and the owner of that particular leg bound it up with a bandage dipped in oil. Then puss went too near the fire: the bandage caught and burst into flame; and, in the cat's frantic attempts to escape, she set fire to the cotton bales, and all were reduced to ashes. The owners of the three sound legs of the cat sued the proprietor of the wounded leg for damages, and evidently thought they had a clear case. They were disillusioned when the presiding judge gravely rendered this decision: "As the wounded leg could not act, the fire was communicated to the cotton by the three uninjured legs that carried the animal toward the bales. Accordingly, the owners of those three legs are responsible, and they must pay damages and costs."

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### Poplar Trees.

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The traveller through certain parts of Canada often notices twin Lombardy poplar trees, one standing on either side of the front door of dwellings. In ancient days of Indian warfare, the French settlers were accustomed to plant these tall trees in this manner, in order that they might guide the white man to a friendly shelter when he was lost or pursued by the savage foe, as often happened. The custom has survived, although the necessity for it has long since vanished. The French love the tall poplar tree; and it seems to thrive in localities in Canada, although it does not take kindly to the climate of the United States.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The whole of Verdi's correspondence, from 1840 to 1900, is announced for publication next year.

—Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have just issued a new illustrated edition, with a great deal of fresh material, of Mr. John Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

—"Merrille Dawes" is the title of a new novel by Frank H. Spearman, soon to be published by the Scribners. It is not too much to say that a new book by the author of "Robert Kimberly" is an event.

—The statement that the author of "Eating for Health," the aim of which is to show how to live to a green old age by means of suitable diet, died at the age of fifty-eight, is hardly a good advertisement for the new edition of the book.

—Nos. 9 and 10 of the Iona Series are "Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman," by Joseph E. Canavan, S. J.; and "The Sorrow of Cycadood," by Mrs. Thomas Concannon. The biography, though condensed to the content of one hundred and forty not very large pages, is eminently worth while; and the story, a historical narrative of Irish church men and women in the Reformation period makes excellent reading.

—The *Athenæum* announces that the Rev. P. Power, of Waterford, Ireland, has almost completed his edition of the "Life of St. Declan," which is being prepared from an O'Clery manuscript preserved in Brussels. "Irish scholars will welcome the announcement that this volume is to contain a photograph of a page of the handwriting of O'Clery, one of the most legible and perfect of Irish scribes; together with a map identifying many places in the Decies country; besides important notes on the topography, saints' Lives, and ecclesiastical conditions of that early (possibly pre-Patrician) time."

—In a slender cardboard-bound volume of two-score pages we have the first instalment of the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. (Longmans, Green & Co.) Its title runs: "The New Testament. Vol. III. St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches. Part I. The Epistles to the Thessalonians." By the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S. J. Of the contents, we have six pages of a general preface, nine of Introduction, sixteen of the Epistles proper, and five of an appendix. So far as the general reader is concerned, the principal change from the ordinary versions of

the Catholic Bible is the division into modern paragraphs instead of separate verses. The style, however, has not been modernized. The editors (Fathers Lattey and Keating) feel that "it is possible to be thoroughly intelligible and yet preserve the dignity that goes with archaic, though not obsolete, phraseology." In the present volume the possibility has become a reality. On the whole, while Biblical critics will find matter for modified praise if not positive censure in this first instalment, the great mass of English Catholics will probably welcome the work as the excellent beginning of a "readable Bible."

—There has recently come to light the text of a very old French book, dating back six hundred and eleven years—to 1302. In those days the Parisian booksellers were under the jurisdiction of the University, and here is the oath they were obliged to take every two years: "I swear faithfully to receive and preserve, to expose for sale and to sell, all the books confided to my charge. I swear that I will not suppress or hide them, but will expose them at the proper time for sale. I swear that, if I am consulted as to their price, I will in good faith, salary being considered, name such a figure as at need I would accept for myself."

—Few sociological works that have come to our table of late months have called for such concentrated attention—or are so well worth it—as "Social Renewal," by George Sandeman (London: William Heinemann). A volume of only one hundred and fifty pages, it presents on every one of those pages considerations that may well provoke thoughts, suggest reflections, and start a train of co-ordinated arguments lengthy enough to cover a dozen or a score of pages. The author condemns what he styles the collective or individualistic theory of human society, that which regards society as merely a collection of individuals, as erroneous, "just as it would be erroneous to define a tower as a multitude of stones"; and accepts the *realist* theory of society, which "regards human society as in itself a real thing, and not merely as the sum of its constituent individuals." Lest this statement should mislead the casual reader, however, let it be added that Mr. Sandeman holds that "social welfare can not be a true end of endeavor, because human society is itself not an end, but is a means to the fulfillment of personal life. . . . This social problem, then, can not be understood unless we go down to the primary realities and perceive that the

ultimate end of human society is the divine praise." The social renewal believed by him to be not only possible but probable, will come through each person's living a life which, though the author does not so phrase it, is virtually a constant fulfilment of the two great Commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself."

—To such of our readers as may contemplate buying or reading Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) we say, "Don't." The book is not only unwholesome but un-novel. It is an insufferably long-drawn-out variant of the stereotyped unhappy-marriage story, the supremacy of unhallowed love over laws human and divine, the cruelty of the Church's opposition to divorce, etc., etc. Moreover, the novel is wanting in the one quality that might conceivably justify its publication—verisimilitude. The author probably imagines that in his treatment of his Catholic characters—episcopal, sacerdotal, religious, and lay—he "holds the mirror up to nature"; but, if so, he is egregiously mistaken. To mention only one minor instance that may serve as a measure for many major falsities: who ever heard of a Catholic woman's speaking of receiving Holy Communion as "taking the wafer"? To buy the book would be a waste of money; to read it, a waste of time.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part I. 45 cts.
- "Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman." Joseph E. Canavan, S. J. 35 cts.
- "The Sorrow of Cycadoon." Mrs. Thomas Concannon. 35 cts.
- "Minor Orders." Rev. Louis Bacuez, S. S. \$1.25.
- "Peronne Marie." \$1.25.
- "Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." New Vol. \$1.25.
- "The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet." Minnie Sawyer. 90 cts., net.

- "Eucharistic Lilies." Helen Maery. \$1.
- "Flowers of the Cloister." Sister Mary Wilfrid La Motte. \$1.25.
- "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Vol. III. Rev. Edward Jones. \$1.35.
- "The Consolations of Purgatory." Fr. Faure, S. M. 90 cts.
- "Gone Before." 90 cts.
- "Some Irish Stories." Alice Dease. 50 cts.
- "Tolerance." Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Luther." Hartman Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation. Vol. I. \$3.25.
- "Poems." Alice Meynell. \$1.25.
- "St. Francis de Sales and His Friends." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1.35.
- "Our Reasonable Service." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. \$1.10.
- "The Meditations of a Martyr." 50 cts.
- "Trilogy to the Sacred Heart." Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cts.
- "Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord." Abbé de Brandt. 3 vols. \$6.50.
- "Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.75.
- "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine." 60 cts.
- "The Oregon Catholic Hymnal." F. W. Goodrich. 80 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Firek, of the diocese of Sioux Falls; and Rev. Patrick Gildea, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Rose, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Josepha, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. A. W. Borg, Mr. Samuel Rochester, Mr. Hubert Murray, Miss Eva Nurre, Mr. Timothy Sheehan, Mr. Albert Kargus, Mr. Frederick Nugent, Miss Winifred Leunon, Mr. James Bohlen, Mr. J. C. Weidinger, Mr. John P. O'Leary, Mrs. Clarissa Brazee, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, and Mr. James Duross.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee,"*

For the cyclone and famine sufferers in China: K. W., \$5; C. S., \$1.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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### The Greater Harvest.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

**A**CROSS the fields where Summer's glory wanes,  
And move with ghostly steps autumnal rains,  
Where scythes sang low of death and mystery,  
The low winds call the vanished tenderly.

Again has time another harvest brought:  
The ancient miracle once more is wrought  
Of Autumn yielding from her great heart's store  
Her wealth o'erflowing bin and threshing floor.

As have the earthly fields, so has the soul  
Its harvest time when reap we joy or dole,  
When seeds sown in the Springtime's promise  
sweet

Fruition have at Summer's slow retreat.

And wise are they who sow with worthy seed  
In Spring of Youth, with truth and noble deed,  
Remembering far down the future years  
A harvest each shall reap of joy or tears.

### Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and its Beginnings in the Philippines.

BY STANISLAUS T. HUGHES, PH. D.



**ONE** of the most striking evidences of true Christianity that a traveller meets with in the Latin countries is their great devotion to the Virgin Mother of God; and we can not help believing that this deep-rooted devotion has aided very considerably in preserving the Faith in its entirety among the Latin races.

In all their great missionary fields over the East, the Spaniards did not forget,

while preaching the worship of the true God, to sow the seed of true devotion to the Mother of God's Incarnate Son. The Philippine Islands fully bear this out. From the last day of March, as far back as 1521, the date of the celebration of the first Holy Sacrifice in the Islands and of the planting of the emblem of Christianity, the Filipino has been a faithful servant of Our Lady.

In the year 1578, the first church erected in the Islands, the Cathedral of Manila, was, by order of Pope Gregory XIII., dedicated to God in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. That excellent example has been followed through all the succeeding generations, till now there are almost two hundred of the best churches in the land of the Filipinos dedicated in honor of the Virgin Mother of God, under one or other of her many glorious titles. And in all the vast extent of the Islands there is not a cathedral, church, private or public chapel, or shack of cane and nipa, without a special altar or statue of *La Nuestra Señora*. Even in the poorest of them, and those most unworthy to be called chapels, where the bare ground is the only floor, and where the sun and wind and rain find entrance through the wretched roof, there is always to be found at least a corner close by the humble altar of the Most High that is well sheltered to receive a little image of the Immaculate Mother.

In the houses of the natives there is invariably to be seen at least one picture or statue of the Blessed Virgin, and her

holy image presides over many a lonely wayside and busy thoroughfare. The pious societies and institutions (which, by the way, are far more numerous than most visitors and even many foreign residents are aware of), whose work is devoted to the relief of one or other of the many infirmities of humanity, are, almost without exception, under the patronage of Our Lady. For these people well know that the good works most acceptable to the Eternal Son are those that are offered to Him through the hands of His exalted Mother.

Rosaries, medals, and scapulars of the Blessed Virgin are worn as favorite ornaments by the women (to their honor be it said); though, unfortunately, for some time this praiseworthy custom has been withdrawing gradually into certain provinces and away from the large towns. But still throughout the length and breadth of the Islands the name of Mary is everywhere in evidence. *Ave Maria Purissima* is engraved or painted over many doors: "*Ave Maria Purissima*," is the salutation which custom declares one must voice when entering a house; while permission to enter comes from within in the words, "*Sin pecado concebida*." "*Ave Maria Purissima*," say the poor, the blind and the lame, when they extend their hands for an alms. "*Ave Maria Purissima*," say all when saluting a priest or bishop. "*Ave Maria Purissima*," are the first words from the Filipino's lips when he kneels in the confessional or when he begins any good work; and in all cases the invariable reply is, "*Sin pecado concebida*."

Of all the images of the Blessed Virgin in the Islands, the most ancient is that of Our Lady of Guidance in the Manila Cathedral. Strange as it may appear at first sight, it is nevertheless true that this statue is anterior to the conquest of Manila by the Spaniards. On May the 19th in the year 1571 — nearly seven years after his departure from Mexico, and four years after his arrival at the more southern

island of Cebu — the famous explorer and conqueror, Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, took possession of Manila for his Catholic Majesty King Philip II. The native King, Soliman, who had proved so treacherous to the Spaniards on the occasion of their first occupation of Manila, in 1570, felt that the wiser policy was to make friends of the white invaders; and the site of the burned city was occupied without bloodshed after promises of pardon had been given.

Some days afterward the soldiers, seeking recreation and diversion from the duties of camp life, wandered freely about the neighborhood of Manila. One of these strollers saw a group of people gathered together in a small palm grove. He approached stealthily and perceived that the natives were worshipping a statue. Drawing nearer, he saw that the statue rested on a rude rustic pedestal surrounded by tall palms; and on closer scrutiny he discovered to his astonishment that the image was that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He knelt like the natives, but how different were his prayers from those of the poor idolaters!

The soldier could not long restrain his joy, and he hastened back to the camp to announce to his comrades the extraordinary results of his reconnoitering. The story soon spread, and in a short time the whole camp was around him anxious to hear from his own lips how he had been attracted to the place, what the natives were doing, and what the statue looked like. After listening to his tale, the soldiers organized a procession and marched to the scene of the discovery. The natives fled before them into the closer bush, but remained near enough to watch and wonder at the honor paid to the image by the powerful white people. They marvelled at the reverential manner in which the hardy warriors bowed before the image, and how they treated it with the greatest respect, but without any sign of fear.

The image was worshipped by the



natives as an *anito*; and of this, as of all other *anitos*, they had a great fear; for their gods held sway by their power to do evil rather than good. The natives believed that, when any one died, his soul entered into some object, and they worshipped before this object as the vessel of the deceased one's soul. They did not, however, worship the object itself, but the soul that they believed to rest therein. And this resting-place of the soul they called an *anito*.

The image was borne back to camp, carried in triumphal procession on the soldiers' shoulders, and put in the most honorable place that could be provided on such short notice. A provisional church was begun immediately, and when completed was dedicated to God in honor of the Immaculate Conception of His Virgin Mother; and in due time the statue took its place in the first church in Manila and the Philippines, which stood on the site of the present Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. A second and a third, and each time a larger temple was erected over the same site, and the image always occupied the place of honor near the altar. And the natives who had once worshipped it as idolaters now came before the statue to offer their prayers to the Mother of their Saviour in heaven.

A lively discussion began regarding the title, or name, under which the statue should be honored; and it is interesting to note how these brave soldiers vied with one another in competing for the honor of proposing the name that would be acceptable to all. After many fruitless attempts to settle the matter, they resorted to the time-honored way of casting lots, which resulted in the selection of the title "*Nuestra Señora di Guía*" (Our Lady of Guidance); and this is the name given to the statue through all the centuries down to our own times.

An article in *El Oriente* of December 17, 1875, gives some interesting details about this church, and tells that, in 1662, it was destroyed by the Spaniards, who

feared it might be used as a point of vantage by the threatening invaders from the island of Formosa under Koxinga, the Chinese tyrant of the island. Later on, in 1666, a magnificent temple was erected and dedicated in honor of Our Lady of Guidance; thither the venerable statue was transported at the head of an enormous procession, and installed, to the unbounded delight of the people. So great was their joy that they celebrated the occasion with religious festivals and popular rejoicings that lasted eight days.

This church was surmounted by a splendid tower, which faced toward the sea. This tower was crowned with a lantern, the sides of which were composed of beautiful translucent shells, and in which a light was always kept burning. The effect of the light on the disc-shaped shells was that they seemed to be a densely-crowded mass of luminous stars. This unique lantern served as a beacon to those who were navigating the dangerous waters of the bay by night, so that in real truth Our Lady's lamp became the *Stella Maris* of the mariner. Ships on entering the bay saluted the emblem of Mary's Guidance to the music of artillery, and she was proclaimed by all the Guide to the Islands.

This magnificent temple was not destined to last more than a century; for in 1771 an earthquake destroyed practically the whole of it. Before beginning to rebuild a suitable home for Our Lady of Guidance, the Spaniards remembered that the church had been used in 1762 by the English as a fort from which to attack the Spanish troops, for it stood without the city limits; and they consequently preferred to deposit the beloved statue of their protectress and guide in a chapel of the cathedral, where it has remained ever since.

Owing to the innumerable favors received through the intercession of Our Lady of Guidance, the fame of the venerable image grew apace, and finally reached the royal court of Spain. The King, in

1758, issued a decree ordering his representatives in Manila to attend in a body at the cathedral on the feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, as a token of gratitude from the kingdom of Spain to its heavenly guide. This pious example has been followed by the less noble but not less fervent and grateful servants of Mary from the district of La Ermita.

There was a hymn of seventeen verses, composed well-nigh a century ago, recounting some of the most signal favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Guidance. These verses are still sung on the feast days of Our Lady, and especially on December 18, the feast of the Expectation of the Birth of Our Lord. On this occasion each year, according to a custom dating from centuries ago, a special commission of the people of Ermita (the place where the statue was discovered by the Spanish soldier on June 24, 1571) lead a band of children robed in spotless white to the shrine of Our Lady of Guidance, and there offer thanks for the favors they have received through her hands in the past year, and beseech the protection of their heavenly Benefactress for the year to come.

The image of Our Lady of Guidance became the most celebrated object of veneration in the Islands. Novenas of Masses were offered at the shrine by outgoing sailors, that they might have a safe voyage. Whenever the ships expected from Spain or Mexico were late in arriving, the statue was borne in procession by the faithful, and their prayers seldom failed to obtain a favorable reply; while those who had been saved from the dangers of the sea always directed their first steps on landing toward the church, to offer their thanks to Our Lady of Guidance for their safe return.

The most interesting question, from a historical point of view, regarding this famous statue of Our Lady of Guidance still remains to be answered: Where

did it come from? The founders of the city of Manila inform us that veneration of this image was very ancient, and they considered the statue as something supernatural, but they affirm that it is impossible to say how or when it got there.

The Europeans in Manila at the time of Legaspi's conquest say that they did not bring the statue thither. (It may be well to remember that the first expedition sent, in 1570, to conquer the great island of Luzon, on which Manila stands, was a failure; but it appears that some of the Europeans remained at Manila when their comrades returned to headquarters at Cebu.) They were not even aware of the presence of the statue in the neighborhood. Certain writers have conjectured that perhaps some ships manned by Catholics sailing in those waters were wrecked in one of the terrible storms so frequent there, and that the statue drifted ashore.

Father Lorenzo Lopez, O. M., sees in this image an evident proof of the contention that the Gospel was preached in the Philippines before the Spaniards, under Magellan, discovered the Islands in the year 1521. Magellan's party did not bring the image, because they never touched on the island of Luzon; and, in addition, scarcely was Magellan dead, (April 26, 1521) when the expedition raised anchor and set out for Spain, after only a month's sojourn among the southern islands of the archipelago.

Some suggest that perhaps the Portuguese were the bearers of the statue of Our Lady of Guidance. But there is no evidence to prove that (although they did make some voyages among the southern islands) they ever went northward as far as Luzon. All this goes to show that the image must have reached the islands before the coming of the European conquerors and settlers.

The style of workmanship, and the distinctly Chinese cast of countenance, lead us to believe that the statue was made



in and came from China. Going back into the history of the missions in Eastern lands, we find that in 1307 Pope Clement V. appointed an Archbishop of Pekin. Later on the same Pope sent to China seven bishops, all members of the Franciscan Order, only three of whom arrived there. And in the reign of Pope Urban V. the Franciscans sent fifty missionaries to spread the light of the Gospel in the land of the rising sun.

One of the most famous of these missionaries of the early part of the fourteenth century was Blessed Odorico de Podernone. This celebrated missionary, after working for several years in various parts of India, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, and China, set out in the year 1330 to return to his native land under orders from his superiors. He has left us an itinerary of his long voyage, the historical value of which can scarcely be overestimated. In this account of his travels he says that he set out from Ceylon in an easterly direction toward a group of islands, 24,000 in number, inhabited for the most part, and ruled over, by sixty-four crowned kings. Sailing still eastward from one of these, which Odorico calls Dondiin, after many days he came to the province of Manza de la China, and landed at the place called in modern times Canton. From the foregoing words it is clear that Blessed Odorico sailed through an immense archipelago, stopping off at one of the islands. If we include Sumatra, Borneo, and the actual Dutch possessions with the Philippines, it is easy to understand why he speaks of an immense archipelago.

The question arises as to which of these islands did Blessed Odorico apply the name of Dondiin. M. Romanet du Caillaud is of opinion that he applied the name to the whole archipelago. However, the sound of the name resembles that given by the Chinese to the island of Luzon—Tong-Tinh,—and there seems to be little reason for doubting that the two names are one and the same, and signify the same place. M. du Caillaud says also

that there is not a doubt that the Spaniards on their arrival in the Philippines found traces of Christianity in the images of the "Holy Child of Cebu" and "The Virgin de Guia of Manila." The Spaniards themselves were the first to proclaim the fact. Hence there seems to be no other solution but to suppose that these images were brought to the islands by early missionaries of China, and in particular by Blessed Odorico.

The Franciscan, Father Rivadeneira, asserts that the image of the Holy Child of Cebu was left behind on the departure of the survivors of the expedition commanded by the "bravest navigator of his day," Magellan. And the inference, of course, to be drawn would be that a similar story explains the presence of the statue of Our Lady of Guidance in Manila. But Father Rivadeneira's assertion is in direct opposition to the testimony of the natives, who declare the image was in their midst from time immemorial, and was handed down from father to son for generations.

Prescinding from the question regarding the Holy Child of Cebu, with which we are not concerned at present, we do not think that there is any evidence to show that the image of Our Lady in Manila was brought there by the Magellan expedition, and for the best of reasons: first, the Magellan expedition did not land on Luzon, but on the island of Samar, which lies far to the southeast; and, secondly, on the death of Magellan and the utter defeat of a small body of troops with which he rashly ventured to overcome a hostile tribe, the rest of the expedition raised anchor and set sail for Spain.

It must be concluded, therefore, that the statue of Our Lady of Guidance was brought to Manila by Blessed Odorico, or by the Franciscan missionaries from China, and consequently that devotion to the Mother of God in the Philippines dates from the early years of the fourteenth century.

### The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

#### XII.

**D**ENIS O'LOGHLEN, medical officer of the district of Imosgeela, rode slowly along, between banks of furze and heather and bracken fern. The ground under the feet of his cob was soft and springy; and indeed it was only here and there, in the wide expanse of bog that stretched on either side of him, that safe footing either for man or beast was to be found. Familiarity with the wild beauties of the bogland scene had bred no contempt in the young Doctor's heart; but, rather, the more he learned to know his district, the more he found in it to appeal to his sense of the beautiful. His life was hard enough, his work often both trying and uninteresting, and it was well indeed for him that he was able to find pleasure in the ever-varying moods of Nature amongst which his lot was cast.

The bog lay around him as he rode, spreading away on two sides to the horizon; whilst on the third the soft brown heather-clad turf was cut only by a piled-up railway embankment that ran straight and level for a mile or more against the line of sky. Anything so modern and utilitarian as a railway was strangely out of place in so wild and lonely a spot. Yet along that embankment, and across the stone arches that spanned Geela River, ran the American mails, as well as almost all the traffic to the Southern capital of Ireland.

The Geela was the farthestmost boundary of Dr. O'Loughlen's district, and it was not very often that he was called in his direction. The inhabitants of the bogland were, as a rule, healthy; and when illness did come, their methods of treating it were a mixture of conservatism and fatalism. There was more than one old woman in the district who

possessed herbal and other less sensible cures; and the Doctor was expected only to relieve a case when these cures, or the manipulations of a bonesetter, according to the nature of the ill, had failed to have effect.

The man who mended broken bones was not a native of the district: he was not a Munster man at all; his birthplace being, as he himself expressed it, "in the bottom of the black North." Why he had settled in Imosgeela was not known; but it was sometimes said that his poaching proclivities had made a change in his residence desirable. In his present abode he was free to follow his sporting instincts practically unchecked; and although he and Dr. O'Loughlen had had more than one war of words over a patient who, after giving the bonesetter a trial, had been obliged to fall back for a cure upon the Doctor, they were at other times, when meeting man to man, friendly enough.

Andrew McGlooin had built for himself a sod house so close to the waters of the Geela that it seemed every winter as though the floods would sweep him and his building away; and so near to the railway embankment that the passing of the train set the crockery jingling on the dresser. At a little distance, the house was scarcely distinguishable from the turfy bank against which it stood; and, unless a column of smoke happened to be curling from it, no one would have taken the roof for anything different from the reeds and grasses around.

The path along which Dr. O'Loughlen was riding had followed the embankment for a time; and then, at Andrew's house, it turned at right angles and ran along the bank of the river; leading thus, in time, back to sound land again.

The bonesetter was at his door when the rider drew near. He had been evidently watching his approach; for, coming forward, he accosted him as though he was almost tired of awaiting his coming.

"Is that yourself, Doctor, then?" he



said. "An' who are you but the very man I was in two minds to go an' have a talk with?"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the Doctor, pulling up his cob. "And to say that Andy McGloon was coming to see the Doctor—"

"Not so hasty,—not so hasty, if you please!" interrupted Andrew, taking the joking words quite seriously. "Andy McGloon hasn't come to need a doctor yet, thank God! It was a bit of a talk I was on for," he added cautiously,—"nothing at the present but a bit of a talk, you know."

"Well, then, and what was the talk to be about?" asked the Doctor, falling in to the old man's humor, and speaking seriously, though a twinkle still lurked in his eye.

"Supposin' now," began McGloon,— "supposin' you had a sick man beyont, an' very sick, an' you were for makin' a grand cure of him, with God's help. Well, supposin', I say, that after a time you found there was a bone wantin' fixin' that only one born that 'way could be doin,'—somethin' outside, as might be, of what them whippersnappers in the hospitals does be teachin'—"

"I'll try and suppose," answered Dr. O'Loghlen; but Andy did not heed the interruption.

"An' you says to me, 'Andy,' says you, 'will you set this bone?' says you. An' when I'd done me job, supposin' I begin to tell you that you didn't oughter done this for the other sickness that was on the man, or that you did oughter do the other. What ud you be sayin' to me then?"

"I'd be saying," replied the Doctor, laughing now at the thought of such a thing, "that you might go—far enough before you'd interfere with a patient of mine; only I'd have said it before you touched him, not after," he added more seriously.

"Very good—very good!" said the bonesetter, ignoring the ending of the sentence. "Well, now, we'll suppose

somethin' different a bit. Supposin' I had a man with shoulder an' ribs an' leg all broke; an' after a bit, when I had him fixed an' all knittin' as healthy as you please, supposin' I find there's somethin' on him that has me bothered, an' I says to you, says I, 'Will you come an' see what hand you can make of him?' you hold now that you'd have no call whatsoever to interfere with my job, eh?"

For a moment there was silence. The old man was evidently uneasy about some patient, and the Doctor could not bind himself not to interfere if, as had happened before, there was mismanagement going on. There was no doubt that the queer old character had wonderful skill in simple cases; but he was slow to own when a case was beyond him. And the Doctor had known of cruel suffering brought on by blindly obeyed instructions for curing a dislocation when the trouble was of a very different character.

With a sudden question, he evaded the answer that was expected from him.

"Where is he?"

With a nod and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, the old man pointed to the house behind him.

"Within in the barn," he said. "But you'll not be interferin' with them bones? I have them that tasty—"

"I'll not interfere—unless I must!" cried the Doctor, already off his horse and halfway to the house; and Andy was left to secure the beast, and follow if he pleased.

There was no window to the barn, but the door was wide; and as it stood open, except for a low board to prevent invasions from the chickens, there were both light and air within. A heap of heather covered with a couple of sacks, loosely filled with straw, formed the patient's bed, and under his head was a spotless towel; for pillow there was none. A bandage was round the man's head, and a tin can of water at his side showed that the cloths were being kept wet.

Doctor O'Loghlen dropped on his knees and made a quick, careful examination. The bonesetter was evidently right in saying that shoulder, ribs, and leg were broken; and it seemed as though he had been successful in setting the broken bones, only the ill that had been beyond his skill lay in the head. The man was quiet, apparently not suffering, but unconscious. He was young—thirty or less; and, though a fortnight's growth of dark beard made him look unkempt and uncared, his features were finely cut, and the skin, now white and transparent, was fine and soft.

The Doctor, deeply moved, raised the uninjured arm very gently. The hand, it was a hand unused to manual work,—as he expected, was white and nervous; the hand of a man of leisure or at least of culture. Authoritatively he motioned to McGlooin to come outside; though it was almost evident that had they spoken in the barn, it would have been before unhearing ears.

"Who is this man?" he asked sharply.

"Devil a know I know," replied the bonesetter. "But I wish now you could feel the beautiful knit them bones have on them. Only 'tis the head that has me bothered. What's on him at all, Doctor? An' him with never a word out of him these two weeks!"

"Two weeks?" repeated the Doctor. "Look here now! You just tell me what all this means. Two weeks! Why, man alive, you'll be getting yourself into serious trouble one of these days!"

But even when the bonesetter's answer came, Denis O'Loghlen was none the wiser as to the identity of the unconscious man. Shorn of the explanations and details without which the old man could tell no story, the circumstances of the case were both brief and amazing.

Coming home in the early hours of the morning, after setting night-lines in the river, he had, in drawing up his flat-bottomed boat to its moorings against

the railway bridge, stumbled over the prostrate figure of a man lying half in the water and within a yard or two of his own barn wall. With ingenuity and skill, he had slipped the door under him—having, with the instinct of his calling, first discovered that there were broken bones to deal with,—and had thus moved him to the shelter of the barn, where, for a fortnight now, he had ministered to him, with some charity perhaps, but also with engrossing interest in him as a case. But the continued state of unconsciousness had troubled him; and at last, seeing the Doctor riding over the bog, he had determined to let him into the secret, which up to now he had guarded jealously, fearing lest the police should insist on moving the man to the Union; though, in the bonesetter's opinion, such a move must inevitably have resulted in death.

The man had been clad only in a coarse flannel shirt, a pair of ready-made workingman's trousers fastened with a plain new belt, and a pair of heavy boots. There was nothing whereby his identity could be discovered. Andrew's first idea was that he had been washed down the river; but his clothes were not wet enough to justify that theory. The only alternative that suggested itself was that he had fallen from a passing train, escaping death almost miraculously by having his fall broken, first by the soft heather roofing of the barn, and then by the equally soft thick rushes along the river. There was nothing to tell whether the fall was caused by accident or design, whether it was his own doing or that of another.

All Dr. O'Loghlen could do was to tell the police of the occurrence, thereby raising a great commotion of local activity which, however, soon fizzed out into nothingness, when no light of any kind could be thrown upon the mystery, either by the railway company or through the press, to which an account of the unconscious man's state and his whereabouts was sent.



### The Greatest of French Astronomers.

WHILE it is a reversal of the natural order of biographical facts to speak of a man's death before treating of his birth, youth, maturity, and old age, there are reasons why, at the outset of a sketch of Laplace, Catholic readers should have the assurance given in this obituary notice published in the *Ami de la Religion* in March, 1847: "He [Laplace] made his confession to the curé of Arcueil, where he possessed some real estate, and received the Viaticum. This Christian death is all the more consoling, as perhaps some of his writings may have occasioned anxiety as to this scientist's religious beliefs. We are gratified at being able to declare that the author of 'The System of the World' and the 'Mechanics of the Heavens' paid due homage in his latter days to a creed that rests on so many indisputable proofs."

Those statements in the great astronomer's works which have led some persons to assert that he was an atheist we shall consider in due time; for the moment it is enough for our purpose to have shown that, whether or not he lived (as he probably did) a practical Catholic life, he certainly died a Catholic death.

Pierre-Simon (later on Marquis) de Laplace came of very lowly origin. He was born in the latter part of March 1749, at Beaumont-en-Auge (Calvados); his father being a small farmer, who would assuredly have been astounded had any one told him of the glory that awaited his little son. From his earliest years he showed a wonderful aptitude for instructing himself; his memory was prodigious, and his intellect took readily to all kinds of knowledge. These gifts would have profited him little, however, had they remained hidden beneath the shadow of the paternal roof, where the sole preoccupation was the procuring of daily bread,—not always an easy task for the French peasant of that day.

Fortunately for the boy, well-to-do friends, witnessing his efforts, encouraged him, and provided him with the means of pursuing his studies. As for the identity of these friends, one of his biographers (A. Agloque) suggests that it may be surmised from the fact that "the little villager, promoted to the rank of student, applied himself to those branches which constitute the basis of man's moral and intellectual education, and which the Church alone conserved during the epochs of ignorance,—that is, the study of ancient languages and literatures." The inference is of course that the young fellow's friends were clerics.

He spent some years in the military school at Beaumont, first as student, then as teacher of mathematics; and at the age of eighteen, understanding that his ambitions could not be realized in a provincial town far from the necessary books and schools and savants, he set out for Paris in search of a patron, and somewhat anxious about his immediate future. There was in the French capital at that time a distinguished mathematician, the splendor of whose renown gave him great influence—D'Alembert. Laplace desired to please D'Alembert and obtain his aid. With that intent he made use of the means commonly employed in the like cases, and forwarded to the great man introductory letters, whose signers warmly recommended the youth to the patron-to-be. Such tactics proved quite unavailing. D'Alembert received the letters, but lent a deaf ear to their eloquence; and when the young provincial presented himself at his door, it remained obstinately closed against him. Laplace, who felt the fire of genius and knew something of its value, did not allow himself to be discouraged. Like a skilled mathematician and logical philosopher, he decided that, since the eulogies of his friends had not been credited, it behooved himself to prove that their praises were not exaggerated.

His proof was simply to send to

D'Alembert a letter in which he expounded and developed, in an original and personal fashion, the general principles of mechanics. The letter was a remarkable bit of work for a young man; D'Alembert, a competent judge, properly appreciated it; and when the young mathematician followed his letter, he found the great man's door opened wide to receive him.

"Young sir," said D'Alembert, "you see that I have paid little heed to the recommendation you sent me. You did not need them: you have introduced yourself far better than your friends have done. That suffices for me,—my help is now due you."

Patrons' promises are easily given and are not always realized; but D'Alembert's words were soon translated into deeds; for only a few days later he secured for Laplace a professorship of mathematics in the military school of Paris. His subsistence being thus secured, he was able to give himself up to the science he loved best and to fix a definite aim for his researches. He had already reached the limits then known of mathematical analysis, and had mastered all that his predecessors had accomplished in that line; so there remained for him nothing but to go ahead independently and widen the horizon of the science by his discoveries. He resolved to gather together in a single work (something like Ptolemy's "Great Construction," or, as the Arabians called it, "The Almagest") a comprehensive synthesis of all human knowledge as to the movements of the stars, so far as the labors of previous astronomers and his own calculations enabled him to give it.

A work of such magnitude obviously postulated many years of effort, and the youthful professor of the Ecole Militaire had become a septuagenarian before the completion of his immortal treatise (in five volumes, 1799-1825)—"The Mechanics of the Heavens." Three years prior to the publication of the first of these

five volumes, he had given to the public a work scarcely less important—"The System of the World." Arago, indeed, said that this last-mentioned volume was "The Mechanics of the Heavens" disrobed of its analytic attire. The literary excellence of "Exposition du Système du Monde," in which a science essentially arid and abstract is set forth with a life and vigor that delight the non-professional general reader, won for Laplace a seat among "the forty immortals" of the French Academy.

While the first of these crowning works of his genius did not appear until Laplace was well on in his fifth decade, it must not be supposed that he had not previously achieved notable distinction as a scientist. When he was scarcely twenty years of age, his "*Recherches sur le Calcul Intégral*" won for him the discriminating praise of the world of savants; and these researches were followed during the next few years by a series of brilliant memoirs on the theory of probability,—work which immediately attracted the attention of scientific circles and elicited special commendation from the Academy of Sciences. The concrete results of this well-merited fame was Laplace's election in 1773 as an associate of that distinguished body. During this same year he published another memoir which definitely fixed his rank as one of the first scientists of his age,—that on the invariability of the planetary mean motions and the consequent stability of the solar system.

At the age of thirty-five he succeeded Bézout as examiner in the Royal Artillery Corps; a year later (1785) he was made a full member of the Academy of Science; and in 1794 became professor of analysis at the Ecole Normale. This last-mentioned date possibly suggests to the reader that Laplace must have been in favor with the leaders of the French Revolution. A writer in the Catholic Encyclopedia, indeed, does not hesitate to say of him, "During the political



changes in France he sought favor with Revolution, Consul, Emperor, and King," thus making him out a sort of political counterpart of the noted Vicar of Bray. As a matter of historic justice, it ought to be said that the French Republic, by the voice of its savage representatives, declared that "it had no need of savants"; and to the French savants actually existing proposed the curt dilemma, "adaptation or death." There were several kinds of adaptation. The scientist might drop his books and enroll himself, as did Fourcroy, under the Revolutionary flag; or he might serve the cause of democracy by assisting in other ways the work of the national defence. Laplace, with Lagrange and others, chose the latter alternative; and he rendered service in elaborating the theory of projectiles, the fabrication of saltpeter, and other matters connected with the country's military organization.

To have done at once with his political career: he was Minister of the Interior for six weeks, in 1799; had a seat in the Senate and became its chancellor in 1803; was created a count by the Emperor in 1804; and was elevated to the peerage with the title of Marquis by Louis XVIII. In the meanwhile he had become president of the Bureau of Longitudes; was prominent in reorganizing the Ecole Polytechnique, and in establishing the metric system; was a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, and had been admitted to membership in most of the notable learned societies of the world. At the acme of his glory he was characterized as "the Newton of France," the "titanic geometer," and "the greatest mathematician of his age."

While it does not enter into the purview of so brief a sketch as the present one to discuss in detail the various scientific discoveries of Laplace, or his different theories, something must be said in explanation of the statements which led to his being considered an atheist. Mr. John G. Hagen, in the article in the

Catholic Encyclopedia already referred to, states: "It has been asserted that to Laplace the Creator was an hypothesis. The origin of this assertion lies in the misinterpretation of a passage of the '*Système du Monde*' (*Œuvres*, VI, 1835, p. 480), where it is evident that by 'vain hypotheses' Laplace meant the *Deus ex machina* of Newton and the 'perpetual miracle' of Leibnitz's Harmony."

Apart, however, from his use of the phrase 'vain hypotheses,' the French scientist has been definitely accused of stating in set terms: "God is a hypothesis of which my system has no need." As a matter of fact, declares M. Agloque ("*Les Contemporains*," No. 1026, p. 14) "this blasphemy appears never to have been in his heart and never came from his lips. The testimony of Arago, hardly open to suspicion in this matter, frees him from that accusation." Here is M. Agloque's version of the "exact truth" which history substitutes for a regrettable legend:

When Laplace presented the first edition of the "*Mechanics of the Heavens*" to Bonaparte, the latter, having looked through the work, expressed to the author his astonishment at not seeing the intervention of the Creator made use of for the maintenance of regularity in the movements of the stars. Newton had recourse to such intervention to explain how the world, which he believed was being unceasingly drawn by time toward chaos, was able periodically to recover its disturbed order. Bonaparte, who had read Newton, was evidently thinking of this when he said to Laplace, substantially: "Newton speaks often of God in his book, but I do not once find that name in yours."

And it is likely enough that Laplace had the same thought in mind when he replied: "Citizen first consul, I did not need that hypothesis." The hypothesis meant was, not the existence of the Creator, but the necessity of that Creator's direct intervention from time to time to

re-establish order among the heavenly bodies. Laplace's contention was that, by the very action of the laws established by God at the creation of those bodies, their movements for all time were regulated, symmetrically and harmoniously. His reply was, nevertheless, unfortunate inasmuch as it readily leant itself to the misinterpretation which was, in fact, put upon it. Laplace himself understood its imprudence. Shortly before his death, having been told that the incident was to be narrated in a biographical series, he asked Arago to request the editor to suppress it, or at least to explain the point in the sense just given. The reply was printed, however, without explanation; and accordingly Laplace's name has been invoked by the impious in favor of atheism, which he never professed.

The renown which Laplace early achieved made it possible for him to gratify his desire of rendering service to other savants. He was benevolent and accommodating to all. Strangers sought him out eagerly, and were invariably treated with courtesy. His politeness was exceptional, and, says Fourier, "it was sometimes carried so far as to lead those who did not understand the full scope of his genius to imagine that Laplace himself was learning something from their conversations." Like all true astronomers—or for that matter, all great men of whatever calling,—he was humble in his contemplation of the great domain in which he labored; and there is at least verisimilitude in the tradition that ascribes to him as his last words: "What we know is little, what we do not know is immense."

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### In Autumn.

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BY FRANCIS MARQUETTE.

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☉O! where the vineyard crowns the hill  
 There waits a purple flood,  
 That Christ's "new testament" shall spill,—  
 A tide of clustered Blood.

### The Dawn of Grace.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

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#### I.—THE RIVER.

THE boat glided from the stairs and was soon on its way to the Tower of London. Sir Robert sat in the stern and calmly recited his Rosary. He was not sad, for God in His mercy had sent him a deep peace. He had simply done his duty, and his conscience had nothing for which to reprove him,—that was all. He would die gladly,—yes, for it was God's blessed will. God would not forget or forsake him in that dread hour; and, as the boat moved forward, he meditated bead by bead upon Our Lord's sacred passion and death.

They were now nearing London Bridge, when far up the river came the sound of trumpets. It was too foggy to discern anything very clearly; but as the great bridge loomed up before them, like a huge spider-web, veil upon veil of the morning mist lifted upward and vanished, and the sun appeared in a sky of deepest blue.

"The King's grace," was the shout which echoed and re-echoed from wherry to wherry; and all the crafts sought the shores. Nearer and yet nearer came the trumpet's blast—loud and clear; and then, in all the glory of royalty and riot of color, a great barge swept into view, followed by four or five smaller ones, blazing in purple and gold. The river and the banks were now alive with shouts and cheers. And the King, in the foremost boat, under a canopy of azure and gold, doffed his plumed cap, leaned back and laughed, crossed his huge scarlet legs, then flung his arm over the back of his seat and said a word to Cromwell, who sat at his side. As the royal barge came directly opposite the Tower boat, the King turned his head and stared straight at Sir Robert, who sat with his face slightly bent over his beads.



"The fool! the fool! the d—— fool!" said Henry aloud, as he recognized him; and the words floated distinctly across to the prisoner as the boat passed. And the trumpets blew, and the crowds cheered lustily, "God save the King's grace!"

A few minutes later the Tower of London rose before them, tall and grim and silent; and as they landed at the Traitors' Gate, Sir Robert thought with a shudder of all the terrible and bloody murders that had been perpetrated within those ancient walls.

"It is not for long. My life has reached its end. I could not serve two masters—my King and my God. It is well!"—thus meditated the young nobleman as he walked between his guards.

## II.—THE TOWER.

It was a long, low-vaulted apartment, the former prison of the sainted Henry VI., in which Sir Robert Wren had been confined. It was dark and forbidding, for the rays of the sun could barely make their way through the heavy-barred casements which looked out upon the Thames. On one side of the chamber was a huge four-posted bed, curiously carved and hung with curtains of faded red velvet,—probably the very bed in which the holy monarch had been murdered; on the other side, a large fireplace, with the coat-of-arms of England emblazoned above. Near the hearth and on its right was an arch opening into an oratory, where could be seen a crucifix and praying-desk. A table of highly polished ebony stood in the middle of the room, and was covered with manuscripts, an inkhorn, and a few ponderous volumes. The walls were painted with representations of scenes from Holy Scripture, and rushes were strewn over the stone floor.

Sir Robert arose from his morning devotions, and, betaking himself to one of the windows, gazed down upon the river far below. But his mind was not attracted to that busy scene, nor did he

note that it was a beauteous summer's day. His thoughts were bent upon things of greater moment: upon the life beyond the grave. His lips moved silently in prayer, and he frequently lifted to his lips the crucifix which hung from his girdle.

"O Jesu, blessed Jesu," he prayed, lifting his face heavenward, "give me this one favor, and I die happy! O save her soul! Let her return to Thee. Let her, O my Saviour,—let her be true, loyal to Thy Church again, before I go! O God, my God, hear me! My mother,—my poor, foolish mother, wealth and rank and power are preferred to eternal salvation!" And he bowed his head, and the tears coursed down his cheeks.

A key rattled in the lock, the door creaked on its hinges, and the keeper entered.

"A lady to see your worship," he said in a hoarse, rough voice; and stepped aside to allow a tall, majestic woman of middle age, enveloped from head to foot in a long black cloak, to sweep by.

The prisoner turned and advanced to meet his guest.

"Mother!" he cried, starting back in surprise as the lady threw the hood from her face. "What brings thee here?"

"I come to save thee, to snatch thee from thy ruin, to make thee realize thine own foolhardiness and repent, to make thee return to the allegiance thou owest thy sovereign lord."

"Mother," answered the knight, "thou comest in vain—"

"Do nothing rashly, my son," interrupted the lady, looking up appealingly into his face, "I implore thee!"

"Honored mother, thou knowest only too well that, once I have arrived at a decision, I never change. I have considered this matter thoroughly. I have prayed to God for light, and God has vouchsafed to answer my prayer. I have consulted my confessor, and before the Most High God, before all men, before the King, I know I do what is right! I

can not, will not acknowledge King Henry as supreme ruler of the Church of England. Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher have sealed their Faith with their blood; and, please God, Sir Robert Wren shall soon—ay, to-day, within the hour—follow in their sainted footsteps!”

“Ah, mother,” he continued, becoming enamored of his theme, “dost realize where this will end? First it was the divorce, then the abolition of the annates, then the separation of England from the See of Rome, and now ’tis the suppression of the religious Orders. All England is torn from the centre of faith and unity, and plunged into darkness and error. O my mother, why wilt thou sacrifice everything, even thine immortal soul, for wealth and rank and the smile of princes? Come back to the Faith, come back to Jesu; He awaits thee, He loves thee still. Come back to thy duty, and I shall die gladly. If thou wilt retain thy wealth, thy position, flee to foreign courts,—flee to Italy, Spain, France,—anywhere; but keep thy Faith, that precious heirloom which our ancestors have handed down to us from the days of St. Austin.”

“I stay here in England,” proudly returned the lady, “by the side of my King and Queen,—my Queen and friend, who hath not forgotten me in her hour of triumph and glory. Long live the King! God bless and keep our good Queen Anne! Foolish boy, think, consider!” cried Lady Wren, seizing her son’s arm. “It is not too late: all may yet be well. I have seen the King; I have but just left his presence to hasten to thy side. I bear thy pardon in my bosom. If thou but do thy sovereign’s will, thou art free, and life is before thee,—see!” And she drew from her bodice a document sealed with the royal arms of England. “King Harry saw thee yesterday on the Thames, and was right wroth with thee; for Lord Cromwell had but told him of thine obstinacy. His

Majesty will forget, forgive all. The Queen, Lord Cromwell, all at court are thy friends and wish thee well. Think! The highest offices await thee. The Chancellorship awaits thee perchance, so ’tis whispered. The King hath always loved thee, and he—”

“Enough, mother,—enough!” interrupted the son. “Earth shall know me no longer. My rewards, my honors await me in another world.”

“O my son, my boy,” cried the mother, wringing her hands while the tears flowed from her eyes, “this is but a romantic dream! Banish it, cast it from thee! Wilt thou give up all,—life, and the pleasures which help to make it what it is? Be not selfish. Think of me, thy mother, thy dearest, best friend. I am no longer young: age is coming fast upon me; and thou art my only son, my only child. To whom shall I go? Whom shall I lean upon but thee? Thy father sleeps in death. Thou art—thou wilt be my staff in my declining years. Thou wilt bring honor and glory to our house. But if thou diest thus, our name and our house perish forever. O my son, surely thou dost not believe all that the Pope hath said! Is there no other way but this? Thou art in the flower of thy life; thou canst not give up thy young life for such trifles. Die like thine ancestors, not like a slave, a criminal—”

“Remember our Saviour. Dost thou forget thy God?” broke in the martyr, solemnly. “Jesus died an ignominious death; thinkest thou the servant is better than his Master? Seest thou not that by submitting to the King I become a traitor to my Faith and my God? ’Tis hard, I know” (he took her tenderly in his arms and kissed away her tears); “but I love my Faith, my soul, and my God more.”

“Think of thy child, think of Miriam,” pleaded the mother between her sobs,—“she thy wife of but a few years, and to be widowed and unprotected so soon!”

“Mother,” answered Sir Robert, “tempt



me no more. I am resolved. God, who looks after the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, will provide for them. But why did not Miriam come with thee to bid me farewell? Have they been so cruel as to deny this one consolation to a husband and wife? Ah, they would not let the wife visit the husband, for fear she might strengthen him in following the dictates of his conscience! Ah, Miriam, I knew thou wert true! thank God, thank God," he added fervently, "I was not deceived! The wretches!" he cried, walking up and down the room with clenched hands. "They send the mother to entice the son from his duty. My Lord Cromwell is at the bottom of this. But," and his voice softened, "I forgive thee, my lord; I leave thee to the judgments of thy Maker. Hark!"

From the courtyard came the sound of drums and the voices of the gathering crowds.

"O my God, my God!" shrieked the unhappy mother. "O Robert my son, this can not be! O Robert, say not thus! Thou art killing me, thy mother! Thou lovest me not! O my child, do not leave me, thy mother! See, I beg, I beseech thee on my knees!" And she flung herself on the hard stones grasping at his knees.

"Mother," replied the youth, feeling as if his heart were breaking,—*"mother, dearest mother, thou knowest not how hard thou makest this separation."* And he raised his hands in a silent plea to Heaven. *"Leave me, leave me!"*

But the low, deep sobbing of a mother's heart was the only answer he received.

A sound of footsteps approached; a key was fitted in the lock again, and the heavy door flung open, and the keeper entered.

"Art ready, young sir?" he said not unkindly, taking in the situation at a glance; while behind him two or three soldiers stood revealed.

A stray beam from the casement fell full upon the faces of mother and son. It showed heroic resolve upon the coun-

tenance of the youth, and deep despair and unutterable anguish upon that of the lady.

"Do thy duty, my good man. I follow thee." And Sir Robert gently endeavored to release himself from his mother's grasp.

"My child, Robert, where art thou going?" she cried, raising herself to her knees.

"To heaven, to Christ my Saviour!" returned the young baronet, the light of martyrdom shining from his face.

"No, no, no! If thou goest, thou must tread over my body. Thou canst not leave me thus. Listen, Robert—think! Tell them thou art for the King! The pardon—the pardon—remember the pardon!" And, as she beheld him pushing her away from him, she flung herself flat upon the floor and lay in a heap at his feet, sobbing and moaning.

"Mother, farewell! If thou wilt have it thus, so be it. God's holy will be done! May He open thine eyes before it be too late!"

He stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon her head; and then, stepping over her prostrate form, hurried from the room and gave himself into the custody of the guards.

### III.—THE SCAFFOLD.

Within the courtyard of the Tower a scaffold had been hastily erected. It was completely shrouded in the deepest mourning, and upon it stood the block,—that last resting-place of so many illustrious and innocent heads. It was about the hour of nine of the clock when Sir Robert, preceded by a squad of soldiers and attended by the Lieutenant of the Tower, made his way to the place of execution. As he ascended the steps of the scaffold, the roar of the crowd was like that of thunder. Curses and shouts, hisses and prayers, words of pity and encouragement filled the air.

"Down with the traitor!" "Death,—death!" "Long live King Hal!" "Jesu, Mary, Joseph, be with him now!" "Curses on thee!" "God, keep thee, sir!"

Sir Robert looked calmly around him, and raised his hand for silence. His handsome figure, clad in blue and gold; his face, with the bloom of youth upon it, but also with the determination of manhood; his fearless eye, his arched lip; the locks of auburn which escaped from beneath his jewelled cap,—all presented a striking and noble appearance, and won the respect and admiration of friend and foe.

"Good people, men of England," he began, without the slightest tremor in his voice, "I would speak with ye. I die—"

But Cromwell, who had stationed himself at the foot of the scaffold, made a signal to the soldiers, and the low roll of the muffled drums cut short the martyr's speech.

"So be it!" he said, and he turned from the multitude and knelt in prayer.

"I am dying, dear Lord Jesu," he murmured, "for Thee and Thee alone; and I gladly lay down my life for the preservation of Thy truth. I thank Thee for allowing me, unworthy as I am, to gain the martyr's palm. Bless Thou our King and keep him in Thy ways. Protect Thy people, O Lord! Bless my wife and child; and, O Jesu, save my mother and bring her back to Thee! Give me this one favor, O God! Grant this my dying request!"

As he finished his prayer and rose to his feet, there was a commotion in the crowd, and a lady with a child clasped to her breast pushed her way through the throng, and, before the guards could prevent her, stumbled, half fell up the steps of the platform, and flung herself into the knight's arms.

"Miriam!" cried Sir Robert, and he pressed her and his child to his bosom.

"My husband!" returned the lady, a look of love and pride spreading over her countenance. "My lord, thou diest for the true cause, thank God,—thank God! I shall soon follow thee."

The crowd was deeply moved at this touching spectacle, and many a rude

heart that had never known a tear felt a strange moisture gathering in the eye and a sob rising to the throat; and cries of mercy and pity were heard on every side.

But Cromwell, fearing the effect of such a tableau, quickly ordered the lady and child to be dragged away; and once again he commanded the drums to be sounded, this time for the purpose of drowning the shouts and cries of indignation and pity which assailed him.

Sir Robert now walked toward the block and knelt down, loosened his collar, and laid his head upon his hard pillow. The executioner raised his axe and was on the point of delivering the fatal stroke when a voice from the midst of the crowd, his mother's, cried aloud: "Robert my son, forgive me! I was crazed: thou art right. I will remain true, I—" But the rest was lost in the long roll of the drums which had beaten again at a third signal from the ever-watchful Cromwell.

"Thank God! thank God!" said the martyr, raising himself to his feet and lifting his eyes to Heaven. "Praised be Thy Holy Name now and forever! *Nunc dimittis servum tuum in pace, Domine!*" And the tears fell from his eyes. "God save the King and bless dear old England!" he cried. "Now do thy part, friend," he said, turning to the headsman.

The crowd was silent now, but for an occasional ejaculation from some faithful friend.

"Papa! papa!" called a little voice.

"Hush, my son! God bless and keep thee! Farewell to all!" And he knelt down and laid his head upon the block. "Jesu, Mary, Joseph, receive my soul!"

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Your time admits of several divisions, but there is one invariable rule: no part of it should pass *uselessly*; for every hour concerns your salvation,—every hour has a duty appointed for it by God Himself, and of which He will demand account; for, from our first to our last moment He has given us no instant in vain, or to be lost.—*Fénelon*.



## The Second Balkan War.

BY BEN HURST.

THE unfortunate sequel to the first Balkan War—the appeal to arms in order to decide the differences between the belligerents—has alienated from them the sympathy and admiration aroused by their combined effort against a common oppressor. Distant observers would fain have the latest heroes of the Cross knights without reproach as without fear; and, forgetting that they were of the usual human clay, profess themselves disgusted at the fratricidal feuds that mar the glory of victory. Most of the wars that have devastated Christendom during past ages seem just and excusable, whereas the quarrels between the newly-liberated vassals of Turkey are condemned as unjust and disgraceful.

It is, of course, very regrettable that these young nations could not live up to the expectations of their friends; but it is only fair to remember that not one of them has as yet enjoyed a full century of freedom, and that, in giving way to internecine strife, they but follow a sad precedent found in all times and all parts of the world. The battles of Bosworth, Gettysburg, and Sadowa were no less truly fratricidal than those between Hellene and Bulgar, or even Servian and Bulgar; for the latter race is more Tartar than Slav, and it has no affinity with the Greek. It is difficult to discover in history an alliance for military purposes which has outlived the stress of war and the intoxication of triumph. While deploring the fact that those who at the price of cruel sacrifices liberated the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula from the odious rule of the Turk, should sully the good deed by fighting over the spoils, let us continue to give them credit for what has been accomplished, and try to understand the cause of rupture between allies and fellow-Christians.

Bulgaria had won for herself during the last decades a predominant name for military fitness and clever statesmanship. The world's press had lauded her King as one of the master-minds of Europe. Descendant of a long line of Catholic kings through his mother, a Bourbon Princess of France, and belonging by his father to the Catholic branch of the House of Coburg, he had found it expedient, though a professed Catholic, to have his son and heir baptized in the "Orthodox" Church, in order to propitiate the Tsar of Russia and satisfy the requirements of the State Church of Bulgaria. It seemed at first as if, indeed, this step had assured his position, and that Russian protection and popular favor were his for evermore. But, strange to say, his act of apostasy did not endear him to his subjects, whose sympathies were all given to his loyal and virtuous wife, Princess Maria-Louise; nor did he succeed in overcoming the secret mistrust of the Russian Court, always mindful of his lineage and early education. Ferdinand's tortuous policy has led to the downfall of Bulgaria and to the discredit of her army. The savage deeds of the "Komitadjis" (Macedonian Irregulars), which he had condoned in past years because they upheld his pretensions in Macedonia, transmitted themselves to his trained soldiers and horrified the world. During the recent strife, Ferdinand's regular troops imitated the atrocities of these licensed bandits, and covered the name of Bulgaria with disgrace.

Ferdinand's overweening ambition has cost his country thousands of lives with large stretches of territory. Instead of becoming Tsar of the Balkans, he is relegated by the fortunes of war to a very inferior place in the concert of the small Christian States now successors to Turkey. Surely he recalls to-day in the secret of his heart the words of his saintly wife at the time when he yielded up their first-born to the hands of Russian priests: "God's blessing will never rest on a rene-

gade, and treason to our holiest belief will not assure the position of our dynasty."

Bulgaria claimed, at the close of the war with Turkey, not only the vast country of Thrace which Greek ships and Servian troops and guns had aided her to conquer, but ten thousand square miles of Macedonia into which her armies had not penetrated, and which had been wrested from Turkey by the Servians and Greeks without Bulgarian assistance. By claiming the port of Salonica and several islands of the *Ægean*, King Ferdinand incensed Greece and paved the way for the suddenly formed alliance of Greece and Serbia to resist his undue encroachment. Before the first war with the common enemy, Bulgaria had a population of nearly four million and a half, whereas Serbia had not quite three million. The division of the spoils according to Bulgarian design would make the number of King Ferdinand's subjects seven million, while Serbia reached the figure of four million.

No compensation was forthcoming to Serbia for the sacrifices made to win Monastir. This, in the opinion of Col. Thompson, the English military attaché, was the most sanguinary battle of the campaign. The Servian soldiers who had participated in it were indignant at the notion of yielding the fruit of their victory to an overbearing and contemptuous ally. The following extract from a semi-official organ published in Sofia gives an idea of the spirit reigning there while an amicable arrangement was still possible between armies that had so lately fought together:

As the leading nation of the Balkans, we Bulgarians dare not for an instant contemplate allowing either Serbia or Greece to dispute our position by acquiring territory in which lives a single Bulgarian. The mixed population of Macedonia must belong to the State best fitted to guard it; and our frontiers must reach to Albania, which will be our natural ally, its inhabitants being able to fraternize with our own Mohammedan subjects. These are in the enjoyment of more freedom than would be theirs under the government of either

Servia or Greece. The war with our late allies is holier and more necessary than the war with the Turks, who were oppressors but not traitors. Forward, sons of Krum, and show no mercy!

The injustice of these revindications was apparent to the world from a glimpse at the map showing Bulgaria already in possession of two seacoasts; whereas Serbia had no sea outlet, and Greece was deprived of access to Thrace, inhabited mainly by Greeks. Macedonia is a mixture of races so interspersed that a division on ethnographical lines would create a maze impossible to unravel. A partition on the basis of an equilibrium of power and the victories of each army was the proposal of Greece and Serbia, but King Ferdinand's government refused to parley. The facts that Serbia had been forced to retire from Albania after liberating it from the Turks, and that Greece's navy had been called upon to do arduous work for Bulgaria's sole advantage, were not considered. Bulgaria demanded her "pound of flesh"—namely, strict adherence to a treaty that foresaw none of the actual consequences of the war.

The sudden attack, however, on her late allies was the cause of Bulgaria's complete disgrace in the eyes of neutral observers of the drama. What followed bore out the impression that Bulgaria felt herself in the wrong, and counted on force rather than on right to secure her ends. She had taken the offensive, but her army was no longer confident in the justice of her cause. Demoralized and desperate, the soldiers revenged themselves for defeat by fiendish outrages and open rebellion. The abandonment of 18,000 Bulgarian wounded on the battlefields shows the spirit of callous indifference that prevailed among those who had lately withstood the Turk. To crown her calamity, an earthquake ruined Tirnova, the town from which Crown Prince Boris takes his title; so that Bulgaria saw nothing but disaster without and within. As soon as she had been worsted in several conflicts by Serbia and Greece,



Rumania advanced on her from the North, and, alas! Turkey reappeared in the South. Adrianople, wrested from the infidels by the combined effort of Servia and Bulgaria, fell once more, owing to their dissension, under the Moslem yoke. As with the early Crusaders, jealousy and greed cancelled the triumph of faith and valor.

Europe is weary, we are told, of trouble in the Balkans. But high-toned admonition, unbacked by moral principle, no longer has weight with the Balkan peoples, and it ill becomes the Western powers to adopt a lofty attitude of censure toward these young States in the making. Bulgaria's collapse, largely due to self-laudation and to the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," serves as a useful lesson to nations absorbed in materialistic aims to the exclusion of all that elevates the mind. Bulgaria is still the largest State south of the Danube. Her army, when she took the initiative of the second fratricidal war, was numerically superior to the united armies of Greece and Servia. She is ruled by a prince said to be past-master in diplomacy. But her advance has been curbed, her pride humbled, and her predominant place in the Balkans lost through disregard of the moral obligations which neither peoples nor princes may with impunity defy.

IF you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man, with all its holiest natural authority, will be raised against you. The friend and the wise adviser, the brother and the sister, the father and the master—the entire voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance, the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world,—for once, they will be against you, all at one. You will have to obey God rather than man. The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side; God alone on the other. You have to choose.—*Ruskin*.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*September 14, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.*

TO-DAY the whole Church Catholic is occupied with paying honor to the instrument of our Redemption; it will be well, therefore, to devote our attention to the subject of the feast rather than the Sunday's liturgy.

This feast has been celebrated since the year 326, when St. Helena discovered the Holy Cross, and placed it for veneration in the church at Jerusalem. Some are of opinion that the Exaltation of the Holy Cross was formerly kept in the month of May, but that when the great Church of the Resurrection had been built in Jerusalem, and consecrated on September 13, in the year 335, the True Cross was solemnly transferred there on the following day, which was Sunday; and from that time the festival was celebrated on the 14th of September, both in East and West. It had spread throughout the Church as early as the fifth or sixth century.

From the narrative of an early pilgrim to Palestine—formerly considered to be St. Silvia of Aquitaine, but now recognized as the Abbess Egeria—we learn that in the fourth century this festival was celebrated in Jerusalem with the same solemnity as Easter and the Epiphany, because, as she remarks, the Holy Cross was first found upon this day. Later on, however, the Western Church introduced a second feast in Paschal Time (May 3), in memory of the Finding of the Cross; and celebrated on this September festival the triumph of the Cross over paganism, and the many glories commemorated with its solemn veneration. It is not clear whether the May feast was intended to commemorate the finding of the Cross by St. Helena in that month, or the dedication of the Basilica of Holy Cross in Rome; but it

is not to our purpose to investigate the point here.

The Introit is taken from St. Paul: "But it behoves us to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our salvation, life, and resurrection; by whom we are saved and delivered." The words are not altogether identical with those of the Epistle to the Galatians, but have been adapted by the Church to suit the present occasion. They express the gratitude of redeemed man for the salvation won for him by the death of Christ, the supernatural life of grace, and resultant resurrection to eternal life, which flow from the Redemption, of which the Cross was the instrument. The psalm appended is the sixty-sixth: "May God have mercy on us and bless us! May He cause the light of His countenance to shine upon us, and may He have mercy on us!" Amid the exultant glory caused by the thought of Redemption, we are reminded that we owe everything to God's abounding mercy.

The Collect prays for the enjoyment in heaven of the fruits of the Redemption; for, as the Council of Trent declared: "Although Christ died for all, only those receive the benefit of His death to whom the merits of His Passion are applied." It is for us, therefore, to reap those fruits by our fidelity to God's graces. "O God," says the Collect, "who givest us joy this day by the annual solemnity of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may deserve the rewards of His redemption in heaven, whose mystery we have known upon earth."

The Epistle is that in which St. Paul exhorts us to imitate the humility of the Son of God in His Passion, "who, being in the form of God, . . . made Himself as nothing, taking the form of a servant, . . . becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. For which cause God hath exalted Him . . . that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow."

The Gradual is a repetition of many

of the foregoing phrases, extolling Christ's obedience and proclaiming His glory. The Alleluia verse sings the praises of the inanimate instruments of our Redemption, in the touching words of one of the Church's hymns: "Sweet wood, sweet nails, bearing a sweet weight, which alone wert worthy to bear the King and Lord of Heaven."

The Gospel is that passage in St. John (xii) in which Our Lord speaks of His being "lifted up" in order to draw all things to Himself, and alludes to Himself as the "light" in which those must believe who wish to become "the children of light." It was from the Cross that His beams illumined the dark world, revealing the path to everlasting light and joy.

The Offertory verse is a beautiful antiphon which prays for God's guardianship: "Protect Thy people, O Lord, by the sign of the Holy Cross, from the snares of all enemies; that we may exhibit to Thee all pleasing service, and our sacrifice may become acceptable. Alleluia."

The Communion verse is in similar terms: "By the Sign of the Cross deliver us from our enemies. O Thou who art our God!"

In the liturgy of this feast the dominant idea—as is evident—is the power of the Cross, which, besides being a terrible revelation of God's justice, is also a sign of His mercy and grace. It is the true Tree of Life, whose fruit gives life to all mankind. It is the source of all grace and of all salvation. Its type, as Our Lord has told us explicitly, was the brazen serpent "lifted up" by Moses in the desert. For when "the people began to weary of their journey and labor," they murmured against God and His servant Moses; "wherefore the Lord sent among the people fiery serpents, which bit them and killed many of them." When they repented and asked pardon, Moses, by command of God, set up the figure of a serpent "for a sign: which when they that were bitten looked upon, they were healed."



The Cross of Jesus Christ is the sign erected by God's providence in the desert of the world. That old serpent, the devil, can not harm those whose trust is in the God who died on the Cross for sinners, that He might purchase life eternal for all. "Even to remember the Cross of Christ," says St. Augustin, "puts our hellish foe to flight, and gives us strength to resist his temptations."

The lesson of this feast, therefore, is a reverence for the sign of the Cross, and a consequent patience and even gratitude in bearing our slight share of the Cross in all the incidents of our daily life and duties. For we should never expect to receive a blessing unless it be imparted (according to the wont of Holy Church) with the sign of the Cross.

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#### A Labor-Day Document of Surpassing Importance.

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**T**AKING occasion of Labor Day, the "feast-day" of the working classes, the Rt. Rev. John P. Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Montana, issued to his clergy a Pastoral Letter which, for sound-Christian and economic principles, for exact knowledge of labor conditions, and for genuine pastoral concern for the welfare of his flock, is a document memorable in the literature of social subjects. The central thought of the whole is the regeneration of the laboring man through Christian principles operating upon economic and industrial fact. These principles working upon such fact, Bishop Carroll finds embodied in modern organized labor; and Trade Unionism is the ready instrument he sees for the practical realization of the Christian ideal. One of the most valuable features of this writing is the admirably succinct summary of the relation of the Church to labor through the centuries:

With her Master, the Church voices the loving invitation: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." She need not speak of it; for

the record of her motherly solicitude for the downtrodden and the oppressed looms high before the minds of her children. It was her teaching and beneficent legislation that caused slavery to disappear from the world. It was she who created the Christian home, and, lifting up woman from degradation, enthroned her as its queen. It was she who rescued the child from dishonor, and made its education in virtue and religion the foundation stone of both Church and State. It was the laborious care of her monks in transcribing the Bible and the classical monuments of antiquity that enriched the modern world with learning, sacred and profane. It is to these same monks, who cleared the forests and drained the marshes and ploughed the fields, that "we owe," says Hallam, "the agricultural restoration of a great part of Europe." The guilds of the Middle Ages, the models of our modern Labor Unions, owe their origin and wonderful development to the tutelage of the Church; their decay and final suppression being simultaneous with the Reformation and the French Revolution,—periods during which the power of the Church was weakened in Europe. From the very beginning of modern industrialism, the Church has espoused the cause of the laboring man. The great Von Ketteler, who led the social reform movement in Germany, was called "the laboring man's Bishop." The London dock workers will never forget the friendly interest of Cardinal Manning, and we are all familiar with the efforts of Cardinal Gibbons on behalf of the Knights of Labor. It was their well-known sympathy with wage-earners and their spirit of fair play to every interest involved that led to the selection of Archbishops Quigley and Spalding as arbitrators in two of the greatest strikes in our history.

Finally, it was Pope Leo XIII., who, in 1891, declared that "a small number of very rich men had been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." If conditions have changed materially since then, the change is due in large measure to that great Pope's Encyclical on "The Condition of the Laboring Classes," which has become the text-book of leaders of Capital and Labor, of statesmen and churchmen,—in a word, of all men the world over who have sincerely striven to solve the problems of modern industrialism. Carroll D. Wright, our former eminent Commissioner of Labor, has said: "I consider that the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Labor Question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense

influence in steadying the public mind." With good reason, then, do the toiling masses on their feast-day rejoice with their Holy Mother and hail her with that glorious title—which contempt has sometimes applied to her—"The Church of the poor and the working classes."

Speaking of organized labor and of excesses so often imputed to it, Bishop Carroll says: "Organized labor should be judged as a whole; and, taken as a whole, its aims and purposes are laudable, its methods are in the main justifiable, and the evils which follow from it are outweighed by its good effects.... Is it any wonder, then, that the Church, through her Popes and Bishops, endorses the essentials of modern Unionism? They are her principles applied to the social conditions of the times. The dignity of the individual, of woman, of the child, the sanctity of the home—doctrines on which the Church has ever insisted,—these are the ideas which are at the basis of the labor movement."

A personally practical turn is given this broad philosophy of the subject at the conclusion of the Pastoral, where the writer insists on economy and temperance in the home, and the faithful observance of Sunday as a day of religious duty. He says: "The plans of the Unions, the wisdom of sociologists, the decrees of legislators, and the sympathy of the wealthy, will avail naught unless Christian principles be sincerely lived up to. These principles the Church on Labor's feast-day places afresh in the hands of the laboring man; confident that, if they be applied in the spirit of Christian charity, all difficulties between Labor and Capital will be solved, and the Unions, instead of being made the tools of vicious leaders to promote economic warfare, will devote most of their activities to mutual help, in the form of insurance, education, and the co-operative production of the necessities of life."

The diocese of Helena may be proud of a chief pastor whose zeal for souls is so ardent and enlightened as that of Bishop Carroll.

## Notes and Remarks.

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If the example set by the late George Wyman, a prominent merchant of South Bend, Ind., were generally followed, it is safe to say that the conflict between Capital and Labor would soon be ended; and it is equally safe to assert that it will continue until employers become animated by the spirit with which Mr. Wyman was imbued. He regarded his employees as associates, not as hirelings; and the more deserving of them were treated as friends. Not to speak of strikes, discontent was unknown among them. Their religious convictions, no less than their political preferences and social obligations, were at all times respected. In a word, "Do as you would be done by," was the motto of Mr. Wyman, though he made no parade of it.

Unknown to any one outside of his family or circle of intimate friends, this noble man set aside \$150,000 of his fortune—not a colossal one—for distribution among his employees, and for philanthropic undertakings in which he took practical interest. It was his intention to disburse this sum personally, but death robbed him of the satisfaction. Now his widow promptly does so in his name, and in a letter addressed to the beneficiaries—a letter of which her husband would be proud—she says: "It adds to my sorrow that he could not have had the joy of completing the work; but I am grateful that I can carry out his wishes, and hope you will accept the enclosed check as coming directly from him."

A noble and notable benefaction. One is at a loss which to admire the more—the generosity of the benefactor or the unselfishness of the executor.

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A dispatch from Buffalo on the 27th ult. stated that "scientists and educators of world-wide fame at the Fourth International Congress of School Hygiene, in



special session to-day, agreed with practical unanimity that the time had come when the attitude of the world's educational institutions toward sex hygiene should be revolutionized." Answering the question, What force can now be put in play against the formidable evils which gravely threaten the very life of the race? Dr. Eliot is reported to have said: "This attack must be made against the three principal causes of the present evil conditions: First, lust in men; second, complete lack of moral principle in certain classes of women; and, third, depravity of those who make a commerce of these two."

It does not seem to have occurred to the ex-President of Harvard that all three causes might be prevented—more easily than cured,—by a religious, instead of a Godless, training in youth. The summary of the address delivered by Father Tierney, S. J., is a fair interpretation of the Catholic attitude:

"Eliminate the details of sex hygiene; train character; teach that purity is noble and possible; that vice is vile and carries its own punishment; that marriage is inviolable; that the family is sacred. Knowledge is not moral power; Christ, not hygiene, will cleanse the world," was his advice. He also urged the abolition of "animal dances" and the discontinuance of co-educational institutions for senior students.

Remarking that the discussion which is running its length in the British press on the question of reward and punishment beyond the grave has only an academic interest for Catholics, the *London Universe* adds: "But the discussion has this much that is consoling in its train, in that it shows a willingness among many non-Catholics to speculate, as a serious possibility, on doctrines once regarded as beyond all question alien to Protestant Christianity. For example, the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory would at one time have found no champion in the Protestant camp, unless such a man was prepared to face the charge and pains

of heresy among his fellows; whereas, during the past fortnight, we have read newspaper letters in which the need for some such spiritual provision has been plainly urged. One by one, as we have said before, the Church's doctrines are forcing themselves upon the attention and sympathy of thoughtful Christians outside her fold. From this stage to the further recognition of essential authority, the path of reason may be shorter than many people suppose."

One thing is certain: all who are not wilfully blind must see that the lack of essential authority has been the fatal drawback in the whole Protestant system. To it, as to no other cause, is to be attributed the increasingly rapid disintegration of Church of Englandism and every type of Nonconformity.

We have more than once had occasion to applaud the activity of the Catholics of Rome in the matter of preserving religious teaching in their primary schools. The Municipal Council, with Syndic Nathan at the head of its Masonic members, has been evading the law for some time; but the parents appealed to the educational authorities, and we accordingly read that "the Provincial authority, seeing the determination of the parents, agreed to their petition, and an order has been sent to Syndic Nathan informing him that the Council must provide rooms in which religious instruction may be given to children whose parents desire that they should receive it." Thus, once more the energetic determination of Italian Catholics to secure their legal rights has been crowned with success.

It is interesting to learn from the correspondent who furnishes, to the *Athenæum*, an account of the Congress of International Education at Ghent that in Belgium the schools are all under the control of the State, which sends round inspectors to report (privately) on the efficiency of the teaching; and if any teacher is found

wanting in diligence or efficiency, his gradual increase of salary for years of service is delayed or stopped. Such is the system, which gives hardly any importance to examinations as tests of efficiency. There were numerous discussions, of course, at the Congress; but not a single one on the importance, too great or too small, of examinations, or any suggestions for their improvement. It was urged that where it had been introduced it acted, no doubt, as a stimulus, but as a very unwholesome one. The appointment of teachers in Belgium is in the hands of the Minister of Arts and Sciences, who chooses from teachers qualified at the *Écoles Normales* or having University degrees.

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We like the note of sturdy assurance that rings through this utterance of the *London Catholic Times* regarding the vexed question of denominational schools in England:

As the Liberal Government has no hope of being returned in 1915 unless it can secure the Catholic vote, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, there is no fear of any injury being done to Catholic schools. Whether Churchmen and Free Churchmen can compromise we do not know. Catholics can not and will not. We shall keep our schools, as Catholic schools for Catholic children, with Catholic teachers under Catholic control. We stand and shall stand by our old formula, unchangeable, invincible. If Churchmen and Nonconformists can come to peace on terms of Bible teaching and Cowper-Temple dogmas, well and good. But our dogmas are different. We have no lines of compromise. And all parties must respect our claims, as we respect the claims of others.

That is a spirit which must impress most people as admirable; and it is to be hoped that, given the occasion, it would be found animating Catholics on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other.

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When the *Outlook*, not long ago, printed an advertisement with the significant phrase, "Gentiles only," attached thereto, some of our Hebrew fellow-citizens apparently thought its course inconsistent with its contributing editor's oft-

reiterated demand for the "square deal," and protested accordingly. "Business is business" in the office of the *Outlook*, as in that of many another periodical whose editor would like to vent his spleen or his bigotry against certain creeds and classes; so Rabbi Sternheim, of Greenville, Mississippi, has received from the offending publishing company a letter containing this paragraph:

We have now given the most rigid instructions not only to our advertising department, but to our proofreader as well, to the effect that no advertisement containing anything which may be construed as discriminating against any race or creed shall be permitted to find its way into the advertising pages of the *Outlook*.

The moral is patent to Catholics as well as Jews: resent injustice; protest until the injustice disappears.

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The increasing outcry of normally respectable people against indecent dress and unbecoming dances is taking on a note of outspoken censure of culpably negligent parents. Vice-President Marshall declared the other day: "It is time for American fathers and mothers to have opinions on religion. You wonder why the turkey trot, the tango, and the split skirt exist. I say it is because the mothers of the country are not sufficiently interested in their children." Concurring in this opinion, the *Inter-Ocean* remarks: "Parents have been too lax, too lenient. They have been ruled by the follies of their children, instead of being the children's guides. The dictates of religion, ethics, and morals have weakened their hold upon the family."

That Catholic parents are not always blameless in this respect is all too apparent. A correspondent of the *Catholic Transcript* recently asked: "Have the Catholic clergy and the Catholic press, nothing whatever to say in reprobation of the undress uniform of the seashore, and the shocking and suggestive contortions through which supposedly virtuous young ladies are obliged to pass in order to achieve a terpsichorean triumph, the while open-mouthed parents



gape their approval, if not their applause?" We venture to say that a goodly number of judicious Catholics nowadays share, though they may not publicly express, the sentiments of the *Transcript's* correspondent, who says:

I am fresh from my holiday at the seashore; and the sense of disgust, not unmingled with sorrow and alarm, which I experienced there at the spectacle exhibited by the casino and the promenade, lingers and haunts me still. Are the mothers of the day bereft of that maternal instinct which senses a daughter's danger and drags her innocent child from her seducer as from the face of a serpent? I can not think that these Christian women are entirely indifferent to the soul-welfare of their daughters. If they are, then so much the more are Catholic editors and preachers held to point out the danger and denounce the Paris-brewed conspiracy against the female virtue of the day. Leaving these young people in good faith is like placing powder and matches in the hands of babies. When the downfall comes, as come it must, the ruin which will follow will be mourned for a lifetime—possibly for eternity—and it will be beyond repair.

As we have had recent occasion to reiterate; one of the most urgent needs of the day is an increasing number of—good mothers.

By no means the least important of the many services which M. René Bazin has rendered to his religion and his country is "La Douce France," a reading-book for schools, produced by him at the request of the "Alliance des Maisons d'Éducation Chrétienne." He set out to show French children the soul of their country, its character, its vocation, and its national aspect; and he chose his title because France has been called "gentle" on account of "her courtesy, her purity, her glad and noble heart." The religious note is strong throughout, and the book is no less calculated to inspire devotion to the Church than love of country. Some idea of its charm may be gained from M. Bazin's description of an evening at St. Denis. He writes in part:

These old churches should be seen during the evening services, when the crowd gives

them life; when the shadows, faintly illuminated here and there, make them appear infinitely vast. The pillars of the aisles, those of the transepts, of the choir, the arches, the flagged floors, the ramps,—all led the glance to the depths of twilight, where it was lost as in gulfs of water or in deep forests. The great stained-glass window... still caught sufficient rays of light to reveal its designs vaguely.... The Abbé might speak of peace, and nothing would contradict him.... When he spoke of the beauty of the infinite, everyone understood.

M. Bazin describes agriculture as "the finest of trades,—the one which least depends on man,... in which there are more subjects for thought than in all the books which have been written since the beginning of the world."

The Anglican bishop of Lucknow, India, having publicly expressed surprise that parents of his denomination should send their children to Catholic instead of to Anglican institutions to be educated, the *Indian Planters' Gazette* answered briefly: "The teaching staff in convents is composed of nuns who are admirably qualified for imparting the accomplishments required by our daughters, while the Christian Brothers turn out a larger number of boys fit for government and other employ than do the Protestant schools for Europeans." The parents had probably formed precisely the same opinion.

The occurrence which all Catholics must long ago have looked upon as sure eventually to come to pass has taken place. On the 14th ult. the Holy Father ratified the decision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in favor of the introduction of the Cause of the peasant girl, to whom fifty-five years ago the "Immaculate Conception" appeared at the Grotto of Lourdes. Pending the progress and completion of the Cause, which will no doubt issue in the canonization of Our Lady's humble handmaid, her proper appellation is now Venerable Bernadette Soubirous.

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

## Armand's Presents.



HE was a strong, handsome youth, full of hope when he left home, and confident that he would win success in the great struggle of life. His parents, simple-hearted and devout, lived contentedly on their Canadian farm; and, while they yearned to have their beloved boy remain with them, were yet too indulgent to oppose his resolution of seeking fortune abroad.

As Armand bade them farewell, for the hundredth time he spoke of the fine presents he would soon send back to them. Ah, those oft-promised presents! How rapturously had he let his fancy dwell upon them,—the pleasure he pictured to himself in selecting them, and the delight his mother and sister would feel on receiving them! He would show his love in the pretty things which he would send them from the great city. Nothing in their little village store would compare with what he was going to send home to his dear ones—father, mother, and sister. So Armand went forth, with his mother's kiss and his father's blessing, and saw not how the old couple folded their arms around each other and wept hot tears in their loneliness.

From the peaceful little Canadian village Armand made his way to a great manufacturing city of New England. What chance had he, a simple country boy, alone amid the bustling, selfish, sin-scarred throng! It was the old story repeated. His first eagerly expected letters were full of hope; but as time passed, and disappointments weighed upon him, his letters were fewer and then ceased entirely. The joyful anticipations in which he had so revelled, of sending

presents home, were still unrealized, and this rendered him disheartened and mortified. Little by little his small stock of money dwindled away, and, forced by stern necessity, he had to accept the most menial tasks. It was then that he dropped his family name. For generations his people had been landowners in Canada, and he could not endure the humiliation of having their name associated with one so poor as he. Later on, as he became more proficient in English, he managed to raise himself from menial service, and to fill positions which were more remunerative. This, however, brought him into contact with thoughtless, extravagant associates; and, while he earned more, he was led on by their example to spend more, and thus the long-promised presents were still postponed.

Several years passed and all trace of Armand was lost. He would not write home until his letter could convey the news of success, and success was still as far off as at the outset. Failure hardened and embittered him. He gave up the pious practices of his youth, and turned away from his only source of consolation, becoming thereby all the more miserable. He wandered from city to city until at last he reached New York. Privation and exposure weakened him, his health failed, and one day he was carried into one of the great municipal hospitals in a dying condition.

The chaplain while making his rounds came to his bedside and spoke to him, but Armand's answers were brief and cold. Something in his manner and accent attracted the chaplain, and he looked again at the name on the patient's card; for, somehow, the name and the accent did not seem to agree. Long experience had made the chaplain tactful; so he quietly passed on, but resolved



to devote special attention to this case.

In the afternoon he came again, and again spoke a few words to Armand, and left him some fruit. The next morning he came early, and perceived at once that the poor fellow was much worse, and then he spoke. First he inquired as to how the patient felt, and asked if the heat oppressed him much; then he switched off to the beauty of the Northern autumn, mentioning various Canadian localities. The old, familiar names broke down Armand's reserve, and soon both were talking as only priest and penitent can converse. The long pent-up tears streamed down Armand's haggard face as he poured out his mournful story into the sympathetic ear of the priest. The poor boy told of all his trials and struggles, of his temptations and disappointments, of his change of name, and of his shame and remorse for his heartless neglect of his parents.

After allowing him a little time to rest and compose himself, the chaplain came again; and Armand, tearful and contrite, made his confession, and received the last Sacraments. That evening a letter from the chaplain went speeding Northward to the parish priest at Armand's Canadian home, begging him to do all in his power to find the family and inform them of their son's condition.

Fortunately, it so happened that this priest knew where Armand's mother resided, and without delay he transmitted the chaplain's letter, informing her that her son had made his peace with God, and that while dying he implored forgiveness for his neglect. By return of mail an answer came from the happy, sorrowful mother. It was indeed a mother's letter, — joy over the discovery of her long-lost son, tears over his pitiful condition. For years she had mourned for her absent boy. For years she had prayed for him with all a mother's love. For years she had waited and hoped for his return. Now after all these years she hears from him at last; but it is only to

learn that he is dying,—her boy Armand dying, poor and friendless in a charity hospital, far from home. But, with all this, her Catholic heart found comfort in the assurance that her boy died in God's grace and favor, — died thinking of her, and sending her his last request for forgiveness.

And this was Armand's present to his mother, — far different, indeed, from what he had so fondly pictured when, full of hope, he had set out from home; yet far more precious to her than any gift his earnings could possibly have purchased.  
B.

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### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

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BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

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#### XII.—SURPRISES.

Mr. Seymour had not gone many paces from the door in the direction of his office, where pressing business awaited him, when he met his brother's carriage, containing Mr. William and his wife. He stopped to exchange greetings with them, and the elder brother declared that they had come to get the children.

"We want," said Mrs. William, "to give Katherine and Willie a surprise. They have given us no peace since they came back the last time from your house, asking to have their cousins come up. So to-day, if you and Margaret can spare Fred and Alice, I thought we'd just carry them off for a week in the country."

Henry Seymour replied that, so far from having any objection to offer, he would be delighted to let them go, as he thought that Fred in particular must feel the need of some boy companions.

"Very well," said Mr. William: "There is nothing pleasanter and more wholesome than the country. So, Harriet, while you make your arrangements with Margaret, I will drive Henry down to the office, and send back the carriage for you." This being agreed upon, Henry Seymour only waited to say Good-bye to the

children and supply them with some money; after which he drove off, leaving Fred and Alice to get ready, and the sisters-in-law to have a little chat together.

As they sat in the drawing-room—which Mrs. William admired in detail, moving sedately about, and catching glimpses of herself in the selfsame mirror that had reflected the sober garb of the Quakers,—James Forrester suddenly appeared upon the threshold. The lady, evidently taken aback, gave him the coldest of greetings, so much so that he went out into the hall again with a black look on his face. He watched the brothers driving away in the carriage, and even caught the stern eye of Mr. William, who gave him no salutation whatever. Thus rebuffed, the man went upstairs to his room, with an evil sneer upon his face.

Mrs. William, who was a woman of few words, made no allusion to his presence; but her husband was not by any means so reticent. No sooner was he seated beside his brother in the carriage than he "opened fire" at once.

"I must say, Henry," he began, "that I am surprised you should permit that man to have the run of your house."

Henry Seymour hesitated. Though not lacking in moral courage, he scarcely liked to admit that which Katherine and Willie had perhaps forgotten to mention, and which now seemed to himself in the light of a weakness—namely, that he *had* permitted James Forrester to take up his residence in the house. It not being his habit, however, to shirk an issue once it had been presented, he boldly confessed:

"The truth is, William, I have, at his urgent request, taken him temporarily into the house."

"Taken him into the house!" William cried aghast, and with an air of frank amazement that spoke louder than any words. "Well, upon my word—upon my word!"

"He was in need," explained the younger brother. "He told me that his resources were at the lowest ebb."

"They always are," exclaimed William, cynically.

"I like to lend a helping hand when I can," answered Henry,—*"especially as I was really fond of Maria."*

"Maria! Maria!" cried William, impatiently,—*"when we all know what a life he gave her!"*

"I had no particular knowledge of that kind," said Henry, gravely; *"and perhaps it is as well to let bygones be bygones."*

"But why should you saddle yourself with such an incubus?" inquired the elder brother.

"It is only till the autumn," said Henry. *"Then he intends to return to the West."*

William laughed a deep, pleasant-sounding laugh.

"It is refreshing, Henry, to find so trusting a nature in any one. But this Forrester has been returning to the West ever since he got back from there, and that is a good while now."

Henry was considerably nettled at his brother's amusement and evident disbelief in Forrester's story, and he declared with some warmth:

"All I know is that I have made it very clear to James that, if he does not go West, he must find other lodgings in the month of September at the latest."

"I hope he will do so," said William,—*"I sincerely hope so for your sake; though it is my experience that it would require something like an earthquake to dislodge him once he has got settled."*

He chuckled again over his own joke; but as he perceived that his brother did not seem disposed to join in the merriment, he became grave at once, saying:

"Well, Henry, you know your own business best, and you are quite competent to deal with James Forrester. But I warn you to keep watch. He is mean and tricky; wholly untrustworthy, as well as malicious. He is all the time seeking some advantage of his own."

"Don't you think you are rather hard on him?" observed Henry, who could not help feeling that a good deal of what



the other said was borne out by his own impressions of an undesirable guest.

William laid his hand impressively on his brother's knee, as he answered:

"I have had my own experiences of the man. Like you, I was disposed to help him at first, because of his connection with our family. But of one thing he may rest assured — that he shall never under any circumstances cross my threshold."

The brothers drove on together after that, in silence for a few moments; then William said:

"And one curious circumstance seems to be that he is forever hanging about that house which you have just bought. I have heard some queer rumors on that subject. But perhaps there is no use going into them just now. A word to the wise, you know, is enough."

Then they changed the subject; and before entering the place of business, where the brothers were in different departments, William extended an invitation:

"Now that our house is in order, you and Margaret must come up and spend Sunday, or stay a few days if you can. At this time of year, the country is pleasanter than the city."

Henry thanked his brother, and promised that they would avail themselves of his invitation. But, do as he would during all that day, he was haunted by the feeling that he had done an imprudent thing and acted with less than his usual good judgment in admitting James Forrester to his house.

Meantime the carriage had returned for Mrs. William and her young guests. Their mother had seen them drive away with a real pang of loneliness at her heart. Her wistful eyes had seen Alice seated beside Aunt Harriet on the blue velvet cushions, while Fred from the seat opposite waved a joyous hand to his mother. For although they, too, had felt some qualms in that first separation, and Alice had looked searchingly into her mother's face to feel assured that she really wanted them to go, they knew that

the absence would last only a few days, and they were too young not to rejoice in the prospect before them.

Where is the child—or, for that matter, the adult—who does not enjoy being bowled over the smooth roads of Central Park on a lovely day in summer, revelling in its greenness,—the shady paths and rocks embowered in trailing plants and soft mosses, the silvery thread of the lake and the glimmer of tiny ponds adding their charm to the landscape? Scarcely less beautiful in the children's eyes were those country roads beyond the Park. There was the smell of numberless flowers, and the fresh fragrance of grasses and leaves that had been wet by a passing shower. The drive seemed to Fred and Alice all too short when the carriage drew up at the house, where Katherine and Willie were waiting. These latter had expected only their mother, and great was their joy and surprise when Fred leaped from the carriage, to be followed more leisurely by Alice. Katherine almost forgot the dignity of her years, to dance with delight; while the staid Willie was moved to an unusual degree by the sight of his cousins.

"Hooray!" cried he,—*"Hooray!"* And he flung his cap into the air and caught it again with an alertness that bewildered his slow-moving mother.

"Will you be quiet, Willie, and give me a hand out of the carriage?" she said. But she was smiling at the success of the surprise she had planned, as both Willie and Fred sprang forward to render her that service.

"You're going to have your cousins for a whole week," she declared. "And I hope you'll make it so pleasant for them that they will want to come again."

That substantial house at Harlem, which was at that time largely a wilderness of luxuriant growth, interspersed with gardens and suburban dwellings, was flanked on one side by a brick courtyard, where the sun shone down on fine days with a peculiar warmth and brightness,

which long remained in the memory of the visitors. A green trellis fence, covered with rose vines, divided this from the garden beyond, where roses, mignonette, hydrangeas, pinks, and a host of other flowers grew in an abundance that scented all the air; and where strawberries and raspberries red and white clustered in luscious masses, embowered in green leaves. Currant bushes and cherry trees offered their own attractions; and there was promise of peaches and pears to come later on the overarching trees.

Fred thoroughly enjoyed that outdoor life he had been missing of late, and also the society of Willie and a few neighboring boys, with whom he attended a ball game and a boat race and engaged in various athletic contests. Nevertheless, it was pleasant, after a day in the open, when the four cousins gathered upon the gallery for a chat in the long summer gloaming. It was during that time that they laid many a plan for the coming autumn, when there would be nutting in the adjacent woods of Mount Morris, or when the winter would bring an occasional sleigh drive and skating in the open air.

A favorite topic of conversation with Katherine was, however, the house in the city, which had fascinated her, with the thread of romance that ran through the life there, intensified by such happenings as that in the attic, and by the vague hints that Uncle Jim threw out. Even that individual, unpleasant as he might be, lent at least an element of the unusual to vary the monotony of domestic existence. "He makes you feel," said Katherine, "as if things were going to happen." She, in fact, amused herself by giving free rein to her imagination, which had taken fire from all the circumstances connected with that house built by Quakers, and whence a gallant youth had gone forth to untimely death.

The boys, especially her brother, listened open-mouthed to her flights of fancy. The practical Willie occasionally

caught her up on some detail, or brought her back to earth with a jest. But Alice, in whom the imaginative faculties were strongly developed, not only followed her cousin with sympathy and interest, but found in her romances new sources of enjoyment or new terrors.

Since she and Fred had, with singular discretion, refrained from acquainting their cousins with that curious conversation they had overheard, perhaps in the mind of Alice lurked a species of exultation in the thought that she knew of one mystery surpassing in interest all that Katherine invented. That secret, however, weighed upon the little girl to the extent of somewhat spoiling her visit. She was continually tormenting herself with the thought that her mother might chance to be left alone in the house with Selma, who might suddenly develop some criminal tendency. Or again she felt disturbed by the thought that if Uncle Jim were really, as Selma had declared, "a black heart," he should be roaming at will through the house, unsuspected by her parents. Generally speaking, these oppressive fancies took flight in the light of day, and Selma and Uncle Jim resumed their normal proportions. But it was only after their return home that the brother and sister felt free to speak to each other of that agitating subject.

(To be continued.)

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### The Music Room.

BY RUTH L. SKEEN.

IN St. Cecilia's music room  
 Are lots of pretty plants in bloom.  
 Each afternoon, at half-past four,  
 I go in there and close the door  
 And practise scales; it's very hard,  
 With other children in the yard.  
 But Sister Joseph smiles at me  
 While I am counting one, two, three.  
 Sometimes she pats me on the hand,  
 And then I seem to understand  
 My lesson better. Then she'll say,  
 "Now, dear, you may go out to play."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of recent short stories by John Ayscough is announced by Chatto & Windus under the title "Prodigals and Sons."

—A promised volume of reminiscences, soon to be published by Katharine Tynan, starts expectation among all who know this lady's charm as a writer and her Irish genius for friendship.

—A new novel by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—a romance and comedy of the time when all Western Europe shall have been conquered by the Turks—is entitled "The Flying Inn." Messrs. Methuen & Co., publishers.

—A translation of "La Douce France," M. René Bazin's reading-book for French schools, referred to in our Notes and Remarks this week, has just been published by Gill & Son. Would that there were such a text-book as this for American Catholic children!

—"The Wisdom of Waloopee," by J. Herrick McGregor (Denny), is described as "a stream of wisdom in prose and verse." "Are thy virtues unknown to the people?" says this entertaining philosopher. "So, then, are thy greater sins. Lie low and give thanks."

—Reviewing the excellent series of handbooks issued by the Catholic Social Guild of England, the *Quarterly Review* of the London School of Economics declared that probably no other religious organization in Great Britain publishes so much literature as the Catholic Church; and characterized the Guild's handbooks as "very readable and interesting, replete with Catholic doctrine, and very comprehensive in their treatment of each particular subject. One gains from them a very considerable knowledge of the problems involved. . . . They are to be highly recommended."

—F. Pustet & Co. have brought out the nineteenth edition of the late Bishop Stang's "Life of Martin Luther." Excellently printed in clear, large type, on good paper, this summarized biography makes a brochure of 176 pages, and will doubtless find an appreciative public, all the larger because of the modest price of the book (25 cents). The statement on the cover and title-page, "Compiled from reliable sources," was truer twenty years ago, when the book originally appeared, than can be claimed for it with precision at the present time. Denifle's and Grisar's authoritative works on the arch-reformer can scarcely be overlooked in any future Life, however condensed; and

some revision of the present book is advisable, owing to additional Luther-material that has come to light of late years. In the meantime, revised or not, it should have at least a table of contents, if not an adequate index.

—Year-books for 1914 continue to make their appearance. We are in receipt of *Der Familienfreund* (St. Louis, Mo., *Herold des Glaubens*), and *Regensburger Marien-Kalender* (F. Pustet & Co.). These are among the best of the German annuals; they are very attractive both as to contents and general make-up.

—In Vol. III. of "The Antidote," just published by the English C. T. S., will be found a great deal of useful information bearing upon points of Protestant or Rationalist controversy. Indeed, the object of this work is to afford adequate refutations of current false charges against the Church, and satisfactory answers to misrepresentation of Catholic teaching and practice.

—Vols. IX. and X. of Benziger Brothers' "Round the World" Series are excellent additions to their collection of interesting illustrated articles on a great variety of subjects. There are a dozen separate articles in each book, while the illustrations in Vol. IX. number ninety, and in Vol. X. one hundred and three. The latter volume contains also a general index of the series. The books are well printed, and the pictures are for the most part admirably executed.

—"Religion in the Public Life of a Nation," by the Rev. James McCaffrey (M. H. Gill & Son), is a pamphlet of twenty-two pages. While Dr. McCaffrey discusses his title-matter on general principles, it is with a specific application to his own country, Ireland; and, with full cognizance of what has been done in Belgium and Germany, he declares: "I have still no hesitation in saying that the formation of a Catholic party in an Irish Parliament would be bad for the country and bad for the best interests of religion." At this distance, one is inclined to ask: Will not the majority of both parties in an Irish Parliament be Catholics?

—The life-story of a zealous and apostolic missionary, one, indeed, who may yet be raised to the altars of the Church, is given in "The Apostle of Ceylon: Fr. Joseph Vaz," translated from the French of the Archbishop of Thebes (1895), by Ambrose Cator, of the Oratory. (Burns & Oates, publishers.) The saintly missionary's life, which is here so succinctly and reliably told, reads like a later story of the

deeds of St. Francis Xavier in all that resembles apostolic zeal. Fr. Vaz, a native of Ceylon, became a member of the Oratory, and in him we may think was vicariously satisfied that desire of his great father, St. Philip Neri, to shed his blood for Christ in India. On his deathbed Fr. Vaz said these memorable words to some who asked for a token of remembrance: "Never forget that it is indeed difficult to do at the hour of death that which one has neglected to do during life."

—Lovers of Dickens will not need reminding that one of the minor characters in "Nicholas Nickleby" is the very capable young daughter of the theatrical manager, Vincent Crummles,—to wit, Ninetta Crummles, the "infant phenomenon." There is a sort of whimsical poetic justice in the fact that Miss Crummles' sobriquet adorns the back of Vol. IX. (original edition) of so important a work as the New International Encyclopedia. As is customary, the first and the last title treated in each volume are printed on the back thereof, as a convenience to the consulter of the work; and the division of the contents of the various volumes sometimes gives uncalled-for prominence to articles of very minor importance. Vol. III. of the work in question, for instance, is labelled "Big-Endians—Canada"; and Vol. IX., "Hall—Infant Phenomenon." Mr. Crummles' perspicacity has at last been vindicated.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Apostle of Ceylon: Fr. Joseph Vaz." 60 cts.

"Life of Martin Luther." Rt. Rev. Bishop Stang. 25 cts.

"Round the World Series." Vols. IX. and X. \$1 each.

"The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part I. 45 cts.

"Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman." Joseph E. Canavan, S. J. 35 cts.

"Minor Orders." Rev. Louis Bacuez, S. S. \$1.25.

"The Sorrow of Cycadoon." Mrs. Thomas Concannon. 35 cts.

"Peronne Marie." \$1.25.

"Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." New Vol. \$1.25.

"The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet." Minnie Sawycr. 90 cts., net.

"Eucharistic Lilies." Helen Maery. \$1.

"Flowers of the Cloister." Sister Mary Wilfrid La Motte. \$1.25.

"The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Vol. III. Rev. Edward Jones. \$1.35.

"The Consolations of Purgatory." Fr. Faure, S. M. 90 cts.

"Gone Before." 90 cts.

"Some Irish Stories." Alice Dease. 50 cts.

"Tolerance." Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.75.

"Luther." Hartman Grisar, S. J. Authorized Translation. Vol. I. \$3.25.

"Poems." Alice Meynell. \$1.25.

"St. Francis de Sales and His Friends." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. \$1.35.

"Our Reasonable Service." Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. \$1.10.

"The Meditations of a Martyr." 50 cts.

"Trilogy to the Sacred Heart." Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cts.

"Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord." Abbé de Brandt. 3 vols. \$6.50.

"Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church." Rev. Henry Graham, M. A. 20 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Barrett, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. David Mescal, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John Colbert, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Michael Hennessy, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Fr. Christopher, C. P.; Rev. Charles Hahn, C. SS. R.; and Rev. Joseph Fox, M. S.

Sister M. Evangelist and Sister M. Angela, of the Sisters of Mercy; Mother M. Borgia, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Peter, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Henry Rosemer, Mrs. Susan Moore, Mr. J. J. O'Brien, Mr. Frank Noel, Miss Ellen Delany, Mr. Patrick Kerwick, Mrs. Mary S. Good, Mr. John Hessler, Margaret Mary Quinn, Mr. Charles Dold, Mr. William Bartelo, Mrs. Mary Manning, and Mr. John Gebhardt.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Life, Love, Death.

BY H. H.

LIFE is more than a poet's fancy,  
Woven of gold and garnished with light:  
Life is a struggle against the breakers,  
A cry to the Lord from the blackness of night.  
Love is more than the soft caresses,  
Homage of Passion to Beauty and Mirth:  
Love is the song that flows unbidden  
When the heart awakens to Love's own birth.  
Death is more than the withered flower,  
Plucked by Time from its fragile stem:  
Death is the seed that falls unnoticed,  
Quick with a power to bloom again.

## The Mother of Sorrows in Mediæval Literature and Art.

BY M. N.

THE learned and saintly Father Bridgett has said more than once that "the special devotion in old England was to Our Lady's Joys." He has laid stress upon the fact that our Catholic forefathers loved to meditate on the bliss beyond compare which she experienced when, during the infancy and childhood of her Divine Son, she lived with Him in the tender and intimate familiarity of a mother. And, if we turn to the works of our early homilists, we shall find passage after passage on this subject, — passages filled with sublime ideas, which are perhaps nowhere more beautifully developed than by St.

Anselm's loved companion, Eadmer, who thus writes in the eleventh century: "O Jesus, our God, Son of this most happy Mother, power and wisdom of Thy Heavenly Father, we pray Thee, by the mercy which made Thee become man for us, enlighten our hearts, that we may understand the thoughts and feelings of Thy sweetest Mother! What was her exultation and her joy when she clasped Thee in her arms, at once so little and so great!"

But of course no Christian heart could forget our Blessed Lady's Dolors; therefore, we are not surprised to find that the people were frequently exhorted by their teachers "to remember her whose image they saw in every church, on the rood-beam, standing in tears at the right side of the crucifix." The Anglo-Saxon homilist Ælfric, writing in the tenth century on Simeon's Prophecy, thus alludes to Our Lady's Dolors: "The old Simeon said that Christ's sword should pierce not through Mary's body, but her soul. . . . The sword betokens Christ's Passion. The Blessed Mary was not slain nor martyred bodily, but spiritually, when she saw her Child taken and iron nails driven through His hands and through His feet, and His side afterward wounded with a spear. Then was His suffering her suffering; and she was more than martyr, for her mind's suffering was greater than her body's would have been had she been martyred. . . . Though Mary believed that Christ would arise from death, her Child's suffering went, nevertheless, very deeply into her heart." Beautiful words these, and yet how simply and luminously they

describe a sorrow deeper and more terrible than any ever experienced by the sorrowing children of Eve!

Again, we find St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury (thirteenth century), speaking very definitely on this subject. "You ought also," he says, "to meditate on the most sweet Virgin Mary,—with what anguish she was filled when she stood at the right hand of her most sweet Son, and received the disciple in place of the Master; and how great was her grief when she received the servant for the Lord, and the son of a sinner for the Son of God. . . . Hence some one moved with piety thus addressed her: 'O most beautiful Lady, now of a truth have you felt that most sharp piercing of the sword of which spoke Simeon on the day of thy Purification; now hast thou received what was promised thee by Anna the Prophetess!'"

It is interesting, in this connection, to find in the MS. of a sacred drama of the early years of the fifteenth century the following lines, wherein Our Lady thus describes her suffering:

O Gabriel, Gabriel!  
Of great joy did you tell,  
In your first salutation . . .

That you said truth right well know I;  
But you told me not that my Son should die,  
Nor yet the thought and care  
Of His bitter Passion, which He suffered now.  
O old Simeon, full soothly said you,  
To speak you would not spare!  
You said the sword of sorrow should enter my heart;  
Yea, yea, just Simeon, now I feel it smart  
'With most deadly pain!

Further on in the same drama, which was intended for representation on the afternoons of Good Friday and Holy Saturday, words are put into the mouth of the Sorrowing Mother which irresistibly recall those of Ælfric above quoted, concerning the firm belief of Mary in her Divine Child's Resurrection. She is made to say: I know it well, or else in rest my heart would never be.

I might not live, nor endure  
One minute, but I am sure  
The third day rise shall He.

In this same drama also St. Mary Magdalen thus describes Our Lady's grief:

Many men speak of lamentation,  
Of mothers, and of their great desolation  
When that their children die and pass;  
But of His piteous tender Mother, alas!  
The woe and pain passes all other.

Many authors contend that, by "Our Lady of Pity," our Catholic forefathers did not mean Our Lady of Compassion in reference to her Dolours, but simply Our Lady of Clemency, or Mercy; and they consider this opinion to be borne out by the fact that, though the title is given to statues where she is depicted at the foot of the Cross, it is also given to her when she holds in her arms the Infant Jesus, or is represented alone; as on a brass in the church of Fovant, in Wiltshire, where she is shown kneeling in prayer, her head crowned with flowers, and on one side an Angel saluting her with the words, *Ave Maria, gratia plena*; on the other, the parish priest, with a scroll on which is written, "Moder of Pity, pray for me." The date is 1504. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the majority of the old English images of Our Lady of Pity (and there was one in almost every church throughout the land) represented her as she is described in the "Pilgrimage of Sir R. Guylforde, Knight"—"having the dead body of her dere Son new taken downe from ye Cross."

An old English inventory at Long Melford, in Suffolk, says that, in the tabernacle at the south end of the Jesus aisle, "there was a fair image of our Blessed Lady having the afflicted body of her dear Son as He was taken down from the Cross, lying along in her lapp; the tears, as it were, running down pitifully upon her beautiful cheeks, as it seemed, bedewing the said sweet body of her Son, and therefore named 'The Image of Our Lady of Pitty.'" "Pity," used in this sense, would appear to signify compassion—i. e., fellowship in suffering—and not mercy.

At Hull, Our Lady of Pity was called



the Mother of Pity, as we find from the will, dated November 2, 1476, of a certain merchant of Kingston-on-Hull, John Swan by name, who desires to be buried in the church of the Holy Trinity at Hull, "in the south aisle, between the choir and Our Lady of Pity." In the Galilee at Durham Cathedral, there was, "on the north side of the said Galilee, an altar called the Lady of Pittie's altar, carryinge our Saviour upon her knee"; and at this altar the Lady Mass was always said.

Such examples might be almost indefinitely multiplied, but let it suffice to mention in passing that there are three old English images of Our Lady still in existence. One occupies one of the *sedilia* in Battlefield church, Shropshire; another, "a magnificent image in alabaster, two feet six inches in height," says Mr. Waterton, in his "Pietas Mariana Britannica," was found buried under the pavement in Breadsall church, near Derby; the third may be seen over the porch of Glentham church, in Lincolnshire; and below is a shield with the armorial bearings of the Tournays, the former lords of Caenby.

These images were frequently, as one old chronicler tells us, "right well painted and fair arrayed with gold and divers other colors, the which showed to the people that beheld them great devotion." And they not seldom stood under handsome tabernacles, or canopies; for in the churchwardens' accounts of Walberswick, in Suffolk, A. D. 1474, we read in the following extract from a will: "I will that my executors do paint and gyld the tabernakyll of Our Lady of Pity at my cost, according to the forme of the image of Synt Mary of Pity of Southwold." This record is interesting not only because it alludes directly to the tabernacles and their painting and gilding by skilled hands, like those of Thomas of Yarmouth, who was noted in the early part of the fifteenth century as a painter and maker of images, but also because it gives us

practical proof of what has been termed "the ubiquity of the image of Our Lady of Pity in England."

But to return to the verses and prayers of the period. There is a pathetic poem (fifteenth century) entitled "The Mother of Sorrows." It begins thus:

Mary Mother, come and see!  
Thy Son is nailed on a tree,  
Hand and foot; He may not go:  
His body is wounded all in woe.

Thy sweet Son, that thou hast borne  
To save mankind that was forlorn,  
His head is wreathed in a thorn,  
His blissful body is all torn.

These words would seem to have been addressed to Our Lady by the Beloved Disciple; and in the next verse we read:

Mary would not longer dwell,  
But hied her fast to that hell  
Where Jesu His blood began to spill.

Then she exclaims:

My sweet Son, that art me dear,  
Why have men hanged Thee here?  
Thy head is wreathed in a brere: \*  
My lovely Son, where is Thy cheer?

Thy sweet body that in me rest,  
Thy comely mouth that I have kissed,  
Now on rood is made Thy nest. . . .

Thus the verses go on depicting, in homely language, well calculated to touch the heart and arrest the attention, the wonderful story of the world's Tragedy.

Again, in a beautiful prayer taken from an old English MS., we find Our Lord's love and His Mother's grief clearly and tenderly described. After many fervent ejaculations, the prayer continues: "They lead forth Longinus with the broad sharp spear. He pierces His side, cleaves the Heart, and there comes flowing out of the wide wound the blood that redeemed us and the water that washed the world from guilt and from sin. Ah, sweet Jesus, Thou openest for me Thy Heart, that I may know Thee truly! . . . For there I may openly see how much Thou lovedst me. With wrong should I refuse Thee my heart, since Thou hast bought heart for heart. Lady, Mother

\* Briar.

and Maiden, thou didst stand here full nigh and sawest all this sorrow upon thy precious Son. Thou wast inwardly martyred with thy motherly heart, when thou sawest His Heart cloven asunder with the spear's point. . . . Grant me to understand thy sorrow that thou then hadst." Surely such a prayer as this might well find a place in our modern manuals, of which only too often quantity and novelty are the characteristic features.

"The Prymer," the favorite book of devotion in Mediæval times, invariably contained the *Obsessio*, or the Besieging of Our Lady, which was the "Thirty Days' Prayer" in its original form. And it is interesting to find that prefixed to this prayer, which begins, *Obsecro te Domina Sancta Maria*, there is in the Sarum Prymer of 1534 the following rubric: "To all them that be in the state of grace, that dayly say devoutly this prayer before our Blessed Lady of Pitie [an image of this type], she wille shewe them her blessed visage and warne them in the daye and the houre of death, and in their last ende the angelles of God shall yield their souls to heaven, and they shall obtain five hondred years and soo [so] many lentes of pardon granted by five holy fathers, Popes of Rome."

"The Night Hymn," which our forefathers probably recited when actually in bed, before composing themselves to rest, definitely alludes to the sorrows of God's Holy Mother. Two examples must suffice. The first runs thus:

Upon my ryght syde I me lay;  
blessed Lady. to thee I pray,  
For [because of] the tears that ye lete  
upon your sweet Son's feet;  
Send me grace for to sleep  
and good dreams for to meet. . . .

The second is very similar:

Uppon my right side I lay me  
as Jesus did on Marie's knee;  
Now, Jesus, for Thy Holy Name  
shield me from sin and shame.  
Witt and wisdome unto me give  
as longe as in this world I live,  
Sweet Jesus. Amen.

Our Lady seated alone at the foot of the Cross is called "Our Lady at the Foot of the Cross," and not "Our Lady of Pity." Nor is she called by the latter title when standing alone, in an attitude of deep grief, or holding the Crown of Thorns; but at Telgetana we find an image of Our Lady of Pity venerated under the title of *Consolatrix Afflictorum*.

The subject of images naturally leads us on to that of pictures, and we at once find how prominent a place Our Lady's sorrows take in this department of Christian art. Catholic painters have ever been inspired by the remembrance of her ineffable love and boundless grief; and in most representations of the different scenes connected with our Blessed Lord's Passion, she is associated with the action as being, after her Son, the principal personage. For example, among the frescoes by Fra Angelico in the cloisters of St. Mark at Florence, there is one of the Last Supper, in which Our Lady is depicted as a kneeling, glorified participator in that divine rite, that mystery of faith, the Holy Eucharist; and this is the case even in pictures where such scenes as the Transfiguration form the subject.

We have many beautiful representations of the Via Dolorosa and the carrying of the Cross (*Il Portamento del Croce*), and in most of these the affliction of the Sorrowing Mother is a prominent part of the tragic interest of the scene; for, according to a very ancient tradition, the Blessed Virgin and the holy women stood on a certain spot, not far from the summit of Calvary's sacred hill, to watch the sad procession; and, beholding her Divine Son dragged along by the brutal soldiery, His sacred body all torn and bleeding from the scourges, His wounded shoulders bowed beneath the weight of the cruel Cross, the Mother, in her agony, sank fainting to the earth. This incident forms the subject of several pictures under the title of *Notre Dame du Spasme* (French), *La Madonna dello Spasimo* (Italian).



Sometimes she is depicted sustained by the women or by St. John; sometimes she stretches out longing arms to her Son as, sinking under the burden of the Cross, He turns His benign eyes upon her; or again she stands with clasped hands, mute and motionless with excess of anguish.

In Raphael's famous and sublime composition entitled *La Spasimo di Sicilia*, because it was originally painted for the high altar of the church at Palermo dedicated to the *Madonna dello Spasimo*, our dear Lady is represented with outstretched arms extended toward her Son, and an expression of such appealing agony on her face that it haunts the mind of the spectator for long after. By order of Philip IV., of Spain, this picture was removed from Palermo early in the seventeenth century, and is now placed in the gallery at Madrid.

In a very fine *Portamento del Croce*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, one of the soldiers is shown repulsing the Sorrowful Mother. In another example, by Lucas van Leyden, the procession to Calvary is seen moving along in the far distance; whilst in the foreground Our Lady, overwhelmed with grief, is supported by the weeping St. John. Murillo shows Our Lord fainting beneath the weight of the Cross; whilst His Mother, seated on the ground by the wayside, gazes at Him with a look of unutterable anguish in her eyes. The *Ecce Homo*, by Correggio, in the English National Gallery, is, in fact, only another version of *La Spasimo*; for Our Lord is depicted in the distance, being shown by Pilate to the people. In the foreground, Our Lady, an intensely pathetic figure, falls fainting to the ground.

Again, in pictures of the Crucifixion, the Mother of Sorrows is always an important figure. Sometimes she stands alone on the right side of the Cross, with St. John on the left; whilst she either looks up in mingled faith and grief, or bows her head upon her hands, resigned, yet overwhelmed. The greatest of the

masters represent her *standing*; in this, following the teaching of theologians, who tell us that her love and sorrow were equalled, on that awful occasion, by her calmness and sublime fortitude. And does not the Gospel say she "stood"?

The Descent from the Cross and the Deposition are two different themes, and in both the afflicted Mother is one of the chief personages. In the first, the Blessed Virgin is usually depicted *standing*; for here, as in the Crucifixion, she would have been associated with the principal action, "and not," as some authority has well said, "by the excess of her grief, disabled from taking part in it."

It is interesting to read the touching old French legend which tells us that when St. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus withdrew the nails which fastened our Lord's hands, St. John took them away secretly, that His Mother might not see them, "for fear lest her heart should break." And then, whilst Nicodemus took out the nails which fastened His feet, Joseph of Arimathea supported the sacred body, so that the head and arms of the dead Christ hung over His shoulder. The Sorrowful Mother, seeing this, rose to her feet, and, taking the bleeding hands of her Divine Son, clasped them in her own and kissed them tenderly. And then indeed," continues the pathetic narrative, "she sank to the earth, because of the great anguish she suffered lamenting her Son, whom the cruel Jews had murdered."\*

The Deposition is, strictly speaking, that moment when, the Descent having been accomplished, the dead form of Christ our Lord is laid in the arms of His afflicted Mother; and the greatest artists depict her clasping Him in an anguish of tender love, or bending to look into the face upon which it had ever been her joy to gaze, or resting her cheek upon His with an expression of indescribable grief and love.

\* "Vie de Notre Dame, la Glorieuse Vierge Marie," in old French,

"The ideal and devotional form of this subject [the Descent] is styled a *Pietà*," says Mrs. Jameson, in her "Legends of the Madonna"; and elsewhere in the same work she refers to it as "the most important and most beautiful of all, as far as the Blessed Virgin is concerned." She also quotes from "*Les Fêtes Mobiles*" (Baillet) the following reference to those special days set apart to commemorate the participation of the Holy Virgin Mother in the suffering of her Son: "*C'est ce que l'on a jugé à propos d'appeler la Compassion de la Vierge, autrement Notre Dame de Pitié.*" These words confirm what has been said above in respect to the old English images of "Our Lady of Pity."

There are many beautiful and touching pictures of which *La Pietà* forms the subject, notably examples by Rafael, Guido, and Francia (the latter in the English National Gallery); whilst the celebrated marble group by Michael Angelo, in St. Peter's, Rome, is too well known to need description here.

Much more might be written on representations of the *Mater Dolorosa* by the greatest artists, but space forbids. Catholic painters loved to dwell upon the close and intimate relation between Christ and His Mother; and, on that account, no matter what the subject chosen, Our Lady almost invariably forms part of the picture. This is not surprising; for no true child of the Church can doubt that, however far separated, there was constant communion between that Mother and her Son. Wherever He might be—in whatever acts of love or mercy or benign wisdom occupied for the good of man—there also was His Mother present with Him in spirit, bound to Him by ties so tender and so sacred that they are indeed beyond our finite understanding.

AFTER all, how little we understand each other, with only words to rely on!... The best Volapük is sympathy.

—Sophia Kirke.

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### XIII.

WHEN Dr. O'Loghlen's peremptory refusal to take anything except entire charge of the unconscious man was backed by intimation from the police that, if he did not recover, Andy McGloon would be held responsible for his life, he agreed, though not without the greatest reluctance, to the removal of his patient. The question, however, was where should he be removed to. The workhouse infirmary, many miles away, was not under Dr. O'Loghlen's charge, and in his heart he sympathized with the bonesetter in his indignation at being bereft of so interesting a patient. It was a case after the Doctor's own heart,—one that he would thoroughly enjoy studying and tending, or, best of all operating upon, if under the circumstances such a thing was found possible.

Then, too, he felt quite assured that when—or if, for as yet recovery hung in the balance—this man regained his senses, he would not be found to be a patient who needed the relief of a Union infirmary. There were many points to be considered—this conviction, the distance from the workhouse, the loss to him of such an interesting case. But at last he came to the conclusion that, if his plan met with no objection at home, he would have the man taken there, and, with the help of the district nurse, he would tend him himself and drag him back to consciousness.

His home was presided over by his only sister, a girl some years younger than himself, who had been left in his care by his father, an eminent physician who had died the very year he himself completed his medical studies. His hopes for the future at that time had been very different from what the reality turned



out. His ambition had been to become a brain specialist; hence his unwillingness to part with such a case as that of the unknown man. But this would have meant several additional years of study, and then perhaps a fight to win the foremost place he coveted; and when almost suddenly he found himself fatherless, and with Norah's support and future to be considered, he felt obliged to put away his secret ambition, and turn to something more immediately profitable.

It so happened that the dispensary district of Imosgeela fell vacant, and he was able to secure election to it. So, with the best grace he could muster, he took up the post; and no one, least of all the little sister for whom he was doing it, guessed at the sacrifice he was making.

To Norah, the possession of a house was joy unalloyed; and from the first she showed herself the most capable of little housekeepers. Certainly in his home and in the natural surroundings of his new life, Denis O'Loughlen was very fortunate; and he was wise enough to make the most of the good and the least of the ills of his fate. The discovery that his father had made no provision for his children, or certainly for his daughter, had been almost overwhelming at first. He had always been looked on as a wealthy man, but it had been no unusual story, — the lavish expenditure of a large though fluctuating income, and the thought that there was plenty of time to provide for the morrow. Then came death and dire distress; and those who had been accustomed to luxury were left with barely the necessities of life. Fortunately, in the O'Loughlens' case, Denis was able to provide at least the ordinary comforts for his sister; and, indeed, she asked for nothing more than this new, busy country life contained.

Such a story as that which Denis brought home from Andy McGloon's was full of the most vivid interest to her; and she set to work delightedly to prepare one of their two spare rooms,

likening it as much as possible to the stern bareness of a hospital ward. The moving of the unconscious man was a delicate piece of work, and there was plenty of time to have everything prepared for his reception before he was carried, looking to Norah's startled eyes more dead than alive, into the little room that was awaiting him.

A careful examination proved to Dr. O'Loughlen that the bonesetter's boast had not been an empty one. The fractures were well set, and the bones were knitting healthily. Only the head remained to be treated; and, so far as he could judge, it would mean days and weeks of care before the now dormant brain could be expected to do its active work again. There was, of course, the alternative of trying an immediate operation. But, after due consideration, this was abandoned; and the Doctor and nurse, with a full share of help from Norah, settled down to watch with breathless interest the progress of the case, and tend day and night the helpless, senseless man.

Then at last when the days had lengthened out into weeks, and over a month had passed since the evening he had been carried from Andy McGloon's barn door, the sick man showed to his anxious watchers the first signs of returning consciousness. He did not speak; but it was evident that the puzzled eyes which wandered vaguely round the room, were seeking some familiar landmark whence to start on the task of enlightening the darkness that still hung like a pall over the slowly awakening brain.

It was Norah who was with him when he spoke the first words that had crossed his lips for weeks and weeks. She was sitting by the window, her head bent over a piece of sewing in her lap, and the afternoon sun playing about her head and making a glory of her hair.

"Ula!"

At the sound of his voice she dropped her sewing; and as she rose from her

seat he saw it was not the owner of the name he had used, but a girl who was a stranger to him. She moved quickly, yet with the noiselessness in which the practice of these days of nursing had made her an adept; and before the sick man had time to wonder what had happened to her, he saw bending over him another face, also unfamiliar, yet not unlike a masculine replica of the one he had seen by the window.

"You are wondering where you are?" a clear, pleasant voice was saying. "You won't be able to remember for yourself, because you are in a strange place. You have been ill, you know. You understand what I am saying?"

"Yes" (the answer was spoken uncertainly), "I am in a strange place. I have been ill." The words came as though from a child who was learning a lesson.

"Well, now I will tell you our names, and you will tell us yours; and after that you must rest again. I am Denis O'Loughlen, the doctor who has been attending you; and the girl is my sister Norah, who has been nursing you, too."

"My name," said the sick man, speaking with an effort, "is Oliver—yes, Oliver Plunkett."

(And here, nameless and unknown for all these weeks, lay the real Oliver!)

It was only by degrees that the O'Loughlens learned the patient's story, or at least so much of it as he could tell. They learned, indeed, that it was through no accident that the fall from the train had taken place. Thinking it over now, Oliver realized that the man whom he had taken to be the guard or ticket collector was no railway official at all, but a person who for some reason or other had wished to get him out of the way. He had no enemy that he knew of, so no purely personal motive could have instigated the crime. Was it robbery? That it might have been; for, of course, neither he nor his hosts had the faintest idea what had become of his bag and other luggage. Why had he, who, after all, had

little of value with him, been singled out from all the other men who were also travelling that night?

Answers to such questions as these were beyond the power of any one there to give; but Oliver could not help wondering and marvelling why, when he had failed to arrive at the time he was expected in Philadelphia, his uncle had not caused a searching inquiry to be made for him.

It seemed, from the information Dr. O'Loughlen had received from the Railroad Company, that no inquiries of any kind had come to them. But after a time, when things began to seem more clear to Oliver, he remembered that no one knew of his change of plans caused by the delay of the fog in London; so that if any search for him had been set on foot, it might not have gone further than the direct route by Liverpool. Ireland had probably not entered into their calculations at all. This, too, explained why nothing had come of the accounts of his accident which Dr. O'Loughlen had sent to the Irish papers. No one interested in his case had probably the chance of seeing them.

But before there was time to indulge in all these wonderings there was something more important to be done, and it should be attended to without delay. Oliver's sisters must be communicated with, and the fact of his partial recovery told at the same time as the news that he was still alive. The fact that Maura and Ula had been left all these weeks in uncertainty about him, mourning for him as one dead, just as their mother had long ago mourned for her brother, was so disquieting to the patient that his progress was checked instead of being improved; and Dr. O'Loughlen saw that the best thing for Oliver now would be to have his sisters near him; and so an urgent invitation to one or both to come to Imosgeela was added to the letter which was dispatched without delay to Maura at Camphill.



## XIV.

Hugh Carew was so overwhelmed at this discovery of the real Oliver's portrait that he did not even hear Ula's repeated questions as to what was the matter; and at last, finding herself unnoticed, she slipped away to seek, as usual, help from Maura.

When, after a few moments' delay, the girls returned to the room together, they found their guest pacing restlessly backward and forward; and the anguish on his face made Maura go up to him quickly and repeat the question that from Ula's lips he had disregarded.

"What is the matter?" he echoed tonelessly; and then, without preamble, he broke out into explanation. "O my dears," he cried (and there was a catch in his voice that was almost like a sob), "what have I done, — I who wanted to help you, to bring brightness and pleasure into your lives, — I who wanted you to love me? I fear — I greatly fear — that instead I have brought you sorrow and trial, — aye, and the bitterness of loss and death!"

His voice sank away to silence. Then, seeing nothing but amazement on the faces before him, he pulled himself together and went on more coherently:

"You tell me that Oliver left home within a week of the arrival of Mr. Bird's letter — over a month ago — going on two months. But he never came to me. Some one took his place. He came at the expected time, bringing Oliver's papers, Mr. Bird's letter — everything to identify himself as Oliver; but he was not my sister's son."

"Then," said Maura, hardly able to speak, and not yet taking in what all this meant, — "then you are Uncle Hugh!"

He had forgotten, in his trouble, that his secret still remained untold; but now it had revealed itself. And, in their amazement, the girls did not grasp what his words conveyed concerning their brother.

"Oh, I am glad, — I am so glad!" cried Ula, springing forward and drawing the

old man down into a chair. 'Now we can take care of you and make you rest, and you will stay as our own, instead of being only a paying guest.'

He put his arm about her and drew the face, so like the Ursula of his boyhood's days, as though he would have kissed it; but then, remembering that as yet they had not connected him with Oliver's disappearance — that, indeed, they had not realized the truth, — he almost pushed the girl away. She must come to him of her own free will. And would she do so when she found that through him, though all unwittingly, she had lost her brother?

He looked up at Maura. What would her decision be? And as he looked he saw that a glimmering of the full meaning was dawning on her.

"Oliver?" she said, and that was all.

"That is it," he responded, speaking calmly now. "He has been neither seen nor heard of since he said good-bye to you six or seven weeks ago."

"But he wrote!" cried Ula.

"Yes, he wrote from London," added Maura.

"And from Boston, Maura," said Ula.

Maura shook her head, and her uncle saw a light come suddenly to her face.

"That letter was not from him," she said decidedly. "How could we ever have thought it! A cruel, heartless type-written thing!" And then suddenly she broke down. "O Oliver, Oliver!" she sobbed. "Why did we never think of this? How could we have thought that you, so dear, so thoughtful, could ever have treated us like that!"

"Maura!" cried Ula, struggling against the conviction that at last was forcing itself upon her. "What does it mean? What has happened to him?"

Maura laid her hand tenderly on her uncle's arm. With quick intuition she realized now that the old man feared they might blame him for their sorrow.

"We don't know. We can only guess," she said in a low voice. "But at least we have dear Uncle Hugh to help us to find

out. And, oh, if it is as we fear—if our dear, dear boy is never to come back,—at least we have the comfort of knowing he was always his real self! You mustn't grieve so for us, Uncle Hugh," she said; "because if he is dead, we would rather have him so than as we were beginning to think him. He is less lost to us by death than had he lived and really become what during these last painful weeks he has seemed to be."

"Then," said the old man,—“then you forgive me?”

"Forgive! There is nothing to forgive, dear, dear Uncle Hugh!" cried both the girls together.

And there, in the midst of all his sorrow, the old man found what he had come so far to seek—his nieces' love.

But it was only for a moment that they could think of the present and of themselves. Two things must be done without the least delay. First of all, a cable must be sent to Johnson, informing him that the man his partner had sent to him was not the real Oliver, but an impostor, who must be handed over to justice, and if possible forced to own to the details of his crime. But, fearing that anything should prevent the information they sought coming from that source, Hugh Carew decided to telegraph to London for the best detective, who, coming to Camphill, would work the line from the opposite end to that which Stuart Leigh held. His work would be to follow Oliver on his journey from the time he reached the London hotel, whence his own letter had been written, to—where? Ah, that was the question they all asked, and to which as yet no answer could be given!

Intermittently, through the hours of suspense, the girls learned how and why their uncle had come to them as he had done. And as the human mind is so made that, unless it is completely numbed by sorrow, it can attend to, and even take an interest in, things of less import, so the girls were able to listen and to ques-

tion and to hear from Miss Amy and from Anne the secret that had been so carefully guarded from them.

The old ladies, who had not been kept long in ignorance of the awful discovery that had been made at the Corner House, spent the day passing backward and forward; and toward evening the news they awaited so eagerly came by cable from America. All day long the suspense—the not knowing what to think or fear—had pressed upon them, and all their hopes were centred in the answer expected from Mr. Johnson.

Hugh Carew, using their private code, bade him spare no expense in replying; for the hope remained that, finding himself unmasked and undone, Stuart Leigh would confess what he had done to Oliver. And, after the long suspense, they thought that certainty, even if it were the worst, was better than helpless ignorance.

The cable was short,—so short that even before it was read Hugh Carew's hope of information had dwindled down to nothing.

"Regret man in question left yesterday. Started ostensibly for a ride, but sold horse and took train for Philadelphia."

It was too late that night to make any further inquiries. But so eager were they next morning to cable to Patrick and to the police authorities in Philadelphia, that the letters which the post brought in for them were quite overlooked. The detective had wired that he would arrive by the first train; and, at her uncle's bidding, Maura wrote a full and exact account of everything concerning Oliver and his departure that could possibly help the man in his search.

When this was done she had time to turn to her own letters—an advertisement or two, a receipted bill, and a single square envelope addressed in an unknown hand, and bearing on its stamp the also unknown postmark of Imosgeela. She held it for a moment or two, talking earnestly to Ula as she did so of the detailed paper concerning Oliver which she had just



written; and even after the envelope was opened and the letter lay on her lap, she did not trouble to read it at once.

When at last she took it up, Ula turned away to look whether there was any sign of the detective's coming. But before she reached the window an exclamation made her turn, to see Maura, first deathly white, and then as she looked the rich red color flowed back into her face again.

"Ula, thank God,—thank God! Uncle Hugh! Oliver! Ula darling! He is safe!"

And the tears that all the morning in the excitement and uncertainty had been barely repressed burst out; now, however, it was joy that had opened their sluices.

But she had read so little—only the first few marvelous lines! And now, with Uncle Hugh and Anne both hastily summoned, they read the letter that Denis O'Loughlen had penned so carefully the previous day, almost at the same hour that they were learning from their uncle of Oliver's disappearance. The letter was dated from Imosgeela and ran as follows:

"DEAR MISS PLUNKETT;—I am writing at your brother Oliver's request. And, as my story is neither short nor easy to tell, I feel assured that you will forgive my want of ceremony.

"To begin with, your brother is in my house here, safe and well, so far as being out of present danger. And, unless anything unforeseen should happen, I think I can truthfully say he is on the way to complete recovery. He fears that, for the last six weeks, you must have been in great anxiety about him. But he is not yet fit to be questioned. Indeed, beyond telling me his own name and your name and address, I have hardly allowed him to speak."

The letter then went on to tell as briefly and directly as possible how Oliver had been found; and how, judging from the few sentences he had spoken since his return to consciousness, it was evident that he had been chloroformed whilst asleep; and that his assailant had evidently, and providentially, missed his

mark if he had intended, as seemed fairly evident, to throw him from the train into the Geela River.

The letter ended with an invitation, too simple and direct for its sincerity to be questioned, to Maura; or any of Oliver's people, to come to Imosgeela as soon as possible, and to stay as long as desired.

To this there could but be one answer. Maura must go, and that without delay. And so whilst another telegram (but this one only to Ireland) was dispatched, and the girls set feverishly to packing what was needed for an immediate start, Anne met the now forgotten detective at the door with the information, imparted scornfully from the height of her new jubilation:

"Ye're not needed, sir. God Almighty has done the work Himself. An' why wouldn't He, an' all the prayers that's been said for the darling boy from first to last, all through?"

(To be continued)

### A Hope Revived.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

WHEN, during the Balkan war, the victorious allies declared their resolve to march on Constantinople, and dictate terms of peace under the walls of the capital of the Ottoman Empire tottering to its fall, it seemed well within the range of possibility that one of the Allied States that had borne most of the brunt of battle, once there, would have remained there, and that before long Mass would again be celebrated under the dome of St. Sophia, reconstituted as a Christian temple; the desecrating emblems of Mohammedanism having been removed from the hallowed fane raised by Justinian. With such an event, long desired and dreamed of, were naturally associated hopes of a reunion of East and West,—of the extinction of the Photian schism, which for more than a thousand years has rent Christendom.

Hope, the poet assures us, springs

eternal in the human breast. That hope has again been revived. The chief object of the Congress of Catholic Slavs held on July 24, 25, and 26, in Velehrad, the ancient capital of Moravia, prepared the way for that reunion. It was held under the auspices and invocation of Saints Cyril and Methodius, who in 1050 began their apostolate among the Slavs, of whom they are the special patrons. Thousands of that race flock thither yearly to thank God for the gift of the true Faith, and to pray that their brethren in Russia and the Balkan Peninsula may return to their ancient allegiance to the Holy See.

In this connection it is appropriate and suggestive to note that lately, when the young Czarewitch lay seriously ill, members of the imperial family of Russia personally had recourse to prayers for his recovery, offered at the Catholic shrine of St. Nicholas of Bari, to which saint they cherish a special devotion. It is of still deeper interest to study the conversion to Catholicity of the Czar Alexander I., and the movement he made toward effecting that reunion.

When this great protagonist of Napoleon I. reformed his habits of life at the beginning of 1818, the bent of his mind became more and more religious. He assiduously associated with priests, frequented churches, and encouraged pious foundations which he deemed calculated to favor the progress of religion among his subjects. He spent several hours daily in prayer, with great fervor. He was drawn toward Catholicism by a study of the question of the reunion of the so-called Orthodox Church with the Holy See. Although the Grand Duke Nicholas, in his recently published work,\* denies this, facts support the assertion. These facts have been brought to light by a learned Jesuit, Père Pierling,† who, in 1901,

put the question, Did the Emperor Alexander I. die a Catholic? He replied in the affirmative in a pamphlet in which he reproduced certain documents which support this conclusion. Since then he has collected more proofs, embodied in a new edition of his work.

When, in 1822, Alexander was preparing to depart for the Congress of Verona, he manifested a wish to see Rome. His leaning toward Catholicism was more than suspected by the imperial family. The empress-mother, Maria Fedorovna, fearing that an interview with the Pope would decide him to join the Church, urged him to give up the idea of going to Rome. Out of deference to his mother, he promised to do so, and did not go.

This incident was made known, in 1841, to the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, by Count de l'Escarenne, a diplomatist, who had it from a trustworthy source. It was made public much later on by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which gave publicity to the letter written by Escarenne to the King. Subsequently the Russian historian, Schilder, got hold of it. Its publication called forth no contradiction. Schilder states that when the Czar was in Vienna in 1822, he expressed a wish to receive a visit from the famous Prince Hohenlohe,\* one of the Austrian clergy,—a holy priest, credited with some miraculous cures which attracted widespread attention at the time. He responded to the Emperor's wish, and a long interview took place. After listening to the priest, the Czar cast himself on his knees and asked his blessing, which the other gave, not unmoved,—pressing him, Schilder says, "with emotion to his heart." Then they conversed for more than two hours. The matter of their conversation has remained a secret, but its drift may easily and

\* "L'Empereur Alexandre I., Essai d'Etude Historique par le Grand Duc Nicolas Mikhaïlowitch." St. Petersburg, 1912.

† Author of "La Russie et le Saint Siège."

\* Alexander Leopold Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, born August 17, 1794; ordained priest Sept. 16, 1815; consecrated titular Bishop of Sardica, 1844; died Nov. 4, 1849, at Vöslau, near Vienna.



readily be surmised from the bent of the Czar's mind and other circumstances.

The prince-priest confirmed this in his *Memoirs of the sacerdotal life of his time*, published in Paris in 1835, in which, after summing up his part of the conversation with the Emperor, he adds: "But I can not confide to my pen the communications which his Majesty deigned to make me, imposing on me a sacred silence on these subjects." The Grand Duke, in his contra arguments, relies mainly on another incident—that Alexander, during his sojourn in Vienna, had two conversations with the English Quaker, Allen! But Père Pierling confirms in the most positive manner the confidences that Escarenne had with King Charles Albert, and which were only the reproduction of those he had had with Count Michaud, Alexander's aide-de-camp.

In September, 1825, the Czar was preparing to go to the Crimea, where the doctors had recommended the Empress to make a lengthened sojourn for the restoration of her health. The Emperor preceded her in order to make preparations for her reception; but before leaving he sent for General Michaud,\* a devout Catholic, whose religious sentiments he knew, and commissioned him to proceed to Rome and put himself in communication with the Vatican; to ask for an audience with Pope Leo XII., and to pay homage to his Holiness on his part, in perfect submission of the Czar of Russia to his spiritual authority. Count Michaud at once set out, and in the following November reached Rome. At noon on December 5 he was received by the Holy Father; but, as a high Russian functionary and the Russian Ambassador accompanied him, there was only an exchange of the ordinary civilities on that occasion.

A few days afterward, in a second

audience which was absolutely private, Michaud fulfilled his secret mission. According to the account given by himself to the Count de l'Escarenne and the Duchess de Laval-Montmorency, daughter of Joseph de Maistre, he knelt before the Pope, and, under the seal of secrecy, announced the resolution of the Emperor personally to abjure the Greco-Russian schism and to lead back to unity the people subject to his sceptre. Moreover, he asked his Holiness, in the Czar's name to send to St. Petersburg a theologian invested with plenary powers. This Papal Envoy was to be a simple priest, who would more easily pass unnoticed, and who was to be lodged in the Dominican convent in the Russian capital, to arrange this great affair.

The Pope earnestly took the matter in hand. The messenger, or envoy, first designated was Dom Maurus Cappellari, Abbot of the Camaldulense monastery of San Gregorio de Monte-Cello, who later ascended the Pontifical Throne as Pope Gregory XVI. He was already old, and, disliking so long a journey, begged Leo XII. to spare him. There was asked from him a solemn promise not to betray the confidential disclosures made to him. The Pope then selected and appointed another envoy, Father (later Cardinal) Orioli, who was preparing to set out for St. Petersburg when the news reached Rome that Alexander I. had just died at Taganrog (Nov. 17, 1825).

Such was the interesting revelation made by General Count Michaud to several persons. Pope Gregory XVI. himself also related what took place at the Vatican in 1825. Nicholas I., Alexander's successor, was informed of it some years afterward by General Michaud, in a letter which was destroyed at the time along with other papers.

Attempts were made to discredit Michaud's being in Rome in 1825, because he was not registered at the Russian Embassy; but, in the Archives of the Holy See, Cardinal Rampolla has dis-

\* Alexandre Michaud de Beauretour, a Savoyard in the Russian service, a friend of Count Joseph de Maistre, Sardinian representative at the Muscovite court.

covered letters (dated November and December, 1825) from the Minister Plenipotentiary of Russia to the Vatican, Chevalier d'Italinsky, to the Secretary of the Roman State, Cardinal della Somaglia, relative to the audience asked for by Michaud and granted by Leo XII. It may, therefore, be regarded as an unquestionable fact that the aide-de-camp of the Czar Alexander I. was sent to Rome by that Emperor as the bearer of a verbal message to the Holy Father, and that he duly fulfilled his confidential mission. "What was this mission?" asks Ernest Daudet.\* "The traditions of the Vatican and the declarations of the messenger tell us; and, if we possess no other source of information, it must be agreed that the details given us have all the appearance of truth."

The Duchess de Laval-Montmorency, in a note signed by herself, observes: "I have learned from a certain source that the Emperor Alexander in his last illness was visited by a Uniat-Greek monk, and on his deathbed confided to the empress-regent, the companion of his journey in the provinces to the south of the Empire, a secret she was to communicate to the empress-mother and to the Senate of St. Petersburg. The Empress, afflicted by the death of the Emperor, fell ill on her return. She continually said: 'I shall not live in time to fulfil the mission Alexander has given me!'"

Chateaubriand, in his work on the Congress of Verona, says he had daily relations with the Emperor, and at the termination of one of these audiences the Czar was more than ordinarily communicative. He concludes: "We are near the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. Alexander is inclined toward it, but he does not think he is strong enough to attempt it. He wished to make a journey to Rome, and he remained on the Italian frontier. More timid than Cæsar, he did not cross the sacred brook, on account of the interpretation that would

surely have been put upon his journey.' His mind was continually occupied with this great religious problem which he was anxious to solve; and it is not surprising that his attention should have been concentrated upon Rome, which "holds the key of all the creeds." Some persons, viewing things from the outside, and seeing in the Greco-Russian Church but a cast-iron system ruled by the Holy Synod, may regard this as strange, if not incredible; but, though schismatic, that Church is Catholic to the core, and has no affinities with the multitudinous 'isms into which Protestantism or anti-papalism is divided and subdivided. The abortive overtures of the Anglicans to form an alliance with it prove this conclusively.

A good deal that calls for elucidation has gathered round the closing years of this Czar's life. His tendency toward what non-Catholic writers somewhat loosely call "mysticism" has made him seem unreal. The most sensational outcome of this study of Alexander I. is the attempt to identify him with the mysterious hermit, Fedor Koozmich, who died in Siberia in 1864. It is alleged that the Czar did not actually die at Taganrog in 1825, but, anxious to pass the rest of his life in religious retirement, caused the body of a Russian soldier, who very closely resembled him, to be substituted for his supposed remains, and that he himself secretly disappeared. He had several times expressed his intention to abdicate,—notably in 1819 to the Grand Duke Constantine, Viceroy of Poland and heir presumptive to the Czardom;\* and in 1825 to the Prince of Orange. After recovering from a serious illness in 1824, he said to a friend: "I should not have been very sorry to be relieved of this burden of the Crown which rests heavily upon me." The reason assigned for this decision is remorse for the murder of his father, Paul I., of which, it is said, he was guiltily cognizant.

\* He renounced his rights, and his younger brother succeeded as Nicholas I.

\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15, 1913.



In December, 1836, an old man arrived on horseback at a town in Northeastern Russia; and, failing to give a satisfactory account of himself (or, rather, refusing to give any information), was treated as a vagrant, received twenty strokes of the knout, and was exiled to Tomsk in Siberia, which he reached in March, 1837. Many things about him indicated that he was a man of superior education and refinement, and of aristocratic bearing; and it was noted that persons who came to see him from time to time treated him with marked deference. He would never disclose who he was or where he came from, and died in exile in 1864. When he was asked on his deathbed to tell his real name, he answered, "God knows my name"; and, pointing to a little packet above his bed, he added, "There is my secret." In this packet were found two documents. One contained several lines of a religious character—quotations from the Psalms and prayers,—and others quite incomprehensible, with a kind of key to a cypher.

This mysterious personality has become an historical riddle similar to that of the Man with the Iron (or velvet) Mask about whom so much has been written. Tolstoi made the hermit of Siberia the central figure of an historical romance which he did not live to complete; and articles have appeared in one of the English reviews in support of his alleged identity with the Czar Alexander I.

MARY crowned Queen of Heaven has attained the summit of glory and felicity; yet she is still for us a loving mother, a mighty helper. Never does a single *Ave Maria*, devoutly uttered, fail to reach her ear, to touch her heart, to awaken her compassion. As often as we repeat this salutation we think of her in her majesty, her power, her loving-kindness; and, with childlike trust, commend to her all the cares and sorrows that oppress our hearts now, and entreat her aid in the hour of our death.—*Anon.*

## The Call to Derry.

A VISION IN THE ABBEY.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

### I.

'TIS quiet within, where mosses cling to sunken stones,  
Where tall weeds blossom in summer above dissolving bones.  
The Angel Silence invites us, ere the doors are bolted fast,  
To leave the noisy Present and visit the dreaming Past.

### II.

Dark and vacant niches in walls grown old and gray;  
A chancel filled with echoes—the psalms of a vanished day;  
The smoke of incense rolling from censers that will not rust,  
Swung by spirit hands that never can fall into dust;  
Lights ablaze on altars carved of the poet's dream;  
The heavy hours of the real melt into the hours that seem.

### III.

Out of their graves arise the monks that have slumbered long,—  
They who chastened the harsh, wild ways of our fathers strong:  
Colman, the man of learning; Columba, the maker of song;  
They who taught Toil's blessing to many a savage race,  
Spending the night in riotous wassail, the day in the chase,—  
Teuton and Saxon and Dane and Briton with painted face.

### IV.

Not saints of conventional nimbus with vision-lifted eyes,  
But men who battled for man, and taught mankind to rise.  
Brave with the force of a truth, although a truth should sting;  
Driving a bandit back, rebuking a lecherous king.  
They sit in stalls long vacant, and sing from the sacred page

Psalms that have quickened with feeling the  
pulse of peasant and sage:  
Columba and Gall and Colman,—the lights of  
a bygone age.

## v.

The psalms are ended now, and down the aisle  
Columba glides, bard of the sainted band,  
Who from Ionian exile many a mile  
Yearned over-seas for haunting Derryland.

He glances where we stand in shadow dim;  
His gray eyes yearn as when they searched  
the sea,

From the land's white edge to the horizon's rim,  
To catch one glimpse, fair Derryland, of thee!

"O brothers, I am waiting all the years—

My bones in dusty darkness, O so long!—  
Till out of Time one rose-red Dawn appears,  
And all this land will quicken unto song!

"When the old days of Freedom shall return,  
And men shall walk anew highways of light;  
On every cairn triumphant fires will burn,  
To glorify the waking out of night.

"When cowléd monks again will ponder o'er  
High truths to light the searchings of the  
race;

Scholars aflame will hither as of yore,  
And Knowledge find in her accustomed place.

"Great Malachy and Brian,—they are gone,  
And all the old kings of a kingly race.  
Of all the silvered bards that sang, not one  
Is left to sing the new day large with grace.

"And thou, my Derry, kissed by a sky serene,  
Which oft my gray eyes yearned to gaze upon,  
Thou hast forgot the dark-haired mother-queen  
Who loved and nourished thee in ages gone.

"O Derryland, thou nursling of the sea,  
Thou hast forgot thy sons of olden days,  
Ere yet the Saxon came and ravished thee,  
And turned thy footsteps into narrowing ways!

"Thy brave O'Neill, O'Donnell, Owen Roe,—  
The knightliest men that ever belted sword!  
Thou hast forgot their valorous deeds, and, lo,  
To thy white heart dost clasp an alien horde!

"The Dawn will break, and her fair children all  
Will sing once more the pæan of liberty—  
Meath, Wexford, Limerick, blue-hilled Donegal;  
But thou, my Derry,—wilt thou silent be?"

## vi.

Gloom and spirit silence, the red sun low in the  
sky,

Rooks with heads outthrust seeking their nests  
hard by;

Ancient tombs, a chancel, pillars fallen and gray,  
Figures carved on stone, and great names worn  
away.

The sainted monks have vanished, the hour of  
prayer is spent,  
And eager Fancy follows the way of the dead  
they went.

But the Angel Hope remains through the  
watches of all the night,  
While hovers dark-winged Doubt, then vanishes  
out of sight.

Hope watches the trembling East for the rose  
to redden the sky,

When Derry shall wake to the light of a day  
that shall not die.

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### The Christ of the Ocean.

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BY ANATOLE FRANCE.\*

THAT year several of the men of  
Saint-Valéry were drowned during the  
fishing season. Their bodies were found  
cast upon the shore with the fragments  
of their boats; and for nine days the steep  
path which leads to the church was dotted  
every now and then with processions  
headed by coffins carried on men's  
shoulders, and followed by widows, who  
wept under their great black headdresses,  
like the women of the Bible.

The shipmaster, Jean Lenoël, and his  
son Désiré were among those who were  
laid thus in the great nave under the dome,  
from which hung, as an offering to the  
Virgin Mother, a full-rigged ship. They  
were just men, who feared God; and the  
Curé of Saint-Valéry, after he had prayed  
over their remains, said with a voice full  
of tears: "Consecrated ground never  
received, to await the judgment of God,  
braver men or better Christians than Jean  
Lenoël and his son Désiré."

And while the boats and their masters

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\* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by Roy Temple House.



perished on the shore, great vessels went down out at sea, and not a day passed that the ocean did not cast up fragments of wreckage. One morning some children in a boat saw a figure lying on the water. It was an image of Christ, life-sized, cut in hard wood and painted in colors; it had the look of a very old piece of work. The Saviour floated on the water with His arms extended. The children drew the image into the boat and brought it to Saint-Valéry. The brow was bound with the crown of thorns; the feet and hands were pierced; but the nails were gone, and there was no sign of the cross. His arms still wide open in self-surrender and blessing, His face looked as it must have when Joseph of Arimathea and the holy women saw Him at the time of His burial.

The children took the image to the old Curé, who said to them: "This figure of the Saviour is an ancient piece of work, and the good man who carved it has no doubt been dead a long time. Although the merchants of Amiens and of Paris sell admirable statues to-day for a hundred francs and even less, we must admit that the workmen of the past also were men of great skill. And I am especially pleased at the thought that if Christ came thus with open arms to Saint-Valéry, He has come to bless the parish which has been tried so cruelly, and to announce that He compassionates our poor people. He is the God who walked on the water and who blessed the nets of Cephas."

And the Curé, having ordered the image set in the church, on the cloth of the high altar, visited the carpenter Lemerre and ordered a fine cross of heart of oak. When the cross was finished, the body was fastened to it with new nails and suspended in the nave. Then it was that they seemed to notice that the Redeemer's eyes were full of sadness and moist with a celestial pity. One of the churchwardens who helped hang the crucifix in place was even sure that he saw tears run down the divine countenance.

The next morning, when the Curé came in to say Mass, he was surprised to find the cross empty and the Christ lying on the altar. As soon as he had finished Mass, he sent for the carpenter and asked him why he had taken the Christ from the cross. But the carpenter assured him that he had not touched it; and, after he had questioned the beadle and the wardens, the Curé was convinced that no one had entered the church from the moment when the crucifix had been placed above the pew.

Then a feeling came over him that there was something more than natural about the occurrence, and he thought it over piously. The next Sunday he preached a sermon to his parishioners, in which he urged them to contribute as they were able to the building of a new cross, which should be much finer than the other and more fitting to bear Him who had redeemed the world.

The poor fishermen of Saint-Valéry gladly gave as much as they could, and the widows brought their simple jewelry. So the Curé was able to set out at once for Abbeville to order a cross of polished black wood, surmounted by a scroll with the inscription I N R I in letters of gold. Two months later it was set up in the place of the other. But the body again left the cross as it had the other, and took its place on the altar during the night.

The Curé, finding the image there in the morning, fell on his knees and prayed for a long time. The report of this marvel spread all through the country, and the ladies of Amiens collected a fund for the Christ of Saint-Valéry. And the Curé received silver and jewels from Paris; the wife of the Minister of Marine, Madame Hyde de Neuville, even sent him a heart of diamonds. With the help of all this wealth, a goldsmith of the Rue Saint-Sulpice made in two years a cross of gold and precious stones, which was installed with great pomp in the Church of Saint-Valéry, the second Sunday after Easter

in the year 18—. But He who had not refused the tree of agony, escaped from this precious cross, and yet again took His place on the white linen of the altar.

There was nothing more to do: the image was left alone this time. It had lain there for more than two years, when Pierre, the son of Pierre Caillou, brought the news to Monsieur the Curé that he had found on the strand the true cross of Our Lord.

Pierre was a simple-minded boy, and, as he had not wit enough to earn a subsistence, he lived on the charity of the neighborhood. He was loved because he never did anybody any harm; but his words often had little sense, and no one listened to him.

Nevertheless, the Curé, who had never ceased to ponder the mystery of the Christ of the Ocean, was struck with what the poor imbecile had said. He went, with the beadle and the wardens, to the spot where the boy had told him he had seen a cross, and he found there two planks nailed together. They were fragments of an old wreck. On one of the planks two letters—J and L—could still be seen in black paint; and no one doubted that it was a bit of the boat of Jean Lenoël, who had died at sea five years before, with his son Désiré.

At this sight, the beadle and the wardens began to laugh at the innocent who had taken a pair of broken planks for the cross of Our Lord. But the Curé put a stop to their mockery. He had pondered and prayed a great deal since the Christ of the Ocean had come to the fishing village, and the mystery of the Infinite Charity was growing clear to him. He knelt on the sand and recited a prayer for the pious dead; then he bade the beadle and the wardens carry the planks on their shoulders and leave them in the church. When this was done, he himself lifted the Christ from the altar, laid it on the beams from the boat, and nailed it to them with the nails rusted by the sea.

By his order, this cross was then placed where the cross of gold and precious stones had been, above the pew of the wardens. The Christ of the Ocean never more left the spot. It was His will to hang from this wood on which men had died calling on His name and the name of His Blessed Mother. And there His august, mournful mouth is slightly opened, as if to say: "My cross is made of all the sufferings of men; for I am in truth the God of the poor and the unhappy."

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*September 21, Feast of St. Matthew.*

ONCE again a festival supersedes the ordinary liturgy of the Sunday, and claims our preference.

Matthew, son of Alphaeus, seems to have been a Galilean by birth; and was by profession a publican, or gatherer of taxes for the Romans. He was rich and influential, and had probably become acquainted with Our Lord's teachings at Capharnaum, where he resided. Toward the end of the first year of the public ministry of Our Lord, as Matthew sat in his custom-house by the Lake of Genesareth, Jesus passed by, surrounded by a crowd of people who had flocked to Him, attracted by His preaching. Looking upon the publican, Our Lord said: "Follow me." Matthew at once obeyed, and became from that time one of Christ's most prominent disciples.

After Our Lord's Ascension, as historians testify, St. Matthew was occupied for some years in preaching the Gospel in Judea. Before the dispersion of the Apostles, he wrote his Gospel at the request of his Jewish converts, and at the express wish, probably, of the other Apostles. Later on he preached in many Eastern countries—Persia and the southern and eastern parts of Asia. He was martyred in Parthia, and his body honor-



ably buried at Hierapolis. In later ages his remains were translated to Salerno, where they are still venerated in the Church of St. Matthew.

The Introit of the feast is taken from the long thirty-sixth psalm, which is an exhortation to the just to persevere in virtue, and to put their trust in the mercy of God,—never losing that trust, in spite of the apparent prosperity of the wicked. The verse chosen for the Introit is that which extols the prudence and wisdom of the just man, as shown in his words. The allusion is evidently to the teaching of the Evangelist as set forth in the Gospel he gave to the Church. "The mouth of the just shall meditate wisdom, and his tongue shall speak judgment; the law of his God is in his heart." Then follow the opening words of the psalm: "Be not jealous of evil-doers, nor envy them that work iniquity."

The Collect asks that the intercession of the Apostle may be efficacious in our regard: "May we be assisted, O Lord, by the prayers of the blessed Apostle and Evangelist Matthew; that what of ourselves we are unable to obtain, may be granted to us by his intercession."

The Epistle is a Lesson from the Prophet Ezechiel, applied to the four Evangelists: "As for the likeness of the four living creatures" (which the Prophet had beheld in his vision), "there was the face of a man and the face of a lion,...and the face of an ox,...and the face of an eagle.... And every one of them went straight forward. Whither the impulse of the spirit was to go, thither they went." The creature with "the face of a man" is interpreted of St. Matthew, who dwells in his Gospel upon the humanity of the Son of God. St. John, in the Apocalypse, makes use of the same expressions in describing the "four living creatures" whom he saw "round about the throne" which was "set in heaven."

The Gradual sings of the happiness of the just man, whose joy is to carry out the will of his Maker; "Blessed is the man

that feareth the Lord: he delights exceedingly in His commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the righteous shall be blessed." Tradition tells that St. Matthew met his death at the hands of an angry king, furious because the virgin whom he desired for his bride had already consecrated herself to God under the Apostle's guidance, and was supported in her refusal to violate her vow by the Apostle's exhortations. St. Matthew is thus an heroic example of fidelity to God's honor.

The Alleluia verse celebrates his glory as one of the apostolic hierarchy: "The glorious choir of Apostles praises Thee, O Lord! Alleluia."

In the Gospel we have St. Matthew's own account of his call to follow Jesus. It is proof of his deep humility that he alludes to himself as a publican, and gives his own name openly; whereas St. Luke, out of reverence, speaks of him as "a publican named Levi"; and St. Mark, as "Levi, the son of Alphaeus, sitting at the receipt of custom." Moreover, St. Matthew, in his account of what St. Luke calls "a great feast in his own house," simply says: "As He was sitting at meat in the house, behold many publicans and sinners came and sat down with Jesus and His disciples." For Matthew had left "all things," as St. Luke says—not only temporal goods, but his pride of place and worldly esteem,—in order to tread the Way of the Cross after his Master.

The Offertory verse extols his glorious martyrdom, which purchased for him a heavenly crown and everlasting life: "O Lord, Thou hast set on his head a crown of precious stones! He asked life of Thee, and Thou didst grant it to him. Alleluia." It is to be noticed that no ordinary crown is here spoken of, but a "crown of precious stones," of the most costly description. The psalm from which the verse is taken is one sung by David after a signal victory over his enemies, when he received the crown, not as ruler of the people of

his kingdom merely, but of the people of God. The martyr's crown also is one bestowed in token of victory over the enemies of God and of His Church, and merits a heavenly principality.

The Communion verse in like manner sings of the glory won by the Apostle's faithful service: "His glory is great in Thy salvation. Glory and great beauty shalt Thou lay upon him, O Lord!" He has won salvation from his Redeemer, and everlasting glory is the lot of all the dwellers in heaven; but his splendor is all the more exalted now, because on earth he humbled himself in imitation of his Master and Lord, and in obedience to His teaching.

May his prayers win for us a share both in his humility and in his exaltation! †

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### The Comparative Worth of Schools.

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WE had thought that the flimsy pretext urged a decade or two ago by worldly-wise rather than thoroughgoing practical Catholics—the pretext that our schools are altogether inferior to the public ones—had grown obsolete. If there was ever any foundation for the charge, it has assuredly been removed of late years. Apart altogether from religious training, the efficiency of the parochial school in purely secular instruction is every day applauded by non-Catholic professional and business men as being distinctly superior to that of the common or public school. One reason for this avowed superiority is the practical absence, in class-rooms presided over by Sisters and Brothers, of endless fads and novelties of pedagogic experiments. Another reason is the sensible restriction in the number of subjects proposed to the youthful mind.

On this last point, a witness whose testimony will hardly be questioned by the most enthusiastic admirer of the public school—no other than Mrs. Young, superintendent of Chicago's great school

system—has recently declared that "the flitting from one subject to another at the end of every twenty or thirty minutes is not conducive to the development of concentrated and continuous thinking or doing. Our programs are too varied, in conformity to the idea that fatigue sets in promptly when work is begun."

Even if the public schools were the better mediums for imparting secular knowledge, truly Catholic fathers and mothers should be loath to deprive their boys and girls of the inestimable advantages of Catholic school-training. As the Rev. Dr. McGinnis well says in a recent issue of the *Rosary*:

The Catholic school and the Catholic college are the only place for the education of the Catholic youth of our country. The child of the Faith possesses every right, human and divine, to a Catholic education. His heritage demands that he be trained along those lines that tend to give full play to his faculties of soul,—not only to promote high thinking and upright living, but also to render to his Maker that homage which every rational being owes to its Creator.

To deprive the Catholic child of a Christian education is to injure him perhaps irreparably. To allow the germ of the knowledge of God which exists in his mind to be smothered amid the thorns and the blight of ignorance of religion, is practically to murder his soul. A musician does not study his art in a school intended for mechanics; a priest does not acquire his theology on the deck of an ocean liner; but a Catholic child very often is obliged to imbibe his knowledge of God and religion in an atmosphere which never breathes the name of God,—a paradox in terms and in reality.

The puerile reasons alleged, that the child learns his religion in church, from the parents, and his Sunday catechism, are but the feeble admissions of weakness on the part of a parent who knows his duty—by admitting this much—but who prefers to sacrifice the real good of his child on the altar of lucre, ignorance, or human respect.

The presence of Catholic children in public schools is justifiable only on the ground that there is no Catholic school available for their attendance: it is an evil to be tolerated in case of necessity, but one to be shunned where the necessity does not exist.



"Novices," not "Novitiate."

Notes and Remarks.

IN a metropolitan journal which (not without good reason) prides itself on the excellence of its English we recently met with this sentence: "The young women as noviates will be placed on probation for a time; and if, after they have learned all about the Order, they are satisfied, they will take the veil."

"Noviates"! Is this yet another variant for the oldtime and thoroughly adequate Catholic word "novices," or is it merely a typographical error for "novitiate," or "noviciate"? Probably a misprint; but, even so, "novitiate" in the quoted sense is rather reprehensible.

In the specific sense, "novice" and "novitiate" are distinctly Catholic words, and accordingly Catholic use should be accepted as determining their significance and their propriety or impropriety in a given text. In the best usage of English-speaking Catholics, "novitiate" is never employed as a synonym for "novice." It means either the novice's period of probation before taking vows, or the house in which the novice spends that probationary period. In the correct Catholic sense, novices live in the novitiate until their noviceship, or novitiate, is ended; and *bona-fide* religious apprentices would not know themselves as *novitiate*s.

It is true, of course, that the dictionaries, or some of them, give, as one meaning of "novitiate," "a novice or probationer"; and the Century cites Addison as authority therefor: "The abbess had been informed of all that had passed between her noviciate and Father Francis" (*Spectator*, No. 164); but even if the word, thus used, was good English in Addison's day (and we are not at all sure that it was), it has grown obsolete in that signification, and should be so marked by discriminating lexicographers. Personally, we should no more think of calling novices novitiate than of referring to bishops as bishoprics.

Concerning the commonest obligation of charity, incumbent in some measure upon the merely well-to-do not less than upon the rich—the helping of the poor,—Leo XIII. declared: "True, no one is commanded to distribute to others that which is required for his own needs and those of his household, nor to give away what is reasonably required to keep up becomingly his condition in life. . . . But when what necessity demands has been supplied, and one's standing fairly taken thought for, it becomes a duty to give to the indigent out of what remains over. It is a duty, not of justice (save in extreme cases), but of Christian charity,—a duty not enforced by human law. But the laws and judgments of men must yield place to the laws and judgments of God,—the true God, who in many ways urges upon His followers the practice of almsgiving—'It is more blessed to give than to receive,'—and who will count a kindness done or refused to the poor as done or refused to Himself."

In the acceptance of this doctrine by men at large, and in its practical application by individuals, lies the true solution of most of the social problems that vex twentieth-century civilization.

According to the *Catholic Herald of India*, there is a promising outlook for the holding of a Marian Congress in England's Eastern Empire; and our zealous contemporary warmly seconds the efforts that are being made to ensure its success. It quotes approvingly from a letter in which Father Onsten explains the various objects of a Marian Congress—the benefit to be derived from it not only to individual members of the sodalities, but to co-operation among these institutions and to Catholic action in general. "In working for a Marian Congress," says the letter, "we do not confine its benefits to sodalists only: the whole

Catholic community will feel its salutary effects. There is no denying the fact—it is the same all the world over—that many Catholics can hardly be said to belong to the militant Church of Christ. They fulfil their duties in a half-hearted way, but it never strikes them that they should put themselves to some trouble and make sacrifices for the benefit of their own souls and the souls of others. Sodalists, stir these lethargic Catholics by your example! Let a Marian Congress teach them that there is work and plenty of it for every Catholic layman. Make them feel that it is an honor for a Catholic to be a child of Mary, and under Mary's banner to work for the souls her Son has redeemed."

The *Herald* makes the point that education in Catholic militant life has hitherto been neglected in India, and it looks to the proposed Congress as a valuable factor in supplying the deficiency.

Of the pageant of all the guilds of Ghent in honor of the Confrérie d'Escrimeurs de St. Michel during the great Exhibition held there last month, a non-Catholic visitor says: "A finer pageant has probably never been organized." And further: "All the guilds, with their arms, escutcheons, state coaches, and banners, walked in procession from the central place to the Exhibition—some two or three miles. They were all clad in fifteenth-century costumes, both of great beauty and of infinite variety. The city subscribed 80,000 francs toward the expense, and the rich ladies of Ghent supplied themselves with magnificent and most costly apparel. They rode on horses; they drove in state carriages; they even walked; there were about 1000 persons participating, and the procession took more than an hour to defile. Some guilds who sang in three or four parts as they marched by did so wholly from memory, carrying no music; and this had a fine effect. The general type of the young men, who came from all classes of society,

was fresh and sound, and often handsome. The whole meaning of the thing could, however, be understood only by studying in the museum for ancient art the many fine pictures of such processions in all the great towns of Belgium in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In them we can see how strictly it is an old and national feature in Flanders."

The same correspondent of the London *Athenæum*—presumably no other than Dr. Mahaffy, whose anti-Catholic prejudice so often gets the better of him—speaks of the "splendid hospitalities" of Ghent; and mentions M. Descailles, president of the Congress of International Education, held during the Exhibition, and other gentlemen, as "admirable dispensers of hospitality."

Even the Socialists, it appears, find companionship with the Industrial Workers of the World too heavy a burden to carry. A Socialist candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, speaking at West Springfield on Labor Day, is reported to have said: "I would rather have a Democrat or a Republican in the party than a member of the I. W. W. They are a group of misguided men, who are working greater harm to the Socialist party than all its open enemies without."

Possibly the greatest offence of the members of the I. W. W., in the eyes of the more moderate Socialist, is that they are voicing, even now, principles and plans which are, after all, only the logical development of Socialistic doctrines should these doctrines ever be translated into concrete civic and political action.

The Murphy family, whose home of five hundred acres in the Delaware valley, four miles below Riegelsville, Pa., is known as Murphys' Corner, were formerly obliged to make a journey of fifteen miles in order to attend church. Now they have a church of their own, erected on their own property, and the Murphys form the congregation,—Mr. and Mrs.



Murphy, their eighteen children and thirty-two grandchildren, all being residents of Murphys' Corner. The Rev. George Murphy, of Doylestown, Pa., a nephew of Mr. Murphy, is pastor; "himself" (Thomas J.) is the sexton; Mr. Moses Murphy is the caretaker; James and William Murphy are the altar boys; George and Henry Murphy teach the Sunday-school; the Misses Anna, Bettie, Sarah, Jane, Elizabeth, Susan, Mary, Katherine, Claudia, and Esther Murphy form the choir, of which Miss Maud Murphy is leader. No mention is made of Mother Murphy; but, then, the idea of the church probably originated with her.

Now let us hear from the Ryans anywhere, if they can beat that. We doubt it,—which is not saying, however, that the Ryans aren't great themselves.

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The *Catholic News* scores a good point in its comment on a recent function at one of our governmental institutions:

The unveiling of the Kosciuszko statue at the United States Military Academy at West Point on Labor Day calls to mind what foreign Catholic soldiers achieved in the cause of American liberty during the Revolutionary War. Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski were foreign Catholics who, like Kosciuszko, lent their sword to Washington. No A. P. A.'s or Guardians of Liberty were on hand in those trying days to protest against the acceptance of their assistance. It is a matter of history that but for the aid given to the struggling colonials by Catholic France and Catholic military geniuses like Kosciuszko and Pulaski, American liberty would not have been secured.

In any case, it could never have endured had the spirit of these self-styled patriots of the A. P. A. and Guardians of Liberty cohorts animated the prominent men of the nation in the post-Revolutionary decades.

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Mr. John J. Pulleyn, of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York, presents some striking figures (taken from the reports of the Federal Government) to illustrate American extravagance. Summing up, he shows that

automobiles cost us more every year than our household furniture; that we pay our chauffeurs and garage mechanics more than our public schoolteachers; that our bill for diamonds during the past decade has been just about enough to buy and build the Panama Canal; that we spend more for beer than for bread.

Being a banker, Mr. Pulleyn should not have forgotten to tell of the falling off in bank deposits. Even children spend every cent they can rake and scrape on the "movies." The tin bank of other days has vanished, and with it the frugal sense, so carefully cultivated by our ancestors, who were always in dread of living beyond their means. The American people have become the most extravagant and wasteful people in the whole world, and their children take after them. "Where will it all end?" asks Mr. Pulleyn. The answer is in the old saying about wilful waste and woful want.

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A correspondent of the *Examiner* (Bombay) complains that "in certain churches there is no fixed time for Masses on Sundays, and in other churches the time is announced but seldom kept. If the people come in time, they have to wait even an hour. If, because the Mass is begun later than the time appointed, the people go late, the Mass is finished. Therefore I ask: (1) If the parish priests are bound by any law to have Mass and other services at fixed times? (2) If after announcing a certain time they are bound to keep it rigorously? (3) If the parish priests are responsible when the people do not hear Mass for want of time or for not keeping to it? (4) If the people can, in any case, be justified in not hearing Mass for want of fixed time or for not keeping it rigorously?"

Straight questions these, to which Fr. Hull replies with characteristic directness:

India in general is noted for want of punctuality in [keeping appointments, it being almost an understood thing that if people arrive half an hour late they are still in time

This puts a penalty on those who come prompt to the hour; and so they, too, gradually slacken off, and thus the matter becomes worse and worse. So ingrained is this want of promptitude that, suppose a function were begun with brutal exactness, nearly everybody would miss the opening part of it. . . .

It is certainly a defect which needs curing, and I think that the infiltration of Western habits is gradually bringing about an improvement. To what extent the defect invades the churches we do not know in detail; but it is obviously a thing to aim at that the services should begin precisely at the hour fixed, and that the people should be trained to this by degrees. In many cases where Mass begins late, we fancy the priest merely yields to the prevailing want of promptitude of the congregation; but if the people were duly informed that the services would be prompt, they would gradually get into the habit of being there in time. A church which has a reputation of beginning to the moment always attracts those who have habits of promptitude themselves.

As regards missing Mass through want of regularity in the hours of service, this would not *ipso facto* (i. e., as a matter of course) excuse from the duty of hearing Mass elsewhere, if this could be done without serious inconvenience; but it would justify a firm remonstrance, and also justify a man in diverting to some other church in future if the defect continued.

"It would be much better," said a Catholic prelate the other day, "for these Catholic immigrants to stay in their own countries, if conditions there were such as to enable them to secure a decent livelihood." And no doubt it would be, especially from the religious viewpoint. Probably it is because, with Home Rule in sight, Irish conditions are assuming a brighter aspect, that the Bishop of Natchez, recently visiting his native land, gave his home people this bit of advice:

For the sake of Ireland, for the sake of its prosperity, its traditions, its religion, and the glorious inheritance you have received from your ancestors, and for your own sake, I say to you, young men and women of Ireland, stay at home. Don't emigrate! I say "for your own sake." America is no longer the fairyland of opportunity, where dollars are for the gathering. What chance is offered to our boys and girls who daily land in New York, when they come in competition with the swarms of Italians,

Poles, Slavs, Russians, and emigrants from all the earth, who form a huddled mass of striving humanity, in that struggle for bread and work which has no parallel on earth?

No student of American Catholic history can well doubt that the Irish emigration to this country throughout the nineteenth century was a providential ordinance of the divine economy in securing the establishment of God's Church here; but that work is now practically completed, and Bishop Gunn's advice may well be echoed by friends of the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic.

A decree published in the June number of "Roman Documents and Decrees" may not as yet have come to the knowledge of the faithful everywhere—namely, that which accords an indulgence of one hundred days, applicable to the dead, to the old practice of Christians saluting one another with the ejaculation, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" The object is, as the decree states, "that so salutary a practice may continue more steadfastly where it prevails, be restored where it has become obsolete, and become widely diffused." A similar ejaculation in honor of the Blessed Sacrament—"May the Most Holy and Divine Sacrament be ever praised and adored!"—said with a contrite heart, has been enriched with an indulgence of three hundred days, also applicable to the deceased; and, on the usual conditions, with a plenary indulgence when it has been said every day for a month.

In his latest book, "Causes and Cures of Crime," Thomas Speed Mosby advances the contention that fifty per cent of the inmates of our reformatories are the offspring of divorced parents. Showing the connection between crime and divorce, he instances Ireland as the least criminal country of the world, and the one with the lowest divorce rate. Mr. Mosby declares that divorce in the United States amounts to a national scandal.



### Notable New Books.

**Holy Land and Holy Writ.** By the Rev. J. T. Durward. Baraboo, Wis.: The Pilgrim Co.

A profusely illustrated octavo of eight hundred pages, this is, etymologically speaking, a rather ponderous book: it must weigh well-nigh four pounds. Stylistically considered, however, it is the reverse of heavy. Without any pretensions to "fine writing," the author recounts his progress through Palestine, and describes once more the oft-described holy places, in readable fashion and with appropriate reverence. In his "Apology," which takes the place of the ordinary volume's preface, or foreword, he justifies the publication of the work on two grounds: Catholic books on the Holy Land "are short, fragmentary sketches of travel and research" [a statement that calls for qualification], and incidentally manifest at times undue credulity; and the magnificent volumes by Protestants, such as Thomson and Geikie, "misapprehend the devotion of Catholics to sacred places, and misrepresent dogma and tradition." As for the attitude assumed in the book with regard to the much-disputed question of traditional sites, we are told that it is "simply this: There is no place that faith requires us to believe infallibly is the exact spot of the events. Each one will stand or fall with the evidence adducible. . . ."

The volume is not one to read through at a sitting, or that requires consecutive perusal at any number of sittings; it will perhaps be best enjoyed by those who dip into it at odd moments and peruse a dozen or a score of pages at a time. They will pretty surely derive therefrom agreeable instruction and not a little edification. It should be added that the book contains several good maps and a fairly adequate index.

**The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture.** By the Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. Translated from the Second German Edition by the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart. Frederick Pustet & Co.

This substantial octavo volume of two hundred and seventy-four pages is a collection of Biblical-theological addresses delivered in substance during the winter term of 1885-86, when the author was a lecturer in the University of Münster, Westphalia. Its contents form a systematic exposition, based on an exact interpretation of striking passages, of the teaching of Holy Scripture concerning the Mother of God. The translator believes that there is no other scientific work in the English language that covers "the entire Holy Scripture" upon

these dogmatic points,—a statement which may be accepted without in any way minimizing the apologetic value of such volumes as Dr. R. F. Quigley's "Mary, the Mother of Christ, in Prophecy and its Fulfilment," and numerous others.

In his adequate Introduction, the author states that the scientific Protestant literature of various periods embodies its objections to the Catholic doctrine about the Mother of God in the questions: "Why, precisely, does Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament, report so little about Mary?" and, "Does it not sometimes appear that just the contrary of the picture in which the Church represents her is found therein?" Fully to answer these questions is the purpose of the present work, whose scope is "to follow the entire Biblical doctrine concerning the Mother of God in its progressive development through the entire history of the Redemption to its completion in Christ; and to present it as one united and perfect picture, drawn from the entire Scripturally recounted revelation."

The specific titles of the six addresses refer to Mary as: The Virgin, The Mother of God, The Mother of the Redeemer, The Highly Favored, Co-operating, and The Mediatrix. Besides a good table of contents, the book is provided with a record of Scriptural passages, exclusive of parallel texts. The substance of the work is excellent and of genuine value; its form, or the English in which that substance is clothed, we are sorry to say, leaves much to be desired.

**Gracechurch.** By John Ayscough. Longmans, Green & Co.

It would have served the author better to give this book a livelier name. It is an English form of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which afforded such a view into the hearts and minds of Scotch village folk. You read it with smiles and tears, and lay it aside with the desire to live in the little village on the Welsh border, where John Ayscough spent so many pleasant years. The best part of the book is largely in the opening chapters, where tragedy steps on the heels of comedy, though there is no lack of interest to the end. There can hardly be a doubt that John Ayscough is the most humoristic novelist in the English field to-day. Humor bubbles up like a spring in every paragraph; and, after the first page, the reader will watch every line lest he miss a single glint of that gracious fun-making. Sometimes the writer points his fun at the reader, often at himself; but it is always refined and gentle. There is a hero in the tale, but one hardly suspects him of that lordly character,—a little boy with a sweet

manner, a keen eye, and a loving nature, who saw deeply into Gracechurch hearts, found out their sorrows, and wept with them. It is given to the few to know some boys and girls like that, and they will thank John Ayscough for the delicate, shy, but penetrating portrait. It is one of the truest things in English literature,—perhaps this is the first time such a portrait has appeared.

Mrs. Hornskull and Mrs. Thorn can hardly be called characters upon which the author has exercised his skill. No: they are really flesh and blood. When they take possession of a page, print and paper vanish: you see and hear them, and vainly you delay their exit—or your own. Nowhere has this writer shown such keenness in description as in the present volume. Witness these few extracts:

If Ralph turned out the reverse of a prig, it was all to his credit. At Chester, his bringing up was strictly calculated to turn him out a prig of the driest flavor. By the time he was ten he played chess with all the dignitaries, male and female, attached to the cathedral; and lived in an atmosphere of cats, unctuously buttered muffins, and diaconal or archidiaconal criticism of the secular public. . . . Beyond the garden, Miss Mildstone had a paddock, in which her cow lived retired from the world, never mixing in society, and probably under the impression that she was the only animal of her kind in existence. . . . There was a large framed picture, wrought in worsted-work, representing Jonas reclining on the seashore in an attitude of surprise, while the whale, evidently fatigued by his efforts to restore the prophet to society, was resting on a neighboring sandbank and regarding his late guest with one suspicious eye.

In his other books, John Ayscough has shown us wonderful people and beautiful scenes along with his own powers, but in this delightful volume he has shown us his own heart.

**Michael.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. E. P. Dutton & Co.

When Mrs. Humphry Ward set out to write "*Helbeck of Bannisdale*," it is quite probable that her object differed materially from the practical result in the completed book. She may have wished to set forth a sympathetic picture of certain characters well known in English social life, such as the Catholic oddity *Helbeck*, the members of his household, the church people who lived upon his bounty, and the sensible but half-educated materialists who helped to carry out the theme. But all she succeeded in doing was to irritate Catholics, Protestants, and materialists alike, by presenting a dull caricature of life and character among them. Did the author of the present novel have the same idea in mind when she set out to write the story of *Michael*?

The tale reminds one irresistibly of "*Helbeck*," not merely in its purpose but in its leading incidents, except that they are reversed. *Helbeck* was a rigid Catholic, who lost some of his ideals;

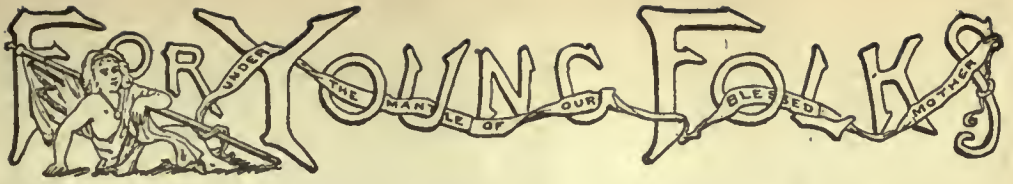
and *Michael* is a lovable materialist, who would like to become a Catholic for the girl's sake. In both novels the heroine is drowned at the right moment; in both, the characters represent rigid Catholicity, sensible Catholicity, sentimental Protestantism, and sympathetic agnosticism. But whereas "*Helbeck*" offended everyone, and added nothing to the laurels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, "*Michael*" is a delightful book, in the narration, the incidents, the characters, and the sentiment; its thesis is brilliantly put, and as a story it will take rank with the best. It is indeed a remarkable novel, rich in humor, full of beautiful scenes, compactly written, yet as leisurely as a walk in a country lane. Its satire, too, is very kindly, though perhaps it was not intended as satire; but the humor of the sincere and loving effort to provide the too flexible *Michael* with the faith, the singular circumstance which brought it about, and the conversations between the elderly ladies, can not help irritating those devoid of the sense of humor.

There is a powerful lesson in this book, which most readers will feel rather than formulate; and perhaps it is that lesson which gives the story its peculiar power.

**Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography.** P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

The title-page of this charming book describes it further as a new and complete translation of "*L'Histoire d'une Ame*" (the title of the French edition of the life and letters of Sœur Thérèse), with an account of some favors attributed to her intercession. The Little Flower, as she is called, is so well known to our readers (thanks to the Countess de Courson) that an extended notice of the present work is quite unnecessary. It will suffice to say that the translation, edited by the Rev. T. N. Taylor, of the archdiocese of Glasgow, is of rare excellence; that the illustrations, numbering fourteen, are admirable; and that the book is handsomely printed and tastefully and durably bound. What *could* one say of Sister Teresa that has not already been said, and in many cases with a delicacy of expression not to be rivalled? In a letter to the prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux, his Eminence Cardinal Amette declares that the story of her beloved Sister "*breathes the perfume of Paradise*." Another writes: "*The Little Flower has taken the whole world by storm*." In her lifetime she used to say: "*I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth*." "*After my death I will let fall a shower of roses*." Many marvels are attributed to the intercession of Sister Teresa; her influence upon souls is a miracle in itself.





### The Child of Mary.

A LEGEND OF LONG AGO.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

LONG, long ago, in England's pastures green,  
While yet the Faith was strong,  
A shepherd maiden daily might be seen  
Leading her flocks along.  
Poor in aught else save the rich grace of God,  
To Mary mild she knelt  
Upon the soft green carpet of the sod,  
Murmuring the love she felt.  
And much she yearned to, visit some fair shrine  
Of which she oft had heard,  
Where that dear Mother, with her Son Divine,  
Men's hearts to rapture stirred.  
One day a holy pilgrim paused to rest  
Beneath her favorite tree;  
To him she told the thoughts that filled her breast  
And all she longed to see.  
The old man, as he listened, sweetly smiled,  
And gave her for her own  
An image of the Virgin and her Child  
Carved from a milk-white stone.  
He framed it in the branches of the tree  
With tender, thoughtful care,  
Then said: "My daughter, this your shrine  
must be.  
Here kneel in frequent prayer."  
The little one was filled with pure delight,  
And it became her care  
To twine wild roses with the lilies white  
Around the image there.  
Her lowly cot she spread beneath the tree,  
And there in peace she dwelt;  
No other home, no earthly friend had she,  
Yet sweetest joy she felt.  
At length a priest from a far village came,  
By heavenly grace there sent,  
And found her softly breathing Mary's name,  
By want and illness spent.

But, as he neared her side, he paused a while  
In silent wonderment;  
For o'er the maiden with a heavenly smile  
A gracious Lady bent.  
"See," said the Lady, "yonder comes the priest  
Bringing thy God to thee.  
Fear not: thy spirit soon shall be released,—  
I'll take thee home with me."  
Trembling and on his knees, the priest received  
Her words of penitence;  
Then gave her Jesus, whom she ne'er had grieved,  
As her Companion hence.  
The Blessed Mother held her in her arms,  
Sweet music filled the air;  
And her freed spirit fled from Death's alarms,  
For Christ had entered there.  
Alone the priest was kneeling when there came  
A whisper soft and low:  
"Proclaim this vision in my Son's great Name  
Wherever thou shalt go."

### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

#### XIII.—HOME AGAIN. A MYSTERIOUS NOISE.

WHEN the children returned home  
that gray, lowering afternoon, an  
hour or more earlier than they had  
been expected, having been driven into  
town by their aunt, they were disap-  
pointed to find that their mother was out,  
having gone to spend the afternoon with  
an invalid friend. They were met, how-  
ever, at the door by the pleasant face of  
Mary Doyle, who welcomed them warmly.  
"Sure it's glad I am to see you back!"  
she declared. "The house has been so  
lonesome, as I was often saying to the  
mistress. And won't she be happy to hear  
your voices again! For she said she found  
the place too big entirely without you."

By a common impulse, which rather surprised Mary, Fred and Alice put the same question to her:

"Where's Selma?"

"She's sweeping up on the top floor," answered Mary. "I told her I'd attend to the door."

The children felt a curious sensation of mingled disappointment and relief,—disappointment, because they had a vague hope that she might have gone away quietly, without anything having been discovered; and relief, because for one dreadful moment it had occurred to them, when she failed to appear at the door, that she might have been detected in the commission of some other crime, in which case they should feel responsible for not having immediately warned their parents of what they had overheard. Also it flashed through their minds, when they heard of her being on the top floor, that she might be engaged in some of those mysterious searchings for which Uncle Jim had reproached her.

Mary Doyle carried Alice's portmanteau upstairs, and, kneeling upon the floor, began to unstrap it; while Fred, rushing up another flight of stairs, three steps at a time, to deposit his valise in his own room, nearly fell over Selma, who was down on the floor, "grubbing," as the boy expressed it to Alice, in the darkest recesses of one of the hall cupboards, whence her feet had been sticking out as a trap to the unwary. She turned and looked up at the boy, with "a face like a goblin"; but, beyond a scarcely perceptible smile, gave him no greeting. She was, in fact, as Mary Doyle declared, "a frozen icicle of a girl."

"She certainly *is* queer," Fred thought.

Coming down again, Fred stood leaning against the door of Alice's room, where the latter, after Mary Doyle's return to the kitchen, was taking out the things from her valise and arranging them in her cupboard and bureau. Both children, despite their pleasure at being home again, and their longing to see their

mother and tell her all their adventures, were feeling somewhat depressed. The house seemed dark, and its atmosphere rather oppressive after the fresh, pure air and the floods of sunlight they had left in the country.

"By the way," said Fred suddenly, "I wonder what has become of Uncle Jim? I don't see him anywhere around. The door of his room is open, and he's not there. And he doesn't go out so very much either."

"I wish,—oh, I wish," cried Alice, fervently, "that he had gone to the West, and then we mightn't have to tell—"

For it distressed the child's gentle heart to have to set afloat such ideas concerning two people who were under the same roof with her.

"But," dissented Fred, with a boy's sense of justice, "there's Selma, and it wouldn't be fair to tell only about her." He lowered his voice as he spoke, indicating by a gesture that she was upstairs; and added: "We'd better get it over. To-night after prayers we'll certainly tell mother, and she and father can talk it over together."

"It was such a pity we heard!" deplored Alice. "I was trying not to. But when they got angry and spoke loud, I couldn't help it."

"I suppose," decided Fred, "it's really better to know, in case anything should turn up."

They heard Selma's broom near the top of the stairs, and they abruptly stopped talking. Fred suggested that they should go down, and take a look at the yard; for it seemed to the brother and sister as if they had been away a long time, and that many changes must have occurred.

As they went down the gray steps, they were arrested in their course by the tumultuous greeting of a friend (loyal and true as ever lived, even though he wore a coat of brown wool, close curled) that came to meet them on four feet instead of two, with no other voice in which to bid them welcome than a bark of pure



delight. Oh, how poor Prinnie leaped and capered, racing madly through the yard, coming back every few moments to fawn on them! Mrs. Nichols, the cat, soon appeared demurely from the kitchen, purring and rubbing against her young mistress!

The children went about inspecting everything, particularly the flower-beds where new blooms had appeared, until they heard Mary Doyle knocking on the kitchen window, and inviting them to partake of some currant buns just hot out of the oven, with a glass of fresh milk. They willingly accepted this lunch, and sat down upon the stone steps of the area, glad of the friendly companionship, and talked through the open window to the genial cook. They described at length, and with all the various incidents, that wonderful week in the country, and the surroundings in which it had been passed. Mary listened with interest and an occasional interjection:

"Look at that now! Well, well! It must be the fine place entirely!" And there were little notes of regret for the green breen, the lanes and hedgerows which her own youthful feet had trodden.

When the children had finished their collation, for the time being their store of anecdotes exhausted, they turned a longing thought toward the attic. By mutual consent, however, they decided not to go up there until Selma had descended to the kitchen. Pending the arrival of their mother, Fred suggested that they should go down and play shop in the wine cellar.

Instantly Mary Doyle, overhearing this suggestion, called them over close to the window.

"Now I'll just tell you," she said, "what I meant to keep to myself until your papa came home in the afternoon. It is this: I wouldn't take a mint of money and go down into the cellar this day."

"Why, what's the matter?" cried the children simultaneously, each with a leaping of the heart.

"It's myself doesn't know," responded

Mary; "though I will say that that cellar's a gloomy place at the best of times, and one that I have no liking for. But this afternoon, just before you came in, and not long after the mistress left the house, I heard the queerest noise down there!"

"What kind of noise was it?"

"Oh, then, don't ask me, Master Fred; for I couldn't tell you! It came only every once in a while. I called Selma, and the two of us listened, but not a thing could we hear. So Selma wouldn't wait any longer. She said she had her work to finish upstairs, and she left me down here alone. So I fastened the cellar door and went about my work; but every once in a while, I heard the same groan or cry, that put the heart across in me."

Fred, who was fearless to a fault—so much so that his mother often thought his rashness would lead him into danger,—took but a moment to decide.

"Mary," he said, "I'm going down!"

"Not until your papa comes home," remonstrated Mary; "for maybe it's some one that got in through the grating."

"Some one wouldn't be crying and groaning to attract attention," reasoned Fred, "when he had taken the trouble of getting in and hiding."

"Unless," conjectured Alice, shrewdly, "he had fallen and got hurt."

"Well, in that case, we ought to help him," said Fred.

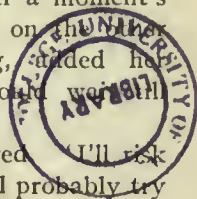
"Help a robber?" cried Mary. "Is it out of your senses you are?"

"Well, but if he should die down there?" suggested Fred.

"The Lord save us, don't say such a thing!" exclaimed Mary; and then she added in a lower tone: "Faix, maybe it's some one that's dead already."

This was a terrifying possibility, which the stout-hearted Fred, after a moment's pause, rejected; but Alice, on the other hand, pale and trembling, added her supplications that Fred would wait until their father came home.

"Now, see here," said Fred, "I'll risk it. If it's a robber, why, he'll probably try



to get out the way he came, when he hears me going down. If he has hurt himself, then he can't do me any harm and I may do him some good. As for ghosts, no one that I know has ever seen a ghost."

"Well, but you're the headstrong boy!" protested Mary. "And I keeping it from you on purpose till your papa comes home! Take this bottle of holy water with you in any case, for to sprinkle round about the place."

"You see," said Fred, addressing his sister, "if Jerry had been here, he certainly would have gone down; for a boy must be brave."

"If you go, I will go," declared Alice, working herself up to a Spartan courage.

"Why, what good could you do?" cried Fred. "You'd only be in the way."

"It's myself is going too," said Mary. "I'd be long sorry to see a pair of children running into danger and I holding back."

For the qualities of that fighting race from which she sprang had suddenly come to the front. And so the procession, led by the valiant Fred, moved toward the cellar door, Mary Doyle holding fast to the bottle of holy water. For once, Alice devoutly wished for the presence of Uncle Jim; for she knew that, whatever his other faults might be, lack of courage was not amongst them.

"I wonder," she whispered to Mary, "where Uncle Jim can be?"

"I saw him just after dinner talking to the master out there in the yard, and both of them together went down into the cellar to see about the hose for watering the flowers. I haven't laid eyes on him since, but he must have gone out of the house when the master did."

Fred drew aside the bolt of the door, and the whole party stopped an instant to listen. As they did so they heard a distant, hollow groan, which caused Mary to give an exclamation, and Alice to cling close to her. And so in solemn silence they went downward, not guessing what it was they should find in the cellar.

(To be continued.)

### The World's Highest Building.

Away back in the fourteenth century, Chaucer told the world, "The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate"; and all the intervening decades have abundantly verified the dictum. A graphic illustration of its truth is furnished by the Woolworth Building in New York, the greatest office structure in the world. The merchant from whom this structure takes its name, Frank W. Woolworth, has accumulated his immense fortune from his systematic business appeal to the American people for their nickels and dimes. Mr. Woolworth is known as the King of the Ten-Cent Bazaar; and a sketch of his career, contributed to the *World's Work* by Mr. Leo L. Redding, is replete with romantic interest.

While visiting Europe some years ago, he was everywhere asked by men with whom he came in contact about the Singer Building and its famous lofty tower. "That," he says, "gave me an idea. I decided to erect a building that would advertise the Woolworth five and ten cent stores all over the world."

While his plans were being perfected, the Metropolitan Tower was constructed and the Singer Building was relegated to the position of second highest edifice in New York. As Mr. Woolworth's advertising scheme was vitally dependent on his tower's being the very highest in Manhattan, he hired an engineer to measure the Metropolitan Tower; and, when it was found to be exactly  $701\frac{1}{4}$  feet high, he told his architect to prepare plans for a still loftier tower. Later on, the acquisition of another site led to a change in the entire construction, and made feasible a taller tower than that originally planned. Mr. Woolworth asked his architect: "How high can you make it?"—"It is for you to set the limit," was the reply.—"Then make it fifty feet higher than the Metropolitan Tower," said the determined advertiser; and fifty feet higher it is.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has just appeared. "Horace Blake" is its title.

—A cheap edition of the autobiography of Sister Teresa, "The Little Flower of Jesus," noticed in another column this week, would be a boon to thousands of readers who are without access to libraries.

—"As delightful as 'Crawford,' of which work it irresistibly reminds us," is the London *Globe's* characterization of "Gracechurch," by John Ayscough. Most others, we think, will be reminded of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

—A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* calls attention to the "offensive significance" of almost every word in the English language beginning with *sn*—from "snail" and "snake" past "sneak" and "sneer" and "snigger" and "snort," and on to "snub" and "snuffle."

—In his monograph entitled "Early Norse Visits to North America" (Smithsonian Institution), Mr. William H. Babcock comes to the conclusion that "there is no trustworthy record of any Norse settlement in America existing continuously for more than one year; nor of any Norse voyages to America excepting those of Leif and Thorfinn, and the visit of a small vessel more than three hundred and forty years afterward."

—From Benziger Brothers we have received a "Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection," whose author, the Rev. John Henry, C. SS. R., modestly states that it has been "compiled from various sources." Divided into two parts—the first treating of self-knowledge by an analysis of temperaments; the second, of Christian perfection by exhibiting charity as the bond of union with God,—this little book presents a fund of practical information that will set the reader soul-searching, and point him out the means of self-improvement. Its spirit is that of St. Alphonsus.

—There is no doubt that "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be popular with this writer's public. And rightly so. It is a wholesome story. But it is not a great story, even as "best-sellers" go. Two of such lately published are splendidly wrought, rich in allusiveness, and present a drama with the cogency of Greek art. There is nothing of all this in Mr. Nicholson's work. He lacks art, and one can not be "natural"—clearly his aim—in literature except by art. The order of his tale is chronological, in diary manner; the characters are static; there is no

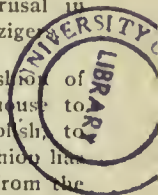
sequence of cause and effect; rather the entire story is the result of causes placed before the narrative begins. There is little plot, the story material being simply the doings of a town. One character is finely drawn—"Lois,"—and one superbly—"Uncle Amzi."

—It is naturally a bit of a disappointment to find that our copy of the latest issue in the Angelus Series (R. and T. Washbourne) has been put into its covers upside down; and is it somewhat on this account, too, that we are a bit disappointed in its contents, remembering such earlier issues of the series as the selections from Ernest Hello? The present booklet is "On the Exercises of Piety," by the Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. It treats briefly, and, on the whole, well, such matters as Mental Prayer, Vocal Prayer, the Liturgical Offices, Holy Mass, Holy Communion, Penance, Retreats, etc.

—A new series of devotional books for children, the "Corpus Christi Books," begins most auspiciously with two small volumes entitled "A Wreath of Feasts" and "Behold the Lamb," both from the hand of Marie St. S. Ellerker. They are truly juvenile books, in external make-up and in the presentation of reading-matter. But this reading-matter, moreover, is so fresh and rich and charming, so suitable from every point of view, that these booklets should make a wide appeal and do general good. It is to be regretted, since illustrations were admitted, that this feature of the series was not made more successfully attractive. Benziger Brothers.

—Under the happy title "Landmarks of Grace, or the Feasts of Our Blessed Lady," a member of the Ursuline community, Sligo, Ireland, presents a compilation in prose and verse of devotional pieces relating to the festivals of the Blessed Virgin in their liturgical succession. Many of the poems included are reprinted from THE AVE MARIA. The prose portions are mainly from the writings of the saints and modern spiritual authors. Fitted into the compilation are selections, presumably composed by the author herself, that aid the consecutive idea. The whole makes a helpful because suggestive little book for perusal in odd moments. Published by the Benziger Brothers.

—Once upon a time it was the fashion of persons who had a story to tell, a house to build, a work of any kind to accomplish, to "begin at the beginning." That the fashion has changed in the literary field is evident from the



fact that the editors of the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures (noticed recently in this column) have begun their translation with part first of, not the first volume, but the third. A somewhat similar course has been pursued by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province in their literal translation of "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." A few months ago we noticed the Third Number of Part I.; and now comes the First Number of Part III., the Second Part being held over for a later date. Readers of the work will not, however, be likely to quarrel with the lack of consecutiveness, as the contents of the present volume comprise twenty-six Questions of St. Thomas' Treatise on the Incarnation, an exceptionally interesting, and in our day an especially timely, portion of the Summa. While the work as a whole merits the praise we have had occasion to give to the preceding numbers—that of being cast in admirable English,—there is an occasional lapse from the high standard habitually maintained. The translator was thinking in Latin rather than in English, for instance, when he wrote (p. 147): "On the part of what are united we hold there to be a knowledge . . ." Rare exceptions of this sort serve but to emphasize the rule that the translators of this work (unlike the perpetrators of some other recent translations we could name) are adepts in the use of idiomatic English.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"Gracechurch." John Ayscough. \$1.86.

"Michael." Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. \$1.35.

"Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography." \$2.16.

"The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. \$2.

"Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection." Rev. John Henry, C. SS. R. Paper 20 cts.; cloth 40 cts.

"On the Exercises of Piety." Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. 50 cts.

"A Wreath of Feasts," "Behold the Lamb." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 38 cts., each.

"Landmarks of Grace." \$1.

"The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part III., No. 1. \$2.

"The Apostle of Ceylon: Fr. Joseph Vaz." 60 cts.

"Life of Martin Luther." Rt. Rev. Bishop Stang. 25 cts.

"Round the World Series." Vols. IX. and X. \$1 each.

"The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part I. 45 cts.

"Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman." Joseph E. Canavan, S. J. 35 cts.

"Minor Orders." Rev. Louis Bacuez, S. S. \$1.25.

"The Sorrow of Cycadoon." Mrs. Thomas Concannon. 35 cts.

"Peronne Marie." \$1.25.

"Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica." New Vol. \$1.25.

"The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet." Minnie Sawyer. 90 cts., net.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. X. Arnold, of the diocese of London; Rev. Charles Giese, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Edward Kenny, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Peter Casey, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Bernard Dever, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Andrew Smrekar, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister M. Ursula, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Edward Englert, Mr. Charles Chadwick, Mr. Philip Nolan, Mrs. Ellen Shannon, Mr. James Whitaker, Mr. Hugh Sullivan, Mr. Adolph Dueber, Mrs. Margaret O'Neill, Mr. Charles Morgan, Mr. James Nolan, Mr. Louis Schaefer, Mrs. Catherine Dwyer, Mr. T. E. Smith, Mr. William Young, Mrs. Catherine Leary, Mr. James Kane, Mr. Frank Towzinski, Mrs. Mary Duggan, Mr. John Schlangen, Mrs. Nora Cotter, Miss Helen Faivre, Mr. Antonio Pietri, Miss Johanna Ryan, Mr. John Fox, Mr. Frederick Boding, Mrs. Bridget Flynn, and Mr. James Bligh.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the Papuan missionaries:

J. T. M., \$2; J. M. K., \$5.

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

A. G. S., \$10.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## The Shadow of the Cross.

BY T. A. M.

THE Mother saw—half terror, half surprise,  
Reflected in her sweet and tender eyes—  
The valley at the feet of Nazareth,  
The lanes that lead to Lake Genesareth;  
The palms that lift their waving branches high,  
The sunny fields where countless flowers lie;  
Pomegranate trees, whose scarlet tassels glow  
Beside the orange blossoms, white as snow;  
The shady gardens and the fountain clear,  
With fig and olive trees that cluster near;  
The holy Mount of Thabor, round and green,  
That rises from the plain in grace serene;  
The far horizon, where the sun distils  
A hazy mist o'er Galilean hills,—  
All these the Mother saw, while seeing not,  
Her vision fastened to a nearer spot.

There, limned before her on the stony floor,  
With sunlight streaming through the open door,  
A shadow rested, ominous and dread,—  
The shadow of her Son with arms outspread.  
Her soul, prophetic of the coming years,  
Read in that shadow woe and pain and tears;  
For youthful Jesus, as He weary stood  
And stretched His arms, portrayed the bloody  
Rood.

Ah, Mother dear, thy frightened eyes foresee  
What bitter sorrows are in store for thee:  
What desolation, and what pangs of loss,  
When thou shalt stand beneath that cruel Cross!  
The words re-echo in thine ears again,—  
"This Child is for the rise and fall of men."  
What Simeon foretold is coming true,—  
Thy soul a sword of sorrow pierces through;  
And all that Nazareth once meant of joy  
Is hidden by that shadow of thy Boy.

O doleful Mother, through thy boundless grief  
Teach all who sorrow where to find relief;  
How 'neath the Cross is grace that strength-  
eneth,

And tempers grief with joy like Nazareth.

FRASE OF THE SEVEN DOLORS.

## St. Michael and All Angels.

IF we turn to the pages of the Old Testament, we find numerous passages in which mention is made of the holy angels, thus proving that the existence of higher and purely spiritual beings formed part of the religious belief of the Jews; though, as that learned authority, Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner, tells us, "no worship was paid directly to them by the Synagogue." But the most interesting point for us is that in the Christian Church, devotion to these "ministers of grace" can be traced back to a very early period. St. Michael especially was held in great veneration; for we know that the first Christian Emperor built a church in his honor on the headland called Hestiae, on the Bosphorus. This place, which afterward took the name of Michalion, was distant from Constantinople seven stadia by land, and thirty-five by water. Justinian also erected a church dedicated to the Archangel on the opposite headland, on the Asiatic shore; whilst in the Middle Ages, according to Du Cange, no fewer than fifteen churches and chapels of the Archangel were to be found in Constantinople and its neighborhood.

At Chonæ, in Phrygia, "an ancient and celebrated place of pilgrimage, and the chief centre in the Byzantine Empire of the cultus of the angels," St. Michael was held in high honor by the faithful as early as the year A. D. 545, when other towns, like Ravenna, erected and dedicated churches in his name. Chonæ (the present Khonas, on the Lycus) was, prior to the ninth century, known as Colossæ, that ancient city to the Christian community of which St. Paul addressed one of his famous epistles,—an epistle, by the way, wherein he speaks directly of the worship of the angels. At Colossæ, moreover, Metaphrastes says that an apparition of the Archangel Michael himself took place; and we learn that later on, in honor of this event, Manuel Comnenus prescribed that the festival of the Apparition of St. Michael should be kept as a feast of the second class on the 6th of September. (*Apparitio S. Michaelis in Chonis.*)

A very ancient church—the first, in fact, to be dedicated to the Archangel in the neighborhood of the Eternal City—was situated on the Via Salaria, at the sixth milestone from Rome, and was known, as we see from the oldest Roman Sacramentary, as the Basilica of the Holy Angel in Via Salaria. The Sacramentary, which goes by the name of Leo the Great, gives as many as five Masses for the anniversary of the dedication of this famous church; in three of these, St. Michael is mentioned by name in the prayers and prefaces.

In Rome itself, we read that "there was also a church erected in honor of St. Michael, the date and founder of which are both unknown." Again, the "Liber Pontificalis" tells us that amongst other ecclesiastical buildings in the city of Rome, enlarged and beautified by Pope Symmachus, was the Basilica of St. Michael. A church dedicated to the Archangel was also built by a Pope of the name of Boniface, near the Circus Flaminius; and in the ninth century the

church of S. Michael in Sassia was erected.

Before passing on, a word must be given to the earliest Christian calendars,—those ancient manuscript documents belonging to the first centuries of the Church, and which still exist in large numbers; for all Missals and Breviaries were provided with them. Needless to state, their value for historical research depends to a very large extent upon their age. But no calendar can be set aside as altogether useless; for, "in case of need," as authorities tell us, "all can throw light upon at least the history of their own country." The series of these calendars opens with two documents, the most ancient of their kind possessed by the Roman Church—i. e., the lists of Popes and martyrs, with the days of their death, and a catalogue of the martyrs of the city of Rome extending only to 304.

Another class of documents analogous to the Calendar consists of the ordos compiled for divine service, belonging to particular countries, dioceses, or the more important religious foundations. "These," Dr. Kellner tells us, "were not originally drawn up for the course of merely one year, like our present ordos; but contained the list of recurring festivals and fasts observed from year to year in some monastery or cathedral, along with detailed directions for the performance of divine service."

The ancient liturgical books of the Church provide us with one of the chief means whence our knowledge of the history of the feasts of the different saints is derived; and it need hardly be added that, amongst these, the Missals and Breviaries hold the first place; though in primitive times they were not arranged in the same way, nor did they bear the same names as they do to-day. For example, the collects and psalms employed at the Mass, which are now included in one volume, were then taken from a number of books. Again, the Epistles and Gospels were collected in what were called the Lectionaries, either all together,



or the Epistles and Gospels in separate volumes. The psalms and other portions to be sung by the choir were contained in the Antiphonaries, Graduals, and Hymnaries respectively; whilst the essential prayers of the Mass were embodied in a volume known as the "Sacramentarium." In this book were also to be found the collects, prefaces, and, in certain cases, even the whole canon; and it was only in the Middle Ages that, for the sake of convenience, all the different parts of the Mass were bound up in one volume, called "Missale Plenarium." The separate volumes, however, still continued to be used on certain occasions.

In respect of the ecclesiastical calendars and martyrologies, we find that the service-books just alluded to were, for the most part, drawn up in accordance with the local calendar, and added both the movable and immovable feasts as best they could. It will be remembered, moreover, that, while the calendars give merely the names of the saints, or the date of their feasts, the martyrologies provide more detailed information, such, for instance, as the place, time, and circumstances of the saint's death, etc. As the centuries rolled on, and the number of feasts increased, the calendars grew to be regarded as independent catalogues of festivals; and we find them either bound up with the other liturgical books, when they were generally placed at the beginning of the volume, or else constituting a complete document in themselves.

The Sacramentaries prove that, at a very early period in the Church's history, special Masses were composed in commemoration of the most celebrated saints; St. Michael, as we have already seen, being amongst the number. On consulting the later Roman Sacramentaries, we notice that prayers for a Mass in honor of this great Archangel are given in the "Gelasianum" on the 29th of September. This date was accepted by Western Christendom; and it is worthy of remark that

in the Middle Ages the feast of St. Michael ranked as a holyday of obligation, especially in England, where King Ethelred ordained that it should be observed with a vigil and a preparatory fast of three days.

In France, the feast was established by the sixty-first canon of the diocesan Synod of Tours, in 858; whilst in Germany, A. D. 813, the Council of Mainz, by its thirty-sixth canon, decreed that it should be kept as a festival, and the imperial banner, which was carried in battle, bore the figure of St. Michael. In Constantinople, it is curious to find that the feast was observed on the 8th of November. This date occurs also in a Coptic calendar, where St. Michael is mentioned as many as six times—April 7, June 6, August 5, September 9, November 8, and December 8. In the Syrian Lectionary, his feast is marked September 6.

During the sixth century, as the result of an apparition near Sipontum, on Monte Gargano, which took place on the 8th of May, a second festival of St. Michael began to be celebrated in the West; for Monte Gargano, like Chonæ in the East, soon became so noted a place of pilgrimage that what was originally only a local feast spread later to other places. The exact date of this famous apparition is not known, but is believed by reliable authorities to have occurred between 520 and 530.

Although St. Gabriel appears in the most ancient Coptic calendar under the date December 18, it is considered doubtful whether this was not primarily a commemoration of the Annunciation, and only secondarily and accidentally a feast of the Archangel. And, in this connection, it is interesting to find his name in the Syrian Lectionary, on March 26, the day after Our Lady's Annunciation. But neither he nor the Archangel Raphael has special commemorations in any of the ancient martyrologies of the Latin Church; it is only in the tenth and eleventh centuries that, in a few instances, special days are assigned to them.

In respect of the Guardian Angels, history tells us that a festival in their honor was first celebrated in Spain in the sixteenth century, the day chosen being the 1st of March. Later on, in France, the first free day, after Michaelmas, was assigned to them; whilst Pope Paul V. permitted the whole Church to keep the feast of the Guardian Angels on September 27, 1608, and "at the request of the Emperor Ferdinand II., prescribed its observance throughout the imperial dominions." Fifty-nine years later, the then reigning Pontiff, Clement IX., ordered that the feast should be kept on the first Sunday in September, and provided it with an octave. Again, in 1670, Clement X. gave it a fixed place in the calendar on the 2d of October; though "the older date," says Dr. Kellner in his "History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day," "is still observed in Germany and a part of Switzerland."

During the Ages of Faith, in England alone, the number of churches dedicated to "St. Michael and All Angels" would fill a volume, thus proving how widespread was the devotion; for as it was in that country, so it was throughout Catholic Christendom. We know that great doctors of the Church, like St. Ambrose and St. Hilary, exhorted the faithful to invoke the holy angels; and surely there is something in the belief in these pure spirits that makes a very special appeal to our fallen nature. With the eyes of our mind we see them not only thronging the courts of heaven, but gathered round the earthly throne of God made man for us. Bending in deepest adoration before countless lowly tabernacles throughout the Christian world, they are ever watching and waiting, year by year, throughout the long hours of day and night, when we are too busy or too tired to give a thought to the Sacred Presence dwelling among us.

But if the angels in general merit our invocations, surely the "brother of our

souls," in particular, deserves our tenderest devotion,—our Angel Guardian of whom it has been charmingly written:

Wish me joy, companion true,  
So another year is past;  
Other friends forget, but you  
Keep my birthday to the last.

He should, indeed, be most dear to us. The remembrance of him should be always in our hearts, and on our lips the ejaculations: "O Holy Angel of God, who art my guardian, enlighten, guard, protect, and govern me, who have been committed to thee by the supernal clemency!" "Angel of heaven, my faithful and loving guide, obtain for me grace that I may be obedient to thy holy inspirations, and so direct my steps that I may not in anything depart from the will and commandments of my God."

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### The Real Oliver.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

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### XV.

WHEN Stuart Leigh made up his mind to impersonate Oliver Plunkett, he had thought that the American uncle was, if not actually dying, at least so near his end that he would have a good chance of securing his money and disappearing before the plot was discovered. His visit to Dr. Gibbs—which, to his great annoyance, had come to his so-called uncle's ears—had shown him that there was no immediate likelihood of his coming into the inheritance he so coveted. It was true that some months previous Mr. Carew had been in a most precarious condition; but now, while there was always the chance of another attack, there was also a possibility that, if a renewal of his illness was warded off, he might live on indefinitely. This had been most unwelcome news to the apparently reassured nephew; for his success depended upon immediate action.



The discovery that Hugh Carew contemplated making no will was still another blow to Stuart Leigh; for so eccentric a proceeding, besides depriving him of two-thirds of the amount he had hoped to secure, added enormously to the chances of his being found out. So far, the simple device of writing home on a typewriter had guarded his secret well; but when it came to signing legal documents that not only Maura and Ursula Plunkett would have to see, but that Mr. Bird (acting, as he certainly would do, in their interest) would also have to verify, then his deceptions would be of little avail.

He had made so complete a plan that he really felt quite injured at this prospect of non-success. He was to have arrived in time to soothe the last moments of the dying millionaire, who, on learning that his nieces were "mere children," would leave everything in his hands. Then, before letting them know at home of the old man's death, he would secure as many of the millions of dollars as he possibly could, and decamp with his booty, careless then how or when his plot would be discovered.

This new lease of life that the old man seemed to have taken put all these nicely laid schemes completely out of joint; and, although he was able to get a certain amount of enjoyment out of his life in Philadelphia, he was not sorry when the idea of his going to Michigan was mooted. Not that he proposed working there for six months, — that would have been too dangerous a course even for him to follow; but it would give him time to make some other plan for securing Hugh Carew's fortune. His was a temperament that was able in an extraordinary way to put from it everything that was annoying and unpleasant; and Mr. Johnson, who did not look upon him with such critical eyes as Hugh Carew had done, was impressed very much in his favor.

"You will never make a business man of your nephew," he wrote to his partner

a week after the supposed arrival of Oliver; "but as a companion he is a No. 1. He has seen a lot of life and is a first-rate talker. (Leigh had not thought it necessary to curtail the extent of his travels to Johnson as he had done to Mr. Carew.) "He is by no means stupid; but work evidently has no attraction for him."

That had been one of the things that had made him what he was. He had been brought up to be his uncle's heir, and never taught or encouraged to work for himself. From his childhood money had been held up to him as the one thing needful and desirable, and religion had found no place in his life. So when his uncle, disgusted by what he saw and heard of his doings, had finally told him that he need expect nothing from him, he had seized on the first opportunity that presented itself of securing another fortune. Coldly and callously he had laid his plans, not deterred even by the fact that Oliver Plunkett's life stood between him and the attainment of his end.

Now it seemed as though Nature would have to be aided in the work of destruction which he had counted upon her fulfilling for him in the case of Oliver's uncle. Thus did he state to himself the case that, put baldly, was no more than this. He had murdered the nephew: now the uncle stood in his way, and he therefore must be murdered, too.

But, so far, he had seen no way of carrying out the second part of his villainy, because the figure of Patrick stood inexorably in his way. Hugh Carew had accepted him, unwillingly perhaps, because he was not like his supposed mother, yet really unquestioningly. Patrick had accepted him as Oliver Plunkett, because his master told him that was his name; but he had also accepted him as no loving nephew, but as what, in truth, he was—a cold, calculating, unscrupulous, fortune-hunter, and, nephew or no nephew, an enemy to whom the death of Hugh Carew would be a gratification and a huge

gain. Therefore, Patrick was ever alert, ever on guard; and Stuart Leigh was bound to acknowledge to himself that, if anything happened to Hugh Carew, Patrick would not rest until the blame and the punishment had fallen upon his supposed nephew.

Mr. Carew had told his partner that he would be leaving home for a few weeks, but he begged that this should not be mentioned to his nephew. And if the so-called nephew had possessed the most rudimentary sense of honor, he would have remained in ignorance both of his "uncle's" departure and of his whereabouts. But he was totally unscrupulous; and if it suited him to ferret out and read another's correspondence, the ordinary sense of right and wrong that would have deterred any honorable man from doing such a thing, did not hinder him in the least.

He did not confine himself to reading Hugh Carew's letters to Mr. Johnson: he also looked through any others he could find, that had come since his arrival. And only a few days before Dr. O'Loghlen's letter reached Camphill, he had come across a few lines, in a letter otherwise unimportant to him, that at a touch not only burst his bubble of fortune, but showed him that he was in danger at any moment of being discovered and having to answer for the disappearance of the real Oliver.

A correspondent had written to Mr. Johnson asking for some instructions concerning the business. "I should not trouble you on the matter," the letter had concluded, "if Mr. Carew were at home. His imperturbable man would neither tell me where he was nor when he was expected to return; but I heard in a roundabout way that he has crossed the Pond. So presumably his absence will be a prolonged one."

Hugh Carew in England! What could such a move mean? Only one thing, in Stuart Leigh's eyes. He was suspected, if not already discovered; and his beauti-

fully planned scheme was rent to pieces and useless. More than this: at any moment a cable might come to have him arrested. He had been going to ride to an outlying station, and was not due at Mr. Johnson's until the following day; so, thus far, luck favored him.

To all appearances, he rode off, after reading the (to him) fatal letter, as calmly as though he really were only off on a day's excursion. But, once well on his way, his horse could have told a different tale; and, having nothing with him that he could not carry on his person, he found himself, as speedily as ever horse and steam could carry him, back in the familiar street of Philadelphia. His plan—quickly matured, but thought of for some time as a possibility if worst came to worst—was daring, and carried with it only a chance of success. Here, as before, it was Patrick, the "imperturbable man," who stood in his way.

Leigh had ascertained before leaving his uncle's flat that the Government bonds which had been bought for Patrick were deposited, not at Mr. Carew's solicitor's, but in the safe that was let into the study wall. These bonds represented a sum of £2000, which, when so much more was in view, it was not worth risking anything to get hold of. Now, however, that the possibility of anything else had completely vanished, this couple of thousands would at least enable him to escape, and to live in comfort for some time to come. Besides which there was always the chance that a man who risked keeping so much might perhaps have other valuable securities laid away in the same safe. Stuart Leigh had not hesitated at murder, but the idea of lock-picking disgusted him, and he even felt a pang of shame at the thought of what was before him.

Patrick received him without surprise and also without welcome, and when he announced that he had come back to stay, he was met by the emphatic rejoinder that as he (Patrick) had received no orders to that effect, he could not



possibly allow him in. But to Stuart's cool remark that he must, at least, be allowed to get some of his effects which he had left behind him, Patrick could make no demur, and he was allowed to go to what had been his room. He was desperate now, and resolved not to leave the flat without punishing the faithful servant for what he called his "d—— impudence."

The few things he had left behind him were soon gathered together; and he was just deciding that there was nothing for it but to fall upon Patrick and, after giving him the thrashing he deserved, to bind and gag him, so as to leave himself free to get at the safe, when an importunate caller released him for a moment from the servant's vigilance, and enabled him to pass unseen from his own room to the study. On second thought, he decided that if he could possibly obtain his end without Patrick's knowledge, it would be wiser to do so, even to the deprivation of his revenge.

He had locked his own door on leaving the room, also the study door on entering; so that if, released from his interviewer, Patrick had sought him, he would not know at once in which room he was. Speedily and silently he set to work upon the lock; but, try as he would, he was unable to make the slightest impression. So engrossed was he in his task that he failed to hear the opening of a door, whose very existence he had forgotten, concealed as it was by a curtain, the same as those which at night hung over the windows. Patrick, freeing himself as quickly as possible from his visitor, had gone first to one locked door and then to the other; and then, noiselessly, he had tried and succeeded in getting into the study through his master's bedroom.

Nephew or no nephew, this man was trying to open the safe. As quick as lightning Patrick was upon him. Leigh, secure in his youth and strength, had not looked upon this elderly man as a very formidable opponent; at least he had had no

fear but that he could get the better of him. Now, sprung upon unawares, the matter seemed to be taking a different form, and he found that all his strength and all his cunning would be needed to hold his own, much less to get the better of this man.

But, even so, Leigh had one chance that the other did not possess. Patrick was fighting honestly, with deathlike persistence and fidelity, to save his master's property; but he had no weapon beyond his own hands. In silence the men fought, neither seeming to gain an advantage; only Leigh did not notice that he was being forced backward and forward in front of the windows of the room. Then at last, when he found that, if anything, he was being worsted, he succeeded with a final effort in freeing himself from his opponent. As he dashed across the room, he drew from his pocket a revolver that he had carried in case such an emergency should arise; and, turning, he fired straight at Patrick—but not in time to reach his aim. Even as the weapon was raised, Patrick crouched for an instant behind a big padded lounge; and the bullet, passing over his head, struck with a ringing flash against the iron of the safe. Then, as it did so, the man who had fired fell without a groan upon the floor; and Patrick moved from his place of safety in horrified amaze, to find that the bullet had ricocheted from the safe, and lodged in the temple of the man who had fired it, and who, with the smoking revolver still in his hand, lay across the doorway, quite dead.

(To be continued.)

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It must be a remarkably true man who can keep his own elevated conception of truth when the lower feeling of a multitude is assailing his natural sympathies; and who can speak out frankly the best that there is in him when, by adulterating it a little, he knows that he may make it ten times as acceptable to his audience.—*Hawthorne.*

## A Mystic of the Nineteenth Century.

BY A. JAY BUTTERWORTH.

IN these days, when there is so little belief in the supernatural, it is beneficial to come into contact with such a proof of its existence as is shown forth in the life of Dorothy Quonian. Not many years ago there appeared several volumes of a work entitled "Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ Etudie dans le St. Evangile." The public knew nothing of the writer excepting that she was a Carmelite nun. The treatise, however, excited much enthusiasm amongst its readers; and at the death of the author, in 1874, there came from all sides—from prelates, priests, and religious of the various Orders—pressing demands for a speedy publication of the Life of the Carmelite Sister.

After considerable delay, the book so ardently desired has been written by a Prioress of Carmel, compiled principally from notes jotted down, under obedience, by the young religious. Herein is traced a life bearing the impress of God's grace from infancy upward. We become acquainted with her parents in the little village of Rozel, in Normandy, where Dorothy Quonian was born in 1839. We see the pious mother instilling into the hearts of her children a fervent love of God. Extreme poverty was their lot; but it was borne with heroic courage, because it rendered their resemblance to our Blessed Lord's life on earth closer and more perfect.

Circumstances, we are told, called the family to Paris, where, on the death of her mother, Dorothy becomes an inmate of the orphan asylum attached to the church of St. Roch, and under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. We read of the child's remarkable growth in holiness, and of her constant communion with God,—her life, even at that early age, tending toward the super-

natural. We are struck very forcibly by the discrepancy between the education received (in accordance with her humble position) and the marvellous flight of her intelligence into the mystical regions. This is evident even before she becomes a nun.

A book falls into her hands—apparently by chance—and makes her acquainted with the Order of St. Teresa. Henceforth she no longer doubts where her vocation lies. We read of the difficulties to be overcome before Dorothy reaches the desired goal. Throughout she remains calm and resolute. Had not Our Lord revealed to her the ultimate accomplishment of her desire? She knows also that, as His spouse, she will, in the future as in the past, have many crosses to bear; that the Carmel is to be her arena of combats. Nothing deters her. "When I enter a monastery of the Order, I am conscious that I am in the house of my Spouse. He is there; He is behind the wall; He awaits me, and I would make a thousand efforts to reach Him."

Through the intervention of Our Lord, Dorothy's path is finally, after a long wait, cleared of the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that stood between her and the life of the cloister. She had asked a miracle, and she has obtained it. At nineteen years of age we see her a postulant in the Carmelite convent of the Avenue de Saxe, Paris, and henceforth she is known as Sœur Marie Aimée de Jésus.

During the fourteen years that follow, her soul is laid bare; from the notes we see the operations whereby Our Lord purifies His beloved. She passes through the different stages of the mystical life—the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive. We read of her great fear of illusion. To her confessor, Père Gamard, S. J., she confides the lights she receives directly from God, and the workings of grace. To him she also writes on one occasion: "*Le papier me manque pour vous dire en détail plusieurs choses particulières que Notre Seigneur a faites en*



mon âme—Il m'a séparée de moi-même, il m'a séparée de tout mal, il m'a unie au souverain Bien qui n'est autre que lui-même. Ces trois opérations furent très distinctes."—"Space fails me to tell you in detail many things which Our Lord has worked in my soul. He has separated me from myself, has separated me from all evil, and has united me to the Sovereign Good, which is no other than Himself. These three operations were very distinct."

In the year 1863, Renan's sacrilegious work, the "Life of Jesus," appeared. A cry of indignation and sorrow burst forth when the Prioress of Carmel made known to her daughters this indignity. One is struck with amazement when reading, in Sœur Marie Aimée's notes, the account of how she was led to write her great work. Her only desire was to avenge her Spouse, who had been so grossly insulted.

Where did a simple child of the people, of primitive education, who had never read or studied the works of the mystics,—where did she obtain the great gifts portrayed in her writings, if not from an infusion of grace? The Abbé St. Michel de Frigolet says: "One knows not which to admire the more, the purity of her style or the sublimity of her thoughts."

The first hundred pages of her work finished, she gives them to her director, Père Gamard, S. J., known to be an eminent theologian. With his approval and that of the prioress, the young novice continues her notes. We follow her steps through many trials and tribulations. Nothing disturbs her peace of mind. She has but one thought: "Everything for the greatest glory of God."

A change of superiors interferes with the progress of the work. Sœur Marie Aimée lays down her pen while waiting to open her heart to the new prioress. This takes place in great simplicity; but, notwithstanding the approbations previously received in regard to her writing, Mère Isabelle is frightened. She fails to understand God's working in this soul.

She looks upon it as an illusion. Finally, however, permission is given with great reluctance for the continuation of the treatise. Another cross comes almost simultaneously. Good Père Gamard leaves Paris for another mission. Sœur Marie Aimée obtains permission to correspond with him, also to send him her writings for examination. In one of his letters he says:

"Je regretterais vivement pour la gloire de Notre Seigneur et pour le bien de Carmel que vous ne puissiez pas continuer ce travail. Non, mille fois non, cette œuvre n'est pas la vôtre; et vous n'avez pas le droit, ni heureusement la pensée de vous l'attribuer. Le doigt de Dieu est là, c'est tout dire. Votre doctrine est pure, irréprochable."—"I deeply regret, for the glory of Our Lord and the good of Carmel, that you can not continue this work. No, a thousand times no, this work is not yours; and you have neither the right nor, fortunately, the thought of attributing it to yourself. The finger of God is there; in that all is said. Your doctrine is pure, irreproachable."

These words, coming from the pen of a learned theologian, encourage Sœur Marie Aimée. She works, however, under difficulty. Some parts of the year, the only free time she has to write is between eight and nine o'clock in the evening; and never at any season is she accorded more than one hour daily. Her health is also a drawback. We see her passing weeks in the infirmary. Nor has she only herself and her community to think of. We read her letters to relatives and others whom charity causes her to follow,—in particular a young girl, formerly in the orphan asylum with her, who, she fears, is going astray.

Notwithstanding all this, in 1869 five volumes on the life of Our Lord are ready, written with the assistance of the Holy Scriptures only. Her manner of proceeding is tedious. She first copies the Gospels word for word with great care. "J'ai fait accorder les quatre Évangélistes,

selon que Notre Seigneur me l'inspirait, car je ne m'étais servie d'aucune concordance, n'en connaissant pas."—"I fitted the four Gospels to one another, just as Our Lord inspired me to do; for I used no concordance, knowing of none."

The sixth and last volume, partly on the Passion, is the one that martyrizs her; for she is called to partake of the sufferings of Our Lord. The effect on her health is so great that when about to begin on the Resurrection, she is forced to lay aside her pen, and for a month she lies at death's door with a virulent attack of scarlet fever. On her recovery in July, she again takes up her work, and it is completed in November of the same year. Henceforth, excepting her notes and letters, we have nothing from her pen.

She now enters on the last phase of her life, which is purely ascetic and mystic. At times she is plunged into darkness, seemingly abandoned by Our Lord. Again she is inundated with spiritual joys. But the more favored she is, the more she fears illusion. On one occasion she makes known to Père Gamard her fear of error, and he reassures her in these words: "Il est si clair que c'est Notre Seigneur qui vous conduit, et il rend son action si évidente en votre âme qu'on est convaincu avant d'examiner. Je ne laisse pas de le faire; absolument comme si je doutais de tout, bien que je doute de rien—Je vous défends de consentir, seulement pendant une second, à la pensée que vous êtes dans l'illusion."—"It is so clear that it is Our Lord who is leading you, and He makes His action in your soul so plain, that one is convinced of it before examination. I examine, nevertheless, absolutely, as if I doubted of everything; though, in fact, I don't doubt at all. I forbid you to think even for a moment that you are the victim of illusion." In time all further doubts vanish.

In 1870 war breaks out between France and Germany. In the notes we read the following lines:

Time of war. I remain calm. The joy that I experience in the prospect of suffering, which no doubt awaits me, is equalled only by the desire of martyrdom. I make four resolutions: 1. Never to make a complaint, especially about food, and to hide whatever I may have to suffer. 2. To lighten as far as it is in my power the sufferings of my Sisters. 3. To deprive myself as much as possible of food in case of famine. 4. To nurse my Sisters in case of pestilence. I will pray for the poor constantly, and ask incessantly that there may always be bread and wine for the Holy Sacrament, and what is required for the other sacraments.

These are anxious days for the Carmelites as for many others. We have in the notes an interesting account of the terrible times. A vow is taken by the community with the sanction of the ecclesiastical superiors; and owing to this, it is believed, no harm comes to them during the siege or during the Commune.

In 1871 Sœur Marie Aimée is named mistress of novices. To her is confided the task of forming others to the interior life,—a life that she has practised herself for so many years. Many of the souls she guided give, after her death, touching testimonials of the holiness of their "angelic" mother. She excites amongst them a veneration, as their letters (written later) testify.

It must be admitted that now, as in years past, God permits the Sister to suffer greatly through the severity of the Abbé le Rebours, at this time superior of the Carmelites. On several occasions he tries to have her deposed from the office she holds. His distrust, as well as that of many who surround her, causes intense pain; but meanwhile fire and the flames of love devour her heart as she approaches, a victim, nearer and nearer to her Beloved.

In November an epidemic of grippe breaks out amongst the community, and Sœur Marie Aimée is attacked by it in turn. Her illness is a long one, though it does not appear so to the sufferer. She is asked by one of the Sisters how she passes her days. Her reply is characteristic: "Every day I say to my soul: 'Remember, Sister Aimée of Jesus, that



you have seven things to do to-day: To seek Him whom you love, to please Him whom you love, to work for Him whom you love, to suffer for Him whom you love, to transform yourself into Him whom you love, to unite yourself to Him whom you love, and to die for Him whom you love."

We see the end approaching—such an end as we are prepared for, and as is so beautifully described by the biographer of this saintly Carmelite. A strange and painful incident occurs at the moment that the Sacrament of Extreme Unction is administered. The Abbé le Rebours puts Sœur Marie Aimée's humility to a very severe test. His reason for so doing is given later to the prioress: "I wished to give an example, and to show the heights to which virtue can rise; I also wished to reassure myself as to the spirit that guided this religious during her life."

And thus, in the presence of the entire community, one more feature of resemblance with her Divine Redeemer is accorded to Sœur Marie Aimée at the hour of her death.

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### Mother.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

MOTHER will watch beside me day and night;  
Her eyes like stars shall shine upon my way;  
She will not tire of all my childishness,

Her heart will not grow weary of my play.  
Mother will watch when all are gone from me,

Whether the day bring sun or dismal rain,  
Whether the night be peaceful and serene  
Or filled with deepest sorrow and with pain,—  
Mother will watch.

Mother will love when every heart is dumb,  
When every friend has turned away his face;  
Her smile will break upon me like the dawn,  
And she will fold me in her fond embrace.

Mother will love, no matter where I roam,—  
Her heart shall follow me across the sea;  
Her hand shall lead me homeward in the night;  
And in the far land of eternity  
Mothers will love.

### A Twentieth-Century Julian.\*

HE had just finished an article for his paper, the most odiously Masonic and anti-clerical sheet in all Paris. He had read and reread its paragraphs. "Truly," he said to himself, "this is a success. It is probably the best thing I've ever done. I show clearly that religion is in its last agony, that the clericals are annihilated, that confession is an idiotic practice gone out of fashion and abandoned forever, and that nobody any longer believes in Communion."

The journalist was evidently satisfied with himself. He actually rubbed his hands together in glee; then, taking up his pen, he affixed his signature to the last page of the manuscript with the comment: "Atrocious clericalism, I'm signing your death-warrant."

Now, as a man who day after day ardently pursues the same idea is naturally very much inclined to take his desires for realities, his subjective will for the objective deed, it is not strange that our Parisian editor contemplated already the crowning of his labors. He saw Catholicism in ruins, the last of the *curés* swinging on the scaffold, and the triangle of Masonry sharing with the crescent of Mohammed the dominion of the world. "What an ideal and what a triumph!" he exclaimed. "What joy and what liberty! And to think that I am one of the great workers in this glorious enfranchisement!"

Rendered rather warm by his enthusiasm, the editor felt the need of fresh air. He folded his manuscript, placed it in his inside breast pocket, and, taking his hat and cane, left his home to carry his article to the office of his paper.

It had just struck nine o'clock. The streets of Paris presented a scene of unusual animation for August. Busy people were hurrying hither and thither, and the stores were crowded.

\* Adapted for THE AVE MARIA from "Defendons-Nous!" by Abbé Charles Grimaud.

"Hello!" said the editor to himself. "I hadn't thought of it; but to-morrow is the 15th, that [used] to be known as the Assumption."

And, with an amused smile, he watched, as he went along, the bustling and hustling of the gay Parisian crowd. He reached the square of St. Sulpice. People were going up and coming down the church's monumental peristyle,—one stream entering, the other leaving the sacred edifice.

A little puzzled, the journalist looked on for a moment; and, telling himself, "I must see what's going on inside," he entered. Scarcely had he taken a few steps down the nave when he perceived a long line of people waiting, silent and recollected, before each of the confessionals. Every few minutes some one came out from the "black cave" (as he termed it), another went in, and the line moved forward one place. Strange to say, too, the line did not appear to get any shorter: new arrivals from the street were constantly falling in at the end.

There were numerous women among the penitents; but there were men, too—yes, a great many men; some of them substantial-looking, well-to-do citizens, others of an opposite character; some with the air of genuinely pious folk, others that from the look of them would not be suspected of piety in ordinary life.

The journalist, not too well versed in Catholic practices—a circumstance that did not prevent his writing copiously about them—asked himself: "What are all these miserable folk doing in this semi-obscure? I bet they are confessing themselves."

Seeing a sacristan moving around, he concluded to address him. The conversation might furnish some good "copy." His readers would take considerable interest in a spicy article headed, "Interview with the Sacristan of St. Sulpice." So he accosted the functionary in a low tone:

"Pardon me, sir! But can you tell me what all these people are doing?"

The sacristan smiled and replied:

"But, Monsieur, obviously they are going to confession."

"Ah! do you tell me so? Then people still confess?"

"*Still?* I presume you mean, so late. But the eves of great feasts are an exception to the regular hours. To-night the priests are at the disposition of the faithful until midnight. If you drop in at the end of the line, your turn will come all right."

The anti-clerical suppressed an oath, and said:

"Till midnight! Will there be people here until then?"

"Why, of course; and to-morrow morning, too, just as soon as the church doors are opened."

"To go to confession?"

"Certainly. And what then? Do you find anything queer about it?"

"I thought that confession no longer existed."

The sacristan saw with whom he had to do, and answered:

"You are like a good many others: you believe all that the papers say. But never fear: they'll print their nonsensical lies for a long time before people will consent to do without God."

With that, the sacristan turned on his heel and left his interviewer rather non-plussed, leaning against a pillar and stupidly watching the crowd that was silently and seriously examining their consciences. He pressed his hand against the pocket that held the article for his paper.

"There, however, I have written just the contrary of all this. I say that people don't confess themselves any more. Well, there's no need of altering it; my readers will take my word for it. And they'd mock me if I said I saw people confessing themselves. The article is all right as it is. I must take it to the office—and I'll say nothing of the interview with the sacristan."

Leaving the church, and mixing with the crowd on the square, his normal viewpoint resumed its sway; and, continuing



his walk, he told himself: "I've simply been dreaming."

He walked on in haphazard fashion, without thinking of his paper's office as his objective point, but following the sidewalks that left him freest from the crowd.

"So people still confess themselves! Crowds of people confess themselves! Where, then, is popular common-sense? Can it be that there's no way of abolishing so senseless a custom? When one has worked so hard to correct public opinion—and then discover this state of things!"

He passed in front of the church of Notre-Dame-des-Champs. Scores of people with a businesslike air were going in and coming out of the building.

"I never believed," commented the journalist, "that Paris held so many fools."

He kept on walking, always walking, scarcely knowing whither he went. Suddenly he noticed a steeple of modest appearance. He looked at it, and exclaimed: "I am already at Vaugirard! That's St. Lambert's."

Here again numbers of serious-looking people were coming from and going into the church. Some entered by the main door, others by the side entrance. Our editor went in by the latter, saying to himself: "I must see whether in this retired quarter of the city there are as many bigots as at St. Sulpice. St. Sulpice, as everyone knows, is the centre of cassock-dom; but St. Lambert's—that ought to be different."

The faintly lighted church was filled with the subdued sounds of a crowd silently going and coming. The confessionals were besieged just as at St. Sulpice.

"'Tis too bad,—all the same!" said the anti-clerical.

Then, going over in his mind some of the phrases and statements of his article, he repeated them:

"A man must have lost all common-sense before going to tell his faults or his follies to another man. . . . Free-thought has long since delivered the world from that Middle Age tyranny,

confession. . . . This invention of the *curés* explained in other days their great power: they dominated the consciences of kings and directed political action; but, now that governments no longer bend the knee before them, the *curés* have lost all their influence. . . ."

And he added: "That is well said,—all that. And it's true, too. It must be true, since I have written it. I wrote it because I've read it and been told of it. And yet—here I see a mass of simpletons confessing themselves, notwithstanding. Well, then? Well, there's something wrong."

Just then a young man came out of the sacristy. The journalist called to him softly:

"Say, friend, do you belong to the building?"

"What? To this church? Yes: I am the sacristan."

"Good! 'Tis to you I want to speak. They're going to confession here, are they not?"

"See for yourself. All the priests are in their boxes, and they'll be lucky if they finish by midnight."

"And if they don't finish?"

"Those who can do so will continue to hear during the Mass."

"And then?"

"And then they will leave their confessionals to give Holy Communion."

The anti-clerical gazed at him with wide-open eyes.

"You say—do you mean that all these people will go to Communion?"

"Of course. Are you not going?"

"Oh, no, certainly not! Do you suppose all these people *believe* in it?"

"Well, I declare! Do you imagine that somebody forces them to inconvenience themselves by coming here?"

"'Tis queer."

The sacristan, accustomed to seeing individuals of all sorts, rather enjoyed the sight of this unknown's stupefaction.

The journalist began again:

"But 'tis growing less and less every year, this sort of thing; isn't it?"

"What? Going to Communion? Just the contrary. I've never seen so many Communion as we're having now. Ten thousand hosts will hardly be enough for next Christmastide."

"Ten thousand!"

"Yes, sir; and we are not in the best part of Paris, either. Then you must know that there are also in our parish several chapels where Communion is given."

"And why this increase?" asked the anxious journalist.

"Why? Well, I suppose persecution is making the Catholics wake up; and, then, the Pope's decrees on frequent Communion . . ."

"What's that you say?"

"Simply that the decrees of the Pope about Communion have contributed greatly to the increase of the practice."

The journalist clenched his fists unconsciously. This was the limit. No wonder the statement 'got on his nerves.' This to be told to him — to *him* who at least three times a week had been telling his readers that "Sarto" had killed the Church! The sacristan noted his interlocutor's distress, and remarked:

"Don't let a little thing like that worry you."

With which consolatory bit of advice, he left our journalist to himself and proceeded to his own work.

It took the anti-clerical a few minutes to recover his equanimity, even partially. He was seized, there in the church, with a paroxysm of fury. He watched the people quietly moving about, and would have liked to spit in their faces. Too prudent or cowardly to commit the exterior act, he contented himself with the interior expression of indescribable blasphemies. He was stunned with the palpable evidence that stared him in the face.

He saw that his war on the Church was futile; that his articles had not even scratched the skin of his adversaries; that, despite him and his paper, religion still remained the great enchantress of

souls. He felt that a breath, a mere nothing could turn the tide of opinion in its favor; that it was undermining the hearts of the people and vanquishing them. He recognized that all the struggle of his life had been a vain thing,—that the last agony of Catholicism, which he had so often contemplated, was but the vision of a dream, very far removed from the reality.

He left the church, pale, agitated, in a silent rage. Once in the street, he hurried away, roughly elbowing the throng that was still pressing toward St. Lambert's. He saw above him the stars beginning the dark-blue firmament. A sudden fit of anger seized him, and, throwing his clenched fist upward, he cried out in frenzied tones the centuried apostrophe:

*"Thou hast conquered, Nazarene!"*

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*Sept. 28, Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.*

ANCIENT liturgical writers see in the liturgy of this Sunday an allusion to the hoped-for conversion of the Jews to Christianity in the latter days. The Introit and the Offertory verse, according to this interpretation, represent the cry of the penitent Jews; the Gradual and the Communion verse, the praise offered by the redeemed Gentiles. But the formulas admit also of a wider application.

The Introit is taken from the Book of Daniel. It is a lament put into the mouths of the Jewish exiles, the prophet's fellow-captives, acknowledging the justice of their sufferings, and asking pardon for the transgressions which have merited them. The words are an humble avowal of sins committed, and are applicable to any penitent sinner, as well as to the repentant Jews desiring the blessings of the Gospel,—the explanation given to them by some, as we have noted above. "All



things whatsoever Thou hast done unto us, O Lord, Thou hast done by a just judgment; for we have sinned, and disobeyed Thy commandments. But glorify Thy name, and deal with us according to Thy great mercy." The psalm appended is that which extols in every one of its numerous verses (for it is the one hundred and eighteenth, the longest in the psalter) the divine law, while it prays for grace to observe it faithfully in spite of the opposition of the wicked and of the spirits of evil. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord." The psalm is a most appropriate sequel to the confession and prayer of the Introit.

The Collect runs: "Being appeased, O Lord, bestow pardon and peace upon Thy faithful; that they, being cleansed from all their offences, may serve Thee with a secure mind." It is a humble petition for the divine forgiveness, which alone can restore to the soul of the sinner the peace which follows upon pardon and the sense of purity restored.

In the Epistle we have an exhortation from St. Paul to walk cautiously, after being reinstated in God's grace by His merciful forgiveness. It was the height of unwisdom to sin against our Maker; it is true wisdom to set ourselves to serve Him faithfully once again. The Apostle entreats his hearers to shun the wicked foolishness of pagans, who give themselves to every excess in their impious orgies; but, on the contrary, to preserve temperance, and to lose no opportunity of advancing in perfection. Above all things, he inculcates the frequent singing of God's praises and the constant expression of thankfulness to Him for His abundant graces.

The Gradual and the Alleluia verse seem to have been chosen with the design of putting in practice the concluding words of the Epistle. They praise and glorify the provident bounty of a loving Creator and Lord toward His creatures, however undeserving. "The eyes of all do hope in Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them

meat in due season. Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest every living creature with Thy blessing."—"Alleluia! Alleluia! My heart is ready, O God,—my heart is ready! I will sing, and give praise to Thee, my glory."

The Gospel narrates the circumstances of the wonderful cure of the son of the ruler at Capharnaum. The miracle was all the more striking because it was worked by Our Lord upon one at a great distance from Him. The father begged of Him to come to the boy, but Our Lord sent him away with the consoling news that his son was already cured; and this was corroborated by the servants of the ruler, who met him with the same glad tidings, as he was returning home. The story gives us another instance of God's unfailing providence toward His creatures, already extolled in the liturgy of this Sunday. But it has another and a less evident lesson. It brings home to us the fact, which it is so difficult to realize, that blessings are often hidden under the guise of afflictions. Temporal chastisements are not seldom the means which Almighty God makes use of in distributing His favors. This comes from the very nature of things. Suffering, persecution, adversity, trials of any kind,—all tend to lead us to God. For when earthly happiness fails us, we look higher. The joys of heaven, the sweetness of God's service, the delight of doing good have no attraction for the soul that is satisfied with the things of this life; but when earthly consolations are withdrawn, then we are moved to turn to God as our only happiness. The miracle recorded in this Gospel can not but strengthen our trust in the ever-ready help of God in all our needs, and lift our hearts to Him and His service as to our only real good.

The Offertory verse has a close connection with the Introit. We have already mentioned, when speaking of the former, the sense in which some liturgists regard it. The words are taken from Psalm cxxxiii: "By the rivers of Babylon, there

we sat and wept; when we remembered thee, O Sion!" The whole psalm—which, as we must bear in mind, was once sung in its integrity in this connection, while the laity made their offerings for the Holy Sacrifice—is a lament of touching mournfulness from an exiled people. We may see in its sad strains a prophecy of the coming desire for the grace of faith on the part of the repentant Hebrew people; or we may interpret it as the longing aspiration of the penitent sinner for delivery from the chains of sin, and restoration to the kingdom of God's grace.

The Communion verse, on the other hand, is the expression of confidence on the part of God's faithful servant in His never-failing fidelity to His promises: "Remember, O Lord, Thy word to Thy servant, by which Thou gavest me hope. This hath comforted me in my distress." It is a prayer which may sustain any Christian when tempted to repine that God's hand is heavy upon him. Hope must always be our comfort.

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#### A Recent Cure at Lourdes.

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A NUMBER of sudden and complete cures of organic diseases are reported to have taken place at Lourdes during the French National Pilgrimage and the more recent one from Ireland. Of four "beautiful cures" occurring during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, when fifty thousand pilgrims from all parts of France were gathered at the far-famed Grotto, one was of a child said to have been born blind. Other cures, no less extraordinary, were eagerly investigated by doctors present, the number of whom is placed at two hundred. The names of several of them are mentioned in connection with certain of the more remarkable cases of recovery, the words quoted in which they expressed their astonishment and admiration. But we prefer to pass over all these cures until they have been officially investigated at

the Bureau of Proofs, and its learned president, Dr. Boissarie, has published his formal report on them, and to confine ourselves to the case of Mme. Ducros, of Vichy, because her cure took place earlier, was witnessed apparently by more persons, and also because she has since been seen by various persons who had known her as a confirmed invalid.

As our readers are aware, pilgrimages to Lourdes succeed one another from spring to autumn. That of the diocese of Moulins (Allier) took place in the beginning of August, and it was during this pilgrimage that the cure of Mme. Ducros took place. Her condition is best described by the certificate of Dr. Chaix (dated July 18, 1913), who attended her at Vichy. He writes: "I, the undersigned, testify that I attended Mme. Marie Ducros during four whole years up to this day. She is affected with, and suffers from, pulmonary bacillus of a rapid form; ulcer of the stomach, with considerable perigastritis (possibly a malignant degeneracy of the ulcer) double metro-salpingitis flowing; cachectic swelling of the lower limbs, complicated by an abscess on the instep. Needless to add, this invalid is in a precarious condition." The poor woman was so feeble, indeed, that it was only by a supreme effort that she managed, her children assisting her, to make her way to the railroad station—a short distance from her home—where she fainted in the waiting room.

The Abbé Cristiani, professor of theology at the ecclesiastical college of Moulins, who was among the witnesses of the cure, writes of it in part as follows:

"Among the eighty sick of our train was a poor widow residing at Vichy. A single glance at her was enough to learn the miserable state of her health. She had been admitted to the pilgrimage at the last minute. An invalid for seven years, she was almost reduced to the condition demanded by a famous apostate for the scientific demonstration of a miracle, and hence the journey proved a great



trial,—enough, one would think, to put an end to so frail a life. On arriving at Lourdes, she was driven to the hospital where she enjoyed whatever rest may be compatible with exhaustion, fever, and hemorrhages. In the evening, Mme. Ducros was carried to the Grotto. She had besought Our Lady at least to allow her to live long enough to see the blessed spot of the apparitions.

"She was taken back to the hospital, exhausted, dying. Then it was I saw her for the first time. A nurse had called me, saying: 'One of our sick is on the point of expiring.' Hastening to the bedside, I beheld the poor creature lying insensible. The charitable nurses were striving in vain to revive her out of a dead swoon,—rubbing her face with wet handkerchiefs, holding salts to her nostrils, chafing her hands, etc. She came to herself only at the end of twenty minutes.

"On Wednesday morning, August 6, after a terrible night, with profuse perspiration and spitting of blood, the sick woman was again borne to the piscina. There she experienced a strange sensation. 'Something seemed to permeate my body from head to foot,' she says. On emerging from the bath, she noticed that the wound in her foot was closed. Carried on to the Grotto, she fell into a peaceful slumber, and, on awaking, declared herself completely cured.

"Next day she was presented to the Investigation Office. Dr. Boissarie, though proverbially cautious, did not hesitate to say at once that the case was 'supremely interesting.' Doctors Bony, Cestague, and Ribier gave testimony that a radical cure had been effected. The extraordinary change in her is seen at a glance. Her back, formerly marked by numerous cauterizations, has lost every trace of the scars; her emaciated face has filled up; the swelling of the lower limbs has gone down; and, strange to say, her weight has already perceptibly increased.

"I have now before me a photo of the *miraculée*. Nothing recalls the dying

woman of two days previous. I have had a long talk with her, too,—a gentle, simple soul. She manifests no excitement whatever, no enthusiasm, only great astonishment at having been singled out from among so many others."

M. Gourmaud d'Abaucourt, a well-known writer, anxious to make sure of the accuracy of this story, called on Mme. Ducros' parish priest, who induced him to interview his favored parishioner, and thus secure first-hand information. He says in part:

"Mme. Ducros lives in a humble house on Victoria Avenue. She introduced me into a simple room, scrupulously clean,—the very one which she had not left since January until her departure for the pilgrimage. She welcomed me with a smile, and, without the least self-consciousness, answered my questions.

"'How were you before you went to Lourdes? From what did you suffer?'

"'I had an ulcer of the stomach, tuberculosis in the last degree, salpingitis, and a deep wound that covered the whole top of my foot.'

"'And is it possible all has disappeared?'

"'Completely. You can see for yourself. Look at my foot.'

"She drew off her stocking, and I saw the skin, smooth, soft, but evidently quite new, the grain not yet well formed.

"'And now you can walk, you can eat?'

"'I can walk easily to the other end of the town. I eat no matter what. I can work, too. . . .'

"'What happened when you were cured? You must have felt a tremendous change?'

"'When the lady infirmarians took me under the arms with two towels to plunge me into the piscina (I was utterly helpless), I felt neither apprehension nor hope. I closed my eyes, and it seemed as if I were dying gently. When lifted out of the bath, I looked at my foot. Then I felt dazed from surprise, hardly from joy. . . . It was hard to realize what had taken place. On my return to the

hospital, the doctors came in groups to examine me.'

"On your way home you did not suffer?"

"No: I grew accustomed at once to my happiness. But it was on arriving here, seeing the astonishment and delight of my children and my family, that I really enjoyed my recovery. My doctor, who had predicted I should die on the way, could hardly believe his eyes. He is not a Catholic."

On the feast of the Assumption, at the procession in the church of St. Louis, this woman, who for six months was unable to stand, carried the banner of the Blessed Virgin. And yet unbelievers will have it that miracles have ceased!

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### A Remarkable Narrative.

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A STORY of missionary labor, unparalleled in its main features, is that related by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Everaerts, O. F. M., of China, a recent visitor on the Pacific Coast. The account of his wonderful activity is given in the *Monitor*, of San Francisco, from which we quote:

The story which Bishop Everaerts brings is such a tale of heroism, adventure, and spiritual triumph, as is not often given us to hear. His Diocese (or Vicariate) is Southwest Hupeh, a territory having an area about as large as England, one of the principal cities of which is Kingchow. Kingchow was one of the the ancient strongholds of the Tartars, whose Manchu dynasty was overthrown by the late revolution and the establishment of the Chinese Republic. In Kingchow there were 27,000 Tartars, representing the ruling classes,—a population living in absolute idleness and luxury, supported by the taxes of the people. For two hundred years the Catholic missionaries had toiled in vain to win these Tartars to the Faith. In the two long centuries since the Fathers first entered Hupeh, not one Tartar conversion had been made. And, worse still, the Catholics had been bitterly persecuted by the Tartars; altogether, some thirty thousand Christians had been massacred by them. The immediate predecessor of Bishop Everaerts, Bishop Verhaeghan, along with numerous priests and Sisters and converts, was brutally murdered, thus winning

the crown of martyrdom. But what discouragement! Two centuries of work, and nothing to show for it! The blood of martyrs, but no harvest springing from that "seed of Christians"! So matters stood just a few months ago,—a state sad enough to dishearten the most courageous.

Then, like a wind of the dawn that heralds the full day, like a sudden miracle, came the conversion of literally thousands of those very Tartars who for generations had resisted the appeal of Christ and had persecuted His apostles and followers. To-day, of the 27,000 Tartars of Kingchow, 7000 are catechumens; 2000 are already baptized; 70 of them are men of the princely rank—mandarins; and 22 of these mandarins are now spending their days teaching the Catholic Faith to their fellowmen. They have publicly broken their idols and cast them away, and accepted the Cross of Christ. Could anything more miraculous be imagined? Could there be a more glorious crown to the lifelong work of Bishop Everaerts and his saintly predecessors?

It was, indeed, a miraculous change. It came about in a strange way. God's means are wonderful. Out of misfortune He brings blessings. It was out of war and carnage that the wonderful conversion of Tartar Kingchow came. In a few simple words, as told by the Bishop, the story is this.

When the recent revolution broke out in China, the Tartars, over-confident, and scornful of the power of the rebels, or Republicans, suddenly found themselves at their mercy. Yes, after other cities had fallen before the revolutionists, Kingchow still offered resistance. The end finally came, however, after a two-day siege, a steady bombardment of thirteen hours eventually capturing the Tartar stronghold. Then consternation reigned among the Tartars. A general massacre was imminent. Officers suicided; whole families perished by their own hand rather than trust to the murderous mercies of the revolutionists. At last, in desperation, the cry went up for a mediator. But where was a mediator to be found? The Catholic priest was the only one. All but a few of the Protestant missionaries had fled to the coast for safety; and, although those who remained offered their services, it was the Catholic priests who were trusted, who had won the confidence of both parties. . . .

And so it came that, in the end, it was Father Marcel, the Franciscan, who stood on the walls of Kingchow's Tartar city, in sight of both armies, when the Republicans entered the gates. With a sheet from his own bed for a flag, he mounted to that perilous place, not knowing what moment he would receive a ball through



the heart from some maddened and outraged Tartar, who could not endure the humiliation of complete surrender. But Father Marcel knew that unless he did this the revolutionists, with one sweep, would rush upon the helpless, unarmed Tartars, slaughter them mercilessly, and pillage their homes. His bravery was rewarded. The city capitulated in peace. Father Marcel, at the risk of his own life, had saved the lives of 27,000 of his fellow-creatures, pagans and traditional enemies of Christ though they were.

It was not long afterward that the Tartars, grateful beyond any power of expression for the sparing of their lives, began to come to the Fathers for spiritual food, as well as for the rice that the missionaries gave them. For among the pledges that Father Marcel had secured from the Republicans was that they should feed the Tartars, who were helpless, not knowing how to turn their hand to the simplest tasks; having lived all their lives, as their ancestors before them, in luxurious idleness. It was for spiritual succor as well as bodily food that the once proud Tartars, now humbled to the dust, came to the Fathers. Conversions began: the word of God spread like fire through the hearts of the once adamant pagans. They brought out their ancient idols and broke them before the city gates,—the last and final sign of complete submission to Christianity. To-day 7000 of the city's best people are catechumens. Is it any wonder that Bishop Everaerts and his devoted priests rejoice?

Truly a remarkable narrative. The scene of Father Marcel on the walls between the two warring hosts could hardly be more dramatic. And the result—the humble submission of Tartars to the true Faith—is hardly less amazing. The very name "Tartar" has for ages stood for all that is fierce and unbreakable in the human spirit. And now the Tartar neck wears the sweet yoke of Christ. But it has been for the missionaries a costly victory. Their present need is equal to the glory they have won. Bishop Everaerts' visit to our shores is for the purpose of soliciting help in this wonderful work, so lately and so strangely successful—that of Christianizing the Tartars and of keeping them within the Fold of Christ. Surely his appeal must meet with a generous response on all sides,—not from Catholics alone, but from all who hear and glory in the Christian name.

### A Common Difficulty.

WHILE the Sister of Charity is generally appreciated, few outsiders, and not all who are of the household of the faith, have the same understanding of the cloistered Carmelite. Assuredly, ours is an active age; and it is the visible, active, and manifestly practical virtues that we appreciate. We believe fully that "to labor is to pray"; but we can hardly bring ourselves to realize that to pray is to labor,—that it is to work, and to work mightily for the world. And so the world misprizes the contemplative. The difficulty is met and admirably answered by Monsignor Benson in the series of papers he is contributing to the *London Universe*, under the caption "Letters to a Protestant Enquirer." In one of the most recent of these, entitled "Monasticism," we find the following satisfactory explanation of the contemplative life:

Now turn to the Carthusian monk. He is a specialist in prayer. There is a vast multitude of things that he wants for the world (I need not include the salvation of his own soul; each of us wants that, I hope, whatever our vocation may be). He wants the conversion of sinners, the triumph of Christ, the spread of Christianity. Now, one way of attaining to furthering these things is by working for them,—by preaching, for instance, or writing books, or by setting a good example in the world of a Christian life. But why on earth should not a man specialize in prayer for these objects, if he feels he can pray better than he can preach? Can you really tell me that prayer is not at least as practical as anything else? But why can't a man do both? Why can't he both pray and work?

Well, a great many do—the active Orders, for instance. Yet the greatest specialists of all, you know, usually are not able to do more than one thing perfectly. You do not abuse a first-rate surgeon because he does not keep up his music, because he is not a preacher and a Poor Law Guardian. He would tell you that he can not do them all: his time and his energy are limited. Well, then, the Carthusian is a man who has received one great gift—the gift of prayer,—and he specializes upon it. That is all.

Yet that is not quite all. He is not merely a man who utters a large number of prayers. Mere repeating of prayers is not, as you would be the first to say, sufficient. In order to pray effectively and spiritually, the man who prays must be in very close touch with God. That, then, is another object of the contemplative life—to grow into close union with God, to become conformed to the Man of Sorrows, to learn how to dwell in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The whole of the contemplative's life is directed to that end: he goes apart with Jesus into the wilderness; he practises sitting at the feet of Jesus with Mary, who, as Our Lord Himself tells us, "chose the better part," the "one thing needful." Martha, of course, has her place, too; and she also has her faults; one of them, as again Our Lord tells us, is that of fussing too much, and of thinking that bustling about is the only way of doing good. But Mary has the better part. A Christian must never forget that.

It will be a happy day when the world gets to understand that this latter part of the Carthusian's duties is the real *raison d'être* of all life. For the Carthusian has at least a cosmic view of things. He sees, in the words of Archbishop Ireland—in a memorable sermon delivered many years ago,—"from God to God" written across the forehead of humanity."

For Catholics who have a difficulty about mysticism—and they are not limited to the laity—or who do not grasp the significance of the contemplative life, there is an excellent little book suited to their needs. It is called "The Praise of Glory," being the life-story of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, a Carmelite of Dijon, whose brief life ran from 1880 to 1905. She was a "born contemplative,"—that is, a soul peculiarly fitted to exercise in time the specific function of eternity—namely, the adoration of God. This little volume of delightful soul-revealing—and to it might be joined the autobiography of the Little Flower of Jesus ("Histoire d'une Ame")—will convince any reader that the call to contemplation is as clear, as imperative, and at least as high as that to any manifest good work in the Church.

## Notes and Remarks.

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Full of significance to our mind is the "call to prayer" sent out to all the delegates to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, just opened in New York. For the nine days from Sept. 27 to Oct. 5, all members of this denomination, as well as the delegates to its triennial council, are exhorted not only to pray for its success, but (on Sept. 27) to "offer to God the sorrow of our hearts for our failure as a Church to make adequate response to the missionary call...; for our over-dependence on the power of money and of worldly position...; for our failure to uphold the sanctity of the marriage bond, and to bear witness against the evil of unlawful marriage..."; (on Sept. 29) to pray "that they [the bishops] may with all faithful diligence banish and drive from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word..."; (on Oct. 2) to pray "that we may awaken to our utter failure to win any place among the poor of our large cities, and that men and women may go forth to this work..."; (on Oct. 5) to pray "that in the love of God all Christians may be one..."

Admirable suggestions indeed toward the profitable use of the nine days of prayer for the P. E. C. How different they would have been thirty years ago! Who so blind as not to discern the dawn of that blessed day when "there shall be one fold and one shepherd"?

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What is a matter of course in civil courts should occasion no surprise in ecclesiastical tribunals, contends *Rome* in its reference to a matrimonial imbroglio that has been receiving undue prominence in the newspapers of the world. "What a pity," it comments, "the editors do not write with more knowledge! They would do well to bear in mind that matrimony is a contract. For the validity of contracts, all law requires specific



conditions. If these conditions are not observed, any legal tribunal will and must pronounce a contract null. Every day the civil tribunals of all countries declare contracts null when it is shown that the conditions required by law for their validity have not been observed. Nobody is surprised. Nobody protests. Such judgments of the civil courts are regarded as a matter of course. But apparently the ecclesiastical tribunals may not do what the civil tribunals do without question or demur. If in an ecclesiastical tribunal it is clearly established that the conditions required for the validity of the matrimonial contract have not been observed, the tribunal has no option but to declare the contract null. There can be no such thing as a dissoluble marriage. Matrimony is of its essence an indissoluble contract. If one or both of the parties expressly intend to contract not an indissoluble but a dissoluble marriage, there is and there can be no marriage at all."

All of which is manifest common-sense; but the "able editors" whom Carlyle satirized so unmercifully will continue, nevertheless, to convict Rome of inconsistency in denouncing divorce and then granting it.

The State of Illinois is to be congratulated on having a Governor with a sane sense of the proprieties, and a determination to see that, at least in the sphere of his jurisdiction, they are observed. Some inmates of the State prison at Joliet were recently allowed the relative freedom of working on the public roads under a merely nominal guard. As a reformative measure possibly pregnant with excellent results, the action of the authorities met with very general approval. And then the apparently irrepressible tendency of a considerable portion of the American public to "slop over" and display a superabundance of maudlin sympathy manifested itself. The convicts were forthwith invested with a quasi-lalo,

and their silly admirers began to vie with one another in treating them as popular heroes. Governor Dunne, being informed of these antics, promptly sent to the warden of the prison this entirely adequate order: "I am informed by Mayor Brinton, of Dixon, that some misguided enthusiasts are proposing to give automobile rides and theatre parties to convicts working on the roads at Grand Detour. This is either effervescent emotionalism or a scheme to advertise a theatre. Stop it at once."

The true inwardness of Socialism and the logical outcome of some of its professed principles are apparently dawning upon a good many persons who have hitherto rather approved than reprobated their propagandism. Judge Cushing, of Cincinnati, stated the other day that "the great increase in the number of criminals coming to Cincinnati is due to the spread of Socialism. The teachings of this 'ism' are such as appeal to the criminal classes. The fact that Socialists are being made more welcome than heretofore in Cincinnati has attracted them from other cities and other countries."

The evident moral is that the Ohio city, and American cities generally, will do well to frown upon rather than welcome the "away-with-private-property" brethren who take up their residence within their limits.

Warmly applauding the action of the national Senate in authorizing the erection, in several cities, of monuments to General San Martin, the *Southern Cross* of Buenos Aires says:

"Every city in the Republic should have a statue of the greatest Argentine in history. Money laid out in this way would not be wasted. Every statue would be a school and would help to strengthen the bonds of the common nationalism which unite the heterogeneous parts of the Republic in one homogeneous entity. No posthumous honor is too great for San Martin; and it is doubly necessary that the Argentines themselves should honor him, in view of the fact

that, ever since the days of the sordid and foul-mouthed Lord Cochrane, attempts have been made to belittle the name of the Argentine hero. Cochrane was an envious disturber, whose object was to fill his own pockets. In the words of Mitre, "he insulted San Martin in life and death." Others, actuated by different motives from those of Cochrane, have also tried to belittle San Martin, in the misplaced hope that by doing so they would exalt Bolivar. All those calumnies have failed; but it is the duty of Argentines to keep the Liberator's memory green in every part of the vast Republic, especially at the present moment, when "the friends of the people" are endeavoring to pluck out from the people's heart the innate love of country which God and nature planted there.

Full justice is done to the character of San Martin by historians and biographers unbiassed by any feelings of partisanship. As a writer in the New International Encyclopedia succinctly puts it, "His life was one of devoted patriotism, marred neither by vainglory, factional hatred, nor personal interest." San Martin spent the last third of his life in Europe, dying in his seventy-third year at Boulogne, France, in August, 1850.

The importance of Sunday rest for workmen, the obligation they are under of doing all in their power to prevent unnecessary labor on the Lord's Day, and especially the grievous spiritual injury resulting from their non-attendance at Mass, are strikingly set forth in a pastoral letter by the Bishop of Helena, to which reference was lately made in these columns. Emphasizing the last point, he says:

The laborer who hears Mass every Sunday is bound to the Church by ties that can not be broken. The very act of obeying the Church in this important law disposes him to obedience in other things. The announcements that are made keep him in touch with the life of the Church. The sermon instructs him in his Christian duties, and the graces that flow out from the Great Sacrifice and are poured into his soul in Holy Communion strengthen him against the temptations of the week. But the laborer who does not hear Mass on Sunday, even though it be not his fault, is necessarily deprived of all these blessings. He is ignorant of the doings of the Church at large and of what

it is striving to accomplish in his community. The principles of religion and morality, which were once the guiding star of his life, grow dim. Criticism of the Church and her ministers and her policies, which he hears on all sides, begins to make its impression upon him. Deprived of the strength that can come only from prayer and the sacraments, he becomes an easy prey to the vultures of discontent, and finally loses faith in God and a future life.

So seldom of late years has it been possible to say anything commendatory of the French Government that it is genuinely gratifying to be able to applaud its action in regulating the liquor traffic. Its proposed temperance legislation is characterized by not a little wisdom. For instance, if a man earning a daily wage contracts debts for drink, the creditor is to be deprived of the power to recover the amount. It is proposed also to protect the rights of mothers of families and their children. Husbands will not be allowed to indulge selfishness as is done in most other countries, our own included. They will not be permitted to pose as generous fellows in saloons whilst their wives and children are without money to procure the necessities of life. Another excellent proposal is one forbidding the employment in public houses of boys of less than fifteen years of age and girls under sixteen years.

Such preventive measures, faithfully carried out, should do much to stem the increasing tide of French intemperance,—a tide, be it noted, that began to rise only a few decades ago. Old-time France was notably temperate.

In the current press bulletin of the American Medical Association we find reference to ten notices of judgment issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, and giving in detail the account of ten violations of the Food and Drugs Act. These cases deal with charges brought against a firm in the "cantly business," who sell what is known as "penny goods,"—the kind of confec-



tionery purchased by the little tot who has been given a penny to spend. Ten different specimens of this company's penny goods were seized by the officials of the Bureau of Chemistry and analyzed. All of them were found to be adulterated with arsenic, and most of them contained shellac. All of them were being sold as chocolate candies, yet the officers reported that some did not even have the predominating flavor of chocolate. In every case the firm pleaded guilty.

Think of selling a poisonous product to little children in order to increase profits! The offenders should have been sent to jail, instead of which they were fined \$50. And this was for misstating the net weight of the packages in which the arsenic-containing confectionery was put up. On the other nine counts the Court suspended judgment.

Children seem to need "candy," or they wouldn't crave for it as they do; but they would certainly be better off with a little of what is pure than with as much as they can get of what is adulterated.

The Catholics of this city will be surprised to learn that the apostolic work of street preaching has been carried on among the Italians of St. Philip Neri's Church, Bedford Park, for more than a year by the Rev. Joseph Congedo.

The *Catholic News*, of New York, publishes this statement, and furnishes an interesting account of the plan followed this year by the priest mentioned. He began his summer course of outdoor preaching with a novena to the Blessed Mother in preparation for the feast of the Assumption. Each evening at 7.30, in cassock and surplice, and ringing a bell, Father Congedo might have been seen leaving the church, accompanied by a trained choir of one hundred children, and three altar boys carrying a cross and lighted candles. As the procession advanced, the crowd grew to great dimensions. At a designated corner the procession halted. After a hymn by the

children, Father Congedo preached a sermon. At its conclusion, the crowd, reciting the Rosary in concert, and singing a short hymn after each decade, walked solemnly to the church, where the service was concluded with Benediction.

The close of the novena was particularly solemn. "All the Italian societies of the Upper Bronx," says the *News*, "were organized by Father Congedo into a religious parade. Carrying a statue of the Blessed Mother amid flying banners, about fifteen hundred men and women, with lighted candles, and one hundred children singing hymns, marched in solemn procession through the entire Italian settlement, and finally went to the church to attend Benediction."

Week-end retreats for Catholic laymen are evidently growing popular both in England and this country. A noted Catholic journalist recently contributed to one of our British exchanges an enthusiastic account of one such spiritual holiday in which he had participated; and a late issue of the *Standard and Times* contains an equally glowing report of a retreat of eighty-five laymen held at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. The following excerpts therefrom may interest such of our readers as are unfamiliar with this excellent form of religious activity:

Much as they had been led to expect, much more was given to them,—more, indeed, than could be expressed in words. In the hour of their departure from what they had found to be a veritable haven of rest for soul and body, the thought uppermost in their minds was of the singular privilege and blessing that had been theirs; and with this was joined the resolution, speaking in their every countenance, to return again next year, and the year after, and the year after that; and to lead others to the same saving, strengthening fount. Such is the magnetism, such the inspiration of the retreat. . . .

Life as a business, a divine service, a work in the supernatural order, was the central theme from beginning to end. Man's personal responsibility, his strict accountability as trustee of the spiritual capital with which he is to trade and lay up eternal treasure, the impossibility of

divorce of conscience from life at any time or place,—these truths were set forth with dramatic force. That the wage of sin is death, that there is a law of consequences, a law of retribution for the individual as well as for nations, was demonstrated with compelling logic. Father Shealy made it plain that in the divine business of the soul there are no innocent bankrupts. . . .

The men left the Seminary, their souls refreshed, strengthened with new ideals, new graces, new ambitions; their minds looking out upon life with a keener insight into values and proportions, and their wills fortified against trials and temptations.

It can hardly fail to be the experience of all laymen who make such retreats that the exercises will do much toward simplifying the problem of living righteously, and solving the supreme problem of dying happily.

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A little more than three pages of the current number of the *Dublin Review* are devoted to notices of two American Catholic books, both translations from the German. Of the first the reviewer says, after some praise of the original work: "The book comes to the English clergy through an American translator. But, though it went as far as Kentucky to be made into English, it has lost none of its German idiosyncrasies of speech; and it comes to the English public across the Atlantic with all its native depth of thought and involution of sentences. A Fatherlander who has just crossed the North Sea could not be more original in his use of the King's English. . . ." Thinking this insufficient denunciation, the reviewer adds in conclusion: "We are convinced that this excellent and most mannerly of German standard works on preaching has lost a good deal of its native courtesy by emigrating to the republic of dollars."

Of the second book the reviewer says, *inter alia*: "... As a piece of translation and editing, it is about as slipshod a performance as ever came under our notice. It is translated not into English, but into American, and we submit that phrases like 'the nun was through with

her prayers'—'the day he quit practising'—'way down in my heart'—'I did not understand the first thing of it'—'Say, Father, did you bring a lamp along?'—'shivered quite a while,' and many others which we refrain from quoting, whilst quite in place in an American novel, especially of the humorous type, are wholly inadmissible in what purports to be a religious and a scientific work."


We permit ourselves to remark regarding these two reviews that they are needlessly harsh and wordy. The space of the *Dublin Review* ought to be too valuable to allow of three pages' being devoted to two books so incompetently translated as to be unworthy, in the opinion of the reviewers, of recommendation to English readers. The *Athenæum* would have dismissed both in a dozen lines or even fewer. Let us remark further that supercilious references to the United States—"the republic of dollars"—are not calculated to promote the circulation of our scholarly contemporary in this country, or to accomplish any other good that we can think of.

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Wonder grows regarding the monster who is now attracting the attention of the whole civilized world, whose horrible deed has created the greatest sensation of its kind that the century has yet experienced. That one whose past was such as to have been matter of official record in his native land was able to obtain admission into this country is surprising; that he should have been able to conceal his criminal propensities so completely and for so long a time after arriving here is matter of amazement; but that he should have exercised the functions of the priesthood in three different States, and was actually doing so when apprehended for a murder the features of which are inexpressibly shocking,—this seems past belief. A soul-sickening circumstance of a crime, the memory of which will endure for half a century.




# FOR YOUNG FOLKS



## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XIV.—A RESCUE.

T first, when the two children and the cook reached the foot of the stairs, the cellar appeared to be absolutely silent, and it seemed as if the noises that had penetrated upward must have been the effect of the imagination or have come from elsewhere. As they passed the wine cellar, they peered in through its latticed door. The bottles that were standing, neck downward, on the perforated shelves, catching some effect of light from upstairs, caused Alice to shrink back, with a tighter grip on Mary's arm.

"See!" she whispered. "Isn't that some one in there?"

"Where, Miss Alice dear?" responded Mary, tremulously.

But Fred, after a hasty glance, cried: "Why, it's only the bottles, goosy!"

He valiantly went on, heading for the grating which led upward into the street; for the idea had been suggested that some burglar might have fallen down there. But as he went he cast cautious glances—like a general reconnoitring in an enemy's country—into the coal-bins and the receptacles for vegetables.

"Is that something there, Master Fred?" breathlessly inquired Mary Doyle.

The "something" proved to be only a large head of Savoy cabbage, with its curly green leaves, that had rather the effect of tousled hair. But as they advanced in good order they were suddenly taken, as it were, in the rear by the unmistakable sound of a hollow voice. They wheeled round instantaneously; for it was no light matter to feel that something—

a voice, if nothing more—was between them and the stairs.

"The Lord save us!" cried Mary, while Alice breathed wordless prayers. Yet nothing whatever was to be seen, and a glance was sufficient to convince the keen-eyed Fred that the grating was undisturbed, and that no one had entered through that medium.

As they stood uncertainly, the voice continued to make itself heard intermittently, and to come as if from beneath their feet. Mary Doyle urged Fred to have recourse to the holy water bottle. The boy, dipping his finger into the bottle, reverently made the Sign of the Cross, and then set out to find the cause of the disturbance.

Presently, while Mary was still warning him to be careful, his eyes fell upon the trapdoor leading to the sub-cellar, and he noticed that it was ajar. The padlock which his father had purchased, and of which he himself kept the key, had been removed and lay upon the ground. Some one, then, had tampered with the door. That "some one" was a man, since the door would be too heavy for any woman's strength; and that man, judging by the sounds that it was now plain proceeded thence, was inside the door.

"We must get it open," declared Fred, though Mary and Alice were in favor of leaving it until the return of Mr. Seymour, who most likely would send for the police.

"Though it's my belief," said Mary, in a sepulchral whisper, "that no mortal man is down there. Let us sprinkle the holy water and go away quick upstairs."

"Why, Mary," cried Fred, "don't you see the padlock, which shows it is a human being? And, whoever it is, he must have fallen and hurt himself. You'll have to give me a hand with this door."

Thus adjured, Mary could not refuse her aid,—first taking the precaution to light the gas, that they might be able to see into the yawning cavern of blackness. As the door yielded to their combined efforts, they distinctly heard painful groans from underneath; and Fred, peering down, discovered an enormous object suspended, as it were, in midair.

"May the saints in heaven help us!" cried Mary. "What's that at all?"

Alice's teeth chattered audibly, while Fred demanded sharply:

"Is there any one there?"

"It's I!" exclaimed a voice, so muffled and unrecognizable that it might have been the voice of any one; but the black alpaca coat and nether garments, at which Fred gazed dumfounded, were those of Uncle Jim.

"What in the world are you doing down there?" cried Fred.

"Doing nothing," answered the voice,—  
"caught so that I can't move."

"Caught where, by what?"

"By the weighing hook," said the man.

The three above stood gazing helplessly down an instant where James Forrester, with extended, clawing hands, and wild, haggard face horribly contorted, stared up at them. Amazement and anxiety replaced their fears. Mary Doyle broke forth into a series of exclamations:

"Oh, the poor man,—the poor man! The Lord be good to him! How did he ever get there? Mr. Forrester dear, take care, or it's fall down you will."

"Fall down? No!" the voice answered angrily. "I can't fall down any more than I can get up."

Now, the problem was to get him loose from the hook, and this was not easy, because there was clearly some danger of his being precipitated into the lower cellar, and possibly of bringing his rescuers down in a general ruin. Still, it was out of the question to leave him any longer as he was. Fred, looking about him, saw a rope. At considerable risk to himself, he managed to pass it round the

body of the suspended man, and secured it, with Mary's help, to the post of the nearest coal-bin. The plan then was that Mary, kneeling on the cellar floor, should seize James Forrester's hands; while Fred, standing upon the ladder, should endeavor to loosen the clothing from the hook. It was clear that both Mary and he would be in a perilous position if the rope should prove insufficient to sustain the weight of a large man, who was so cramped and stiff as to be unable to give any aid himself.

It was at this juncture that Selma, having been attracted by the sound of voices, arrived upon the scene. She stood looking down with interest into the cellar until she descried the strange object. Then a smile curved her lips and a peculiar light came into her eyes, as she said grimly:

"Ach, 'tis the gentleman has fallen into the cave!"

"You must help us to get him 'up,'" said Alice, with some sharpness.

At first it seemed as if Selma absolutely refused to interfere; but, on second thought, she knelt down beside Mary and gave her assistance while Fred made his plucky and difficult attempt to release the clothes from the hook. When Uncle Jim caught sight of Selma's face, he shrank back with a convulsive movement, as if to escape from her.

"Now look out!" cried Fred. "Stop kicking me, Uncle Jim; and don't jerk that way, or you'll pull Mary down. Now steady! Hold on tight up there."

There was a mighty scuffle and scramble, during which the thin piece of rope strained and creaked in a terrifying manner, and the strength of the two women was taxed to the uttermost. Fred caught at the ledge to steady himself, and thus narrowly escaped being thrown from the ladder. They all breathed freely when, by a combined effort, James Forrester was landed safely on the cellar floor, where he lay in a heap. Selma, then rising to her feet, stood looking down at him with the same cold smile, and some-



thing that was bitter and stinging in her tone.

"Ach," she muttered, "the gentleman was near finding something that time—a broken head! But he is not hurt, only angry much."

Uncle Jim opened his eyes and looked at her, as though the words had stung him, and Mary Doyle glanced reprovingly at her fellow-servant. But Uncle Jim hurriedly whispered to Fred and Alice, who knelt on either side of him:

"Get me up out of here as soon as you can, children. I'm on the verge of apoplexy. My arm is stiff and my nerves are all gone to pieces."

He made an effort to rise, but sank back wearily.

"Oh, what misery!" he groaned. "I think I must have broken or dislocated something."

After a short rest, however, he was enabled, with the aid of Mary Doyle and the children, to stand upon his feet, and by slow and weary stages to get as far as the library. He rested there again, while Mary went to secure for him her unfailing panacea for every ill—a hot cup of tea.

"How on earth did you do it?" inquired Fred. "Why were you going down there?"

"You see, it was this way," Uncle Jim explained, in his feeble, husky voice. "I heard your mother talking about some butter that was coming from the North River and that would have to be put down there, so I thought I'd just see if the place was in order. I had barely reached the ladder when the door somehow fell upon me (it was a mercy it didn't brain me); and my clothes caught on that infernal hook, and I was hanging there I don't know how long."

"'Deed and you were, poor man!" said Mary Doyle, who had arrived with the tea. "And I hearing groans coming up from there, and thinking maybe it was a spirit!"

"And bringing down holy water," added Fred, mischievously. But he did not remind her that, if he had not insisted

on going down, matters might have been more serious.

They managed at last to get Uncle Jim up to his own room, where Fred helped him into bed. And there they left him, pending the arrival of their parents, who would probably send for a doctor; though it did not appear as if he had sustained any serious injury. But, as Selma had said, he was evidently much provoked.

It must be owned that the children, having done all that was possible at the moment, rushed down to the library, and, closing the door behind them, went into paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter. Prinnie, roused from slumber on the mat, walked round them uneasily, wagging an inquiring tail, and looking up into their faces. Every once in a while Alice jogged Fred's arm, or he gave her a push, to signify that they were laughing too loud, and might be heard even two stories up, where Uncle Jim was resting. But when they looked at each other, and thought of their late expedition to the cellar and all its attendant circumstances, their merriment broke out afresh. The very violence that they had put upon themselves in presence of the victim, and the strain of their recent anxiety, made them give way the more utterly now. Every word the sufferer had said, his extraordinary appearance hanging suspended like some huge bird; Mary's first fears, her desire to sprinkle holy water, and her subsequent expressions of horror, wonder, and condolence; and, last of all, the arrival of Selma, broom and duster in her hand, calm and imperturbable, as if it were quite an ordinary occurrence for gentlemen to 'fall into the cave',—all seemed, now that it was over, supremely ludicrous.

And it was in this strange plight that their mother found them a few minutes later, when, opening the library door, she called out to them cheerily:

"Oh, I was so sorry to be out when you got home! But I did not expect you till later."

The words died on her lips, and she stared at the two children as if she thought they had taken leave of their senses.

"O mother dear!" cried Alice, rushing to throw her arms round her mother's neck, then turning aside to laugh hysterically. "Oh, such a funny, funny thing has happened!"

"Such a *lot* of funny things!" added Fred. "Oh, I can't laugh any more! I'm aching all over."

And, in immediate contradiction of his words, he fell down upon the floor and rolled over in a fresh access of mirth, brought on by his mother's astonished face.

"She thinks we're crazy, Alice," he said; while the mother, with some of that acerbity which even the gentlest feel in being on the outside of a joke, said:

"I wish you would control yourselves and try to speak coherently."

But neither brother nor sister was able to obey for some moments.

"O mother dear," gulped Alice, "we'll never, never be able to tell you without laughing!"

"Very well, then," said the mother, mildly provoked. "I may as well go and take off my things, and when you can speak intelligently, come up to my room."

Now, this had a somewhat sobering effect; and, as they knew it would be better to relate there all that had happened than upstairs, where Uncle Jim might possibly overhear, they begged their mother to remain and were presently able to give her a fairly connected account of what had occurred. Naturally, the mother did not see the occurrence in quite so humorous a light.

"Why, he might have been killed!" was her comment. "And to think of his hanging there all that time! And of course Mary, being alone, was not to blame. But it was a mercy you children came in."

"Yes," answered Fred, avoiding his sister's eye. "And Mary did not even tell us at first. She thought it was better

to wait until 'the master' came in. Besides, she thought it might be a ghost," he ended with a gulp, as he heard a suppressed giggle from Alice.

"I am sure," the mother said, with a disapproving glance at their convulsed faces, "your father will insist on sending for the doctor, to make sure that no injury has been sustained."

The children tried to look phenomenally grave. And just then their father was heard letting himself in with his latchkey.

"I must go up now with your father," said Mrs. Seymour, "to see if Uncle James needs anything."

She met her husband in the hall and repeated to him the strange story she had just heard. Mr. Seymour listened with much concern, and the two went up together to visit the victim of the accident.

And thus, as will be seen, the children were once more prevented from acquainting their parents, as they had definitely decided to do, with what they had overheard between Uncle Jim and Selma.

(To be continued.)

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### Nerve and a Baseball Game.

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BY E. P. CURRAN.

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Mallick McAvoy had nerve. He had shown this in more ways than one while a pupil at St. Patrick's parochial school. He could meet any opponent either in physical or mental combat when occasion demanded it. He could say "No" when to do so required a strong act of the will. His companions laughed at him at times, but they all admitted that he "had nerve."

The annual parish picnic was being held in Newman's Grove in the country. The feature of the day's program was a baseball game between the Knights of Columbus' team and St. Patrick's Club. Brother Edward, who was directing St. Patrick's team, selected Mallick to pitch.



Gus Brown, who had played professional ball, was on the mound for the opposition. The contest was better than the average independent game, for both teams were well matched. Brother Edward was a brilliant ball-player in his youth, and he had taught his students the finer points of the game.

The crowd was divided in its rooting, but the majority sympathized with the younger lads. The seventh inning was over and as yet not a score had been made.

"It takes nerve to win a game like this," Brother Edward said to Mallick, as the latter was about to enter the pitcher's box and twirl the first half of the eighth inning.

No scores were registered by either side in the eighth. Mallick was getting ready to pitch the ninth inning.

"Nerve," cautioned Brother Edward, "and we shall win!"

Three heavy hitters faced Mallick, but he struck out each of them.

It was the last half of the final inning. St. Patrick's team was at bat. The cheering of the crowd became louder, and the sympathy of all was swinging to the schoolboys.

Scanlon, the first boy up, walked. Murphy sacrificed him to second. Harrington got to first on a provoking infield error. Dolan struck out, and Fleming walked. The bases were full and two were out.

Mallick McAvoy was the next batter. He had hit safely three times in the game. Could he do it again?

"Nerve!" whispered Brother Edward as Mallick went forth to face big Gus Brown.

"Strike!" yelled the umpire as the ball whizzed over the inside corner of the plate. Mallick swung at the next, but missed.

"Gus is getting up plenty of smoke," spectators said.

The next two were balls.

"Two and two!" the umpire cried,

meaning that there were two strikes and two balls on the batter.

Mallick seemed to realize that a victory lay with him, but he was calm. Gus Brown threw the next ball with all his power. Mallick was certain that it would strike him on the hand. Would he let it? It meant that a run would be forced in. It meant that a bitterly contested game would be wrenched from the K. of C. Club. And it meant pain, for the ball was coming toward him at full speed. But Mallick did not move. The ball struck him on the hand and the game was won. The youth turned pale. He was suffering great pain from the blow.

"I know it pains you, Mallick," Brother Edward said. "You should not have done that."

"I'll be all right in a little while," answered Mallick.

"Your nerve won the game," said his teacher. "It will win greater things for you in after life."

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### An Instance of Perfect Discipline.

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When we mean by discipline a training to act in accordance with rules, instant readiness to obey commands, we rather naturally think of military discipline and the prompt, unquestioning obedience of the soldier. A classic instance of the perfection of such discipline is the story of the *Birkenhead*, less familiar perhaps to the young folk of to-day than it was to their grandparents. It is well worth retelling, however.

The *Birkenhead* was an English troop steamer carrying, of soldiers and their families, about six hundred and thirty, and some one hundred and thirty seamen. On the night of Feb. 26, 1852, she ran on some rocks near the Cape of Good Hope, was wrecked, and soon began to break up. The soldiers were at once called to parade on deck, and, half dressed as they were, took their ranks as if on dry land. Some of them were ordered to get out the

small boats and put the women and children into them; others were told to get the horses up from the hold of the ship, in order to give them a chance of swimming ashore. When this was done it was found that there were not enough boats to hold everybody; so the men were ordered to remain in their ranks on deck, while the women and children, with a few men to row them, moved off as quickly as possible from the sinking ship.

The boats had not gone far when the steamer broke in half and began to go down. The captain sang out to the men to jump overboard and save themselves; but the troops' commander, Colonel Seaton, knowing that if the men swam to the boats and tried to get in them they would probably sink them too, interrupted the captain and ordered the men to keep their ranks and stay where they were. Not a soldier disobeyed. As the ship rolled over and sank, the brave men gave a farewell cheer and all went down with her.

Only one hundred and ninety-two of the seven hundred and sixty persons on board were saved; but even these would very likely have perished also had it not been for the perfect discipline that kept the men from trying to get into the already loaded boats.

Brave men! you say. Yes; and yet, when the Duke of Wellington, who was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, described the heroic action of the troops on the *Birkenhead*, he said nothing about their bravery, but gave very high praise to their discipline, their obedience to their superior's orders. As Sir Baden-Powell, who told this story to the English Boy-Scouts, says: "In battle or in great danger, a brave man may be very useful; but if he does pretty much as he pleases, he is not half so valuable as the man who, besides being brave, has also learned to obey every order at once." And, for that matter, we have the authority of Holy Writ for the statement that "obedience is better than sacrifice."

### A Strange Lake.

In the centre of what was but recently the bed of the Canterlo Lake, near Fumone, Italy, there now yawns a crater of unfathomed depth. Through it the waters have suddenly been sucked, leaving scientists to shake their heads in wonderment; while the common folk recall the deaths by drowning of nine schoolboys, and say it is the effect of their parents' curses on the treacherous waters. Twenty-two years ago, however, the same thing occurred. In one night the Lake disappeared, and the peasantry appropriated the good stretch of arable land it left behind. But their labor was in vain; for as suddenly as it had gone, the water gushed back again, bringing shoals of live fish with it. This was looked upon as a certain compensation for fruitless tillage. At present, research instead of agricultural work will be undertaken, and the secret of this remarkable phenomenon will probably be revealed by the scientists.

### From Heaven.

The "Little Children's Little Book," written in the fifteenth century to teach the rules of courtesy and good manners to the boys and girls of that far-off time, proposes to them the example of our Blessed Lady:

Little children, here ye may lere  
Much courtesy that is written here;  
For clerks that the seven arts kunne  
Seyn that courtesy from heaven come,  
When Gabriel Our Lady grette,  
And Elizabeth with Mary mette.

A modernized version of these lines might read:

Little children, you may see  
Here the rules of courtesy;  
For 'tis sure, as wise men claim,  
Courtesy from heaven came,  
When Gabriel did Our Lady greet,  
And Elizabeth did with Mary meet.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. G. K. Chesterton vigorously opposes a present day theory in a new volume, which he calls "The Evil of Eugenics."

—Noteworthy books soon to be issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. include "Italian Yesterdays," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. It is in two volumes, with illustrations.

—The Macmillan Co. announce for early publication the fourth volume of "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," by the late Dr. James Gairdner, completed by Dr. William Hunt.

—In reference to his latest book, "The Marriage of Mlle. Gimel, and Other Stories," Mr. René Bazin says: "If I have held myself resolutely aloof from the society novel—which I might have done, perhaps, as well as another—it is because I desire to portray the sweetness, purity, and beauty of French family life, and not to perpetrate a gross libel upon it." A translation of this book is announced by Scribner's Sons.

—A notable addition to Catholic fiction is "The Silence of Sebastian," by Anna T. Sadlier, author of "Phileas Fox, Attorney," etc., to be issued from THE AVE MARIA Press next week. It is a story of exceptional interest, as wholesome as it is enjoyable, and deserves to be widely read. Catholic readers are indebted to Miss Sadlier for many charming books; "The Silence of Sebastian" and "Phileas Fox, Attorney," are perhaps the best of them.

—A list of "Books by Catholic Authors in the New Bedford Free Public Library, 1913," compiled by Jane E. Gardner, is representative and fairly comprehensive. We note, however, that Mgr. Benson is somewhat inadequately represented in the field of fiction, as are also Christian Reid (none of whose more Catholic stories are included), and Maurice Francis Egan, represented by only one novel, and that his least notable work. The list of periodicals, too, is short and haphazard in character. An interesting feature of this catalogue is its selection of books for French readers.

—"Addresses," by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, is a volume containing the summaries of sermons delivered to the members of the Hospital Visiting Society. In all, forty-one discourses are here epitomized. They are not meant to form a logical sequence of sermons. In several the same subject is treated, and a number are quite off the beaten track. Those dealing more directly with the function of the

Society to which they were addressed form a fresh and particularly valuable addition to the literature of the spoken word. All of these digests have a large suggestiveness, and a rare spiritual quality. Published by Burns & Oates; for sale by Benzigers.

—Reviewing a new book which is creating some stir in the non-Catholic religious world ("Getting Together: Essays by Friends in Council on the Regulative Ideas of Religious Thought"), the *Athenæum* says: "Our chief criticism of the present writers is that they have failed to adopt a language at all approaching in its simplicity that of Christ. This is not really to be wondered at in an age impregnated with the idea that intricate phraseology is the hallmark of great learning."

—In his preface to "The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible," by the Very Rev. Dean O'Connell (B. Herder), Bishop Maes says: "Our author proves beyond a possibility of doubt that the whole law and the revealed Scriptures have all been fulfilled in the Catholic Church..." The author states that he undertook the present work, in all charity, for Catholics and Protestants. It is a popular, rather than a critico-historical, study of the thesis laid down in the title, and should be altogether effective in determining open minds as to the Church's claim to be the one, and only one, true Church of God.

—Habitual readers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* who followed with interest in that periodical Dr. Austin O'Malley's papers on alcoholism will be gratified to learn that they have been brought out in book-form, under the title "The Cure of Alcoholism" (B. Herder.) The work comprises five chapters dealing with the physical side of alcoholism and the medical treatment; five others on the moral treatment; and an appendix dealing with morphinism, cocainism, and similar drug addictions. The standing of the author, both as a physician and an exceptionally well-equipped lay theologian, renders his volume an unusually important addition to the Catholic literature of the subject discussed.

—Pustet & Co. have just published an "Epitome Vespertalis Romani," containing the ordinary Sunday Vespers and Compline, the Proprium de Tempore, the Proprium and Commune Sanctorum, with the Offices per aliquibus locis,—all that is ever to be sung in the Sunday and feast-day services of parish churches throughout the liturgical year. The

book is, therefore, a complete Vesper manual for the parish church. The omission of the Offices that are used in conventual churches alone makes the book handier, whilst the price is notably less than that of the complete edition of the Vesperale. Printing and binding are of most creditable quality.

—"The Sodality of Our Lady, Studied in the Documents," by Father Elder Mullan, S. J. (P. J. Kennedy & Sons), is a substantial octavo of three hundred and twenty-six pages. One hundred and eighty of those pages, constituting Part I. of the work, are devoted to a treatise on the Sodality. The treatise is based on the documents reproduced in Part II., each statement being supported by citations done into English. The documents proper are of two kinds: some, by far the greater number, have emanated from the Holy See, and are accordingly authoritative as representing the organic law of the Sodality; the other documents are decrees issued to Jesuit Sodalities by the Father General of the Order, or suggestions and directions for the benefit of Sodalists and their directors. While the volume makes no pretension of being a history of the Sodality, the first part contains, nevertheless, not a little historical matter of genuine interest. Such of our readers as desire an authoritative digest of laws and decisions on the Sodality of Our Lady will find this book entirely adequate.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Silence of Sebastian." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.25.

"Addresses." Henry Sebastian Bowden. 70 cts., net.

"Epitome Vesperalis Romani." \$1.35.

"The Cure of Alcoholism." Austin O'Malley. \$1.25.

"The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible." Very Rev. Dean O'Connell. \$1.25.

"The Sodality of Our Lady, Studied in the Documents." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$2.75.

"Gracechurch." John Ayscough. \$1.86.

"Michael." Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. \$1.35.

"Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography." \$2.16.

"The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. \$2.

"Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection." Rev. John Henry, C. SS. R. Paper 20 cts.; cloth 40 cts.

"On the Exercises of Piety." Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. 50 cts.

"A Wreath of Feasts." "Behold the Lamb." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 38 cts., each.

"The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part III., No. 1. \$2.

"The Apostle of Ceylon: Fr. Joseph Vaz." 60 cts.

"Life of Martin Luther." Rt. Rev. Bishop Stang. 25 cts.

"Round the World Series." Vols. IX. and X. \$1 each.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. J. P. Probst, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; and Rev. Michael Noel, S. J.

Rev. Brother Ambrose, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mother Victorine, of the Congregation of Bon Secours; Sister M. of the Angels, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Margaret Mary and Sister M. Alphonsus, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Catherine, Sisters of St. Benedict.

Mr. J. E. Morrison, Miss Maria Tosan, Mr. M. F. Davock, Mrs. M. T. Killien, Mr. Charles Hintze, Mr. Patrick Lawler, Miss Margaret Marpet, Mr. John P. Donohoe, Mr. James Devine, Mr. John Baker, Mrs. Mary Fox, Mr. Daniel Kennedy, Mr. Edward White, Mrs. Mary Lorrigan, Mr. John Martin, Mr. James B. Whitaker, Mr. William Schindler, and Mr. Charles Bourdeau.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and et perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the missionaries in Papua:

Friend, \$10.

For two poor missionaries:

Per B. B., \$2.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

N. J. W., \$1; Miss L. S., \$1.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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### St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata.

UPON the mount our holy Father kneels,  
And o'er that face a light celestial steals,—  
That ardent, longing gaze of pure desire;  
Those eyes that burn with love's intensest fire;  
Those outstretched arms!—O Father, none can  
say

What showers of grace fall on thy soul this day!  
He glances upward. Through the purple sky  
With lightning speed he sees a seraph fly;  
And as it nearer draws, so' dazzling bright,  
And all surrounded with a golden light,  
A form as of One crucified appears  
Between six folded wings. He almost fears  
To raise his eyes again and look above;  
His heart o'erflows with agonizing love.  
The servant, wounded by that piercing sword,  
Is made the living image of his Lord;  
For now upon his hands and feet and side  
He bears the wounds of Jesus Crucified.

Ah, wondrous miracle of love divine,  
What ardent longings fill this heart of mine!  
Seraphic Father, pray,—O pray for me,  
That I, and all I love, may stand with thee—  
In that new dawn, when this our life is o'er,—  
Safe and at rest upon the eternal shore!

THERE is no part of the history of Jesus but Mary has her part in it. There are those who profess to be His servants who think that her work was ended when she bore Him, and after that she had nothing to do but disappear and be forgotten. But we, O Lord, Thy children of the Catholic Church, do not so think of Thy Mother.—*Cardinal Newman.*

### The Devotion of "The Three Hail Marys."

AMONG the multifarious practices of piety by which devout clients of our Blessed Mother delight to render her their homage and secure her protection, a prominent place must be assigned to the devotion known as "The Three Hail Marys." While not as yet universally spread, at least among English-speaking peoples, the practice has a venerable antiquity. In support of the claim that it dates from Apostolic times, and more especially from Our Lady's glorious Assumption, the following passage is cited from the revelations of the Venerable Mary of Agreda,—revelations which were accepted as fully trustworthy by the learned Dom Guéranger: "St. Peter and St. John having entered the little oratory where the lifeless body of the Immaculate Virgin lay extended on a bed of honor, they saw a dazzling light surrounding it, and heard the celestial music of angels who sang *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!* And there were others who repeated, after each *Ave Maria*: 'Virgin before the divine birth, Virgin during the divine birth, Virgin after the divine birth.' And from that time many of the faithful of the primitive Church adopted this triple eulogy of the most pure Mary. From them the devotion has come by tradition to us who know it, and the Church has confirmed the practice."

The foregoing passage designates with

sufficient clearness the practice of "The Three Hail Marys," as recommended by St. Anthony of Padua, for the purpose of obtaining, by the triple virginity of Mary, perfect purity of mind, heart, and body. This practice was approved and indulged by the Church, and is still prevalent throughout Spain, home-country of the Venerable Mary Agreda. As this holy religious lived in the seventeenth century, the devotion of which we are treating certainly existed then, and, according to her testimony, dated back to the Apostolic era.

Many saints of the Middle Ages undoubtedly practised the devotion of "The Three Hail Marys." St. Bruno (1030-1101) probably established the custom among the Carthusians of reciting them every day before Matins. In other monasteries they were to be said before and after the Office of the night. The Ordinances of Bursfield (thirteenth century), for instance, prescribed the Angelic Salutation "thrice before nightfall," and that, too, "with bare feet, the body prostrate, or at least bowed down." The same old manuscript states that this custom obtained in the ancient monasteries of Gaul.

"The Three Hail Marys," then, were, in one form or another, already widely practised when the Most Holy Virgin, in her merciful goodness toward us, deigned to make the devotion the object of a special revelation to the great contemplative, St. Mechtildes (1241-1298). Although the promise of a happy death in return for a faithful daily recitation of "The Three Hail Marys" was made to this saint only, still our Heavenly Mother evidently intended the benefit to be obtainable by all who practised the devotion, as is clear from the title of the chapter in St. Mechtildes' revelations ("The Book of the Special Grace"), and from the Comments thereon of St. Leonard of Port Maurice and of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Additional certitude as to this point comes to us from the testimony of St.

Gertrude who had much to do with editing the revelations of St. Mechtildes, and who had many revelations of her own concerning the three great privileges of Mary Immaculate—power, wisdom, and mercy.

The twofold object of the devotion of "The Three Hail Marys" is, it is scarcely necessary to state, first, to honor our Blessed Lady in her privileges and to thank the Adorable Trinity for having lavished them upon her in preference to every other creature; and, secondly, to obtain for ourselves preservation from mortal sin, and final perseverance, or a happy death. How singularly well adapted is the devotion to the securing of this double object may be gleaned from Blessed Grignon de Montfort's eulogy of the *Ave Maria*: "Predestined souls, know that the 'Hail Mary' is, after the 'Our Father,' the most beautiful of all prayers. It is the most perfect compliment that you can address to Mary, because it is the compliment which the Most High commissioned an Archangel to pay her in order to gain her heart. And so powerful was the charm of that *Ave* that, despite her profound humility, Mary gave her consent to the Incarnation of the Word. It is by this same compliment that you, too, will win her heart, if you recite it as you should. The *Ave Maria*, properly recited,—that is, with attention, devotion, and modesty,—is, according to the saints, the enemy of the devil, whom it puts to flight, and the hammer which crushes him; it is the sanctification of the soul, the joy of angels, the melody of the elect, the canticle of the New Testament, the gratification of Mary, and the glory of the Holy Trinity."

It is worth while remarking that this devotion of "The Three Hail Marys" has always been held in honor by contemplative religious Orders, and has been piously and faithfully observed by many of the most illustrious saints. Four of these saints in particular may be regarded as the protectors—or, better, the evan-



gelists—of the devotion: St. Mechtildes, the Benedictine, of whom we have already spoken; St. Anthony of Padua and St. Leonard of Port Maurice, Franciscans; and St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists. While each of these had his or her peculiar manner of saying, or causing to be said, "The Three Hail Marys"; while St. Leonard and St. Alphonsus even varied the form and the intentions of the devotion, still they all advocated substantially the same practice of the three "*intimate* Hail Marys" for the securing of personal sanctification and final perseverance.

The first, in chronological order, even before St. Mechtildes herself, was St. Anthony. According to one of his biographers,\* this illustrious Franciscan thaumaturgus recited every day three *Ave Marias* to honor the triple virginity of Mary, and at the same time to secure, or rather to preserve, perfect purity. He, moreover, strongly advised the faithful in his sermons to adopt this practice as a salutary means of keeping themselves unspotted amid the dangers of the world. To each of these "Hail Marys" he added one of these invocations: "O Mary, Virgin *before* the divine birth, keep pure my mind, my heart and my body!" "O Mary, Virgin *during* the divine birth, keep pure my mind, my heart and my body!" "O Mary, Virgin *after* the divine birth, keep my mind, my heart, and my body pure!"

If it be asked from whom St. Anthony derived or inherited this practice which had not yet been revealed to St. Mechtildes, the answer is that he simply popularized a devotion already existing in the Church, and one which is declared by Venerable Mary of Agreda to date back to the death and glorious Assumption of our Blessed Lady. In any case, the famous Franciscan wonder-worker is the first *known* preacher of the three "*intimate* Hail Marys," as they have been happily called by a Marist author.

Apropos of St. Anthony's method of reciting the triple *Ave Maria*, it is interesting to record a story related in the Franciscan chronicles about Blessed Egidius. This companion of St. Francis and contemporary of St. Anthony, received one day a visit from a Dominican priest, or friar-preacher. The visitor had been troubled for a long time with doubts concerning the immaculate virginity of Mary, and accordingly came to consult Father Egidius, who, in default of human scholarship, was illumed by divine knowledge. The sole response that holy Egidius gave to the learned Dominican was: "Friar-preacher, Mary was a Virgin *before* the divine birth." And as he struck the earth with his staff to emphasize his statement, a lily of dazzling whiteness sprang up on the spot. "Friar-preacher," he repeated, "Mary was a Virgin *during* the divine birth." And a second stroke of his staff brought forth a second lily. "Friar-preacher," said he for the third time, "Mary was a Virgin *after* the divine birth." And at his third stroke on the earth yet another beautiful lily appeared.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice (1676-1751), the illustrious Franciscan missionary, was an ardent propagator of "The Three Hail Marys," and he probably contributed more to its diffusion in modern times than did any other single saint. He attached extreme importance to the practice, recommended it to all sorts of persons, insisted on regularity thereto every morning and evening, and declared that on fidelity in piously acquitting oneself of these three "Hail Marys" depended, at least in the case of a great many persons, the maintenance of virtue and final perseverance. His aim was to honor sometimes the privileges of Our Lady in a general way, and sometimes a special privilege, more particularly her Immaculate Conception and virginal purity. In his "Rule of Life" for persons living in the world he says: "Every morning on awaking, and every night before retir-

\* Luidgi-Lenti, vol. iv, p. 238.

ing, the devout client of Mary will ask his august Mother's blessing. He will not fail to recite three 'Hail Marys' in honor of her spotless purity, offering her his senses and all the powers of his soul, so that she may preserve them as things belonging to her and consequently to her honor, and will beg of her the grace not to fall during the day or the night into sin."

In one of his conferences, after citing the example of one whom devotion to Our Lady had rescued from the tyranny of Satan, he continues: "If you do nothing else, at least embrace with great fervor the salutary practice of reciting every day, morning and evening (attention all, for the matter is very important),—every day, morning and evening, recite three 'Hail Marys' in honor of the Immaculate Conception; then make an act of contrition, with the firm purpose of sinning no more. Oh, how holy a practice of piety is this! It is a very effective means of assuring your salvation."

That the saintly author of the "Glories of Mary" should make much of this simple and beneficent devotion is quite in accordance with what one would naturally expect from so fervent a son of our Heavenly Mother. St. Alphonsus Liguori, in very truth, never tired of advocating so excellent a means of preservation from mortal sin. In his Moral Theology he declares: "Among the penances generally useful to all, let me mention in particular this one: the Angelical Salutation three times, morning and evening, with the addition, 'Mary my Mother, come to my assistance, so that I may not to-day commit any sin.' As for myself," he adds, "I am in the habit of imposing this practice as a penance, or at least of urging it, upon all those who have not yet embraced it."

St. Alphonsus, like St. Anthony and St. Leonard, desired that so practical and effective a devotion should be adopted by everybody. Addressing himself to priests, he says: "Let us never tire of

inspiring everyone—the devout, and sinners as well—with devotion to the Divine Mary, and particularly with the practice of recommending themselves to the Blessed Virgin, morning and evening, by three 'Hail Marys,' in order that she may preserve them from mortal sin." In all his missions the great founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer insisted upon this practice more than upon any other pious custom appropriate for the generality of the faithful. He refers to it frequently, and discusses it in more than a score of places in his different works.

While it would unduly lengthen this paper to mention even the names of the other saints of the Middle Ages and more modern times who have been zealous advocates of this specific devotion to Our Lady, it is gratifying to be able to assert that their number is large, and their testimony to the efficacy of the devotion uniformly strong. As a practice both simple and easy, it can scarcely be too assiduously recommended to every class of Catholics. The busy man of the world, not less than the contemplative nun in the cloister, the saintly old and the passionate young, pastors and people, the faithful observers of God's Commandments and the habitual transgressors thereof,—all should be advised to avail themselves of a means which the experience of centuries has proved to be most effective in securing the uttermost boon of life, final perseverance and the grace of a happy death.

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WHATEVER gratitude the Church bears toward the collectors and preservers of our first sacred records is due in signal manner to Mary. Whatever of credibility, authority, and truthfulness is warranted by Christian belief to the witnesses of what constitutes the basis of faith, must be peculiarly extended to her. Nor may we doubt the justness of her title in the Church—*Regina Apostolorum*.

—Wiseman.



## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEV,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

## XVI.

PATRICK'S reply to Mr. Carew's cable was both laconic and characteristic of that devoted adherent: "Fellow came here to-day, but shot himself." Then a sense of justice, and a fear, perhaps, that his master might be unduly shocked, prompted him to add: "By accident." And the winding up was Patrick's true self: "Everything all right."

Yes, everything was all right, except that what might have been a fine young life was cut off in its prime; that a soul besmirched with the lust of gold had, because of its passion, been hurried before the judgment seat of God, and there was not one who, except from Christian charity, would say for it even the traditional Catholic prayer, "May the Lord have mercy!"

Yet at Camphill, despite the evil he had tried to do them all, they did pray for that unhappy soul; and their prayers were all the more insistent because of the fact, which even to themselves they did not own, of this awful sudden death's being a solution of difficulties, a saving of an infinity of trouble. Humanly speaking, Stuart Leigh had unconsciously done those he had sought to injure a service in thus wiping out the need for human justice and natural punishment; and it was only for his own sake, for his soul's sake, that what he had done must be remembered as an awful, tragic act.

The marvellous happenings that the past few days had brought were beginning to seem to Ula like a dream. Only Maura's departure kept the reality before her; and after she had gone Ula found no time to think and wonder over what had been; for the reaction of the excitement had

told on Mr. Carew, and the doctor ordered the greatest care, hoping thereby to ward off another attack like those from which he had already suffered.

Unconsciously to herself, Maura had pictured the doctor whose letter was summoning her to Ireland as something like the fussy little man whom she left behind her in attendance on her uncle. Dr. Wedgeworth was ultra-professional in manner, and apparently lived in his silk hat and buttoned-up black coat; but there was no one in the least like him to be seen, when, after a day and night of travelling, Maura reached the little station of Imosgeela.

There were the usual passengers from the market town, and messengers come in search of rolls of newspapers from the incoming train; and one man whose rough shooting suit differed only in make from the homespun tweeds of the others, yet who caught Maura's attention at once. And even whilst questioning what she should do if Dr. O'Loghlen had forgotten his promise to meet her, she found herself wondering if all Irishmen were as good-looking as this one who was now approaching. Even when he raised his cap she did not realize that this was the man she sought, the writer of the letter which had summoned her to Ireland; and it was only when he spoke, calling her by her name, that her frock-coated, silk-hatted vision slipped away, and the newcomer, tweed and all, stepped quietly into its place.

By the time that she had climbed into the high dogcart that was waiting outside, she had decided that, unprofessional as he was, she would not have had Dr. O'Loghlen any different from what she found him. He was so easy to talk to: from the first she felt at her ease with him; and, then, he had so much to tell of all he knew of Oliver's adventures. Here and there it fell to her to speak; and so between them they put the whole story together, like so many pieces of a child's puzzle,

But even with this, and a detailed account added of the patient's present state and progress, Maura found time to admire the wild beauty of the bogland through which they drove. She saw it to full advantage, with the sun streaming on it out of a sky so blue as to bear comparison to Italy; and away in the distance the waters of the Geela glistened and glimmered between its banks of brown turf and vivid, verdant grass.

Maura was fascinated by the strange, lonely beauty; and when the horse slackened speed to mount the hill over the brow of which the village lay, she kept turning again and again to the wild, open stretch behind her.

"It is beautiful," she said softly, — "beautiful!" And she spoke more to herself than to her companion, till, with an impulse more like Ula than herself, she added: "England of course is a country to be proud of; but, oh, Ireland is a motherland to love!"

"That's right!" said Denis O'Loghlen, with an emphasis on the last word that satisfied Maura, and made her feel she was understood. And it was in the silence of mutual understanding that they crested the hill, and, leaving the village to the right, made straight for the little white house nestling amongst a forest of flowers and shrubs, where Oliver had been carried insensible so short a time before.

Even though she had been prepared to find him changed, Maura could hardly keep back an exclamation of dismay at the sight of the face, emaciated, shadowed by bandages and no less white than they, that greeted her. But her habit of self-control stood her in good stead; and she was able to speak to her brother quite calmly, and to tell him of Ula and of the coming of Uncle Hugh, before the Doctor came in to take her away and let his patient rest again.

Norah O'Loghlen was waiting for her out in the passage, anxious to hear that the excitement had done no harm; and Maura, her eyes blinded with tears, put

her arms round the little figure and kissed her in an outburst of gratitude.

"How can we thank you!" she cried. "Oh, how good God is to have sent him to such friends as you—both!" And she laid her hand in that of the Doctor.

"Do you know what you can do for me?" he said, his eyes lighting in a smile, although he spoke quite seriously. "You can go away now to your room and rest yourself completely."

And, thoroughly tired out as much by her feelings as by her journey, Maura suffered herself to be led into the little white room that had been prepared for her, and put to rest by Norah, toward whom she already felt as though she had known her always.

The days of Oliver's convalescence were more free from care than any Maura had known since her childhood. It was something quite new for her to be taken care of, and at Imosgeela Denis and Norah vied with each other as to which should tend her better. Often she laughingly said that they seemed to think they had two patients on their hands—she herself and Oliver. And really, after all she had gone through, she needed care only less than he; though from the first she insisted on taking her share in nursing him. Uncle Hugh's strongest injunction had been that no expense was to be spared to bring about as speedy a recovery as possible; and a nurse had come from Dublin, setting the district nurse free for her poorer patients, and taking the night work off the girls' hands.

But by day Maura and Norah shared his charge, — Maura taking the morning hours, and so leaving her hostess free for her household duties. In the afternoon it was Norah who reigned supreme in the sick man's room, whilst Maura explored the length and breadth of Dr. O'Loghlen's district,—sometimes on foot, sometimes in the dogcart in which she and he had first made friends during their drive from the station to Imosgeela. It was not only that Maura drew in health



and strength during those long drives through the sweet, soft bog air; she also gave help and strength of a different kind to her companion, who, despite his busy life and the love and comradeship of his sister, had often, unknown to her, been both lonely and discontented.

"Yes, it is a beautiful country," he said one day, when Maura, never tired of the varying nature about her, was glowing with admiration of a specially brilliant sunset. "If it wasn't for that, I am sometimes tempted to think I couldn't stand it all."

"Stand it!" repeated Maura, looking up at him in quick surprise. "I don't understand. You don't mean your life here, surely?"

"Yes, just that," he replied. "Oh, not my profession! There is no finer one in the world (of course I don't speak of the priesthood). But, as it is here. You don't know how one is slackened, hindered on every side. I am sick of combating with meanness and ignorance and petty despotism. And they suffer most themselves in the end—poor devils!—if only they could realize it." Then, pulling himself together, he spoke more lightly: "Oliver has been a Godsend to me," he said. "A case like his is worth any amount of trouble. But had I known at the outset how to get at his people, I should have felt obliged to advise them to take his case from me and give it over to some one more up-to-date than I am."

"Then," said Maura, smiling her trust of him, — "then Oliver was lucky in being in the state he was. No one could have treated him better. Of that I am quite certain," she added confidently. "But if you feel like that," she went on, "and that brain cases are what you like, do you never think of specializing in them?"

"Never think!" he repeated. "It has been my dream always, I may say; only I have no capital. And as long as Norah is with me, I dare not break up a certain

home and leave a certain income for a chance. I used to think and plan of when I should be free; but lately—" he broke off; and then, seeing that Maura was waiting for him to finish, he went on rather lamely: "Lately I have been wondering if to be a great brain specialist, an unquestioned authority on that one subject, is the most desirable thing in the world, after all."

And whilst Denis and Maura drove along through the sunset, learning to know each other, each one being fitted quite unconsciously into the other's life, at home, at Imosgeela, Norah O'Loughlen was hearing of Camphill, of the work at Mr. Bird's, of the literary efforts that in the past had been only a relaxation, but that in the future, with Uncle Hugh as *deus ex-machina*, might become the more serious part of a different life.

And as the long days of convalescence went on, Maura dreamed of the good to be done by a keen, conscientious, skilful specialist; whilst Norah's highest admiration was given to the future work of a clever, leisured Catholic man of letters.

(Conclusion next week.)

## The Least of My Brethren.

BY MARY JENNER WHITING.

IF I should meet my King to-night along the dusky fields,  
I wonder should I know 'twas He, or feel the charm He wields?  
I wonder should I pause to bind with love His aching feet,  
Or pass Him with indifferent eye—a beggar in the street?  
Great God, I may have passed Thee by a dozen times to-day,  
Without one whispered word of cheer Thy fleeting steps to stay!  
For fear that I again might choose the darkness for the light,  
I'll smile on every wayworn heart I chance to meet to-night.

## Giuseppe Verdi: A Centenary Appreciation.

BY W. H. GRATTAN-FLOOD, MUS. D.

### I.

**J**UST one hundred years ago, on the 10th of October, 1813, Giuseppe Verdi was born at Roncole, near Busseto, Parma. His father was Carlo Verdi, an innkeeper; and his mother was Luigia Utini. As a child of tender years he evinced an extraordinary aptitude for music. The little village afforded but few opportunities for developing the precocious talent of the youthful enthusiast, and it must have been a considerable sacrifice for his parents to purchase a spinet for the boy in 1820. From 1821 to 1822 Giuseppe received music lessons from Baistrocchi, the village organist, at the expiration of which the master averred that he had nothing more to impart to his talented pupil. In the following year (1823), on the retirement of Baistrocchi, the vacant organ appointment was given to Verdi, then ten years of age. Nor was his general education neglected. He spent two years at a school in Busseto—still keeping on his Roncole situation,—and then took lessons from Ferdinando Provesi, *maestro di cappella* and organist of Busseto cathedral, under whom he remained till 1829.

Strange as it may appear, Verdi was refused—or rather failed to obtain—a musical scholarship at Milan in 1831; but he placed himself under the tuition of Signor Lavigna for composition and orchestration, and worked hard at theoretical lessons from 1831 to 1833. At the latter date he returned to Busseto and became conductor of the Philharmonic Society as well as organist of the cathedral. During his stay there he married Margherite Barezzi in 1836, and began his career as a composer by an opera entitled "Oberto, Conti di San Bonifacio," which was produced at Milan in 1839. "Nebuco"—given on March 9, 1842—

proved an unqualified success; and then followed "I Lombardi," which set the seal on the rising reputation of the young composer.

"Ernani" was first heard at the theatre in Venice, on March 9, 1844, and likewise met with a real ovation. Then in rapid succession came: "I due Foscari," "Giovanna d'Arco," "Alzira," "Attila," and "Macbeth,"—all within three years. And in 1847 Verdi was commissioned to write an opera for her Majesty's Theatre, London. The young composer accordingly set to music "I Masnadieri," the plot being taken from Schiller's "Robbers"; and it was produced on July 22, 1847, with a strong cast, including Jenny Lind, Lablache, and Gardoni. It fell flat, however; and then the composer, after a two years' stay in Paris, returned to his native home, where he bought the villa of S. Agata.

"Luisa Miller"—given at the San Carlo of Naples on December 8, 1849—was a great success; but this success was eclipsed by that of "Rigoletto" (March 11, 1851),—an opera which still, after sixty-two years, holds the boards, and continues to please the most critical audiences by reason of the sheer beauty of the melodies. Even greater triumphs followed in 1853, when "Il Trovatore" was performed at Rome, and when "La Traviata" was heard at Venice,—both works being still included in operatic portfolios, and still received enthusiastically in Europe, America, and Australia.

Passing over minor works, we come to "Un Ballo in Maschera," produced at Rome on February 17, 1859—a signal achievement; and "Don Carlos"—equally successful,—which was given at the opera in Paris on March 11, 1867. Four years later, Verdi literally astonished the musical world with "Aida," which received its first hearing at Cairo on Christmas Eve, 1871.

After an interval of over fifteen years—during which Verdi gave to the world his famous "Requiem," also a beautiful



"Pater Noster" for five voices, and an "Ave Maria," — the great maestro surpassed all his previous efforts by the production of "Otello," in four acts, given at La Scala, on February 5, 1887. For a man of seventy-four this was distinctly surprising, and the critics marvelled at the wonderful development of the music treatment. But a greater surprise was in store for lovers of Verdi's operas. When it was supposed that he had put down his pen forever, he composed "Falstaff" which, conducted by Mascheroni, was duly produced at La Scala, on February 9, 1893. Of this work Mazzucato writes: "In 'Falstaff' the characterization is the most surprising thing in this most surprising work, — an opera which would have ranked as a marvel if it had proceeded from a man of any age, but which, from a man in his eightieth year, is beyond all precedent."

In 1875 Verdi — who had previously been elected a member of the Italian Parliament for Busseto — was elected a Senator; but, as a good Catholic, he never attended a single meeting. He composed a vast quantity of church pieces, most of which is unfortunately lost. Yet his Masses and motets, his "Stabat Mater," and Benediction services give ample evidence of his powers as a writer of dramatic church music. His "Te Deum," for two four-part choirs and orchestra, was given at the Paris opera on April 7, 1898.

The true story of Verdi's "Requiem" may here be summarized from the account given by Mazzucato. Not long after the death of Rossini (November 13, 1868), Verdi suggested that the Italian composers should combine to compose a "Requiem" to be performed at the cathedral of Boulogne every hundredth year on the centenary of Rossini's death. Accordingly the thirteen numbers of the Mass were undertaken as follows: 1. "Requiem Æternam" (G minor), Buzzola; 2. "Dies Iræ" (C minor), Bazzini; 3. "Tuba Mirum" (C flat minor), Pedrotti; 4. "Quid

Sum Miser" (A flat major), Cagnoni; 5. "Recordare" (F major), Ricci; 6. "Ingemisco" (A minor), Nini; 7. "Confutatis" (D major), Boucheron; 8. "Lacrymosa" (G major, C minor), Coccia; 9. "Domine Jesu" (C major), Gaspari; 10. "Sanctus" (D flat major), Platania; 11. "Agnus Dei" (F major), Petrella; 12. "Lux Æterna" (A flat major), Mabellini; 13. "Liberate Me" (C minor), Verdi.

It can readily be understood that so heterogeneous a composition by thirteen different composers, of varying temperament, could scarcely result in a satisfactory work, and must lack the uniformity of style and sequence of ideas so necessary for unity. When all the parts were sent in, it was decided to abandon the idea, and the various numbers were returned to their respective composers. However, Verdi's "Liberate Me" produced so powerful an impression on Mazzucato, who had examined the individual numbers, that he decided to ask him to set to work and write the whole "Requiem." While negotiations were pending, the news arrived of the death of Manzoni at Milan; and Verdi consented to compose, for the anniversary Office, a "Requiem" including the "Liberate Me" which he had previously written for Rossini's "Requiem." Such is the genesis of Verdi's beautiful "Requiem," which still finds an honored place at important musical festivals, no matter how divergent may be the views as to its suitability for actual church services.

Verdi spent the last years of his life in retirement at his villa of S. Agata at Busseto, and freely expended large sums in the betterment of his neighbors, as well as in unostentatious charity. Nor was he unmindful of his needy musical brethren, many of whom he assisted during his life. He bequeathed a munificent sum of money for the laudable purpose of founding a home for aged musicians. Though created Marchese di Busseto by the King of Italy, in 1893, he lived a simple country life, and kept aloof from society.

After the death of his second wife (Madame Strepponi) in 1897, the old man drooped visibly; and he passed peacefully away, fortified by all the rites of the Church, on January 27, 1901, in his eighty-eighth year.

## II.

I have touched on Verdi's operatic works, and it is by these that he will be remembered. Mazzucato rightly says that Verdi "was by nature, inclination, and education, an operatic composer; and whatever he did in other directions must be considered only as accessory." Among his thirty operas, at least half a dozen are still popular. Notwithstanding the new Italian school, "*Trovatore*," "*Traviata*," "*Rigoletto*," "*Aida*," "*Otello*," and "*Falstaff*" have not lost their favor.

There are some musical critics who hold that Verdi, in the course of his long life, developed three different styles. Nay, more: there are not a few who profess to recognize five distinct styles from "*Nabuco*" to "*Falstaff*." But the truth is that the great composer merely developed his genius on natural lines, quite uninfluenced by Wagner, and succeeded in giving delightful treatment to his various operas. At an age when other composers had to lay aside their pens, Verdi seemed to have outdone all his earlier efforts in "*Aida*"; and his powers were still further displayed in "*Otello*" and "*Falstaff*."

And yet while ranking Verdi as a great Italian operatic composer—indeed, he stood absolutely unrivalled from 1845 to 1885,—his compositions for the Church are not to be brushed aside lightly. Of course I freely admit that Verdi's style as a church composer is essentially modern and essentially dramatic; but, all the same, many of his sacred compositions breathe a genuine spirit of true devotion, and are all that can be desired from an æsthetic point of view.

So inseparably connected is Verdi's name with the operatic stage that few realize his great gifts as a writer of sacred music. His output in that line was

not very large; but it must seriously be reckoned with. His "*Requiem*"—first performed at St. Mark's, in Milan, on the 22d of May, 1874,—must be classed as a noble example of his style, and is among the great things he has written. His "*Pater Noster*," for two sopranis, contralto, tenor, and bass, is a prayerful motet; while his "*Ave Maria*," for soprano and strings, is delectable melody. Both of these compositions were given for the first time at La Scala, Milan, on April 18, 1880. He also wrote a "*Stabat Mater*," a "*Te Deum*," a four-part "*Ave Maria*," and a four-part female chorus, "*Laudi alle Vergeni Marie*" in 1898. In addition, he has to be credited with a Mass, a cantata, a Vesper service, three settings of the "*Tantum Ergo*," and other compositions for the church.

To sum up, Verdi stands as the representative operatic composer of Italy from 1845 to 1885. He was famous when Wagner was practically unheard of; and he lived to electrify theatrical audiences with his "*Otello*," when Wagner was four years dead. "*Rigoletto*" is one of his best operas,—a charming specimen of his picturesque power. "It touches a level of art," as Mr. R. A. Stuatfeild writes, "which Verdi had not till then attained, nor was to reach again until the days of '*Aida*,' twenty years later." His "*Aida*" is probably his best work, and has ranked him as among the master composers of the world. Yet its successor, "*Otello*," rose to even greater heights, inasmuch as in it he shook off the old conventions, and worked up to the highest pinnacle of freedom coupled with sensuous beauty.

His last opera, "*Falstaff*," is well described by Mr. Stuatfeild as "the very incarnation of youth and high spirits." It abounds in melodic beauty and contrapuntal skill, even though at times the part-writing is elaborate, and it has a magnificent final fugue. Again to quote Mr. Stuatfeild: "Verdi's genius lies not in overturning systems and in exploring paths hitherto untrodden, but in



developing existing materials to the highest conceivable pitch of beauty and completeness. His music has nothing to do with theories: it is the voice of Nature speaking in the idiom of Art."

All honor, then, to this great Catholic composer whose centenary is now being celebrated. It is only fitting that so distinguished a musician should be commemorated on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, and I feel it a privilege to be permitted, in the pages of THE AVE MARIA, to pay this small tribute of appreciation to the memory of Giuseppe Verdi, one of those "men of renown," as we read in Holy Writ, "who found out melodious tunes, and set verses to them."

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### A Little Penitent.

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BY THE BARONESS MARIE VON HUTTEN.

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WHEN the swish of the electric tram became audible in the Via Merulana, and the great scarlet car turned the corner of the Palazzo Brancaccio a minute afterward, Ghita dropped her work and lifted up her voice: "*La Tribuna-a-a! Il Messagero-o-o-o!*"

She liked calling the *Messagero* better,—not because of any political opinions of her own, but because she could make such lovely variations on the *o*. It was marvellous what a volume of sound came out of the small, ill-fed body when Ghita called the *Messagero*.

When the change of passengers had taken place, and traffic became more slack again, the child returned to her work. She called it work, but in reality she only drew some colored thread through a piece of stuff in fantastic patterns. It left her time to do her small trade when any passer-by seemed likely to prove a purchaser.

She sat leaning up against a stone-wall, one leg, with a buttonless boot and torn stocking, crossed over the other. By her side was a stand, on the top of

which were the newspapers and a small earthenware dish containing her midday meal—a little polenta or the ricotta.

But to-day all things were changed. Ghita's small brown hands lay idly in her lap. The buttonless boots stood side by side, conveying a deep and unmistakable sense of depression. The newspapers were called in a listless monotone, and no favor was shown to the *Messagero*.

"*Che c'è, piccina?*" asked the guard, who walked up and down along the car, waiting for another car to come from the opposite direction. He was used to cracking jokes with her, but to-day he found all his efforts falling flat.

The child shrugged her shoulders and spread out her hands with a perplexed gesture. She could not answer him. She herself did not quite know what was the matter. There was a puzzling element in her life,—a quantity that had to be reckoned with, and that yet she did not understand. Her father had summed up the idea of right and wrong in short words, for Ghita's benefit.

"When I beat you, you have done wrong. When I don't beat you, you have done right."

This was easy to grasp, and the child's understanding was helped out with liberal fact-demonstrations. But here the conflicting element came in. Often, when her father was beating her, there was a feeling that comforted her in the midst of pain and tears. Often, when he praised her laughingly she felt a vague discomfort, that seemed to be gnawing at her heart like some ferocious little animal. She had often puzzled over this. To-day the puzzling was submerged in the waves of her trouble.

Two days ago Julia came along from the Via Merulana, crying her wares. She carried a high pole with hoops, and on these hoops a wealth of enchantingly bewildering things were dancing and glittering in the sun,—rings, brooches, chains, bracelets, hatpins, in gold, in silver, with many-colored stones.

Julia always went with a crowd following at her heels. They all came, fascinated by the moving sparkle of her wares. Ghita left the papers and ran after her like the rest. Julia stopped at the corner and offered her treasures: a gold ring for two soldi, a silver brooch for one soldo, a dazzling chain with red stones for three soldi. Some happy girls were able to hold out their coppers and to receive some entrancing object in exchange.

Ghita stood breathless, longing and wonder in the velvet depths of her eyes. She unconsciously pressed closer, till her body touched the lowest hoop. And then—she did not know how it came about—two objects lay in her hand, and her fingers closed tightly about them. She slipped them in her pocket and stood still in the middle of the road. A bewilderment was upon her. Her heart hammered against her ribs. There was a fierce joy, and something else which she could not analyze.

A carriage passed close by her. The coachman flicked the whip at her angrily. She turned and ran, not stopping till she had reached the miserable place she called home. Her father was not in; the garret was empty. Ghita brought her hand out of her pocket and opened it, trembling. There was a ring with a red stone, a brooch with something yellow in the middle. The child felt giddy and strange. She glanced furtively round the room. It seemed as if there must be some unseen presence,—something unknown and fearful.

Her father's step sounded heavily on the stairs. Ghita started up. He would not beat her. Oh, no! He would laugh and praise her. She was quite certain of that. Yet she quickly snatched the two objects from the table. The ring fell and rolled under the rickety bed. He was not to see it. He *must* not see it. She kept on watching the place where it lay, and it seemed as if it must radiate light and betray its presence.

But the man did not see it. He was

angry about something, and sat muttering curses while he ate. Ghita was used to it, and paid no heed. She had only one thought, one feeling, that grew and grew till it stood large and dark on her childish horizon. She must run back. She must see Julia. She must return the ring and brooch. The little wild animal was gnawing and tearing at her heart. She could hardly keep from crying aloud.

When she was alone again, she picked up the ring. It seemed to burn her fingers. She slipped it in her pocket, with the brooch, and ran back to the Brancaccio. Julia was nowhere to be seen. Ghita listened for the droning of her voice and the tinkling of her wares. But neither was to be heard in the neighborhood on that day or the next.

And now the catastrophe had come. Ghita, in putting her hand in her pocket, found neither of the trinkets, but a large hole instead. A few minutes afterward Julia came by, her pole glittering and tinkling high above her head. This was why the world seemed changed to Ghita, and she sat leaning stiffly against the wall, and cried her papers in a deep sepulchral voice.

An unusual sound came from the Via Merulana, like a soft surging of waves.

"Pilgrims," said the woman who sat under the next doorway roasting chestnuts over smouldering coals. "*E l'Annò Santo.*"

"What are pilgrims?" asked Ghita. "And what is the *Anno Santo*?"

She had heard the word before, but had only a vague idea as to its meaning. It was a thing expected to bring into Rome a good deal of money and many people,—so much she knew.

"Bless the child! Is she a heathen? They come to do penance and confess their sins, of course. You have heard of that before, I suppose? And you five years old!"

"No," said the child, indifferently. "What is 'confess their sins'? and why do they do it?"

"*Dio! Dio!*" said the good woman,



anxiously; and she left her chestnuts to come and stand by the little newspaper vender. She had never taught dogma before, and felt doubtful of her own powers.

"They are people, who have done wrong things, and they are sorry that they have done them, and they come here, and go to a priest and tell their sins as to God, and then it is just as if they had never done them,—it is just as it was before."

The woman gave her explanation anxiously, with arched black eyebrows drawn up, and puckers in her broad, low forehead. She was pleased with the results; for her pupil's small dark face changed visibly while she spoke.

"Just as it was before," said Ghita slowly,—“just as if they had never—”

She did not finish the sentence. Her eyes grew large and did not see the woman or the electric car or a man who wanted to buy a *Tribuna*.

The pilgrims came in sight, passing up the Via Merulana toward Maria Maggiore. The sound of murmured prayers grew loud. Banners moved, and filled the air with color. Surpliced priests and boys surrounded the leading crucifix. The men and women walked in serried ranks. The sound of a tired child crying mixed with the shuffling noise of weary feet.

Ghita stood motionless and watched them pass. When the last white headgear and brilliant green skirt had disappeared, she gave a gasp and began to run. One of her buttonless boots came off and sped across the street, but she ran on, limping, and reached the procession.

The woman in the green skirt looked back as a small, breathless object clung to her, but made no protest. Ghita fell into the ranks. They passed the fish-market, reeking and slippery with fish and oil, and halted outside the portals of the church.

Ghita saw them slowly mount the steps, kneel under the pillared arches, and pass in. She herself knelt down, not knowing

why, but anxious to do as the others. Next to her knelt a young woman bending low till her long gold earrings touched the stone and her white head veil fell over the deep red carnations in her blue bodice. On the other side an old man in sheepskins, leaning heavily on his stick, lifted up clasped and bony hands, while tears ran slowly along his furrowed face.

Ghita had never before been in a church. There was a glimmer of pillars, roseate and white and soft gray; and the shimmering of mosaics and marble floor, and the glitter of gold and precious stones. A man stood at the entrance, with lace like filmy cobwebs over his violet cassock.

Ghita stood on tiptoe and tried to dip her fingers into the high stoop of dark gray marble, as she saw the others do; but she could not reach the water. When she had tried again and again, she suddenly saw that she was almost alone. The pilgrims had dispersed.

She timidly advanced and stood, not knowing what to do,—a small, forlorn object amidst the splendor of space and marble. Nobody heeded her. Her eyes grew wet. A shyness she had never known before held her rooted to the spot. Then from the misty distance of the high altar a man came toward her, his steps sounding lightly through the vast arches and pillars. He was going to pass by the child; but, looking at her, stopped.

"Do you want anything, little one?" he asked, bending slightly toward her. He was young and tall, clad in a priest's black cassock.

Ghita clasped her small brown hands.

"I want to tell that I have taken them—and lost them, and can never give them back to Julia any more. And then it will be just as it was before, won't it?"

She looked and waited. The red color came and went under the soft brown of her skin. Her eyes were dark and misty, and full of longing.

"You want to confess?" said the priest. His voice was very gentle, and he bent down a little lower.

"I do not know. I want to tell. And then it will be as if I had never done it. It will be just as it was before. She said so."

"Are you baptized, child? Do you know anything about God?"

"I do not know. What is God?"

They looked at each other. On the young face of the priest something began to shine.

"You have done something that was wrong? And you are sorry for it?"

"I don't know what that is—*wrong*. I have taken things from Julia. And I had a hole in my pocket. And it hurts me so. It makes me feel bad. And I want it to be just as it was before."

A sob shook her slender body under its ragged clothing.

The priest hesitated for a moment, then pointed to a crucifix, the Christ bending His head toward those that looked at Him.

"Go there," he said. "Tell *there* what you have done and what hurts you. And then it will hurt no more."

The child turned slowly and stood looking toward the Christ. There was a breathless silence. Then she ran to it, put her head down and sobbed.

The priest lifted his face. That which was divine in it shone brightly. When the child had dried her eyes, he approached, took her hand again and led her to the door.

"Go in peace," he said; then to himself: "I must get on the track of that strayed lamb and see what can be done for her."

She looked back at him; and he smiled at her like a mother—tenderly.

Ghita ran down the steps, across the fish-market, and reached the Brancaccio in time for a change of cars. She sold her papers and ate her dinner. The ricotta had never seemed so delicious before. Her voice was strong and gay as she cried her wares:

"*La Tribuna-a-a! Il Messagero-o-o!*"

All day long a glow was about her heart; and when she handed anybody a paper, a happy smile broke out all over the small, childish face.

## Living a Hundred Years.

A FEW months ago habitual readers of one of our daily papers were treated to a number of letters from various correspondents on the subject of centenarianism, the condition or state of living to the age of one hundred years or more. One gentleman persistently upheld the opinion that the centenarian is as mythical a personage as was Sairey Gamp's "Mrs. Harris"; and reiterated the scornful statement of the incredulous Betsey Prig, that "there ain't no sich a person." An obvious difficulty in furnishing, concerning American centenarians, evidence that is utterly conclusive and incontrovertible, or, as Holmes puts it, evidence "completely water-proof, air-tight, incombustible, and unassailable," arises from the fact that the United States is a comparatively young country, and that a hundred years ago the systematic registration of births, by either Church or State, within its borders was the exception rather than the rule.

In Europe, of course, there is no such difficulty. Baptismal registers of the Church, and civic registers of births as well, afford indisputable records conclusively establishing the exact age of all claimants to the honor of five-score years. A paragraph in *American Medicine*, a few years ago, gave some interesting information as to the comparative longevity of different European peoples; and, as the subject is one not ultra-hackneyed, we venture to reproduce the item:

"German statisticians who report the result of recent investigations say that the German Empire, with a population of fifty-five millions, has but seventy-eight persons who are more than a hundred years old. France, with a population of fewer than forty millions, has two hundred and thirteen who have passed their hundredth birthday. England has one hundred and forty-six; Scotland, forty-six; Denmark, two; Belgium, five; Sweden, ten; and Norway, with two and a third



devotion when practised faithfully. So simple are its prayers that a child is familiar with them; yet so sublime the depths of its mysteries that they afford matter of contemplation to the holiest and most learned; for they are a compendium of the Gospels. A true Catholic will love the Rosary. Pope Pius IX. is said to have exclaimed: "In the whole of the Vatican there is no greater treasure than the Rosary!"

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### The Story of St. Othilia.

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**A**LSAUCE, that debatable land between France and Germany, is a fair and fertile province, crossed by a range of fir-clad mountains called the Vosges. It was on one of these heights that the Romans in early days built a fortified camp, and made a good road up to the summit, whence a splendid view is to be obtained of cultivated fields, the silver stream of the Rhine wending its way to the ocean, and, beyond, the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland.

It was a grand spot for a feudal abode, and so thought Adalric, Duke of Alsace, a few centuries later. Upon the site of the old castellum he raised his stately Castle of Hohenberg; and thither he took the noble Bereswinde, his bride, about the year 660. The first fruit of their union was a daughter, Othilia,—she whose name was afterward given to this same mountain of Hohenberg, and who became the patron saint of her country.

The name of Othilia, or sun-god (from *helios*—the sun; and *ott*, or *gott*—a god), must have augured well for the newborn babe. But, to the parents' horror and bitter disappointment, the child, very shortly after its birth, was discovered to be blind. This was a terrible blow to laughty Adalric; and, had it not been for Bereswinde's tears and entreaties, the child would have perished then and there. As it was, Othilia was dispatched to a convent near Besançon, where her

very existence was soon forgotten. This place afterward grew into the town of Baume, called "Les Dames" from these pious ladies of the convent.

In this secluded spot, Othilia led an uneventful childhood, advancing alike in age and in virtue; and, despite her blindness, acquiring a far greater knowledge of books than was usual in those unlettered days. For some inexplicable reason, however, the child had entered her fourteenth year before Erhard, Bishop of Ratisbon, came to Baume and conferred baptism upon her.

A charming picture was fair-haired Othilia, clad in the spotless robes of innocence, moving a little unsteadily toward the baptismal font. Her sponsors meet her and take her by the hand, while more than one of those present look pityingly at her, remembering her sad history. Slowly the waters of the sacrament are poured upon her head, and then—O wonder, O joy, O thanksgiving!—Othilia sees.

There was henceforth no apparent reason why Adalric should refuse to own his daughter; and Othilia sent a letter to Hugo, the eldest of her brothers, relating the astonishing miracle that had occurred, and begging him to prepare the way for her return to Hohenberg. Hugo did his best to propitiate his father; and as two long years went by, Othilia still remaining at the convent, he took it upon himself to send an escort for her.

One morning Adalric, from the balcony of his castle, saw, entering the courtyard below, a girl of sixteen, seated within a handsome chariot, and surrounded by armed attendants. "Who is that?" he curiously inquired. But when told what Hugo had ventured to do, he struck the boy with so much violence that he died soon after.

This was a sad home-coming for poor Othilia. But remorse for his hastiness softened the proud Duke, and he greeted his daughter with some show of kindness. The girl was tall and fair, and a fresh trial now awaited her; for Adalric, once

he had recognized his eldest daughter, naturally insisted upon seeing her married. Othilia, on the other hand, had consecrated her virginity to God, and there ensued a struggle, in which the Duke was backed by numerous suitors, all anxious to enter his illustrious family. The maid had recourse to an all-powerful Providence, and a chapel in the Black Forest, close to Freiburg in Baden, commemorates her miraculous escape upon one occasion, when she was fleeing from her father's anger. Tradition has it that the rock at this spot opened to afford her concealment, while Adalric and his followers rode furiously past into the woods.

Our saint's prayers, soon after this, obtained her father's conversion. And one day, chancing to meet her laden with corn for the poor, instead of being angry, he said: "Until now I have led a miserable life; but henceforth, with God's grace, I hope it will be a happier one." He then bestowed upon her his Castle of Hohenberg, which Othilia transformed shortly afterward into a convent.

Duke Adalric died in 690. His sainted daughter became the abbess of a hundred nuns, whom she governed wisely and holily, according to the Rule of St. Benedict.

A little lower down the mountain, at a place called Niedermünster, St. Othilia built a hospital for the sick; and so abundant was her almsgiving that her reputation for charity spread throughout the country. And although since her death, A. D. 720, her convent was burned down no fewer than seven times, every time it arose from its ruins, so dear was our saint to the heart of Alsations. And it is still a black-robed daughter of St. Benedict that welcomes the pilgrim at the ivy-covered gate.

It is by co-operation with others, each serving in his place, that the dullest man may grow less dull, and the wisest grow to higher wisdom.—*David Wilson*.

### Intolerable Oppression.

AN instance of oppression unique in this continent is that which is at present going on in a Western State in this great land of liberty and justice and—publicity. The facts are that Bishop Busch, of Lead, South Dakota, has been ostracized from his See by what amounts to mob censure, incited by monopolist interest, because he pleaded for Sunday as a day of rest from labor and for the observance of religious duty.

The importance of the cause for which the Bishop has made his stand can not be overestimated. We had occasion only last week to cite a memorable passage from a pastoral of Bishop Carroll's on this same subject, and we shall now only reiterate in summary what was there developed in full—that regular attendance at Mass is the only safeguard of faith and morals there can be for the people of our day. That this spiritual notion would be unacceptable to a materialistic combine is not surprising; but that their opposition to it should be directed by malignant motives and prosecuted by injustice and intrigue, as appears only too evident, is matter for indignant denunciation on the part of all honest and right-minded members of the community.

In the following circular letter Bishop Busch tells his own story:

RAPID CITY, South Dakota,  
September 7, 1913.

TO THEIR EMINENCES THE CARDINALS, TO THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOPS, AND TO THE RT. REV. BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—Because I dared to do my duty, and placed the responsibility upon the Homestake Mining Company of Lead for the flagrant and habitual desecration of Sunday, which threatens the very existence of religion and morality in that community, the Catholics of Lead have been seriously intimidated, and many have been coerced into signing a paper accusing me of misrepresentation and grave injustice to the Company. I myself have been unjustly accused and condemned without proper hearing, upon unreliable reports, by a



mass meeting, called by the Mayor of Lead and attended in greater part by the dependents of the Company.

Our heavily burdened parish is now about forced to suspend its parochial school and abandon its church activities, since it is facing bankruptcy because of existing conditions.

Though it has been suggested that the trouble is due to the influence of secret oath-bound societies, I am inclined to believe that the refusal of the Company to grant Sunday rest is due to a policy of dividing its employees, so as to make it impossible for them to combine or organize.

I most respectfully appeal, therefore, to you and to the Catholics, as well as to all fair-minded citizens of this country, to assist me in securing a thorough investigation by the State and Federal authorities, as requested by me, of the conditions in Lead that impede the work of religion and have caused me to live in exile from my See city.

Only conscience, extreme necessity and God's grace give me the courage to face such odds, in attacking one of the greatest menaces to religion and society—the growing desecration of the Sunday.

Very respectfully,

✠ Jos. F. BUSCH,  
Bishop of Lead.

It seems incredible that such a state of affairs could exist outside of Russia, but there is a partial explanation. The Hearst family are interested, and the Hearst newspapers are waging a campaign of silence, in which they are supported to a great extent by the remainder of the American press. Until publicity is gained for the facts, and general sentiment aroused, it is idle to look for a return of freedom or enactment of justice. Moreover, the case at present stands alone. Just how it is dealt with will make a precedent and constitute history. Therefore, let it be settled rightly.

Let Catholics, especially Catholic societies, bestir themselves. If they waited a hundred years they could not have a cause more worthy of their steel. Let them show the whole country that their "reason to be" is not the grotesqueries of initiation services, but the striking of a real blow, when an occasion like this offers, for God and country.

## Notes and Remarks.

"Love of Our Lady is but another form of love of Our Lord," is only one of many good sayings in a sermon by Father Fabian Dix, O. P., on "Mary, Mother of God," presented in a recent issue of the *Universe* (London). This sermon is, above all, practical. As the preacher says: "The Blessed Virgin is not set in the forefront of the Church as a mere ornament to our holy religion, as a mere luxury for contemplation, or a pleasing subject for a poem: she stands before us as our Mother and our model, the grand ruler and regulator of the complex existence which we lead on earth." Recalling that England was formerly known as "Our Lady's Dower," Father Dix observes:

There was a time when England yielded to no other country in her devotion to Our Lady; magnificent churches were dedicated in her honor, scarcely a parish had not a guild under her patronage; her shrines such as Willesden, Buckfast, Walsingham, and others were known, for their richness and their glory, even beyond the seas. Kings and queens, nobles and dames daily recited her Office; devotion to her was part and parcel of an Englishman's life. But a change came over the land when a rapacious King sought to fill his pockets and those of his greedy courtiers with spoils seized from the Church. He stripped the famous sanctuaries, and burned the statues before which he had once prayed. No wonder the men of Devon and Cornwall rose in arms and demanded the restoration of the ancient Faith, and that the King should put away from him the traitors who had sold their religion. Think of those good people of England, robbed of their religion, robbed of the name of Mary! . . . To-day we see a strange reaction. Theological opinions outside the Church have changed, and a section of the Church of England is straining every nerve to accomplish the impossible, and to tack on to its theology a diluted devotion to Our Lady, which, we are told, is of a distinctly primitive and pure type; but which, as a matter of fact, is only one more glaring inconsistency added to an already crowded list.

But may we not hope that this "inconsistency" may be the last, and that, opening their doors to the Mother, they shall welcome in the Son, too, eventually

and definitively? If Christian union is ever to be an accomplished fact, history will show the Blessed Virgin potent at the start of it.

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Apropos of the opening of the Hague Place of Peace, the magnificent structure erected at the expense of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the London *Observer* calls attention to "an almost incredibly apposite bicentenary." To most persons the idea of permanent peace and of a representative Board for the settlement of international disputes is a new idea; but, according to the *Observer*, it appears that 'just two hundred years ago the Abbé de Saint-Pierre was travelling in Normandy, when his carriage broke down, and while it was being repaired he got out his writing materials and began the composition of a pamphlet advocating the establishment of peace among civilized nations, and recommending the creation of a tribunal to which all disputes among them should be referred for settlement. The pamphlet was duly published, and the date of publication is 1713.'

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The simple statement that by a terrible typhoon in the Philippines nine large churches and numerous smaller ones, with all they contained, not to speak of parochial residences, etc., were lately destroyed in the diocese of Nueva Segovia, should be enough to loosen purse-strings all over the United States. The people of the devastated district—tens of thousands of them—have been impoverished and are unable to repair their pitiable loss. Of their poverty and all the sufferings which they endure they do not complain—their faithful pastors are with them, sharing their privations and doing all that is possible for their relief,—but they are sorely afflicted on account of having no churches wherein to worship and to receive the Bread of Life.

There is no end to appeals for all sorts of charitable needs, but it seldom happens

that the least urgent of them go unheeded. With all the more confidence, therefore, does Bishop Hurth call upon the Catholics of this country to come to his aid in repairing the ruin wrought in his diocese. There are few in this land of plenty so poor as to be prevented from contributing to so worthy an object. The reverend clergy will think of special ways by which they can render assistance. The priests of the diocese of Nueva Segovia are as good as they are poor. For a reason which need not be named, many Masses in *reparationem* and for the welfare of the Church in the United States should now be offered. Some of these "intentions" and others might be sent to the Philippines. The address of Bishop Hurth is, Vigan, Luzon, Philippines.

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Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, as our readers are aware, is a protest against the Church's uncompromising attitude toward divorce. Like numerous other would-be social reformers, he contends that "the inflexible *non possumus* of Rome" imposes hardships in individual cases. A moment's reflection should show him that his contention is as unreasonable as his protest is inconsequential. He loses sight, among other things, of the general welfare of society, and forgets that, for its safeguarding, the State often inflicts hardships on the individual citizen,—for instance, the imposition of taxes for the suppression and punishment of crimes of which he is innocent; the occasional establishment of quarantine in his district, though he himself may show no symptoms of the disease which is being fought. In a thousand ways the liberty of every citizen is restrained for the benefit of citizens in general.

What the result would be if mismatched couples were permitted to take other partners, or if wronged husbands or abused wives were allowed to marry again—if the indissolubility of marriage were not upheld and there were no restrictions on divorce—is plain from some



statistics set forth for the novelist's benefit by the editor of the *London Tablet*:

Since 1900, in spite of the fact that the population of France shows no perceptible increase, the number of divorces has steadily grown year by year. In 1906 there were 10,573 divorces; in 1909 there were 12,874; in 1912 there were 14,579. As the number of marriages in 1912 was 311,959, this means that at present in France one out of every twenty-one marriages is afterward legally dissolved. . . . France is still in large measure a Catholic country. There has even been of late years a very considerable revival in Christian faith and practice. It is unquestionable that, if it were not for the religious scruples imposed upon a large section of the population by their acceptance of the Church's teaching, the number of applications for divorce would be enormously increased.

In certain of the more Catholic departments of Brittany—for example, in Vendée, Morbihan, and Finistère—we have less than one divorce in 80 marriages; while in the Landes we have only one in 105; and in La Lozère, in the Cévennes, one in 118. On the other hand, in Paris and the surrounding departments, the proportion of divorces to marriages varies from one in twelve to one in sixteen. Seeing, then, that even in the least Christian districts of France there is always a notable proportion of devout Catholics, we may fairly draw the inference that, if it were not for the restraining influence of religion, the proportion of divorces to marriages throughout the whole of the country would rise to something like one in ten. Whether such a state of things would tend to increase the birth-rate or to add to the happiness of this once pre-eminently domestic people, to whom the *vie de famille* meant so much, we leave it to our "great social reformer" to decide.

Writing in the current *Extension*, the superintendent of the Chapel Car Service says: "A little more than six years ago the Chapel Car work of the Church Extension Society was started. There were those who felt that no practical results would be accomplished through the instrumentality of the 'Church on Wheels.' But after six years of active endeavor, the Chapel Car is no longer an experiment: it is an achievement of which the Society and its members may well be proud."

The detailed account, given by the superintendent, of the recent results of the work fully bears out his declaration.

Of cognate interest are two statements made by the president of Church Extension, Father Kelley, at the recent Milwaukee convention:

We spent only a fraction over four per cent [of money contributed] in actual expenses,—a record which has not been equalled even by any of the non-Catholic societies. . . . We have gone on building chapels in spite of those who say to us, "Don't build chapels: get the priest." We have built about seven hundred in eight years, and are now building them at the rate of about three a week.

In view of such telling results, the adversaries of the Church Extension movement must perforce acknowledge its effectiveness.

A new expression of an old truth, would be an appropriate caption for the sermon with which a New York Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Radcliffe, recently surprised his congregation. Among other things he said:

The Godless school ordains an immoral citizenship. It is not enough to make edged tools: the hand should be trained to use them. Culture unsanctified prepares for guilt and graft. . . . Our common schools can not afford to ignore the functions of conscience. As the conscience is, so is the individual. There is nothing morally beneficent in mere knowledge; chemistry can not reform a drunkard, nor can botany make a thief an honest man. It is a popular fallacy just now that vice springs from ignorance and poverty, and virtue grows from knowledge and competence. We must restore the ideals of our school system, or prepare for the barricade and the riot.

Without any beating about the bush, religion must have a place in the school, or Godlessness will grow from less to more in the life of the republic.

"Don't you think the Catholic papers should do something to instruct the faithful how to act during Mass?" asks a correspondent of the *Antigonish Casket*. "Not long ago, I attended a funeral Mass, at which there were a number of non-Catholics, and I was thoroughly ashamed to observe how few of my co-religionists appear to know when to stand

and when to kneel. Perhaps I should not have noticed it, but as I was in a back seat I couldn't help it. Some stood up during the reading of the prayers before the Epistle; others looked around to see what others were doing, and, finding the majority standing, stood up also. Only a few knelt down, as it was the proper thing to do. The same thing happened during the last prayers."

\* It is too bad that so many of the faithful do not know when to kneel or when to stand at a Requiem Mass; but we question whether a Catholic paper is the best vehicle for their instruction. All who attend Mass should provide themselves with a prayer-book, and learn by practice how to act from beginning to end,—mindful always of the Real Presence, and quite regardless of the presence of Protestant persons, few or many.

The following extract from the report of their highest officer to the Knights of Columbus, at their recent convention in Boston, is of general interest, as showing the variety of matters which solicit the attention of the greatest organization of Catholic laymen to be found in the American Republic:

I hardly know how to arrange our questions or problems in the order of their importance. Some see success in lecture bureaus and the lecture work. Many see a success that should be sought in assisting the work of men like the Paulists, with their splendid missions to non-Catholics; others, in Church extension work. Advocates of higher education are turning to that kind of education as to a most important field in which the activities of our Order can be exercised. Some see in the defence of the Church by means of all kinds of literature a fair field for knightly effort. The continuation of Catholic education, so nobly and so well begun, is still considered as important as it ever was. We have much work to do before Columbus and the object of our Order are recognized as they should be all over the country. We must not rest satisfied until the twelfth day of October is a holiday in every part of our land. "The Big Brother" movement appeals to many. Communion breakfasts, monthly attendance at the altar, laymen's retreats, urged upon us by the Church, call for much careful but favor-

able consideration. There must be emulation, not envy, among us.

In many of the directions specified in the foregoing, individual Councils of the Knights have already made gratifying progress; and, while different projects may assume varying degrees of importance in different parts of the country, it is safe to predict that, collaborating with their ecclesiastical superiors, these faithful sons of the Church will continue to merit the cordial praise of all their coreligionists.

Writing from Tehé-Kiang to the *Missions Catholiques*, a Lazarist missionary, Father Aroud, speaks hopefully of the prospects for Catholic expansion under the Chinese Republican government. In the course of his letter he recounts the procedure of a young inspector of schools who had received orders from his superiors to close the mission school at the village of Pouoka. Mr. Lin, the catechist of the village, argued the matter with the government official, and to such purpose that the inspector, returning to his superior officers, reported: "You sent me to close the school at Pouoka. It is impossible: Mr. Lin showed me all the difficulties. He is so clever that he all but persuaded me to subsidize the school instead of closing it."

Not the least interesting portion of the "Convention Number" of the *Bulletin* of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is the series of appreciative comments on the Federation's activities, quoted from secular papers and Protestant and Jewish journals. The following are representative excerpts from the *New York Times*, the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* (Methodist), the *Jewish Independent*, and the *Baptist World*. We quote them consecutively:

All the conservative elements of the country ought to unite with the A. F. of C. S. in securing legislation in conformity with the views expressed in its resolutions and declarations.

The beneficent influence of the A. F. of C. S.



will be beyond measure. It is an organized, universal force acting in harmony with the spirit and principles of American social and political institutions. Arrayed with it are other effective forces, all standing as a solid wall, against which will beat in vain the intermittent waves of disorder, lawlessness, and anarchism.

We wish to join hands with the Federation of Catholic Societies as fellow-workers for righteousness, and fight with Federation for the suppression of the tremendous evils which threaten our national and social life.

The Catholic Federation deserves a great deal of credit for the stand it has taken against filth on the stage.

Their faith in their future and their missionary zeal were an inspiring example to us. They intend to win America, and frequently and frankly say so. It is to be through persuasion and service. Questions which received earnest attention and intelligent treatment by the Federation were: Social and Economic Questions of the Day; the Social Evil; the White Slave Traffic; Child Labor; a Living Wage; the Low Theatre. It was here that the Catholics showed at their best. It is doubtful if any Protestant body in the country has ever had at its annual meetings so thorough a discussion of these questions. There was not a political utterance during the meeting.

This last statement, concerning politics, is significant, and is calculated to disabuse many non-Catholics of the utterly false notions they entertain as to the ulterior purposes of united Catholic action.

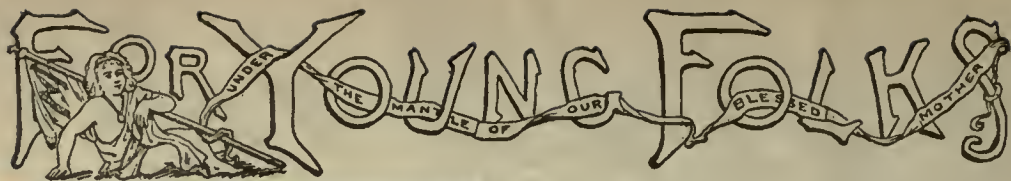
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That the suppression of the great monastery of the Chartreuse in Grenoble, and the expulsion of its inmates, was a blunder as well as a crime is being brought home to the French Government in a variety of ways. Could official France "save its face" in restoring the *status quo ante*, it is safe to affirm that it would gladly do so. The *Saturday Review*, of London, comments on one aspect of the question as follows:

It was said that the monks were wealthy, but their wealth was the product of their own industry, and they spent it in doing good. They made a profit out of their world-famed liqueurs of, perhaps, half a million dollars a year. But they contributed \$300,000 a year to national and local taxation; and, in addition, they built and endowed churches, presbyteries, schools, and hospitals, and in one case rebuilt an entire

village destroyed by a flood. Indeed, they repaired over and over again the damage done in the Department of the Isère by flood and fire, and contributed liberally whenever a road had to be mended or a new one made. Now for

social reform and organized charity"? He is thus described in the current number of the *Athenæum*. The writer refers to Mr. E. K. Sander's new book ("Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist") as "the first detailed account in English." Catholic readers will recall the excellent *Life of St. Vincent*, by Prince de Broglie ("Saints Series"); and Mgr. Bougaud's standard and larger work, "The History of St. Vincent de Paul."



## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

### XV.—THAT FACE.—INVITATIONS.

FRED and Alice, after a solemn conference, decided that it would be impossible just then to inform upon Uncle Jim, who, by the doctor's orders, remained in bed upstairs, ghastly pale and very much shaken. And they came to this conclusion the more definitely because their father had been much displeased on account of his orders touching the trapdoor having been disregarded. He had, however, accepted James Forrester's explanation as satisfactory, and, sending at once for a physician, had shown the greatest solicitude for the patient's comfort.

Fred had been deputed to take up his uncle's meals; and on one of these occasions, as he set down the tray and lingered a moment to see if the invalid had all that he required, the latter addressed him in a low and cautious voice.

"My boy," he said, "just sit down a moment. I want to tell you something. But you needn't say anything about it downstairs,—do you understand?"

Fred nodded, wondering what new mystery was going to be imparted to him.

"Well, the other day, after the accident," Uncle Jim continued, "while I was hanging there, I saw—or thought I saw—something in the darkness of the cellar."

He stopped, while a look of horror overspread his countenance.

"I don't know," he continued,—“perhaps it was a hallucination, but—but I fancied I saw a face.”

"A face?" echoed Fred, incredulously.

"Yes, a face," declared James Forrester; "and it belonged to some one

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was one of the most modest of men. "I do not know," he said a short time before his death, "what I may seem to the world; but to myself I appear to have been only as a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting himself now and then by finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than the others, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered beyond us."



standing in the corner of the cellar."

So overpowering was this recollection that the perspiration came out in drops upon his forehead, and with a shaking hand he wiped them off.

"At first I thought," he went on after a slight pause, "that it might be that woman who calls herself Selma."

"Oh, how could you have thought that?" cried Fred, bluntly. "She couldn't have got down through a door that you found padlocked."

"I didn't think of that at the moment, Fred. My brain was all confused," responded Forrester. "But there's something uncanny about her, and since I have been lying here I have wondered if—"

He checked himself. The morbid fancy which had come into his disordered mind was too absurd to be put in words; for he had been on the point of saying, "I wondered if she did really die, after all, in the hospital." Instead he merely said:

"Of course I saw her afterward, there with you children and the cook, her everlasting broom in her hands. But I had got such a horror of her I didn't want her to come near me."

"She didn't seem particularly anxious to help you either," said Fred, rather dryly.

"No, I suppose not," agreed Uncle Jim. "But I was going to say that I soon came to the conclusion, as I hung suspended down there, that the face was not Selma's. It was paler, far paler even than hers,—a ghastly white and the eyes sightless."

He shuddered at the recollection, and then murmured to himself:

"Oh, it was horrible,—horrible! You see, there was a gleam of light coming in from above after the door fell,—just enough light for me to see—*it*. I thought I should go mad, my boy; for it seemed to me that perhaps it was some one from the other world that had come back."

The remembrance seemed even yet to fill him with the liveliest terror. His face, always pallid, assumed a sicklier hue, and his eyes rolled in their sockets. Fred

was dismayed by the terror which he saw in the man; though it was, no doubt, the effect of disordered nerves. And there was something eerie and unpleasant in these suggestions of the weird and the uncanny that he was always throwing out. Then, vivid as a gleam of sunlight through a dark cloud, a memory flashed into the boy's mind, and he burst into laughter. The man in the bed glared at the boy with a gaze of angry inquiry.

"It's all very well for you to laugh," he said; "but you'd change your tune if you had seen that face."

"I *did* see it!" cried Fred, still laughing. "Oh, yes, I saw it one of the first days we were here!"

"There!" exclaimed Uncle Jim, triumphantly. "I was pretty sure it couldn't be a hallucination. I knew there was something there."

"But you needn't be afraid, Uncle Jim," said the boy, "because father went over to see what it was, and found it was just one of those phrenological bumps, or casts."

So great was the man's relief that it caused a reaction, and he sank back, half fainting, on his pillow; whereupon Fred hastened to administer the restorative prescribed by the doctor.

"I'm better pleased to hear that," he declared, "than if you had given me a mint of money, Fred,—not that I am not in need of money, and I am trying hard to earn it."

Fred could not help wondering how, and the expression of the man's face was so strange as he made the admission that the observer almost feared his mind might be affected.

It was while James Forrester was thus kept in bed one morning that the mail carrier brought two envelopes containing tickets for Master Fred and Miss Alice Seymour for an exhibition to be given by "the Prince of the Lilliputians," the smallest mite in the world. There were to be also songs and instrumental music, and performances by trained monkeys;

so that the affair promised to be quite an entertainment for the children. As soon as Mr. Seymour heard of the invitation, he suggested that the cousins from Harlem be included.

The dwarf's entertainment was to be in the evening, which gave it an added attraction to these children, for whom the glamour of the brilliantly lighted hall, and the novelty of the footlights, were something delightful. But, as the cousins arrived in the morning, there was a long holiday of play. About four in the afternoon they went over, as was the city cousins' invariable custom, to make a visit to the church. After that they strolled down toward the river, lingering a while in those fascinating precincts of the wharf, where the smell of tar, mingled with the salt odors of the bay, the masts of tall ships standing out against the sky, the bustle of lading and unlading bales of goods, the passing of heavy vans,—all were somehow suggestive to Alice and Katherine of voyages out into the wide world.

The boys meantime were deep in the mysteries of a game of football that had just been played in Harlem; and Fred gave even a more material turn to the conversation by suggesting that they go round to Taffy John's. He held out as an extra inducement that perhaps the dwarf might be there.

"Oh," cried Katherine, "I shouldn't think he would care to show himself in a shop when people are going to pay to see him to-night!"

Alice, however, declared that she was going to ask to speak to him and tell him that she would not be measured.

"Measured! What's that?" inquired both the cousins simultaneously.

And when Alice explained, Katherine seemed to think that it might be rather pleasant than otherwise; but her younger cousin declared that the thought of going up on the stage before so many people would spoil all the pleasure of the performance for her.

"And I am too big," declared Kath-

erine, with some regret. "It wouldn't be a good advertisement for him."

"I'll go up if he wants me to," volunteered Fred; "but I don't suppose he'd think it any use measuring himself with a fellow of fourteen."

When they reached Taffy John's, there was the proprietor, stolid as ever, in his big white cap and apron. He knew the children well by this time, and greeted them with a touch of effusion. Fred inquired about the dwarf, and the Swede answered:

"Oh, he's keeping himself close these days! He fears that fewer tickets may be sold."

Alice proffered her request to speak to the dwarf for a moment, in order to thank him for the complimentary tickets and to buy two more. And the taffy vender, slightly moving from his place, called at the foot of the stairs. There was a brief parley, and the dwarf descended, looking very comical in a flowered dressing gown.

"I am resting all I can beforehand," he explained; "and of course I want to keep out of the public eye till the last moment."

Now, the public eye was chiefly represented by the denizens of that quarter, who saw him every day; so that none amongst them would waste the price of a ticket to look at him, save those who were genuinely good-natured, or who might be attracted by the announcement of performing monkeys. Having shaken hands solemnly with Fred and Alice and their cousins, after the manner of a celebrity who condescends to ordinary people, he gave the tickets demanded, and received thanks for those sent, with the lordly air of one accustomed to bestow benefits. Alice seized an opportunity to remind him that, if he did not mind, she would rather not be measured.

"Now, ain't that curious?" exclaimed the little man, addressing the bystanders. "Most little girls think that the best part of the show."

Alice again protested that it was going



up before a crowd of people that she didn't like; and the dwarf, with a patronizing wave of the hand, declared:

"Well, well! We must excuse you, then, from coming up. I'm sure there will be plenty of children of ten or eleven who will be glad to oblige me."

"If you should want *me* or either of my cousins," Fred offered, "we shall be ready."

"If you hadn't all grown so big," the midget replied, with something that was malignant in his glance, "you might be of some use."

"Well, any way," said Fred, "we can clap."

"That's right: clap, clap!" assented the lilliputian. "My audiences always applaud me, especially when I am measured with little children. But now farewell till to-night!"

And the wharf, magnificent in his flowered dressing gown, disappeared up the stairs, while Taffy John called Fred aside.

"How does your mother like the new housemaid?"

Now this was an embarrassing question, since the boy remembered that still pending question of the secret which she shared with Uncle Jim. He answered hastily:

"My mother says she's a very good one."

Taffy John nodded.

"So says my wife,—that there is none better. But tell me, do you think she is quite right?" He tapped his forehead significantly.

"I—I don't know," stammered Fred, to whom this possibility had not occurred.

"I don't know, neither," said the big man, with a perplexed frown. "But sometimes when she comes here to pass the Sunday, I am uneasy. It seems to me that she is very queer. And so I say to my wife last Sunday: 'I am goin' to tell those good people.'"

"Come on,—come on, Fred!" called Willie from the sidewalk, where the others were waiting. But Taffy John detained him a moment longer.

"And it is best mebbe," he added, "that you tell what I have said to the good lady, your mother. I prefer much that she know what I tink."

Fred promised that he would tell her, and ran away as an influx of customers came to claim the shopman's attention. But the boy felt as if still another burden had been laid upon him, and yet he did not wish to mention one part of the subject to his mother till he was in a position to tell her all. He hurried to join the others, who had walked on down the street toward a florist's, where they were going to invest in a bouquet for the dwarf. After which there was nothing further to do but to await, with eager anticipation, the entertainment of the evening.

(To be continued.)

### The Miracle of the Eggs.

"Who was St. Peter Claver, papa?"

"St. Peter Claver! Why, what put *him* in your head?"

"Well, this afternoon I was looking through Uncle John's *Catholic Directory*; and among the churches in Baltimore I found one marked 'St. Peter Claver's (for the exclusive use of colored people).' So I thought perhaps the saint was a Negro. Was he, papa?"

"No, Tom; but he was about the best friend the Negroes ever had, at least in South America. In fact, at the date of his taking his last vows as a Jesuit in Spain, he signed himself 'Peter, the slave of the Negroes forever.'"

"In Spain! I thought you said he was a South American."

"No, but a friend of South-American Negroes."

"Any good stories about him?"

"Good stories? I suppose that means something in the line of adventure: taming wild beasts, for instance; or subduing tempests at sea, or walking across rivers. I'm afraid my remembrance of St. Peter's life is not so vivid as it might

be; but I do recall one miracle that may interest you. Did I ever tell you about St. Peter and the eggs?"

"No, sir; I guess to-day is the first time I knew there was such a saint."

"So? In that case you should know that this Spanish Jesuit spent forty odd years in Cartagena, down in Colombia. That was about three hundred years ago, when the slave trade was very brisk in Central and South America. About a thousand slaves were brought from Africa to Cartagena every month, and St. Peter Claver was their apostle. He gave his whole time to their care and instruction, and in the course of his life baptized at least three hundred thousand of them."

"Yes, papa; that was fine, but—but, where did the eggs come in?"

"Tom, my boy, you'll have to curb that impatience of yours. If I were better posted on St. Peter's life, the eggs *wouldn't* come in for the next half hour. As it is, they'll come in now; but they'll go out again for good if you are impatient. One day, toward the end of his life, St. Peter Claver was walking along a street in Cartagena, when he saw quite a crowd of people gathered around a black woman, who was sitting on the ground and sobbing bitterly. She had been going to market with a large basket of eggs, which she was carrying, as was the custom, on her head. The eggs represented all she possessed, and she was thinking of the different purchases she would make with the money they were to bring her. She did not notice that a Spanish gentleman was approaching her, and consequently failed to get out of his way to allow him to pass her. The Spaniard—because he proved he *wasn't* a gentleman—shoved her rudely aside. Down went the basket; and the eggs were, of course, all broken. The poor woman's heart seemed to break with them. She flung herself down on the street and took on so dreadfully that the passers-by stopped and tried to console her. It was in vain, however. 'They were all I owned!' she sobbed. 'I was

counting on them to keep me for the next fortnight. And now they're all broken, and I haven't anything at all.'"

"It was just then that St. Peter reached the centre of the crowd; and he heard her despairing lament. He kept silent for a few moments, and then said: 'Don't mind, my poor child! Pick your eggs up again and put them in your basket.' And with that he touched the broken shells with the end of his walking-stick, and, one after the other, the eggs became whole again. The woman jumped to her feet, and, smiling through her tears, soon had her basket refilled with her precious burden. When she looked around to thank the saint, he had disappeared. Of course he got away quickly, so as to avoid the enthusiasm and the praise of the witnesses of so touching a miracle."

"Say, papa, that's a peach of a—I mean, that's a first-class story. Can't I buy St. Peter Claver's Life somewhere?"

"I think that perhaps you can,—that is, if you save a dollar or so from your next month's pocket-money."

"Oh-h-h—"

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### St. Cuthbert's Beads.

"St. Cuthbert's Beads" are single joints of the stems of a vegetable fossil, perforated in the centre and bearing a fanciful resemblance to a cross. In former times they were often made into rosaries; and, probably on account of being used by beadsmen when they went on pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, called St. Cuthbert's Beads.

St. Cuthbert has been called the St. Patrick of England and Scotland. He lived in the seventh century, and was Bishop of Lindisfarne. The name "beadsmen," or "bedesmen," was often applied to people who lived in almshouses, for the reason that they were accustomed to spend their leisure time in praying for the souls of the founder and other benefactors.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Bobbs-Merrill Co. announce "Rose of the Garden," the romance of Lady Sarah Lennox, by Katharine Tynan.

—We welcome the announcement of "A Maid of the Kentucky Hills," by Edwin Carlile Litsey, to be published by the Browne & Howell Co.

—Recent additions to the Regent Library (Browne & Howell Co.) are "Disraeli," by Wilfrid Meynell; and "Newman," by Daniel O'Connor.

—A book that would seem to promise much, "Famous Modern Battles," by A. Hilliard Atteridge, is to be brought out shortly by Small, Maynard & Co.

—A new Mass in honor of St. Agatha, for three voices, composed by the Rev. Peter Branchina, and published by Fischer & Bro., is of distinct merit.

—"Principle in Art, and Other Essays," by Coventry Patmore, is now included in the popular Readers' Library, of which Messrs. Duckworth & Co. are the publishers.

—An autograph letter of John Ruskin, giving advice to a young man about to take up art as a profession, is for sale by a London firm. "Rise early, and burn no candles at night; read classical, quiet literature," says Ruskin. The writings of Victor Hugo he characterizes as "poisoned raspberry jelly."

—"Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers," by the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D. (B. Herder), a slender volume of some eighty pages, is a very satisfactory refutation of the charge, made by certain Socialists, that the Fathers of the Church denied the right of private property, and defended common ownership. Dr. Ryan gives quotations from the Greek and Latin Fathers, and then discusses in detail the opinions of Saints Basil, Ambrose, and Jerome.

—We have received a pamphlet of 28 pages containing the "Proceedings of the Ceremony of Unveiling the Monument Erected by the People of Mobile and of the South to the Memory of the Rev. Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South, in Mobile, Ala., July 12, 1913." About one-half the pamphlet is devoted to the oration—an excellent one—of the Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere. Of the monument itself, we are told that it consists of "a square of two granite steps, upon which rests an oblong die of granite six feet seven inches high. The statue is of bronze and stands in

front of the die, upon the topmost step of the platform. Father Ryan, clad in the simple costume of a priest of the Church, is shown with head inclined and right arm extended, as if the priest-poet were reading or reciting from the book of poems that is held in the left hand. The pose is graceful and the expression kindly and lifelike."

—"A History of the French People," in three volumes (illustrated with maps and plans), by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, is announced by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The work will be divided into short sections dealing with the chief events, and aims at being useful for school and University work as well as the general reader. The first volume will take the story as far as the coronation of Hugh Capet.

—B. Herder has brought out an authorized translation, from the second German edition, of "Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church," by Gerhard Rauschen, Ph. D., S. T. D. A scholarly, critical, and profusely documented work, it appears to be entirely worthy of the praise bestowed upon the original German edition, as well as upon the French and Italian translations thereof. The treatment of "auricular confession" we have found to be of particular interest.

—Longmans' Class-Books of English Literature—a more than commonly solid series—has received the recent addition of "Literary Selections from Newman," with Introduction and Notes by a Sister of Notre Dame (Glasgow). Explaining the purpose and method of the selections, the compiler says that the object is to draw the reader into the study of Newman's work in the large, and that in the making up of the present volume none of the great Oratorian's controversial writings were "laid under contribution." The editor's choice of matter is excellent, and her notes are sufficient in number and to the point.

—"The Pessimist: A Confession," a new novel by A. Newman, is included in the autumn list of Mr. David Nutt, the well-known London publisher. This announcement will be welcomed both by the general public that has followed his brilliant defence of Irish nationality in the columns of the British press and by Catholics, as "The Pessimist" affords a more or less exact account of the years immediately preceding the author's conversion. The book is described as being "in one sense an intellectual autobiography within the limits of a novel; in another

sense, as a novel of the highest class, containing an original and magnificently conceived plot, fantastic wit, and the most subtle analysis."

—The casual Catholic reader of "The Kingdom," by Harold Elsdale Goad (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), will probably characterize it as being to all intents and purposes a Catholic novel. And so may the casual Catholic visitor to some ultra-Ritualistic Anglican temple be inclined for the nonce to mistake it for a Catholic church. The imitation in externals is in both cases almost perfect; but in the atmosphere of the temple and in the doctrinal tang of the book there is wanting an essential ingredient, the absence of which differentiates the most perfect copy from the genuine original. To say that the narrative is a speciously-veiled plea for Modernism may appear to some of its readers unduly severe criticism; but that is the opinion which we have formed, after an attentive perusal of its three hundred and thirty odd pages. Perhaps it may be only fair to quote, as an offset thereto, the publishers' statement to this effect: "The book is a subtle analysis of the spiritual development of an introspective, deeply religious man. Bernardo struggles first against God, then against the world he has given up, and comes to final peace in the realization of his mission as a modern St. Francis to teach the Church 'to make her vision the most vital and creating force in the world to-day.'"

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.

"Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church." Gerhard Rauschen, S. T. D. \$1.25.

"Literary Selections from Newman." A Sister of Notre Dame. 60 cts.

"The Silence of Sebastian." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.25.

"Addresses." Henry Sebastian Bowden. 70 cts., net.

"Epitome Vespertalis Romani." \$1.35.

"The Cure of Alcoholism." Austin O'Malley. \$1.25.

"The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible." Very Rev. Dean O'Connell. \$1.25.

"The Sodality of Our Lady, Studied in the Documents." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$2.75.

"Gracechurch." John Ayscough. \$1.86.

"Michael." Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. \$1.35.

"Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography." \$2.16.

"The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. \$2.

"Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection." Rev. John Henry, C. SS. R. Paper 20 cts.; cloth 40 cts.

"On the Exercises of Piety." Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. 50 cts.

"A Wreath of Feasts." "Behold the Lamb." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 38 cts., each.

"The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part III., No. 1. \$2.

"The Apostle of Ceylon: Fr. Joseph Vaz." 60 cts.

"Life of Martin Luther." Rt. Rev. Bishop Stang. 25 cts.

"Round the World Series." Vols. IX. and X. \$1 each.

"Eucharistic Lilies." Helen Maery. \$1.

"Flowers of the Cloister." Sister Mary Wilfrid La Motte. \$1.25.

"The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Vol. III. Rev. Edward Jones. \$1.35.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Woods, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. John McKenna, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Jeremiah Desmond, Rev. David Fitzgerald, diocese of Manchester; and Rev. Hyacinth Rueberg, O. F. M.

Sister M. de Chantal, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Compassion and Sister M. Aurelius, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. de Chantal, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Henry Kister, Hon. John F. Wade, Mr. Edmund Martin, Mr. Timothy Fenton, Miss Matilda Bowe, Mr. Thomas E. Mullin, Mr. Frank Pariso, Miss Mary Currier, Mr. William J. Morris, Mrs. Ellen Kearns, Mr. Thomas Long, Mrs. Johanna Keefe, Mr. C. A. Bertel, and Mr. John Veith.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Cor ad Cor Loquitur.

BY W. D. M.

WORDS fail me, Lord, to-night! I can not pray,  
Save weary sighs, deep drawn, heaved heavily:  
Incense of woe ascending on its way  
To blend with worship angels waft to Thee.  
Yet 'mid some pause perchance Thou, too, wilt hear,  
These plaintive seashell murmurs of my soul,  
From depths of sorrow, bitterness and fear,  
That drown all hope, and still unceasing roll.  
Deep ever calls to deep, and only Thou,  
The Man of Grief, grief's uttermost may know.  
Deem not this vigil vain,—help me to bow  
With faith expectant, till it brightly show  
That Thou canst perfect, even into prayer,  
The trembling silence of a soul's despair.

## The Influence of the Blessed Virgin.

BY A. E. P. RAYMUND DOWLING, B. A. OXON.



O every unbiassed and unwarped mind, nothing can be more plainly inscribed upon the history of human thought ever since Christianity dominated it than the honor paid to Mary. It developed, it is true, as all religious thought has developed, from the seed to the perfect flower; implicit in the early Church, explicit in the mediæval; development taking place as it does in the seed or bud wherein lies implicated or folded up the entire tree or herb, which takes days or years to reveal its entire form according to the divine

plan of its Creator. This fact, whether accepted doctrinally or not, is quite impossible of denial by any real student of the subject. Many Protestants say that this was true, and a sign of canker and corruption early developing in the purity of Christian doctrine; and this is an entirely understandable position to assume. But to argue that it originated in the eleventh or any other century, or in obedience to any Pope's order, is evidence of lack of information and study.

This honor given to Mary was and is, to Greek and Latin alike, but the expression of their gratitude that one of the human race was found so responsive to God's graces as to enable Him to become incarnate and dwell among men. The foundation of it is reverence for the Incarnation. Mary was the medium of the possibility of Our Lord's coming to earth; for God has limited His power in the kingdom of grace by man's will; and, since the all-holy God could not tabernacle for one moment in what was tainted with sin, nor take His human substance from an impure source, therefore this Maiden Mother must have been decked naturally with lovely graces, which the divine overshadowing developed and confirmed in a quite transcendent degree. Greek and Latin never lose sight of the fact that she was but a creature, however strongly the language of love may have spoken of her.

The distance between Jesus and Mary is that between Creator and creature, but that between Mary and the saints is only that between the Queen and her

subjects. The antiphon to her canticle upon her Birthday, like those on most of her feast-days, expresses the whole source of the honor paid to her: *Nativitas tua, Dei Genitrix Virgo, gaudium annuntiavit universo mundo: ex te enim ortus est Sol Justitiæ, Christus Deus noster: qui solvens maledictionem, dedit benedictionem, et confundens mortem donavit nobis vitam sempiternam.*\* She, the first-born of every creature, is looked up to as to a Mother to lead her children to One greater than herself; and her feasts are like those of an honored parent—birthday, wedding day, and the like,—in which God is thanked for having, through her, “visited His people.” Such honor paid to the Blessed Virgin makes the soul soar from height to height in its approach to God.

Not only from Catholics but from others who have studied the life of Mary, the holy beauty of her character has evoked the tribute of their admiration, and perhaps there is scarcely a great poet in any land, Catholic or not, but has felt inspired by the contemplation of her dignity and spiritual loveliness, and spoken of her as one

whose name

All but adoring love may claim.

Christian doctors in their writings, saints in their meditations, poets in their verses, artists on their canvas, have seen in her the embodiment of “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame”;† and without substituting poetry, sentimentalism or æsthetics for solid fact, her example has formed a definite model and given an incentive and charm for everyday life that it is impossible to overvalue.

It is true that Mary, as well as Our Lord, Himself, has been a stone of

\* “Thy Birthday, O Maiden Mother of God, heralded joy to all the world; for from thee hath arisen the Sun of Righteousness, Christ our Lord, who, loosing the curse, bestowed a blessing; and, confounding death, hath given unto us Eternal Life.”

† Phil., iv. 8.

stumbling to large numbers of souls; but that is the human contingency of all divine institutions. We can not, however, blind our eyes to the patent fact that to countless myriads of the human race, through the long centuries, her example has been a potent and regenerating influence for good, making virtue more attractive than vice, purity more lovable, humility more desirable, life less miserable, and earth more hopeful.

The influence of a good woman is greater than that of a good man; and the influence of the Blessed Virgin upon humanity has proved to be God’s greatest benefit to our race after, and by reason of, that of His Son. If we regard it only in the elevation it has given to womanhood, the benefit is incalculable. Mr. Lecky, in his “History of Rationalism,”\* has spoken of this in the most ample manner, and his oft-quoted words are the more notable for being those of one not of our Faith. He writes:

“The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or the toy of man, no longer associated only with the idea of degradation, and of sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin Mother into a new sphere and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was, for the first time, felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest generations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a monkish

\* Chap. iii, p. 44.



writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought, with no barren desire, to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens, who for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek, in fastings and vigils and humble charity, to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of taste displayed in all the walks of society,—in these, and in many other ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements in our civilization."

Such, then, is a non-Catholic student's judgment as to the effect upon the exterior life of the community of this devotion to Mary; and it is interesting to compare with this the position that woman holds under the even longer influence of so cultured and elevating a rule of life as that of Buddhism; for under no other false religion is there such refinement and delicate appreciation of the natural virtues as may be witnessed as the outcome of that mode of teaching. Yet woman is held scarcely higher in regard than an animal; and Catholic missionaries have as great a difficulty to gain from Buddhist catechumens the appropriate intellectual attitude of homage to the Virgin Mother as to obtain an acceptance of the words of the Gospel respecting a man's forsaking father and mother for wife. Far advanced beyond all Europe as they are in the finer artistic feelings, Buddhists have no kind of mental response to such thought of the dignity of womanhood as that evinced in the old English poem:

To unpraise women it were a shame,  
For a woman was thy dame;  
Our Blessed Lady beareth the name  
Of all women where they go.\*

Or those of the Scotch poet, Dunbar:

Christ to His Father He had not ane man;  
See what worship woman suld have than!  
That Son is Lord, that Son is King of kings;  
In heaven and earth His majesty aye rings.  
Sen she has borne Him in her haliness,  
And He is well and grund of all guidness,  
All women of us suld have honouring,  
Service, and love above all other thing.\*

Whether womanhood be capable of bearing the position which is hers not by nature but by grace is a question which would seem to have a subtle connection with its retention or abdication of the Christian faith; in the same manner as the tendency of man's mind to render deference must be infallibly weakened with the loss of respect and veneration for the Virgin Mother. It is not scientific evolution that will teach men to guard and protect the weak; it is not even Buddhist philosophy that will award that sex any higher position than man's handmaid. It is Christianity alone.

But leaving the ethical effects of the homage paid to the Mother of God, the evidences of the position of intimate regard that she held in mediæval hearts in every department of literature, art, and social life, are gratefully recognized by thousands who breathe her name. In our times we give titles to persons, places, and things either indifferently or for personal vanity; in the olden days it was Mary's name that they loved to hear everywhere and on all sides of them. From kingdoms down to the smallest insect or weed, from great things to trifling ones, this was the name perpetually upon their lips. Such is no longer the habit of our peoples; for not only has the community lost Mary in the world's company, but as for most of us, reverence restrains. Devotion expresses itself in various forms in various ages and countries; and St. Austin wisely remarks that the centurion who deemed himself unworthy that Our Lord should enter under his roof would not have found fault with Zacchæus, who made haste to welcome Him as his guest.

\* "Reliquie Antiquæ," i, 275.

\* Paterson edit., p. 139.

So at one epoch of time Christians, through veneration, will refrain from using sacred names with familiarity, whilst at another from the same motive they will delight in employing them.

There was a time when England was proud of its title of the *Dos Mariæ*, the "Dowry of Mary";\* France, of being the *Regnum Mariæ*; Hungary, the *Familia Mariæ*; Flanders, her *Patrimonium*; while Mexico in the sixteenth century enrolled itself under her patronage as the *Natio Mariana*; Siena as a republic claimed for itself the style of *Civitas Virginis*, and it is impossible to read the history of that State without admiration for its devotion to the Mother of God. It was typical of what might be written of many other European communities. In 1260, before the battle of Montaperti, their *sindaco* addressed them: "Men of Siena, ye all know how we have recommended ourselves to the protection of King Manfred: let us now surrender ourselves, our goods and persons, our city and our *contado*, with all our rights, to the Queen of Eternal Life, to Our Lady and Mistress, the Virgin Mother. Follow me now, all of you, with purity of faith and freedom of will, to make this offering." And together they all proceeded to the Duomo,

\* "The contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation has drawn all Christian nations to venerate her from whom came the first beginnings of our Redemption. But we English, being the servants of her special inheritance, and her own Dowry, as we are commonly called, ought to surpass others in the fervor of our praises and devotions." (Thos. Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1399.—Wilkins' "Concilia," iii, 246.) This title can be traced to the rebellion of Wat Tyler in 1381. The night preceding the day on which Richard II. met the rebels was spent in prayer by the King before the statue of Our Lady in the palace chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster. In the morning he recounted his vigil to Sir Wm. Walworth, the Lord Mayor, and expressed his firm belief in Mary's help. "Sire, to-day Our Lady shall be our aid," was the reply. And after the death of the leader, and civil war was avoided, the King offered his country to Mary as her Dowry.

barefooted, carrying the keys of the city to lay at her feet. The small republic, having routed the Guelphic army, devoted three days to thanksgiving, and by solemn decree added *Civitas Virginis* to the city's title; and to the litany, *Advocata Senensium*.\*

The early Gaels of Ireland and Scotland loved to be called Our Lady's slaves. The Irish Mael Mhuire and the Scotch Gillamuire are the modern names Murray, Gilmurray, or Gilmore, meaning Mary's bondsman; just as Maelisa or Gilehris means Jesus or Christ. And still to-day in Catholic lands Mary's name may be heard borne by both men and women, or such of her feasts recalled, in the sweet sounds of *Annunciata*, *Concetta*, *Immacolata*, *Assumpta*, and the like. Once every home had her image, almost every street corner her shrine, such as may be seen still in many an Old-World town on the Continent of Europe; and at her feasts and through her month of May wreaths and flowers adorn them and lamps burn in her honor. There is a singular charm to the wayfarer after night-fall to come across these statues of the Holy Child in the Mother's arms, with their twinkling light, producing a sense of peaceful faith, and making words like those over the townhall of Ripon rise to the lips: "Unless the Lord keep the city the wakeman waketh but in vain."

In every town in the England of old each shop had its badge or sign, and among these some emblem or mystery in reference to Mary was the most popular. In the "History of Signboards," by Mr. Jacob Larwood, many of these titles are collected, showing how the tavern names of "The Angel," "The Salutation," "The Rose," or "Lily," "The Bleeding" or "Wounded Heart," "The Unicorn," and the like, all told of the Mother Maid. Churches dedicated to her are countless; great religious Orders, as the Cistercians, gave her

\* For this and other instances of Mary's help to her devout clients of Siena see E. G. Gardner's "Story of Siena."



name to every convent they built in their solitudes; or, as the Carmelites, bore her title. "Almost every district," says Dr. Rock, speaking of England,\* "had, and has, its Lady Grove, its Mary Field, its Mary Well, its Lady Mead, besides patches of ground by wood and stream with other such like denominations. Nay, the hind also knew how to tell the feelings of his heart; and, though he owned no mead or field or grove upon which to bestow the name of her he loved, he could and did choose the flowers that grew there for his symbols, calling one Our Lady's Mantle, another Mary Gold; this Virgin Bower, that Mary's Fan."

Every season, almost every month, has her feast, every week her day, every day her Angelus, every morning her Mass, every church her altar. The Mary-Mass bell was the well-known sound that roused the sleeper to the dawn of a new day, and this was the peasant's Mass in rural places. At daybreak, noon, and at curfew is still heard the Gabriel Bell repeating to the world the story of the Incarnation; and to-day Mary's clients, far more widely spread and more numerous, are as mindful of its message, and as grateful for her intercession, as they were in the Ages of Faith.

So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,  
That he who graces desireth, and comes not  
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire  
Fly without wings.†

\* "Church of Our Fathers," iii, 288.

† Dante, *Paradiso*, xxxiii.

It would be no extravagance to say that all the joys of the angelic world could make no joy that should compare, either for quantity or quality, with the single joy of Mary's motherhood. She had many joys besides that; although, whether we look forward to her Assumption or backward to her Immaculate Conception, the Maternity was the fountain of them all. But, considering exclusively the direct joy of her Maternity, it overtops and outshines the entire joy of the angelic creation.—*Faber*.

## The Real Oliver.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORGANIST OF IMANEY,"  
"THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

### XVII.

**B**ETWEEN Dr. Wedgeworth's directions and Ula's care, the dreaded attack which Hugh Carew's American doctor had warned him he could scarcely hope to weather, had been warded off; yet he did not regain his former strength, and made no effort to take up again the more or less active life he had led on first returning to Camphill. Still he seemed to be quite happy and peaceful; and, when he was well enough, sent directions to Philadelphia as to the disposing of his flat and the regulating of his business; and soon after Patrick came to rejoin him. His only care seemed to be that Oliver's recovery must needs be a matter of patience and time. From Patrick he learned the full particulars of Stuart Leigh's end, and of how the ruse of drawing him near the windows had succeeded in rousing attention across the street to the struggle, and thus securing witnesses to the truth of the survivor's story.

Fortunately, Anne and Patrick agreed first to tolerate and then to like each other; so that Ula had many household cares taken off her hands by their joint exertions. She was thus free to spend much of her time with the uncle, who, finding those of his kin so late, seemed uneasy now at any loss of their companionship. Visits from his old friend, Mr. Bird, and his new friend, Father Ram, were always welcome; and Miss Lucy, too, was sure of her reception; but it was Ula and Miss Amy whom he liked the best to have with him. And so at Camphill, as at Imosgeela, the days slipped by peacefully and uneventfully, till at last the same decision broke in upon the lives at either place.

The invalid was fit to travel. He had

been into the garden; he had been out walking and driving, and the journey was pronounced to be free of danger for him. That the Doctor should accompany him was considered only right; and as, after a letter from Uncle Hugh, which Oliver reserved for his own perusal, he absolutely refused to travel with only one of his nurses, it was the whole party of four that bade good-bye to Imosgeela together, and was eagerly waited for over the water at Camphill.

The meeting between the uncle and nephew, long delayed, and eagerly looked for as it had been, was cold and formal. Yet they understood each other from the first, and neither expected more than the other gave. Indeed, the welcome that Norah O'Loghlen drew from the old man was far warmer than that which he bestowed upon his nephew.

Then, without any formal announcement, it became known that Oliver was engaged to the little Irish girl who had helped to nurse him back to life again; and Ula soon learned to feel, as Maura already felt, that there would be no losing of a brother in this marriage, but rather the gaining of a sister whom they already loved.

To Denis O'Loghlen Uncle Hugh had at first taken what was as near a dislike as gratitude for all he had done would permit. Never in all his experience had he come across an Irishman so stiff, so taciturn, so continually on his dignity, and so hard to get on with. Then some little thing—only a look, an impulsive movement quickly checked, that had escaped all eyes but the keen old ones that seemed to note everything that passed—showed Hugh Carew that his estimate of the Irish Doctor had been altogether untrue to life.

It was not pride that made him keep so determinedly to himself; not disapproval that impelled him almost to ignore his sister's engagement. He was not taciturn, but heartsore; he did not want to go, yet he could scarcely bear to stay;

and, coming securely to this conclusion, Hugh Carew turned his attention to studying Maura. She, too, was self-contained and quiet; yet he noted the change that her time in Ireland had wrought,—yes, and the change, she could not, do what she would, keep altogether hidden, that the thought of Dr. O'Loghlen's coming departure was deepening every day.

With Oliver and Norah things had been easy to manage. Oliver had come openly to him and asked if he really meant to support his nieces; for in that case he, Oliver, would be free to ask the girl he loved to marry him. There had been no asking for himself. His work at Mr. Bird's brought in a competency. But when his uncle told him, as openly as he himself had spoken, that he intended to provide for nephew and nieces too, the nephew had taken the offer as simply as it was given, and his thanks were shown more in deeds than words.

But with Denis O'Loghlen the task had needed tact and skill; and the very eve of his departure came before Hugh Carew's scruples could be overthrown and he could be persuaded to see that Maura would be happier sharing what the Doctor called his "exile" at Imosgeela than she could now ever be anywhere in the world without him.

It was not Imosgeela, however, that it was finally decided should be their home. Learning from Maura of the Doctor's long-cherished wish, Hugh Carew stipulated that he should take up the chosen branch of his profession now when the means of leisure were within his reach; and the little house on the borders of bogland was kept only as a summer home after the year of strenuous life that was to be lived in Dublin.

After that the only care that Maura had in all the world was the thought of leaving Ula behind. Uncle Hugh had come to be so completely her charge that there was no idea but for her to stay with him as long as he needed her. Maura tried to extract from her a promise



that, after his death, Dublin and not Camphill should be her home until such time as she had a home of her own to claim her presence. But Ula would bind herself by not even the ghost of such a promise.

"Sufficient for the day," she persistently misquoted, "are the arrangements thereof."

And, under the laughing protests that she would wait and see if she were wanted, or that she meant to take such care of Uncle Hugh that he would need her until she was an old woman, Maura, her insight perhaps dimmed by her own great happiness, saw or thought of no deeper hidden meaning. Yet Miss Amy could have given another reason for this apparent clinging to freedom; and so, too, could Father Ram. And this reason remained still hidden, yet unaltered, even when the Corner House had been given over to Oliver and Norah, and Hugh Carew and Ula started a home for themselves on the outskirts of the town, the mistress of which was always in request when anything was going on in the neighborhood.

At first Uncle Hugh had scrutinized each newcomer narrowly, wondering if in him Ula would find what Maura and Norah had both found so happily in Denis and in Oliver. But when she showed first to one and then to another that even the happiness of her brother and sister could not tempt her to accept the most eligible of suitors, then at last her uncle saw what to Miss Amy had been plain for a very long time. Ula, with her merry, childish face and bright, winsome ways, had made up her mind to give her life to God. And she looked forward peacefully and happily to the life of a cloistered nun, when the time came that He no longer called her to stay in the world and tend her uncle.

Even those who knew her best never guessed what a shock the news of Stuart Leigh's end had been to Ula. Since he had left Camphill, her feelings toward

him had been of aversion, almost of active dislike; yet the thought of his soul dashed into eternity had haunted her continually, and the decision of her life was, almost unconsciously to herself, influenced by a wish to give something to God in reparation for the pain that a life so badly spent, so sadly ended, must have given Him. At the time of the double wedding, and for several years after, however, there was no mention made of Ula's choice.

By slow degrees Hugh Carew recovered almost his normal health; and he was even able to take Ula over to see Maura in her Dublin home, and hear at first hand the strides that Denis O'Loughlen was making toward the head of his own branch of his profession. Imosgeela, too, was visited; and Andy McGloon was not forgotten; whilst not far from the White House a farm was bought for Patrick, who, however, could not be persuaded to leave his friend and master, more especially as Anne began to talk of retiring on her savings and of going to keep house for him. Nevertheless, even if the land was let for the time, the feeling of possession was sweet, and Patrick asked for nothing better than what the days brought him in passing.

Then, too, there were reunions at Camphill. The first was when Oliver's literary efforts were crowned with success, and the world as well as his family pronounced him to be an author of ability; and there were others, when the rival merits of babies, not of books, was the prevailing topic of conversation.

And so at last Uncle Hugh was content. The fortune for which he had forfeited so much had not come too late to help those he loved; and, surrounded by them all—some bound to him by blood and kin, some by old friendship, and one by the remembrance of the old, old love,—the sunset of his life became so warm and sweet and peaceful that the thought of loneliness and hardships now long gone by was wiped away and quite forgotten.

## To the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

BY E. BECK.

## QUEEN of the Holy Rosary

Of joys and woes and glories great,  
Pray God our joys may sinless be,  
Whate'er our calling or estate.

Through memory of thy griefs, may we  
Bear well such woes as on us wait,—  
Queen of the Holy Rosary

Of joys and woes and glories great.

That so our lives from sin be free,  
Let death itself come soon or late;  
That so at last we all may see,  
In heaven above, thy glorious state,—

Queen of the Holy Rosary

Of joys and woes and glories great.

## A Month in an Anglican Convent.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

## I.

THOSE who have felt an interest in the Caldey Island conversions may likewise be interested in an account of a month spent in an Anglican convent, amidst the everlasting hills.

There had been a snowfall. The snow lay deep and crisp and new on moor and fell, as I rode over them in an old-fashioned "growler"—otherwise a four-wheeler,—the only vehicle obtainable at the station. I found that the convent had sent to meet me; but as my train was long overdue, owing to a delay on the line, their coming had been in vain.

It was a wild district. Now and again I passed a grey stone homestead; now a milling township; now a jagged scar or cliff; but for the most part it was bare, and the silence was broken only by the cry of a plover or curlew. When I say that the religious house to which I was bound was in the district known to tourists as Bronte Land, because of the Bronte Sisters, and to painters and guide-

books as Wharfedale, you will understand that it was picturesque in the Rembrandt style,—or, if you prefer, it was Turner-esque.

At last I saw rising up before me on top of a crag or hill a large pile of buildings, surmounted by a cross. Lights gleamed through diamond-paned and mulioned windows, and in the chapel they shone through purple, rose, and gold.

We went through a pair of wooden gates, and entered a large stackyard. The driver dismounted and came to the door.

"Leddy, we're there. Shall I ring the bell? Kebs stop here."

"Please." And I stepped out of the growler and took notes.

I was in a stackyard,—there was no mistake about that. My driver, my trunk and I were outside a low-arched door, such as one sees in pictures of mediæval England. We waited for it to be opened, and as we did so, over the moorland came the sound of bells playing very sweetly "Life Let us Cherish." On roof and tree was snow,—nothing but snow.

Presently the door was opened by a woman in a brown and white checked gown, white muslin apron, and stiff white linen cap with wide strings.

"Please come in," she said. "Lady Superior has been expecting you."

I paid my Jehu his fare, and followed my conductress down a long stone passage. We passed arched doorways; from an open one issued the smell of hot cakes,—a sweet, pleasant, spicy scent, reminding one of an oven full of mother's bread.

My guide opened a half glass door. We were in a broad, stone-flagged cloister, "with storied windows richly dight" on either side. Down from the chapel came the sound of sweet and solemn music, and the never-to-be-mistaken odor of incense. In the open doorway of a room to the right was a figure (an unusually tall woman) in the garb of an Anglican Sister of Mercy,—white cornette, or hood, and grey cloth robe with long angel sleeves. The face impressed me as both maternal and ascetic,—the face of one



who had both heart and intellect. She said, "Welcome!" kissed me on both sides of the face, put an arm round me and drew me into her room—her sanctum. It was a plain room, after the pattern of one in an old English abbey. A Calvary of black marble was on the writing table, and a red coal fire burned brightly on the white marble hearth. Religious pictures were on the walls. One of them (as I found later on) was a view of Hursley Rectory, given to Mother Frances by the author of "The Christian Year." Underneath in Keble's writing was a verse of his own hymn:

Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark.  
Amidst the howling, wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee.

I was soon at home with the Mother, who, prior to her entering religion, had been a polished woman of the world, conversant with the most cultured salons of Europe. After our *tête-à-tête* she took me into the chapel, which was as large as an ordinary parish church. I can see that interior now as I write; the encaustic floor, painted windows, oaken stalls, white marble sanctuary steps, grand organ, second only to that in York minster. The Communion Table was draped in white silk, on which was embroidered an *Agnus Dei*, and there were many lights. The Mother and I knelt down side by side, and I like to think that she prayed for a blessing on the stranger within her gates.

When we rose from our knees she introduced me to the refectory—a long, low room, with mullioned windows,—and there I had a good Yorkshire tea: big mince pies, piping hot; new-laid eggs, cold roast beef, and toast. I was very hungry, and I certainly made a hearty meal.

"You will be hungry, my dear," said the Mother.

"As a wolf or a street Arab," was my rejoinder.

And thereat she laughed.

"Now we will go upstairs," she said,

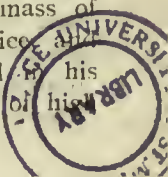
when the generous meal had been duly enjoyed.

So we went up a broad staircase, and found a snug and pleasant room, which said mutely, "Come and rest." A fire was burning cheerily, for it was in the very coldest part of England; and through the latticed windows could be seen an expanse of snowy garden and white-capped hills.

I found myself wondering if I should awake in time, and hoping that I should, before dropping off to sleep. However, I awoke quite early; and, in company with a guest, went into the community room, where I found a small band of Sisters and visitors, all keeping silence. In the course of a few minutes the folding doors opened, Mother Frances looked in, and we all rose and followed in her train to the refectory. Breakfast, of course, was a silent meal. The book being read was a Life of St. Francis de Sales. After breakfast I was taken over the building; and I saw long dormitories, a class or sewing room, a laundry, and a probationers' room.

I should mention that the work of these nuns was varied. They received poor penitent girls, and helped them to turn over a new leaf; had a middle-class school, did parish work, and later on received girls of the higher class whose minds needed careful training. I was glad and proud to help with the penitents and the young girls last named.

The chaplain resided at the Vicarage, and there was "Celebration" three or four times per week. I both liked and revered the "Silver Poplar," as the warden was styled by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. He belonged to an old Northern family, and had dedicated himself, his fortune, and his talents to the service of his Church. He was a man of courtly manners, and of what old romancers would have called martial bearing, with a mass of silver hair and a kind, deep voice. He was another Vicar of Wakefield in his parish. Indeed, he met the offer of his



preferment with the simple words, "I dwell among mine own people." And amongst them, in later years, he fell asleep.

I went to walk one day and saw the house in which the work was started. It was a plain grey stone homestead, which I instantly dubbed the House of the Pear Tree, because an old fruit tree adorned the small front garden.

To this homely spot came Mother Frances, and in it she began her mission. It lacked beauty of sculptured stone, of painting, of marble; but the angel glories of kindness and of charity were there. The Offices, or Hours, were repeated in the chapel, and were much like Catholic ones, only in English. Vestments were worn, and on high days incense was used at the *Magnificat*. The rule was simple and severe. There was necessarily much silence. The word *Silentium* in the central cloister was the keynote.

The community was divided into three classes—the Sisters and Probationers; the Associates or outer members, corresponding to the Tertiaries of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders; and the Brown Girls or vowed penitents. In course of time I became an Associate, wore the broad blue ribbon and silver medal appertaining to the Order.

It may be interesting to note one or two slight personal experiences,—at least I venture to hope so. Visitors were expected to wear either grey or black gowns, and, as I was ignorant of this, I was unsupplied with either. My weekday costume was a Rob Roy tartan; my Sunday, a deep heliotrope trimmed with white lace. I must own that I was much attached to this latter. When I saw the printed card as to dress, I went straight to the Mother and told her, adding that I *should* like to wear my heliotrope dress; my mother had chosen it, and I liked it. She smiled and said: "We will see, dear." So at recreation, when all were gathered in the community room, she (to my confusion) told them of my dilemma, and asked if they would *all* like me to wear

the Sunday gown. They graciously replied, "With pleasure." And Sunday saw me in the dress.

At that time I had a habit of writing meditations; and one night I put a wrapper on, and sat writing in my room, with everyone else in bed. I forgot the progress of time, and went on and on. All at once there came a tap at the door. I said, "Come in!" And Mother Frances entered. I was covered with confusion. There was the gas; there was the table littered with manuscripts; there was I, the culprit, with a white wrapper, a red face, and my pen in my hand!

"I was going through the house for a last look round," Mother Frances said, "and saw the light, and feared you were ill. But now I see. Fie, fie, you naughty girl! May I see what you were writing?"

"Yes, Mother, of course."

She sat down at the little table and began to read the many pages. I fear to think what she *did* read. I had put down what I thought, saw, remembered. I am ashamed to add that I had in my wisdom written about signs of vocations, and so on. Every now and again she smiled. When she had finished she said:

"Well, child, I will give you something to write to-morrow. But we must try to keep the rules and have lights out."

As she gently said "Good-night!" I could not doubt that I was pardoned.

The next day there was a ream of foolscap, a time-worn volume of Bourdaloue, an antique chair, an inkstand, all ready for me; and Bourdaloue was down on my time-table. I was to translate the French preacher's meditations for the mistress of novices.

Now I must tell a little about the work. As I have said, it was varied. The largest part of it by far was the Magdalen portion. When the wanderers first came, they were placed on probation, and, save for being with us in the chapel, lived apart from the others. Now and again a poor stray sheep came and was harbored. I sometimes helped the Sisters by taking



charge of them, and met with some strange and interesting characters.

One of these was a woman called Vielle Catharine, who had been a "wanderfoot" all her days. Her father, a Scotchman, had settled in Canada; and, being himself a rover, had taken his little lass with him in his wanderings through the dense forests of Canada and into Indian wigwams. She used to describe the market-place of old Quebec, and tell of her lonely life after the roving father had crossed the "great divide." All the flotsam and jetsam saved during her wanderings were contained in a small basket; and on her road to the Sisterhood she had, as she thought, left it at a roadside station where she had rested. "I'd be weel content," she said to me, "if I could have my wee basket." I told this to the Sister Superior, who said: "We must try to find poor Catharine's treasures." And she wrote to several station masters. At last one happy day the parcel van brought the wee basket, and old Catharine settled down.

Then there was a gypsy girl, a Romany, who came in the snow-time, and did *not* settle down. But that is another story.

## II.

I have heard an Associate of this same religious community compare the convent to a beautiful cradle without a child in it; for there was no Tabernacle in the exquisite chapel. The Immaculate was not the Mother of it; an army of saints and martyrs were absent from it; and Peter was not loved and venerated as the chief shepherd. The *Magnificat* was beautifully sung, but the *Memorare* was not said. The doctrine of Consubstantiation deprived the Communion service of its glory. Heads were bowed at the Consecration, but no one said, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

I felt this void ever strongly and more strongly. The Branch theory, which holds the Anglican Church to be a branch of the old Catholic, did not satisfy me. In vulgar parlance, I believed that the

Tudor Bluebeard had grubbed up the tree, and that there were *no* branches. If one desired to shelter in the shade of the old pre-Reformation oak, one must seek the gardener of souls, the old man glorious, who had planted his trees in all countries before he died, head downward, on a cross, for his Master, in Imperial Rome. To my thinking, the pilgrim on his way to the Celestial City was perpetually brought to a standstill by "Halt! Here thou must stay"; or, "Over this wall is Rome"; or, "These are the Anglican boundaries."

The grand organ gave out wave upon wave of sound; the glorious voice of Sister L. began:

*Ave Maria*, Mother blest,  
To whom, caressing and caressed,  
Clings the Eternal Child!"

But you might not ask that Mother to turn mother-like to that Son and plead for you,—to show herself a mother. Then, again, the belief in the primacy of Peter would shut the convent confessional, because the promise was not given to Paul, and the English Church had cut herself adrift from Peter's Barque.

These matters troubled me now and again, and I once spoke of them to the director, who was a profound scholar.

"For instance," said I, "I should like the Litany of Loreto sung or recited here daily."

He was most kind and sympathetic; assured me that he himself said the same Litany daily, and added:

"I have told the Mother that it would be well not to count upon your being a Sister here, as she does; for you may enter the Roman obedience any day. I have seen it from the first."

A Cowley Father (the community of Anglican monks to which Father Rivington belonged) came and gave a three days' retreat to the Sisters and Associates. This Father was going to the United States as rector of a parish in one of the large cities; and, in response to a question he asked, I thought it only

right to tell him that which I had told the convent chaplain. He replied that he had a great friend, an Anglican cleric, who, he was certain, would soon enter the Catholic Church, as he always kept repeating, "Halfway, halfway!" when speaking of Anglican doctrines and practices. I am now at liberty to add that this friend did enter the Fold, and became a distinguished priest.

An Associate of the community in later years became a spiritual daughter of Newman's. They prayed together in the Edgbaston Oratory, and she is now a devout Catholic, teaching a selfless life, whom I call "my little white sister." So, as you see, this Sisterhood led some souls to the feet of *magna mater*.

Mother Frances heard her Master's call in the prime of life. Had she lived longer, she, too, might have come to that mother's arms. She was a noble soul, and rich in charity, and is a treasured memory in my heart. Even now I often seem to see her in her stall at Vespers, with the light from the Good Shepherd window falling on her kind and spiritual face, and I hear her singing:

"Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door,  
Teach us the prize of life to win;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within."

Earnestly and humbly I pray that we two may some time meet at that same high door, which leadeth to His Throne. And, more: I pray that the words said to me but yesterday by a non-Catholic may prove true: "In another generation England may be Catholic again." The feet of all the pilgrims will have reached Eternal Rome.

I may add that I paid many other yearly visits to this Northern convent, and wore the blue ribbon of an Associate; met many of the leaders of the High Church party; gladly helped the Sisters in their labors. Then one springtime, when the lilacs in the lilac walk were showing their purple tassels, and the moor birds hopped about on the great, green

lawn, deep trouble, bitter trouble, came to my nearest and dearest; and I felt that I must curtail my visit. More: it was borne upon me that I should never kneel in my stall again; never again sleep a dreamless sleep in my little white nest, or do my translations, or watch over the penitents, or give my history and English lessons; or now and again walk over the moorlands and talk to the mill hands. For I knew that I should follow Peter, even as Peter had followed his Master.

The Church which did more than chant, "Thee the white-robed army of martyrs doth praise," which believed in their help, in their compassionate intercession, was the Church for *me*. The Church which gave its children supernatural aids in the wilderness was the one for me. The *magna mater* who pointed to the Immaculate beside the Cross, with "Behold my fairest, my spotless daughter!" was the spiritual mother of my soul. And so I told Mother Frances on the day of my departure, when she said in her sweet and loving way: "Won't you come to me? Won't you come and be my daughter, after you have done that which you have to do? My child, *come!*" The kind words were at once calm and piercing, but I answered: "Mother, I must go to the Catholic Church. Perhaps I should have gone before."

I like to remember that she put her arm around me and drew me to her, all the same; that her arm was still round me as I went to the gate; that she kissed and blessed me, murmuring, "I can not say good-bye. Always remember that I love you, and I wait"; that, although I never saw her again, her sweet love has followed me like a blessing all the days of my life; and from the feet of Peter I pray: "Rest in peace, pure soul, whose mantle whilst in the flesh was the mantle of charity!"

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To love is to wish the other's highest good. That is the love of a Christian, at least.—"Come Rack! Come Rope!"



## From the Ranks of Unbelief.

BY EVELINE COLE.

THE conflict, he told the priest, had been going on for years. He believed now that the hour had struck for it to cease. That was why he sought reception into the Church. He made no secret of the fact that he had immense difficulties, which indeed looked almost mountainous. "But they will be resolved by you," the voice concluded tranquilly.

Would they! The priest wondered; for his heart misgave him in the presence of this giant, massive alike physically and mentally, with a personality of the calibre of a Beethoven or a Michael Angelo. These names at least irresistibly occurred to his mind as he gazed at the man. A wide face, with hair tossed back from a broad forehead; deep-set eyes far apart, with eyebrows rising to the point which reveals the erratic temperament; the nose long, the mouth and cleft chin firm and strong.

How was he, a raw young priest fresh from the seminary, to cope with this scholar, widely read, and with half a lifetime's experience behind him? The keen eyes were reading him now, he felt, seeing easily into his soul, detecting these apprehensions. Why had the man come to him, the assistant priest, rather than to the learned rector, who could have met him on his own level?

The alarming visitor's next words, uttered after he had finished a very deliberate scrutiny of the priest's face, left that nervous individual no way of escape.

"You're my man. I can trust you," he announced coolly; "and you'll have to guide me by much the same route as Virgil did Dante, I think; for the depths I've got into are pretty black. But you've thrown me a bit of rope now and then in your sermons. You got on the same line as Newman: that religious belief is part of our moral probation. It was some

uncomfortable sentence to that effect that pushed me down,—something about truth being attainable, and its rays streaming in through our moral as well as our intellectual being. We unreal men of books and arguments neglect all that. And the second thing I saw was that no one can make the 'Everlasting Yea' heard above the modern hullabaloo except the Catholic Church. More's the pity the user of the phrase didn't look that way," he concluded.

"Yes," said the priest, interested; "he heard our 'grand idolatrous music' once, you remember, and admitted that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship still remaining."

The young priest was gratified at the tribute to his preaching, but still felt that the fish was too big for his net.

The would-be convert continued in words not exactly reassuring:

"I'm steeped in sceptical literature, you see. I know pretty well all they say on that side; but I expect the old Church has her answers ready, and I've come to you to hear them,—that is, if you'll be good enough to act as interpreter."

There was in the last words almost a note of pleading, which shamed the priest. He roused himself.

"I am gladly at your service," he said. Then, to test this rather terrifying inquirer's humility, he added: "The Church as a teacher demands pupils, not (as folk have unfortunately learned to be in the present day) critics; and it is truly said that she relies less on arguments than on her divine mission. You know our Catechism, perhaps?"

"Scarcely a word," returned the giant, frankly. "But I'll make it my own, if you'll give me a week or two."

So the priest had given him a little Catechism and some other books and let him go, with an appointment for the following week.

It was after six months' strenuous instruction, based on the Catechism—which, true to his word, the stranger had thor-

oughly conned,—that the new convert's reception into the Church took place. At the end of that period, when the catechumen demanded enrolment in the Christian army, the priest felt he had no right to delay longer. This convert had caused him the same sense of anxiety and alternations of hope and fear with which one watches a storm-tossed ship laboring on a rough sea. There was about him a grim earnestness which invested his mental struggles with an almost tragic significance, and the priest could hardly believe but that rocks must still lie ahead. If he should admit a possible apostate into the Church!

Yet this man, worn and battle-marked, had already graduated in that conflict of the spirit where the natural and the spiritual man face each other none the less squarely because the battlefield lies in the region of the mind rather than in that of the flesh. That the strife might perchance have to be continued in his course as a Catholic was no valid reason for refusing him admission into the Church; rather the reverse, provided that his dispositions were sound and good.

None the less, in these days of endless questionings and mental unrest, the priest would have preferred a convert of less dangerous antecedents. And the months of instruction,—what a period of hard work they had been for him! He would perhaps have been reassured if he had known a certain preliminary to his convert's reception. If exultation filled the heart of the man, it was certainly not explainable on natural grounds; for that morning he had made his act of renunciation of material prosperity,—severing once and for all his connection with the publishing firm of Messrs. A., and facing, at fifty years of age, the beginning of life over again. But of this the priest knew nothing.

As the broad figure pursued its way through the crowded thoroughfare which ran from the presbytery to his home, unconscious of the human stream around him, his mind was working busily on

problems ranging from the securing of cheaper lodgings to the persuading of those he had left behind to mount the Rock of Peter which he now felt so securely under his own feet. So absorbed was he in his meditations that he was face to face with one of the old comrades, whose ranks he had renounced but half an hour since, before he was aware of the other's presence.

For a moment the big convert, still dazed with his abstraction into the mental world, looked at his quondam friend unseeing. But the other, a younger and a smaller man in every sense of the word, recalled him to external realities by an epithet which brought the blood to his face. Personal dignity was, perhaps, dearer to this man than any other possession, and no one had ever before questioned his fair fame. Then he remembered he must speak no careless word. If he fought, it must be restrainedly; for the Christian sword is finely tempered of justice.

"So it's true!" resumed the contemptuous voice. "I waited to see with my own eyes rather than trust others' reports."

"Yes, it's true," answered the former editor of the —, facing his opponent with calm, unashamed gaze, his momentary anger quelled by the realization that here, perhaps, was his first call to active service.

"And you're not ashamed to admit it?" cried the other, bitterly.

"What I have to admit is not shameful," returned the elder man; "nor am I coward, traitor or renegade any more than was St. Paul."

"St. Paul!" sneered his accuser. "And, after nineteen hundred years of enlightenment, you, who have always been our pioneer and led us, could find nothing better to do than to *follow*—and in his apostate footsteps!"

"It is precisely the study of the nineteen hundred years' enlightenment, and the discovery that you and I have been working to darken it, which led me into



them," observed the other. "Come to my rooms, old friend, and let us talk it over a bit." And he laid a compelling hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"Friend!" scoffed the other, bitterly. "Foe rather! I shall denounce you this very night at the Club. May your lying religion choke you with its falsehoods!" And, with something which sounded like an additional curse, he was gone.

But the new disciple, whose lips were moving in some silent speech, forgot to feel resentment.

An hour later he stood in his library, facing his bookshelves. Something primitive in his nature, which made him impatient of all compromises or "middle ways," led him to contemplate the sweeping destruction by fire of what had cost him years of laborious care to amass. He thought of Savonarola and of the bonfires in the market-place at Florence, and of the many holocausts of books—of heresy or of magic—of which he had read. There was Scriptural precedent for the deed, and did not his own belong to the same unwholesome catalogue?

Nevertheless, in the old days, while he was still the poor man he bade fair to become again, how he had pinched and starved to buy these same books,—finding in them, as he believed, food for his spirit! Now he saw that often enough when he had asked for bread he had received a stone. Yet throughout his free-thinking days some quality of heart or mind, some wholesome intuition of conscience, had enabled him to escape the danger to the spirit inherent in such writings, even while his intellect rejoiced in the apparent critical acumen of the literature which advancing years and experience had taught him to discount.

He pictured the shelves which lined two sides of his room, gaping and empty, and their gradual refilling with Catholic books. How he would revel in his evenings spent with the 'dumb ox whose bellowings had filled the world,' or with a Suarez or a Bellarmine! His eyes travelled down the

rows of solid and serviceably bound books, meet for much use and handling, till his gaze rested on the lowest shelves, where lay piles of unbound periodicals,—the *Clarion*, the *Weekly Freethinker*, the *Monthly Truthseeker*. How strange to think that in the next number he himself would be denounced in the very paper of which he had been editor! Then passion welled up in him at the thought of his own printed words against his Lord. There they lay, line after line, page after page. They at least should not be spared.

He fell on his knees and dragged the piles of papers from their place. There were too many to burn on the hearth. He rang the bell and asked the landlady, who answered it, if her boy would help him to burn some old papers. Might they have a bonfire in the garden? The landlady assented, reflecting that, if eccentric, her lodger had always been a "good sort." Her boy Tommy told her afterward that Mr. Langton had watched the fire "like a bulldog that won't never let go," till the last scrap of paper was burned. The convert felt better after that; and, returning to his room, smiled grimly at the empty shelves. It was an earnest of more clearance to come.

Then, tired out, he flung himself into a capacious chair by the fireside, musing contentedly on his new mental outlook. Life now looked a richer, though more dangerous, possession, seeing that it had issue in heaven or hell. It had been even as an algebraic sum in which he had attached wrong values to the letters; but, led by the old creed, he had taken soundings of the spiritual *oceanus* which surrounds human life, and found it of fathomless depths. Man, whom, it is said, the study of evolutionary processes tends to reduce to less and less, in the light of Christian teaching resumed his full spiritual stature.

Then his thoughts reverted to his old literary companions, and they passed in review before his inward vision; some attaining to the stoical calm acceptance

of life; others blasphemous and defiant; but most of those in his more immediate field of vision, his own contemporaries, bent and weighed down under the burden of unbelief, like a Dantesque file in copes of lead; the greater number sincere enough, striving often to replace with some high doctrine the things which belong to man's peace.

There were the George Eliots, to whom religious belief seemed only a reflection of the need of the human heart; the Carlyles, with their agonized lifelong struggle with the "Everlasting No"; the Rénans, with their calm assumption that intellectual culture will exclude supernatural belief; the Comtes, with their religion of pure humanity, descending in the Heines into the license called Hellenism; the Arthur Cloughs, with their sad refrain, "Christ is not risen"; the Arthur Symonds, to whom the world invisible is an enigma and a torment.

Types, these, of some of the myriad forms of present-day unbelief. Further away, in dimmer perspective, were the Gibbons, Humes and Voltaires of past centuries. How well he knew the voices of these figures and their blasphemies, defiance, laments,—many of them, in despite of themselves, Balaams, who came to curse but remained to bless, from whose significant admissions a whole volume of apologetics might be compiled!

One act of imprudence he was firmly resolved to commit. Before he considered ways and means, he would secure the antidotes to all this poison: wholesome text-books of Christian dogma and philosophy, and some fragments at least of the glorious literature of the saints.

"Mr. Langton wishes particularly to see you, Father," announced the house-keeper, tapping at the door of the young priest's room.

"Oh!" said the priest. "Tell him I'll be down directly."

He primed himself for the interview, scarcely admitting that he dreaded it.

Why should his new convert want particularly to see him the very next morning after his reception? Had he already repented his step of the day before?

But his fears were soon set at rest, at least temporarily. The sunshine of the morning seemed to have got onto the catechumen's face, and he grasped the priest's hand in a mighty grip.

"Sorry to trouble you so early, Father; but I'm off to the city to look for work; and I want your advice before I spend my last shilling in Paternoster Row."

"Yes?" interrogated the priest, reassured but not comprehending.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Langton, "it's a question of books. My library has been my life hobby, and last night I had a little vision—nothing supernatural, but enough to keep my feet straight in the way of belief,—I saw I must clear out a bit. I made a bonfire of my own rubbish, and I'm not sure I'll spare other folks. Anyway, there's weeding out to be done to make room for the newcomers. I know you're something of a scholar, and I want your advice as to the best editions of your classics, your St. Thomas, and your Suarez."

The priest nodded, intensely relieved; and a delightful hour was spent over catalogues and bookshelves. Then, as he wished his new convert Godspeed, his anxiety again got the better of him.

"And you have no intellectual difficulties, no doubts?" he queried.

"Only such as become the raw learner you took care to tell me I was at the beginning!" returned the convert, quietly.

But as he lifted his eyes there was that in them which, somehow, revealed to the priest that he had asked a ridiculous question.

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THERE are only two classes of people who can be called reasonable: those who serve God with their whole heart because they know Him, and those who seek Him with their whole heart because they know Him not,—*Pascal*.



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

October 12, Twenty-Second Sunday after  
Pentecost.

ANCIENT liturgical commentators see in the Mass of this Sunday many references to the reign of Antichrist and the persecutions awaiting the Church in those evil days. Without losing sight of this interpretation of the formulas, we may apply them also to the spiritual warfare which the soul has continually to wage against sin.

The Introit is taken from a psalm familiar enough to all Catholics—the *De Profundis*. It is not certain, but probable, that the psalm was intended to refer in its primary sense to the captivity of the Jews in Babylon. It is a cry of dire distress from a loathsome dungeon,—expressive of hope in God alone, since He only can help. It applies, therefore, equally well to the Church oppressed by God's enemy, or to the soul groaning under the bondage of sin; or, in the sense we so often use it, to the suffering members of the Church in the prison of purgatory. "If Thou, O Lord," is the cry of the Introit, "wilt mark iniquities, Lord, who shall abide it? For with Thee, O God of Israel, there is merciful forgiveness!" Then follows the psalm: "Out of the depths"—the profound abyss of misery and woe, or the rock-hewn dungeon—"have I cried unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice." The whole psalm, once sung in its entirety in this Mass, is a prayer of contrite sorrow, yet at the same time a psalm of hope in the compassionate love of a Divine Redemer.

The Collect carries on this strain: "O God, our refuge and our strength, the very source of piety, be attentive to the pious prayers of Thy Church; and grant that what we ask with faith we may assuredly obtain." In all our misery we have a "Refuge"; however weak and

helpless we may know ourselves to be, the Almighty, who is our "strength," will never fail us. He has given that piety (dutiful affection) to the prayers of the Church which will move Him to grant them.

St. Paul in the Epistle directs the thoughts of his beloved Philippians toward the last day. Yet he speaks of it twice as the "day of Christ,"—that day when Christ will reign, having overcome all adversaries. Though speaking from a prison, the Apostle rejoices at the trials he is permitted to suffer for Christ's sake. "In my bands, and in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, you are all partakers of my joy."

The band of fraternal love which ought to reign among Christians, and which is their safeguard against falling away from God, is the theme of the Gradual. St. Paul has said in the Epistle that he would have charity "more and more abound" among his disciples, and that he prayed particularly for this. Charity alone can bring union. "Above all these things," he says to the Colossians, "have charity, which is the bond of perfection." "All other bonds of human society are easily broken by the slightest provocation; charity is eternal and indissoluble," says a learned commentator. Therefore sings this Gradual: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment on the head, that ran down upon the beard, the beard of Aaron." Charity, fragrant, healing, soothing, procures and preserves peace for the whole body.

The Alleluia verse reminds us that God blesses those who are striving to be faithful. "Let them that fear the Lord hope in Him: He is their helper and their protector." Sorrow and misery can not overcome those whose hope is ever fixed upon Him.

The Gospel recounts one of many incidents in the life of our Blessed Lord, when His enemies "consulted among

themselves how to ensnare Jesus in His speech." It must be a reminder to us that persecution at the hands of Satan and his emissaries must be to some extent the lot of the followers of Jesus also. To despairing sinners the victory of Our Lord should be an encouragement, since with His merciful aid they may be conquerors too.

The Offertory verse is one of those, sometimes met with, which have been curtailed. In its original form it embraced certain additional verses adapted from Holy Scripture, which gave it the form of a responsory. It is part of Esther's prayer before venturing to appear before the King to supplicate for the lives of her fellow-countrymen, the Jews, whose destruction had been decreed. Esther represents the Church in peril, and with equal fitness the soul in need of immediate help. After giving the text as it now stands, we shall add the omitted parts. "Remember me, O Lord, Thou who rulest above all power; and give a well-ordered speech in my mouth, that my words may be pleasing in the sight of the prince." "Remember that I have stood in Thy sight. Turn his heart into hatred of them that oppose us, and of them that consent unto them; but deliver us by Thy hand, O our God forever! O Thou that rulest Israel, give ear,—Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep! Remember me, O Lord!"

The Communion verse is another earnest prayer from the Church to her Lord. It will serve as an example of what our petitions ought to be—full of persevering ardor: "I have cried out" (to Thee) "because Thou, O God, hast heard me; bend down Thine ear and graciously hearken to my words" (as hitherto Thou hast done).

I EXPECT to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*Anon.*

### Mystery Plays and Popular Poems of the Middle Ages.

THE mystery plays, so popular in the Middle Ages, though differing in their degrees of merit, and often couched in quaint and even untutored language, always treated of the Blessed Virgin Mary, writes a learned authority, "not only reverently, but with great propriety." They were, moreover, a singularly effective method of bringing home to the hearts of the people the most solemn truths of religion, as were the popular poems of the same period. For example, a poem of the fourteenth century, entitled "The Lamentation of Mary," represents Our Lady as speaking to some happy mother, between whose joys and her own unfathomable sorrow she draws a sharp and moving contrast:

Of all women that ever were born  
That bare childer, abide and see  
How my Son lieth me beforne,  
Upon my skirt taken fro the tree.  
Your children ye dance upon your knee  
With laughing, kissing, and merry cheer;  
Behold my Child, behold well me;  
For now lieth dead my dear Son dear. . . .  
Thou hast thy son full whole and sounde,  
And mine is dead upon my knee;  
Thy child is loose, and mine is bounde;  
Thy child is lyf,\* and mine—dead is He!

The poem continues at some length; but the foregoing lines, so instinct with simple pathos, will suffice. They are interesting in themselves as showing how the Dolors of Christ's Blessed Mother served as a favorite theme; but they are not less interesting because they aptly describe those images of the Immaculate Virgin so frequently to be found during the Ages of Faith under the title of "Our Lady of Pity."

It would be a mistake to suppose that plays and poems dealing with the truths of religion did not become popular until the Middle Ages. A drama entitled "The Threnodia; or, Mary's Lament," was represented in Constantinople as early as the fourth century.

\* Alive.



## Catholic Women and the Theatre.

THEATRICAL performances which are very generally applauded by press and public as wholesome, clean, and quite unobjectionable, are nevertheless, to the mind of the judicious moralist, so often not merely remote but proximate occasions of sin, that when plays are openly denounced by reputable newspapers as being frankly immoral, there can be small doubt as to the utter vileness of such productions. Under the caption "Testing the Cult of Nastiness," the *New York Sun* recently gave leader-prominence to this brief editorial:

No criticism can fairly be made of the authorities for their action on two notorious plays now presented in expensive theatres in this town. They have heeded the protests of those who in the name of common decency and common-sense cried out against the exploitation of prostitution for gain, and have set in operation the legal processes designed to confine one kind of viciousness to the darkness of its natural environment.

Whether these actions will succeed in their specific objects is a question not to be considered here. Yet it may be said confidently, regardless of their outcome, that no imposition of criminal penalties, no suppression of one or two or half a dozen plays, will suffice to end the plague of obscenity of which they are incidents, if that affliction enlists the support, whatever disguise or pretence it may wear, of a majority of the public.

That the appetite for nastiness is general and deep-seated sane men will refuse to believe, and they will accept the present prosecutions as indexing accurately the real sentiments of the vast majority of citizens of this town.

The phrase, "the plague of obscenity," is a graphic characterization of the epidemic of licentiousness which is apparently running riot throughout the fashionable, or would-be fashionable, circles of our urban centres at the present time; and which, in the ordinary course of events, will inevitably spread to the smaller towns, villages, and rural districts. Indecent plays on the stage are merely the natural concomitants of indecent dress on the public thoroughfares

and indecent dances in public or private ballrooms.

Suppression by law of flagrant violations of decency is, of course, desirable; but the writer of the foregoing editorial is entirely correct in asserting that the plague will not be ended so long as it "enlists the support, whatever disguise or pretence it may wear, of a majority of the public." And just here comes in one of the paramount duties of the Catholic women of the day. In large numbers, they are theatre-goers in every considerable city or town; and, accordingly, on their patronage or their boycotting of specific dramas will largely depend the presentation of such dramas or their withdrawal from the boards. Theatrical managers, even the most unscrupulous of them, will not persist in exploiting nastiness unless it pays.

It is not enough for Catholic women as organized bodies, "Daughters of the Faith," or others, to denounce and "resolve" against the degenerate theatre. What is imperatively needed is the vigorous exertion of the individual Catholic woman's personal influence against the nastiness that confronts her in her own immediate sphere of action. She can not only refrain, herself, from attending lewd, or quasi-lewd, dramatic representations; but she can also prevent the attendance of her daughters and (let us hope) her sons; and can, moreover, by her outspoken denunciations of such degrading exhibitions, very likely deter several of her neighbors from lending to them the encouragement of their presence.

We have said "she can" prevent her own and her children's attendance at such plays; needless to add that in the case of notorious plays, such as are castigated in the press as dramas of "debauchery" and "filth," she not only can but, under pain of grievous sin, *must* take such action. No finespun distinctions between artistic criticism of the drama and complacency in the vileness manifested, no alleged imperviousness to

temptations resulting from the depicted lewdness, avail to give the lie to the wise man's dictum that one can not touch pitch without being defiled. Even were it true that she, personally, incurs no danger from witnessing such plays, her presence at their production can scarcely escape being a scandal.

Let it be said in conclusion that Catholic mothers need, in our day, not only to be especially circumspect as to frequenting theatres proper, but as to allowing their younger children to frequent the moving-picture shows with which our towns and cities are being overrun. While some—many indeed—of such shows are unobjectionable, many more are the reverse of wholesome. As professed children of Mary, all our Catholic women are bound to oppose vigorously, by word and example, such agencies and influences as are destructive of the beautiful virtue that is especially dear to the Immaculate Mother of God.

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#### Honor to Catholic Germany.

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IT is a striking fact—as indisputable as it is remarkable—that Germany, the land of Luther and where the so-called Reformation was begun, is now second only to France as an evangelizer of the heathen. Catholic missionaries from the Fatherland, during the last twenty-five years, have spread all over the world, and their number is constantly increasing. Some interesting statistics on this subject are furnished by a German priest, writing in the *Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*, which hails from Dublin.

When the present Emperor ascended the throne in 1888, there was only one Catholic foreign mission establishment in all Germany,—that of the Benedictines of St. Odilio. Any one wishing to join another religious Order or Congregation, with the view of becoming a missionary in heathen lands, had to go abroad. Even missionary Congregations working

in German colonies were not allowed to train up missionaries in Germany. Meantime several communities of men and women have been established for this very purpose, with the full, even cordial, approval of Kaiser William. At present there are in the German colonies of Africa, Asia, and Australia as many as eleven Apostolic Vicariates and six Apostolic Prefectures. Two hundred and twenty-one mission houses and residences are staffed by 423 priests, 227 lay-brothers, and 385 nuns. The total number of German Catholic missionaries, therefore, amounts to 1035. To these must be added 1378 native teachers of both sexes. Of Catholic schools there are about 700, attended by nearly 64,000 scholars. There are also 185 charitable institutions. Of the 12,120,000 inhabitants of the German Protectorates, about 140,000 are Catholic, while 54,000 more are under instruction. This increase in mission work abroad goes hand in hand with a corresponding growth of missionary zeal among Catholics at home. Several periodicals have brought this noble spirit of missionary enterprise under the notice of their large circle of readers, who contribute most generously to the support of the missions.

The Fathers of the Congregation of the Divine Word and the Sisters of the Holy Ghost are, perhaps, the most numerous of German missionary communities; and are to be found in every quarter of heathendom. The extent of their labors in the United States, considering how recently they were established here, seems almost miraculous. The Father General of the first mentioned Congregation, who lately completed a tour of the missions under his charge throughout the world, declares that the most promising of all are those among the Negroes of the South. We hope it will be no indiscretion to state that these flourishing missions owe their inception to Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago,—one of many inestimable benefits rendered by him to the Church in the United States.



## Notes and Remarks.

Non-Catholics of all classes no less than Catholics themselves must admire the forbearance of the Bishop of Pittsburgh, shown in the reasons assigned by him for advising the abandonment this year of a parade of the Holy Name Societies of his episcopal city. He writes: "When the procession might be regarded as an ostentatious display of numerical strength to challenge the intolerant and evil-minded, or represented as a disguised political demonstration, then Christian charity and prudence counsel us to pause and forego our plans for this year rather than exasperate still more minds already excited and unbalanced by the fever of anti-Catholic prejudice and rancor."

But Bishop Canevin betrays no weakness. On the contrary, he takes occasion to rebuke the bigots whose attitude influenced the step which he felt obliged to take, and adds to the foregoing: "In these days of excited bigotry, when the entire Church is condemned for the crimes and scandals of a few degenerate members, considerations of charity, truth, justice, or peace do not restrain the malignity of distempered zealots and anti-Catholic politicians, in their efforts to incite intolerance and destroy the peace and confidence which fellow-citizens and neighbors ought to cherish toward one another."

To a recent issue of the *London Catholic Times* Sir Bertram Windle, the Catholic scientist, contributes a lengthy commentary on the Birmingham address of Sir Oliver Lodge. Thus popularly treated, the address in question is found to be an acknowledgment that there is no necessary antagonism between Science and Religion. Sir Oliver very definitely and flatly contradicts the statement of Professor Schaefer and his followers, that chemical and physical methods will account for everything in life; and he denounces those who would illegitimately

extend the province of science beyond its proper bounds. Couched in the technical terms best suited to the members of the British Association whom he was addressing, Sir Oliver's pronouncements upon these two points were unmistakable: the immortality of the soul and belief in God as the final explanation of what must otherwise be inexplicable.

Our readers are familiar with our opinion of the Industrial Workers of the World, and of the necessity of effectively checking the growth of their propaganda. Some of these I. W. W. firebrands have recently been abusing the right of free speech in Chicago; and we are glad to see the *Inter-Ocean* prompting the civic authorities to prevent rather than repair disasters. "The time to quell a riot," it says, "is at its beginning. These brutal and childish malcontents—these enviers of others' prosperity and coveters of others' goods, arrayed under the I. W. W. banner—are preparing other Haymarket riots for Chicago. They will not overturn society, of course. But if they are permitted to go on inciting to violence, they will redden the pavements of Chicago with human blood."

For the benefit of that very large class of persons who prefer specific statements to glittering generalities, the president of the English Catholic Social Guild recently wrote:

If it be asked what are the duties of employer and employed, it may be impossible to give more than a general reply to so general a question. The nature of employment and its contracts vary so considerably that each case must be judged according to its own specific conditions. The chief duties of the worker may be stated in a few words: (a) to perform his work honestly; (b) to observe faithfully all just agreements; (c) to avoid all injury to the property of the employer; (d) in case of dispute to urge its claims reasonably. Add to these respect and submission to authority, good behavior, moderation in judgment, speech, and conduct. The duties of the employer are, in substance,

the following: (a) to make a fair provision for the support of the workman; (b) to adhere to all just agreements; (c) to respect the dignity of the workman; (d) to show regard for his health and safety; (e) to allow him time for his physical restoration by means of rest and recreation; (f) to allow him time for the performance of his religious, domestic, and civic duties. As regards the head of the establishment: Good example, watchfulness with regard to the conduct of the employees, protection of the young and innocent from contamination, material and other assistance in special circumstances.

A fairly comprehensive statement of the reciprocal obligations of wage-payer and wage-earner. Faithful acquittal of these obligations would smooth many difficulties of the labor problem, and would practically eliminate strikes.

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Father Poland, S. J., writes trenchantly, in *America*, of what he styles the new paganism—the substitute which the sapient philosophers of the twentieth century offer for the Christian civilization which they apparently deem effete. Says their critic: "The new paganism is a depraved naturalism that has fallen away from the supernatural, which the old paganism did not know. It is twice reprobate. Its type is the spiritual soul, which, being made only 'a little less than the angels,' and being once regenerate, might have chosen to become even 'as the angels of God in heaven,' but has preferred an animalism lower than the animal. It has chosen to go down and down, and has used its endowments of intelligence to reach to depths below the level of the beast."

Vigorous but not overdrawn.

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One prophecy, somewhat generally made when France expelled her religious Congregations, has fortunately not been verified. It was thought that there would be a notable falling off in French contributions to the Propagation of the Faith. The event has proved to be just the reverse. The Society for the Propagation now receives from the French circles a larger income than it ever had before.

In view of the rather caustic criticism to which the Catholic world at large has for some years been treating our co-religionists in France, it is worth while stating—and with due humility pondering upon—the fact that France has for many years been contributing to the work of the Propagation more money than the Society receives from all the rest of the Catholic world. "Sometimes when we are inclined to boast of our own deeds and to belittle France," says the Paris correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, "let us remember that Catholic France has contributed literally tens of thousands of dollars to the upkeep of missions within the boundaries of the United States; and—she is still contributing to the same purpose."

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In connection with the Caldey conversion, the revelations of an obscure contemporary nun of Angers are of interest, as affording a vision of that singular religious event from the other side, as it were, or as God sees it. These revelations, moreover, were vouchsafed her before the event. *Pax*, the excellent quarterly magazine of the Benedictine community of the Isle of Caldey, gives this brief account of the religious and her book:

In the year 1870, at Angers, was born, of poor parents, Anne Marie Bernier, to be known as Sœur Gertrude Marie, Sister of Charity. Her life, for the most part recorded by herself, together with an intimate account of her spiritual experiences, was written at the command of her director, M. l'Abbé Legueu, who now publishes both with the authorization of his bishop, in conjunction with the Rev. Mother of the community. The book is commended by the Holy Father, and stamped with the approbation of many notable ecclesiastics.

The reviewer of this work goes on to say: "The visions in all points correspond with the facts; for in 1907 the nuns of St. Bride's, then living at Malling Abbey, Kent, wearing a white habit, numbered just about forty. It is further noteworthy that their dedication at Malling was to Our Lady, and each nun



bears her name. What a joy must their conversion have brought to this Sister in heaven, who from the time of her visions made it her special work to pray for them and hasten their release from the bonds of ignorance!"

In virtue of our Blessed Lord's express promises, wonders wrought by prayer should not be at all incredible to men of faith.

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The venerable Vicar General of the Philippine diocese of Nueva Segovia, Mgr. Padilla, who lately celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood, was the recipient on that occasion of an honor rarely conferred upon ecclesiastics in Asia, being made Prothonotary Apostolic *ad instar* by the Holy Father. Mgr. Padilla is a native of the Philippines and a cousin of the celebrated painter, Resurreccion Padilla, who for many years had a noted studio in Paris, and died not long ago in Barcelona. Among the really great artists of our time, Resurreccion Padilla is always included by experts. He was regarded as second only to the famous Luna Novicio, another Filipino, whose canvas of the battle of Lepanto won for him in Spain the title of *pintor laureado*, and whose *Sunrise* and *Sunset* were awarded prizes at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893. These are only two among many Filipino artists who have become famous abroad. And yet the instruction given by the friars, which produced such results (where three hundred years ago anything remotely akin to a work of art had never been seen), is still ridiculed by ignorant Americans.

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It is to be hoped that the enormous public to whom the works of Mrs. Florence Barclay appeal are not so sophisticated as to "skim" the noble sentiments and "just reflections" with which her novels are laden. One would like to believe that it is because of these "The Rosary" proved so popular, and that "The Broken Halo," just published, is

so eagerly welcomed. To Catholic readers a book of this class always proves unsatisfactory, however much they may approve of such passages as this:

With the passing of a great Queen and of a great century, there seems also to have passed the spirit of courtesy and of gracious manners; the consideration of the rich for the poor; the respectful deference of the poor toward the rich. . . . But a reaction must come before long; for Englishmen are stanchly conservative at heart, faithful to traditions of Church and State, loyal to the great names which in the past have made Britain great. And supreme among these, standing for all which is purest, noblest, and most truly British, will ever be the name Victoria.

The "Little White Lady" of Mrs. Barclay's new book is the most attractive figure in it. Though a "stanch Church-woman," her religious practices are restricted to evening reading of the Psalms and one extempore prayer. But she is a charitable soul, and will not tolerate a word against Dissenters, in reference to whom she once declared:

Never would I say one word to undervalue the good work of others, who are equally honest in their beliefs and in their endeavors, although their beliefs may not at all points coincide with my own, and their endeavors may not be carried out along lines which appeal to me personally.

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The memorable protests against the iniquitous treatment of political prisoners in Portugal made by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, are amplified and enforced in a new edition (the fifth) of Mr. E. M. Tenison's book, "Portuguese Political Prisoners," which was noticed in these columns at the time of its first appearance. The editor of *Catholic Book Notes* declares that it is—

a damning indictment of the conduct of Portuguese Republican Government, and indirectly reflects scarcely less severely upon the apathy of our own Government. It is, indeed, hardly intelligible that a country which some fifty years ago was stirred by the treatment of the Neapolitan prisoners should remain apathetic in face of the at least equally shocking measures of persecution under which the Portuguese political prisoners are suffering. Portugal is no doubt a "friendly Power," but

it would be the truest friendship on our part to take such measures as would recall her to her better self. Among the crimes committed in the name of Liberty none are more terrible than those of which this little book gives an account. It is but fair to say that among the Republican party many have been found to protest against what can hardly be described as even a travesty of justice; but the protests have been made at the risk of life and liberty, each of which has been forfeited by some of the honest protesters. One of the worst features of the case is the unblushing lying of highly-placed officials when faced with evidence of what is happening.

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Discussing, in the *Common Cause*, "Our Latest Panacea—Eugenics," Dr. James J. Walsh quotes an authoritative scientist whose conclusions are singularly like those reached by such Catholic prelates as have written or spoken publicly on eugenic plans and purposes. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent English naturalist, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, has this to say of the matter:

I protest strenuously against any direct interference with the freedom of marriage,—interference which, as I shall show, is not only totally unnecessary, but would be a much greater source of danger to morals and to the well-being of humanity than the mere temporary evils it seems to cure. I trust that all my readers will oppose any legislation on this subject by a chance body of elected persons who are totally unfitted to deal with far less complex problems than this one, and as to which they are sure to bungle disastrously. It is in the highest degree presumptuous and irrational to deal by compulsory enactments with the most vital and most sacred of all human relations, regardless of the fact that our present phase of social development is not only extremely imperfect, but, as I have already shown, vicious and rotten at the core.

The moral would appear to be that State legislatures may well "go slow" in enacting laws that, to say the least, are of questionable utility and very doubtful morality.

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While the very notable services rendered to Ireland by the late Patrick Ford, of New York, editor of the *Irish World*, have been dwelt upon at due length in

the secular press, the religious side of Mr. Ford's forcible character has received inconsiderable attention in most of the obituary notices which we have met with in Irish-American papers. It is accordingly a pleasure to quote from an unimpeachable authority, the New York *Freeman's Journal*, this tribute to his Catholicity:

It was the ending of a Christian life in a most edifying manner. Death did not come to him as a thief in the night. For years he had been preparing for it. Every first Friday of the month witnessed him kneeling at the altar rail to receive the Body and Blood of Christ.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the great religious event of his childhood, the late editor wrote in the *Irish World*:

Ten years old is the standard age for admitting children to First Communion and Confirmation; and, as I was under the age, the priest (Rev. Dr. Ambrose Manahan, who had the boys in charge) wanted to put me back. He noted my disappointment, and then, putting me the questions from the Catechism, which I answered to his satisfaction, he smiled and said I would do. That day I have ever regarded as the happiest day in my life; and in memory of the event I have, amid all vicissitudes, held on to the attesting document.

A worthy son of Mother Church, may he rest in peace!

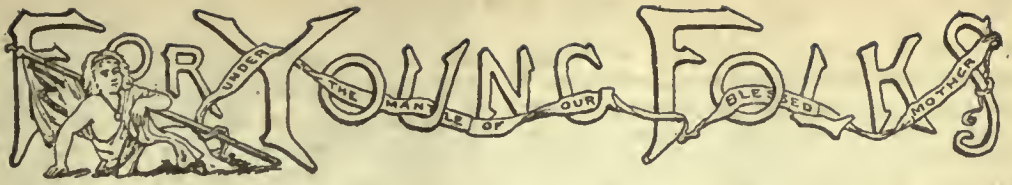
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The prominence given to the Catholic Federation of this country in consequence of the recent very successful convention at Milwaukee lends timely interest to this excerpt from an editorial in the *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, N. S. W., concerning a similar organization in Australia:

The purpose of the Catholic Federation is to defend the Catholic community against injustice, aggression, and slander, and to foster such a healthy opinion as will enable Catholics to demand their rights as citizens of a State which constitutionally knows no religious inequalities. In approving the establishment of the Federation in this State, his Grace the Archbishop deprecated active membership on the part of the clergy, or the employment of the Federation as a political machine; and the rules decree that a seat on the executive board is automatically vacated by the Parliamentary election of the occupant.

A laudable purpose, assuredly; and, to our mind, excellent rules as well.





## Cecil's Victory.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

CECIL held the little red purse in his hands and shut his eyes. "Perhaps," he said to himself,— "perhaps some one lost it here under the rosebush years ago, and I have just found it so that I can go to the circus."

But Cecil knew that the scarlet leather was new and shining.

"Perhaps Uncle Phil left it here for me to find," he whispered.

But he knew that Uncle Phil had not been out since the recent rain, and the purse was soft and unstained by water.

Then he examined the little red purse again. He opened it, and forty cents in nickels and dimes rolled out upon his palm. Forty cents, with what he had saved, would take him to the circus and leave plenty of change for peanuts and popcorn and merry-go-round rides.

But Cecil knew in his heart that the purse belonged to the little boy next door, for he had often seen it in his hand and seen him count the coins each day, and it was useless for Cecil to try to pretend that he had not.

"He has no business to be so careless with his money, anyway," he said crossly. "I found it on my side of the fence and it's mine. Anyway, I ought to keep it just to teach him a lesson."

So he sat very still under the bush, and closed his eyes and thought of the ponies and the elephants and the many, many delights of the circus as they were pictured on the huge, colored posters.

Presently the little boy next door came into the yard and began hunting fran-

tically upon his side of the fence, crying softly the while.

"I went without candy and everything," he was saying to himself, "so that I could get mother a birthday present, and there was most enough and now it's losted!" (He sat down very close to the fence where Cecil was concealed.) "And I could have gone to the circus, but I wouldn't, 'cause I wanted to buy the present."

The chubby face was bathed in tears, and Cecil could hear the choking sobs. With a sudden shame he realized how the little fellow, who had not many pennies, had saved them one by one for so long; while he, who had so many, could not save even enough to pay his way to the circus because candy and cakes had been so tempting. He put his hand down into his pocket and drew out two solitary dimes and slipped them into the little red purse. Then, leaning forward, he tossed it over into the next yard.

The little boy did not hear it fall, but presently a glint of red in the grass caught his eye, and, with a glad shout, he pounced upon it.

"It wasn't losted, after all," he cried,— "oh — oh, it wasn't losted!"

He opened the purse and poured the coins into his fat little hand. A puzzled look crept over his face.

"There's more!" he said, counting laboriously. "There's two more! Oh, goody-goody! There's two more!"

And, with a shout of delight, he raced into the house, leaving Cecil with empty pockets, but with a warm little thrill at his heart. He shook the grass and leaves from his clothes and went slowly into the house.

Uncle Phil was in the dining-room.

"Well, Cecil," he greeted him, "how

much money have you saved toward going to the circus? Enough to take us both?"

"I haven't saved any, Uncle," replied Cecil, with a very red face. "I don't think I care much to go to the circus."

"I am sorry for that," continued Uncle Phil; "for I was just going to propose that we go this afternoon."

"But you said that I must save my own dimes for it, Uncle Phil, out of my spending money."

"And didn't you do it?"

"Not quite. I needed twenty-five cents and I only had twenty."

Uncle Phil held out his hands.

"Well, give me that," he said, "and with what I have perhaps it will be enough."

"I haven't it now," said Cecil in a low tone.

"You haven't? What did you do with it?"

"I'd rather not tell," said Cecil, firmly.

"You needn't," answered his uncle; "for I saw the whole thing from the porch. I intended to be firm and insist that you use your own money for the price of admission; for you have plenty of spending money, and should learn to save. But when I saw your victory over yourself, I decided that there were two small boys in this neighborhood who deserve to go to the circus if ever boys did."

"Two!" exclaimed Cecil, joyfully. "Can we really take the boy next door?"

"Run and ask him," laughed Uncle Phil.

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THE Hebrew name of the letter G is *gimel*, or *camel*, from the resemblance of the Hebrew character to the head and neck of that animal. This character was evidently derived from a picture of the "ship of the desert," which, reduced to a hieroglyphic and then simplified, still distinctly indicates the shape of the head and neck of the beast of burden so familiar in Eastern lands.

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XVI.—THE EXHIBITION AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM every point of view, even that of the size of the audience which comfortably filled the hall, the exhibition was a great success. The Prince of the Lilliputians strutted and strode about the stage, attired, according to the fancy of the manager, in a variety of costumes, representing first one, then another of the celebrities who were prominently before the public of the early Sixties. Thus he was Admiral Farragut or General McClellan, Abraham Lincoln or Ulysses Grant, General Sherman or the gallant Phil Sheridan, Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson; Forest, the actor, or Barnum, prince of showmen. The midget had also measured himself with the smaller children in the audience, but had refrained from summoning Alice; though he had seen and greeted his group of friends with effusion, and had received with gratification their pretty bouquet.

The music had been such as to appeal to the popular taste. Many of the favorite pieces related to the war—for instance, "When this Cruel War is Over," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Mother, is the Battle Over?" "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" and the like,—all of which were greeted with rapturous applause. Although that war was over, whatever related to it still touched deep chords in many hearts; for there were hosts of newly made graves in the cemeteries of the land, and each battlefield had its hecatomb of heroes.

The monkeys on the programme had been simply irresistible, doing a variety of tricks in the most engaging manner, and disporting themselves in gaily bespangled coats and caps. One of the best points of the evening's performance, drawing down thunderous applause from the audience, was when the dwarf placed



himself between two of the little animals, that had been trained to stand as erect as they could, with solemn faces which contradicted their gay costumes. Laying a hand on the shoulder of each, and drawing himself to his full height, the Prince said:

"These at least are smaller than I."

The animals seemed uneasy at the applause which followed, and grinned deprecatingly at the people, as though apologizing for something they feared to have done amiss.

A circumstance which drew the children's attention somewhat away from the performance was the appearance there of Selma. She laughed, applauded, and even wept, the tears flowing grotesquely down her cheeks, and her faded eyes becoming red and swollen. It was evident that she took a real pride and pleasure in the success of the dwarf, though giving scant heed to the monkeys. It seemed unaccountable to the children that she, the cold, listless, unimpressible girl, whom Mary Doyle described as a "frozen icicle," should be thus moved; and even the imaginative Katherine and the quick-witted Alice were at their wits' end to find a reason for such behavior. Nor could Mrs. Seymour, to whom they related that circumstance on their return home, find any other explanation than that Selma, having but little amusement, was deeply moved by whatever she saw, or had some early association therewith in her own mind.

Next morning the mother suggested that Alice and Katherine should accompany her on an errand of charity, and that was to visit the old man for whom Fred had so valiantly contended. His dwelling, as they discovered, was away down near the East River,—a miserable little structure in the rear of a tall tenement. It had a courtyard without, from which led an alleyway that gave a far-off glimpse of the water. Sitting at the door, and clad, not in the coat which Mr. Seymour had bestowed upon him, but in that original garment which was truly "a

thing of rags and patches,"—looking out with bleared and wistful eyes now at some children playing in the court, or away to where the river gleamed brightly in the distance,—was the very man whom the visitors had come to see. In the corridor near him was a staff with which he guided his uncertain feet.

His wife, who was somewhat younger, was hastily summoned from a neighboring domicile where she had gone to help with the washing. Since the old man spoke but little, his faculties seeming to be dazed, the burden of conversation rested with the woman. She wiped some chairs for the ladies; and, on learning who they were, was loud in her expression of gratitude. She informed them that her husband had been unable to go out upon any begging expedition since that memorable day; and that, had it not been for the kindness of the neighbors and the little washing she could get to do, they must have starved. Mrs. Seymour regarded with the deepest pity (a sentiment which she saw reflected in her daughter's sensitive face) the bent and worn frame, the lined and aged countenance, of this woman, upon whom devolved the support of herself and her husband.

"The neighbors round here," said the woman, wiping the perspiration from her face with her apron, "is poor enough themselves. They have hard work to keep soul and body together, let alone helping us."

"And have you no children?" inquired Mrs. Seymour, compassionately.

"We had," replied the old woman; "but some of them are dead—God rest their souls!—and more of them's gone away from us."

"That is sad," said Mrs. Seymour. "But we must see what we can do to prevent your having to work so hard."

"And me not able to work or beg!" put in the old man. Presently he added, by an association of ideas that came to him slowly and painfully: "It's killed I would have been but for the kind young gentleman."

"Sure the poor man has been talkin' of nothin' else," said his wife, "but the brave young gentleman and the sweet, purty young lady."

"Well, she has come to see you to-day," observed Mrs. Seymour, indicating Alice, who, with deep sympathy, sat silently regarding the hapless pair.

"It's herself is as welcome as the flowers of May. God's blessing rest upon her now and forever!" said the woman.

And, bending over, she jogged her husband's dimmed intelligence, telling him that here was the young lady herself come to see him; after which Alice had to hear all over again the praises of herself and her brother. Mrs. Seymour also promised that the latter would come with her the next time. That was the only subject to which the old man warmed; and, it being exhausted, he spoke not at all, save in an occasional and disjointed sentence, his eyes all the time wandering outward.

The wife told a few anecdotes of their neighbors, and harked back to the days when "himself was earning fine wages," and they were in better circumstances.

"'Tis a worse place, God help us, that we're in now than ever before!" she declared. "For up there beyant in Canal Street we had a little place of our own, and no one in it at all, at all, barrin' two women."

She paused again to wipe her face, and proceeded retrospectively:

"Furriners they were, of some kind or another. I don't rightly know what. And they had the quarest little mite of a lad with them."

Katherine and Alice looked at each other as if to say:

"I wonder if that could have been our dwarf?"

"He never grew a haporth bigger," the woman continued, "but stayed as he was—a little hop-o'-my-thumb."

"Do you know if his name was Mudge?" ventured Alice.

"Well, I'm thinkin' mebbe it was,"

said the woman, in surprise. "And it's meself he always reminded of the leprechauns at home in the ould country. But what become of him or of the two women I never heard from that day to this."

Mrs. Seymour began to tell her about the dwarf with whom the children had become acquainted, and how he had given an exhibition the night before.

"Sure, then, and it must be the very lad!" cried the old woman, gleefully.

"For I mind me that some of the neighbors used to tell the two women that the crathure could earn a power of money by showin' himself."

And then she strove to impart this wonderful information to her husband, who received it with the weary listlessness of extreme old age. It was pitiful to see how she strove to stir the embers of that once alert mind, with which she had shared all things in common.

"Sure," she exclaimed, turning back to the visitors, with a gleam of grim humor, "isn't it a thousand pities that himself or meself didn't stop growing?"

"Or keep on till you were giants," added Katherine.

"Or that itself," assented the old woman.

"Were those women with whom the dwarf lived his relations?" asked Mrs. Seymour, thoughtfully.

"To the best of my belief they were," answered the other; "though we never rightly knew. For what with wantin' the English, and a strange way the two of them had, it's little they ever talked at all, at all."

"And were they kind to him?" asked Katherine.

"Kind is it?" said the woman. "Why, if he was a doll or a baby in arms, they couldn't have made more of him."

Mrs. Seymour then turned the conversation to the still more engrossing topic of the old people's needs, and of what could be done to make their life easier and to provide them with permanent



relief. In the matter of clothes, the old woman declared that she had put away 'the grand, fine coat and other garments given by Mr. Seymour, which she put on himself only of a Sunday, keepin' them aside till he should be able to go out.' But she herself needed almost everything in the way of clothing; and any kind of food would be a Godsend.

The charitable visitor then gave the basket of groceries and other supplies which Alice and Katherine had carried down. She told the woman to come<sup>st</sup> up to their house for provisions once a week, and at any other time when she should find herself in need. Mrs. Seymour also promised to procure for her lighter work than washing. Also she put into her hand a bill, to which each of the girls surreptitiously added a coin out of her own pocket money.

Both Alice and Katherine, it must be owned, felt an indescribable relief in coming forth from those squalid surroundings into the freshness of the salt air blowing up from the Bay. And, even though they did not fully apprehend, as did their mother, all the pathos of those two lives thus stranded in old age on the shore of Fortune, they experienced in their presence an uneasy feeling of depression, and a sense of dreariness mingled with all their compassion.

"How brave and cheerful and how resigned such people often are, in comparison with ourselves, who grumble at every breath of inconvenience or discomfort!" commented Mrs. Seymour.

"It must be awful — *awful* to live like that!" burst out Alice, impulsively.

"I don't suppose they feel it as much as we would," said Katherine, more philosophically. "People so soon get accustomed to any kind of surroundings."

The conversation then drifted to the various incidents of their late visit, and Alice declared that she thought it very singular that the dwarf should come bobbing up even in the most unexpected ways. She did not then know in what

an unforeseen fashion he was to come into the current of their affairs during the next few days, and lead, though involuntarily, to the premature disclosure of that which the children had not yet been able to reveal to their parents. But, in blissful ignorance of this circumstance, and occupied with various questions and surmises regarding the little man and his probable identity with the midget whom their late acquaintance had been discussing, they walked homeward through the hot, sunshiny streets, where even the shade of a single tree was grateful, and where but for the watering carts they would have been fairly choked with dust.

(To be continued.)

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### How to Tell the Day of the Week.

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BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

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Suppose you read that a big football game is to be played in your town on Oct. 23, or that (for exceptional reasons) Thanksgiving Day this year is to be Nov. 26, or that Father Danaher's annual Church Fair is to begin on Dec. 2,—how can you tell, without consulting a calendar or an almanac, the day of the week on which each of these dates will fall? Columbus Day is Oct. 12; Hallowe'en, or All Hallows' Eve, comes on Oct. 31; and Christmas Day on Dec. 25: what weekdays correspond with those dates? Will St. Patrick's Day next year, or the Fourth of July, fall on a school-day or a regular school holiday? To answer these questions correctly, after only a minute or two of calculation, may appear a little difficult, but in reality it is, as your small brother might say, "just as easy as anything"—when you know how.

And this is the how. Learn by heart this couplet:

Said I, a youth may stumble  
Quite as clowns take a tumble.

You notice that the lines contain just twelve words,—one for each month of the year. Thus "Said" represents Jan-

uary; "I," February; "a," March; and so on, in regular order,—“stumble” corresponding to June; “Quite” to July; and “tumble” to December. Now, the number of letters in each word gives the date on which occurs the first Saturday of the represented month for 1913, and the first Sunday of that month for 1914.

For example, about that football game on Oct. 23. October is the tenth month; the corresponding tenth word in the couplet, “take,” has four letters; so the first Saturday in the month is the fourth. Accordingly, the second Saturday is the eleventh; the third is the eighteenth, and the fourth is the twenty-fifth. If the twenty-fifth is Saturday, the twenty-fourth is Friday, and consequently the twenty-third is Thursday. November, the eleventh month, has “a” for its word—one letter,—so the first Saturday in November is the first day of the month; the second Saturday is the eighth; the third is the fifteenth, the fourth is the twenty-second, and the fifth is the twenty-ninth. If the twenty-ninth is Saturday, the twenty-sixth is Wednesday.

Columbus Day, Oct. 12, is Sunday, because the first Saturday of October being the fourth day of the month, the second is the eleventh, and the next day, Sunday, is the twelfth. So, too, the fourth Saturday of October being the twenty-fifth day of the month, All Hallows’ Eve, the thirty-first, must be Friday. As for Christmas Day, December’s corresponding word in the couplet is “tumble,” having six letters; so the first Saturday is the sixth of the month; the second, the thirteenth; the third, the twentieth; and the fourth, the twenty-seventh. If the twenty-seventh is Saturday, the twenty-fifth, Christmas, is Thursday.

For dates in 1914, the same couplet will serve, provided we let the words denote the first Sunday instead of Saturday. For instance, March’s word is “a”—one letter. Then the first Sunday of March is the first day of the month, the second Sunday is the eighth, the third

Sunday is the fifteenth; and if the fifteenth is Sunday, the seventeenth, St. Patrick’s Day, is Tuesday. Finally, the Fourth of July next year will be a Saturday, because July being the seventh month, and “quite,” its corresponding word, having five letters, the first Sunday of July, 1914, will be the fifth day of the month, and of course the fourth will be the day before Sunday.

And now if, after all this detailed explanation, there is a single boy or girl among our young folks, from the seventh grade up, who can’t tell the day of the week for any given date in 1913 or 1914, he or she surely ought to receive the “booby prize” in the class of mental arithmetic. Don’t you think so?

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### Stencil Letters.

The ancients used stencil plates in teaching children to write, the pen following the outline of the cutting. The Emperor Justinian, it is said, could neither read nor write. When he was desirous of signing his name, a sheet of gold was brought to him, through which were cut the letters of his name. With his stylus dipped in purple ink, it was then very easy for him to proceed. The same thing is recorded of Charlemagne, and may not be true of either ruler.

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### The Little Invalid’s Prayer.

“YOU’RE better this morning, Kittie;  
So while I go downstairs  
To get you a little breakfast,  
You’ll have time to say your prayers.”

She folded her hands devoutly,  
And her Angel must have drawn near  
To gather her words for Heaven,  
As her childish voice rose clear.

She began the “Our Father,” but pausing  
Her mother heard her say:  
“I ain’t better enough for bread yet:  
Please give us our toast to-day.”

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## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by Madame Cecilia has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co.—“Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists.”

—Messrs. James Brodie & Co., of London, announce a new series of illustrated Lives of the Saints for children, under the title “Standard-Bearers of the Faith.”

—The Rev. Dr. Mann has completed his valuable work, “The Lives of Popes in the Early Middle Ages,” the final volumes of which are announced for early publication.

—To the extraordinarily long list of books written or edited by him, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has just added yet another, entitled “Every Man,” which is described as “a tract that attracts.”

—Messrs. Dent & Sons’ autumn list includes “Religious Art in France of the Thirteenth Century,” a study in Mediæval iconography and its sources of inspiration, by Emile Male, translated by Dora Nussey.

—“An Interesting Bit of Local History” is a “brief sketch” of St. James’ Catholic Church, Wilkesburg, Pa., by the rector, the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. This is a story of small beginnings, great labor, keen foresight, and magnificent development under the blessing of God. It is an account, too, which uncovers some early names and traditions which have made their way from this spot into more general history. Naturally, for us, the most interesting sketch is that of the present pastor; and it is our fervent hope that his many years of invaluable service to Catholic truth may be in this cherished spot fully rounded out, and the distant setting of his day serene.

—After “Come Rack! Come Rope!” “An Average Man,” by Monsignor Benson, is distinctly an anticlimax. That was bound to be, considering the difference in the quality of the material; but, even so, one would have hardly expected quite so drab a bit of work as this. The story deals with two conversions to the Church, both real, but only one followed up. The obstacle in the other case is the sudden acquisition of wealth and “county” position. It is Demas that still goes away, “loving the world.” The one who follows the lead of grace is a poor curate of the Establishment, whose little is nevertheless his all; yet this he gives up for conscience’ sake. Nor does the author accord him a glimmer of a reward in that final artistic settlement known as poetic justice. This

book, like life itself at times, closes leaving much for eternity to do in restoring the fitness of things. Published in the United States by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Co.

—Prof. Armenius Vamberg, known as the “Human Tower of Babel” because of his linguistic achievements, died on the 15th ult., at the advanced age of eighty-one years. He was the author of a number of valuable books, some of which have been translated into English. “His life,” says the *Athenæum*, “is a striking example of the complete control of mind over body; it is a record of one who fought his way up by his own efforts and with no advantages of wealth or position.”

—An illustrated guide to Westminster Cathedral, the Metropolitan Church, “with notes upon its history, liturgy, music and organization,” amply justifies itself. The editor, the Rev. Herbert F. Hall, who is also the Cathedral chaplain, and the illustrator, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, are to be congratulated upon their work. It is a model of what a guide book should be. The historical portion of the text is particularly illuminating, while it forms an honorable chapter in the life of that great and holy churchman, Cardinal Vaughan. Not the least interesting feature of this Westminster Baedeker is the programme of services at the close. One’s final reflection must be that the Catholic Cathedral of London is first and foremost a house of prayer. Westminster Press. Price, one shilling.

—“The Story of Mary Dunne,” by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), is undoubtedly a story with a purpose. But that purpose will be differently interpreted according to the philosophy of the reader. It is essentially a story of love and love’s sacrifice, but it presents a problem on which the reflecting reader will pause. That question is whether innocence is the best safeguard of virtue. Before answering this, one must observe that innocence and ignorance in this connection are not at all the same thing. Ignorance is but the absence of knowledge or information—simply a dark void; innocence is a presence, a positive thing—a light, a fire. Such innocence has Mary Dunne, and her story is made a narrative on which the glad sun finally breaks rather than a tale of ultimate despair, only because innocence enabled her to keep her soul pure, though her body was subjected to all dishonor. Out of such innocence, too, flowered the love which disposed her to the ultimate sacrifice for the sake of her lover. His love was only a less bright reflection

of her own, because growing in the same innocence of heart. The scene of the story is County Wicklow, Ireland. The characters are few, and drawn with a firm hand. Their speech has a charm due more to the employment of idiom than of dialect. The story is unnecessarily lacking in humor, but as a tale of bright, pure Irish love, it should be welcomed by Catholic readers generally; and as a reflex study of the question of "social enlightenment," it is well worth a reading and a rereading at the hands of "social students." Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—"Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back," is the title of a new comedy which has just been added to the collection of plays for male characters issued by THE AVE MARIA Press. It is sure of a general welcome, because good plays of its kind are scarce, and because Mr. Gunnstock's comedy, besides being an excellent one, possesses many special features. It is of suitable length, has but one stage setting, calls for no special expense in the matter of properties or costumes, and develops the story of the play through a series of incidents that are likely to put the amateur actor at his ease. The text contains a complete account of the "business" of the play, including a detailed description of the movements of the characters.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Story of Mary Dunue." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back." Henry Gunnstock. 30 cts.

"The Average Man." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.35.

"Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.

"Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church." Gerhard Rauschen, S. T. D. \$1.25.

"Literary Selections from Newman." A Sister of Notre Dame. 60 cts.

"The Silence of Sebastian." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.25.

"Addresses." Henry Sebastian Bowden. 70 cts., net.

"Epitome Vespertalis Romani." \$1.35.

"The Cure of Alcoholism." Austin O'Malley. \$1.25.

"The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible." Very Rev. Dean O'Connell. \$1.25.

"The Sodality of Our Lady, Studied in the Documents." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$2.75.

"Gracechurch." John Ayscough. \$1.86.

"Michael." Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. \$1.35.

"Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography." \$2.16.

"The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. \$2.

"Manna of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection." Rev. John Henry, C. SS. R. Paper 20 cts.; cloth 40 cts.

"On the Exercises of Piety." Rev. J. Guibert, S. S. 50 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Logue, of the diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Charles Audibert, O. M. I. Sister M. de Paul, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Placides and Sister M. Alfreda, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles de Yonng, Mr. Thomas Davis, Mrs. Edward Donohue, Mr. Roy W. Brown, Mr. Thomas Connors, Mr. Louis Bryant, Mr. William Droelle, Mr. John Morgan, Mrs. Anne Morgan, Mr. Henry Grimes, Mr. George Alder, Mr. James Cumisky, Mrs. Thomas Cumisky, Mr. Henry de Long, Mr. Joseph McKnight, Miss Sabina Comber, Mrs. Lucy Drouillard, Mrs. Mary McCrudden, Mr. John Sauter, Mr. Francis Chevilot, Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, Mrs. Anna Butler, Mr. George Colloday, Mrs. Marie L. Huntington, and Mr. Adolph Freund.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the missionaries in Papua:

"In honor of St. Joseph," 25 cts.; A. S., \$1.

For two poor missionaries:

J. M., \$5.20.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:

E. A. Bohnert, \$5.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

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## To the Heart of Mary.

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

LIKE sunrise in a window, God hath built  
The shining splendor in her breast of snow;  
A precious vase with heavenly fire aglow,  
This woman-heart whose blood hath inward spilt,  
Bearing with Christ the anguish of our guilt;  
Crown of what pangs, the white rose-wreath  
below!

What sign of triumph doth the lily show  
That looms above the sword of sorrows' hilt!

O joyous blossom held in woeful cup!  
O holy symbols of God's fair design!  
Make glad our hearts with grace of Mary's  
fame.

To that bright casement bid our souls look up  
Where round the sword of pain the roses twine,  
Where light our way the Lily and the Flame.

## The Influence of the Idea of Angels.

BY G. M. HORT.

IT has often been said that the religion of the Israelites, before the coming of Our Lord, was not a religion of great spiritual insight. The thoughts of the pious Hebrew were chiefly occupied with his life here, and his prayers were usually made for temporal favors. He imagined the Messiah as an earthly Prince, who would sit upon an earthly throne and rule a prosperous kingdom; and, however firmly he might have believed in life after death, he, apparently, did not speculate or dream with

a very intense eagerness about it. Charges like these are, of course, true, to a certain degree, of all pre-Christian religions; and there is a special reason why they should be true of the religion of the Chosen People, whose very privileges made for limitation, and whose scrupulous avoidance of the least trace of irreverence or idolatry cut them off from the homely symbolism by which their heathen neighbors could, at any moment, endeavor to visualize the Unseen.

But no one will deny that there was, at least, one ever-open door between the Jew and the other world. He believed in angels—in another order of beings, who, though not human, were visible at times in human shape, and who, like himself, worshipped the one God. On this point his spiritual perception was so keen and well developed that the stern laws which forbade the making of images were not felt to apply to the golden Cherubim who surrounded the Ark of God, and symbolized the Divine Presence by their wing-veiled faces. Nearer and dearer still, because more like himself in form and nature, were the Seraphim, who met him on his way, talked with him at his tent door, and guided him in doubt and danger.

Indeed, if there is a supernatural influence which makes itself felt more than any other in the early books of the Bible, it is the influence of angels; and the ministering spirits of the patriarchal narrative are only less beautiful and gracious than those of the Gospels. We may learn more about the angelic char-

acter in the New Testament, but we have nothing to unlearn. We keep, from the first, the sense of radiant beings, who carry the messages of unchanging Love, and belong to God's "Eternal Now." The angels of the Old Testament anticipate the Christian commonwealth and the true democracy. They hold all their commissions in equal honor, and follow the fortunes of a rich sheik or a distracted slave-woman, with the same loving care and alacrity. There seems little doubt that this conception of angels, retained in its first purity and developed along its natural lines, must have saved the Jews from most of the prejudices and corruptions of Oriental domestic life, and prepared the way for Christian sentiment and practice.

Unfortunately, in the teaching of the later rabbis we can scarcely recognize the Scriptural idea of angels. The Jew, in his wanderings and long exiles, seems to have developed an almost malicious feeling toward beings who might share Israel's privileges and be dear to Israel's God. It was as if the sense of isolation and separation made Israel jealous not only of his fellowmen but also of the household of heaven. At any rate, the rabbis—even the best and holiest of them, like Akiba—have many bitter sayings about the angels and their supposed inferiority to the Chosen People.

"Adam reclined in Paradise, and the angels roasted meat for him" (that is, served him as slaves).

"The pious are nearer God than the angels are."

"The angels praise God only at night, when Israel is silent."

On the other hand, we get many traces of angel-worship springing from a superstitious dread of an angelic power distinct from the divine will; and such worship was, of course, mixed with the astrological superstitions which the Jews had learned from their life in Persia. "Angel" and "Planet" became, popularly, synonymous terms; or, at least,

the Angel would be represented as the ruler of a planet, and, as in some way, limited by the supposed attributes of the star he governed. Amulets and lucky charms would bear the name or hieroglyph of the angel whose star was in the ascendancy at the time the talisman was made; and there was constant invocation of the Archangels for the purposes of magic.

The Mahometan notion of angels was largely derived from this baser Jewish tradition. The "angels" of the Prophet's Paradise are arrogant and capricious beings, created by God out of precious stones, and very nearly as hard and dazzling! Mahometans and Jews shared the belief in the dreaded Azrael, the Angel of Death, who (the Jewish legends seem to imply) could never enter the presence of God, and trembled even at the sound of the divine voice. In the legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, retold by Longfellow, this Angel is outwitted by the mortal he comes to bear away; and, his terrible sword being snatched from him, he is reduced to promise as a condition for regaining it, that he will never again terrify men by his visible presence, but do his work without showing himself.

Yet this tangle of extravagant superstition never really choked the faith of the earlier days. The Book of Tobias, with its beautiful picture of the ministering Angel Raphael which has so often inspired the great Catholic painters, was written by a Babylonian Jew; and even in the Koran there are some glimpses of a belief in the ministering power of angels, as in the legend of the two spirit companions of man, who must write down, respectively, his good and evil deeds, and bear the list to God for judgment. He who registers the good deeds says to him who registers the evil: "Delay to make thy record for seven hours." Peradventure the man will ask pardon before then; and if not, then thou shalt write."

The teaching of the early Church re-instated the Guardian Angels in their



kingdom, and gave a wider significance to their divine mission. The instructions of St. Chrysostom to his converts represent the angels as helping the Church to enlighten and confirm in the Faith the souls she had gathered in. "Pray, ye catechumens," the bishop earnestly entreats them, "for the Angel of Peace." And he adds, as an explanation of his own words, that by this Angel of Peace he signified the individual soul's guardian. "Every man has angels attending him, and also the devil very busy about him. Therefore we pray and make our supplications for the Angel of Peace."

It is this belief, at once so mystical and so practical, that permeates Christian art. We can hardly overestimate the debt of the great Catholic painters to that faith in the Angel of Peace which had formed part of the teaching of their childhood, and woven itself into their life-work. The inclusion of angel figures in pictures representing actual events was not, as some suppose, a hindrance to artistic realism. Far from detracting from the life-likeness of any representation, it often added to it; for it left the painter free to depict the actual scenes as faithfully as his data allowed,—the presence of the angel sufficiently indicating the underlying mystery, and raising the plane of the event without sacrificing its proportions. It is obvious, too, that the idealism of Christian art has enabled it to reach the true realism, which, surely, consists in "seeing life perfectly," and as a whole rather than in part. Botticelli does not violate our sense of reality when he surrounds the Bethlehem Stable with legions of exultant angels, and shows the clefts of the adjacent hills sheltering discomfited demons. He merely enlarges our view of what was actually there. And the angel who looks on calmly at the torture in Velasquez's *Christ at the Column* does not make the picture a mere conventional devotional composition: he simply reminds us that things are not only what they seem.

"The Angels of Peace" are also, for the Catholic painters, emphatically the Angels of Service. They participate in the activities of the human group,—as in Paul Veronese's *Consecration of St. Nicholas* where an angel brings the mitre and crosier for the ceremony; and in Murillo's *Naivity of the Virgin*, where only two of the attendant angels adore, the rest helping the handmaidens or singing a cradle-song.

A trace of the influence of the rabbis is discernible, perhaps, in Velasquez's idea of angel-service. In his famous *Presepio*, or *Manger of Christ*, the Star of the Epiphany appears, in the distance, as a guiding angel; a hint very happily followed out by the modern painter, Burne-Jones, who, in his tapestry design for Exeter College chapel, Oxford, has placed the guiding Star in the hands of the angel, and allowed us to see in the reverent eyes of the seraph his sense of a God-given charge, and a power outside his personality.\*

The idea of the Angel Guardians as exorcisers of evil found its clearest and most popular expression in mediæval England. St. Michael, the fearless leader of the angel host, always appealed peculiarly to English imagination. His victory was lovingly commemorated on the gold coin known as the "angel," to which Shakespeare makes so many punning allusions, and which bore on its obverse the figure of the armed seraph in the act of trampling the dragon-demon. Many of the English churches dedicated to St. Michael have traditions of the active opposition of the devil encountered by the builders,—of stones again and again scattered and broken down, and persistent faith and patience triumphing at the last. In the ruined monastic Church of St. Michael, near Glastonbury, there is a curious wall-sculpture of the Archangel holding a balance, with a Bible in

\* Perhaps both these painters were influenced by the old bas-relief in Notre Dame, where angels are represented, each carrying a star.

one scale, and the devil in the other. Satan has surreptitiously called an imp to aid him; but even, both together, they can not outweigh the sacred volume, and are forced to own themselves "lighter than the Word of God."

A mediæval religious romance, translated from the French, and printed by Caxton, deals with the belief in Guardian Angels in a spirited and homely way. It is entitled "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," and purports to be a dream of the writer concerning his own death, and the dispute of the devil with his Guardian Angel for the possession of his soul, on the threshold of the other world. The anxious pilgrim hears the devil making out a strong case against him, and reminding the Guardian Angel that he had never really been able to withdraw his charge from evil. "And if thou hadst, thou wouldst have had no thanks!" Then both sides agree to submit the matter to St. Michael; and the soul of the dreamer is carried "through bright air into the place of fire," where the Guardian Angel pleads its cause so well that it is at last permitted to find bliss.

The indignation of the demons is well described. "There is no caitiff pilgrim but hath had a warden assigned him from his birth to attend him and defend him at all times from our hands." This is distinctly an echo of the teaching of St. Chrysostom; and we can easily see how the rude vigor and picturesqueness of the simile carried the lesson home to those for whom it was written, when more elegant phraseology and elaborate allegory would have failed.

The idea of the guardianship of angels is one of those great Catholic truths which are too closely associated with human instincts to be ever really set aside. The author of the "*Faerie Queene*," though nominally a Protestant, has paid a heartfelt tribute to those willing messengers who leave "their silver bowers to come to succor us who succor want"; and even a lesser and more narrow-minded

poet, Edward Young, speaks gratefully of the three great Archangels:

Michael has fought our battles, Raphael sung  
Our triumphs, Gabriel on our errands flown.

Chambers' "Book of Days" observes that the idea of Guardian Angels "established a connection between the children of earth and something beyond"; and adds the curious information that the custom of electing the magistrates at Michaelmas arose from the idea of the resemblance between their duties and those of the Guardian Angels.

As for the place assigned to the angels' festival in our calendar, it is too self-interpretative to need comment. It has, indeed, been said that we favored folk of to-day can form no estimate of the terror excited by the approach of winter in those who had no efficient substitute for sunlight; and it is true that our forefathers, in gloomy days and long nights, had opportunities, no longer open to us, of proving their faith in the Angels of Light.

But few of us need to be reminded that there are "wintry terrors" for which civilization not only provides no remedy, but actually increases, because of the greater sensitiveness produced by comfort and luxury. And, as life goes on, it is not only for sunlight that the individual soul, whether it will or no, must seek an efficient substitute. We remember the pathetic confession of a great modern philosopher—that, now he was getting old, he found himself strangely oppressed by the idea of the Primeval Space, of that vast emptiness which his philosophy could neither explain nor people. "Of late years the consciousness that infinite Space has ever existed and and must ever exist produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

It is not for nothing, even from the unbeliever's point of view, that the Church year by year, at the head of the valley of darkness, pauses to invoke the hosts of light, and the God who can fill even infinite space with the shadow of their wings.



## Another's Burden.

## I.

IT was over: neither the eloquence of his counsel, the frankness of his avowal, nor the repentance of which he had given ample proof, had been able to disarm the severity of the judges. Michael Frayno was condemned to the galleys for fifteen years.

Michael was not one of those monsters whose hideous aspect, scowling forehead, and restless eyes, proclaim the hardened criminal. He was large and well built, and now in the prime of manhood; and, although a simple villager, his physiognomy was open and intelligent. Regret and chagrin had calmed the vivacity of his ordinary expression, and his mien at present was one of mildness and discouragement. In vain would one seek in his whole figure for an indication of cruelty.

Behind the bench on which he was seated stood two women; who with palpitating hearts had followed every detail and incident of the trial. As often as Frayno had felt his courage sinking he had turned this gaze toward these two. One was old, and from the resemblance between her features and those of the prisoner, and still more from the tenderness which shone from her eyes as she gazed upon him, it was easy to see that she was his mother. The other woman was young: she could scarcely have attained her thirtieth year. Her face was strikingly pale, but the pallor served only to bring out more prominently the rustic beauty of her features. The linen cap which formed her headdress could not confine her luxuriant hair, stray locks of which fell in curls about her neck. Her slender figure was enveloped in a long mantle. Her eyes were red from excessive weeping, and her whole aspect was one of poignant grief.

It was impossible to look upon her and remain unmoved; and even the judges,

accustomed as they were to such sights, turned their glances away from Frayno's wife, lest they might be stirred to pity, and pity might override what they considered to be the claims of justice. Her sorrow was especially touching, as she had three children, the eldest of whom was barely five years of age; while the youngest, of scarcely so many months, was lying asleep in her arms.

When in a loud voice Frayno's sentence of condemnation was read, he looked at Loysa, his wife, and both burst into tears. The latter, although strong, soon fainted away. As for the old woman, she interrupted the judges with bitter complaints.

"Fifteen years! You say that very glibly, you great folk there! Poor boy, he will have time enough to languish! Fifteen years! And who will work to provide for us—for me, for his wife and children? Will it be you? And what have *we* done to be condemned to die of hunger and suffering and privations? And those three innocents—of what crime are *they* guilty that they should suffer and be robbed of their father?"

She was told that the severity of the law had been tempered with all possible indulgence.

"The law!" she retorted. "Who was it that made this law of yours? They could have had neither parents nor children."

Michael manifested only utter discouragement and despair. "Lord God!" he exclaimed, as they led him away, "I am guilty, I know; but is there no mercy for one like me?"

Despite his afflicted state, however, and their own horror of a scene, the officers could not refuse his wife and mother permission to see him before he was placed in an inner prison. "We can only weep with him," said Loysa simply; "but at least our tears will give him comfort."

They found him lying in a dark room, a prey to the most terrible sorrow. His clothing was all torn, his hair and beard

matted and unkempt. His mother threw herself upon his breast and wept. Loysa looked from one to another in silence. The children also, filled with that instinctive fear that obscurity inspires, kept silence at first; then, as their eyes grew accustomed to the twilight of the cell, they began to examine the surroundings.

"God has placed in the careless simplicity of children consolations as unforeseen as they are real. Jules, the oldest child, noticed in one corner a piece of bread; and, as he had eaten nothing since the preceding evening, he seized and brought it in triumph to his mother.

"You must not touch it," said Loysa. "It is your father's bread."

"Let him have it," replied Michael; "I feel no hunger."

"You must not despair, my man. We are very miserable it is true; but if you give up hope, what will there be left to us?"

"It is not of myself that I am thinking. I will suffer—that is just; but you! I would have done better to throw myself into the river, as I was tempted to do."

"O Michael, don't say that! Fifteen years are long in passing, but still—"

"If I had died before my condemnation, they would have had compassion on you, and perhaps some charitable folk would have helped you to rear the little ones. Who will aid the mother and wife of a galley-slave?"

"Don't trouble yourself about us," interposed Julia, his mother. "Your children are not orphans or abandoned. We are left to them, Loysa and I. We will work. I am old, but still strong, and as long as I can—"

"Yes," continued Loysa; "and in a year or two Jules will be able to help us. And are there not in heaven the good God and His Blessed Mother? They will not let us perish."

"We might have been so happy! What fatality impelled me? It is I who have drawn down upon you all this misery."

"It would have been better," said

Loysa, "not to listen to those talebearers; but, after all, it was for love of me you did it."

"Ah! I did not foresee the trials I was preparing for you. Anger does not calculate."

"You are quick, and there are circumstances which deprive one of the mastery of oneself. You have always been good and kind to us."

"I was born for misfortune. Any other man would have made you far happier. Why did I marry you?"

"Because I wished it."

"You will not forget me while I am at Marseilles? O Loysa, in my misery, you will not condemn me? If I can send you anything from time to time, I will do it."

"Think of yourself now," said his mother. "We will look out for the rest."

"But I can never hope to see your face again."

"You will be chained, but they won't fasten any iron balls to my feet. I will go to Marseilles when my wish to see you gets too strong," she answered bravely.

## II.

Frayno was not sent to Marseilles until the eighth day after his condemnation. His wife and mother visited him every morning, and brought the children with them. Their presence seemed to keep up the poor prisoner's courage. The women made heroic efforts while with him to conceal their own distress, and succeeded in hiding their despair.

During the hours that he passed in awaiting their coming he revolved in his mind what he should say to them; when they had left him he dwelt on what they had said, and despite himself allowed other thoughts than those of his cruel lot to distract him. He began to look beyond the term of his imprisonment. He foresaw, after that long absence, his children grown up, another horizon, a new life; and the distant prospect made him wish to survive the horrors of the chain-gang.

Sometime, however, the realization of



present affliction broke down his energy. He doubted everything, and most of all doubted his own endurance. He had suffered much in prison even before he had been declared guilty. Would not the galleys be a hundredfold worse? Could he endure such punishment—grow accustomed to the sea fogs, stand the discipline enforced on the convict crew? Death had no terrors for him: it would put an end to his misery; but when his thoughts reverted to his wife and children, his heart was wrenched with anguish and he sobbed aloud.

Poor little ones! They would be reduced through his fault to hunger, to nakedness, to misery. Could their grandmother, at sixty-five, undertake hard work? Loysa had been hardy, but the nursing of her three children had much enfeebled her. And what could two weak women effect for the support of a family of five? True, they were laborious, and they would consult their need rather than their strength; but, then, would they always find work? Would not the wife of the galley-slave, the target for the insults of his enemies, defenceless against injustice and malignity, — would not she be the last person whom patrons would wish to employ? And supposing that sickness should come to paralyze the energy of wife or mother, what would become of the little family?

To these anxieties were added other fears more intimate and distressing. Loysa had been, still was, beautiful. Poverty is exposed to many temptations. Would her ears always remain closed to criminal solicitations? Torn by these considerations, which oppressed him all the more for his inability to speak of them or allow them to be suspected, Frayno became desperate. To be free from the overwhelming weight of misfortune which the future appeared to hold in store for him, he would have killed himself had there been at hand any instrument of destruction. Despair often dethrones reason.

The innocent smiles of his children and

the affectionate caresses of Loysa no longer sufficed to tranquillize him. His mother perceived this; and, failing to draw from him the cause of his secret anguish, exhorted him to carry his troubles to the feet of Our Lady of Sorrows, who is the refuge of the afflicted and the mother of orphans.

While awaiting their departure for the galleys, the gang of which Frayno was a member were crowded into a low, damp house, whose windows had been fortified with iron bars, and the door protected by great locks and bolts. His companion convicts rallied Michael on his down-heartedness, and hailed his wife, whenever she entered, with insulting words. Loysa tried not to notice them; but her husband resented them bitterly, and would willingly have foregone the consolation of her visits in order to be spared this additional suffering.

Finally, the gang were ordered to march. On the eve of the appointed day, Michael bade adieu to his family as tenderly as if he were never to see them more. When he set out the following morning in the ranks of the criminal band, he walked with his head down, seeking to conceal his face from the curious crowds who stopped and gazed at the galley-slaves as they passed by.

(To be continued.)

No just judge or jury would render a verdict after hearing only one side. In a court of justice the representative of the defendant and his witnesses always have the same consideration as those of the prosecution. Therefore, no sane man or woman should condemn—in thought, word or action—an accused person after hearing only one side of the story; and as there is only about one chance in a thousand that the other side will ever be heard, one should forever hold his peace, and not let his respect for an accused person be diminished a particle. This is the duty not only of a true Christian but of every rational being.—*Anon.*

## The Apostle of Brazil.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THE making of South America—the opening-up of the continent to the fuller knowledge of Europe, the exploration of the great rivers, and the introduction of civilization among the native races—was not entirely the work of the *conquistadores* and of the traders who followed them. No small part of the gigantic task was accomplished by Spanish and Portuguese missionaries—Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits. Although there have been, and are, English missions in South America, men of our race were not to any great extent participants in the pioneer work of missionizing the continent. Our own people have been more occupied in manning the churches of colonies like Demerara and the West Indies.

The story of the early Jesuit "reductions"—the industrial groups of Indian village communes organized in Paraguay—has been dealt with by many writers; but popular history is all but silent as to the adventurous careers of the missionary pioneers in other parts of the Southern continent. Yet to their lasting honor it must be said that they were the chief protectors of the native races, the means of uniting great numbers of them in the brotherhood of a common faith with the white man; and it was this that in large measure prevented colonization resulting in the gradual absorption, displacement, and extinction of the native tribes. While in North America the Indian is fast disappearing and has vanished from the greater part of the country, in most of the South American States there is a large native element in the civilized population of to-day. Men of European and men of native or mixed descent have learned to consider themselves South Americans, sons of a common country, proud of its ideals and traditions.

That this should have become possible is due in great measure to the work of pacification and conciliation accomplished by the missionaries of earlier days, mostly now forgotten names. For they wasted no time in any elaborate record of their dangerous journeys and lifelong toil, being for the most part, to quote Lowell's apt characterization of such nameless heroes,

Men of the plain heroic breed

That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Of a few we can trace the story, hidden away in old letters or in the scanty memoir noted by some comrade as he sent the news of the pioneer's death home to Europe. One of these devoted men, whose name is still remembered and held in high honor and reverence in Brazil, was the celebrated Jesuit missionary and teacher, Joseph Anchieta.

Putting aside the always interesting question as to whether there was an English strain in his parentage, we find that Joseph Anchieta was born of noble parents on the island of Teneriffe in the year 1533. He was first educated at Coimbra, and entered the Society of Jesus at the early age of seventeen. During his novitiate he is said to have almost ruined his health by an austerity so excessive that it had the effect of causing an injury to the spine which rendered him nearly hunchbacked. In fact, it was in the first instance on account of his broken-down health and shattered nerves, and not for the purposes of missionary work, that the Society sent him out to South America. He landed in Brazil in 1553, when he was aged exactly twenty.

But once arrived in the New World, and ever so slightly benefited in health, Anchieta could be prevented by nothing from plunging straightway into the work of the mission field. Already a consummate master of the Latin, Portuguese, and Castilian tongues, he began teaching Latin to a number of the colonists as well as to the less well-instructed members of the Society,—“very likely,” says a Catholic writer, “it was the first classical school in



America." Simultaneously he was rendering himself familiar with the native language, and he is known to have produced a grammar and dictionary to assist him in the work of endeavoring to convert the native Indians. Not content with this, he set himself to the composition of canticles, many of which were speedily popularized among the native converts and Portuguese settlers in Brazil. More interesting still is the statement that he composed and conducted the performance in the open air at Bahia, of a drama which was so constructed that the Indians were able to understand it. "This also was possibly the first attempt at dramatic art in the New World." \*

In all this it has to be recollected that Anchieta was not himself actually a priest. But the missionaries were only too glad for him to accompany them on their long and dangerous journeys into the interior. With consummate self-sacrifice, he permitted himself on one occasion to be left as a hostage in the hands of the fierce and cannibalistic Tamin tribe. He was actually on the point of being killed and devoured by them when rescued by the European settlers, with whom they were continually at war until suppressed by military intervention. Incredible though it may sound, during his captivity among the Tamuins he composed and committed to memory—for he had no means of writing it down—a poem of some five thousand lines. On his release he wrote it down, but I am unable to discover that it has been preserved in any permanent form.

The Indians already credited Anchieta with a supernatural knowledge; and it is unquestioned that he was the possessor of a marvellous eloquence and gift of personality which brought him safely through innumerable dangers. As he came to know the Indians better, and in a great measure to win their confidence, his knowledge of medicine proved of great service to them; and it was as "medicine

man" as well as missionary that they remembered him with awe and reverence long after he had passed away.

To Peter Lietano, the first bishop to arrive in Brazil, belongs the honor of having ordained Anchieta priest. As he was the most modest and retiring of men, the supernatural powers with which he is credited would alone stamp him as one of the most remarkable prophets and missionaries of all time. He was a seer, inasmuch as he frequently foretold future events as well as occurrences happening at a great distance. We are further told of him that "the birds of the air came at his call; the wild beasts of the forest submitted to his caresses; the waters of the sea formed a wall about him while he was praying; the touch of his garments restored health to the sick." Considering also the condition of his health, it is especially noteworthy that the wild and wide areas missionized and evangelized by Anchieta were invariably at great distances, and peopled by a savage and hostile race. Moreover, he passed barefooted through this trackless country; for he was devoid of any earthly possession whatever. Small wonder that the more civilized people acclaimed him everywhere, and his name has passed down to posterity as that of the Apostle of Brazil.

This extraordinary man never returned from the field of his labors in South America, nor indeed had he any desire to do so. It was inevitable that those responsible for the conduct of the Society of Jesus should entrust him with plenary powers in administrative as well as spiritual work. He was authorized to conduct an investigation into the working and possible improvement of the numerous Jesuit houses which in the meantime had sprung up in Brazil. This was followed by his appointment to the rectorship of the College of St. Vincent de Paul, and this in its turn by the conferment of the highest honor that could be bestowed on him in the circumstances—that of

\* T. J. Campbell, in Catholic Encyclopedia.

Father Provincial of Brazil. It was only after long years of suffering and self-sacrifice, and after his impoverished frame was literally worn out, that he relinquished his position as Provincial, simply because loss of bodily strength rendered it impossible for him to continue any longer. The actual year of his death, on the scene of his labors and after forty-four years of continuous exertion, was 1597.

There was an immediate and insistent demand for his canonization, and he was declared Venerable by the Church of Rome. A biography of him appeared, and was translated about a century after his death; while another life of him was published in the "Oratorian Series" in 1849; but copies of both these works are now, I believe, very scarce.

It was not merely the grand work done in Brazil by its "Apostle" and his immediate coadjutors, but also the splendid heritage which they left to those who followed them in the mission field. The labors of the Jesuit Fathers in Brazil were succeeded by those of the Franciscans and Benedictines. A few figures will show what this implies. After 1822, when the independence of Brazil became an accomplished fact, a considerable educational, and consequently religious, progress was effected, and in 1854 the whole scholastic system of the country was placed upon a new basis. It is true that the percentage of illiteracy remains an appallingly high one, doubtless owing to isolation and lack of facilities for expansion; but out of 20,000,000 of inhabitants, all but perhaps 1,500,000 are of the Catholic faith. At the beginning of the twentieth century, rather more than 5000 churches and chapels in Brazil were administered by 2067 secular and 559 regular clergy. At the same date there were 2083 nuns in hospitals and religious establishments, and 524 schools, 12 large and 17 small seminaries.

It should be explained that the two great provinces into which Brazil is

divided, Rio de Janeiro and Bahia, each contains nine suffragan dioceses. Considering all the difficulties, therefore, we must think that Joseph Anchieta would be rejoiced if he could witness the progress made in the course of four centuries. His victories were mightier than those won by the sword and bullet, and his name will survive and will be revered as long as the faith to which he gave his life shall endure.

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### The Angel Guardian.

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BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

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AN Angel close beside thee,  
O little child!—  
An Angel clothed in trailing light,  
An Angel with a face too bright  
For us to see;  
Perchance not so for thee  
Yet undefiled,  
O little child!

An Angel close beside thee,  
O little child!—  
An angel from thy heavenly home,  
To guard thee lest thou haply roam,  
Or go astray  
In life's strange, devious way,  
Lost in the wild,  
O little child!

An Angel near to whisper  
In accents mild,  
When other voices seek to win,  
And lead thee, little child, to sin.  
Turn not aside:  
Obey thy heavenly guide;  
Pass, unbeguiled,  
Dear little child!

A pure bright Angel given  
For all thy life!  
Oh, do not veil his beauteous face;  
Lose not thy pure baptismal grace.  
His mission done  
At setting of life's sun,  
Glad will he be  
If he may see  
Thee, victor, in the strife.



## The Tunic of Tears.

BY M. DALY.

It was evening in the little town of Condé, in the north of France; and Madame O'Hagan sat by the window in her room facing the ramparts, working at the fine lace by which she earned daily bread for her small grandson and herself. Now and again she would press her wrinkled hands to her tired eyes, for the work was trying; or rest her gaze upon Charles Marie, aged eight, who marched up and down the room, gravely mimicking the gait of the sentries as they paraded the ramparts across the road.

"His father over again!" she murmured. "He would be a soldier, and he went from me, and died far off yonder,"—her head nodded southward. "It must not be so with Charles Marie. If I can, I will keep him with me. I have only him. It is the Irish blood, too, doubtless. Certainly they would wish for nothing else but fighting, the men of that country."

Up and down marched the boy,—up and down, not heeding the shouting children in the street, whose sabots clacked against the pavement as they ran about.

"Come hither, *mon p'tit!*" said the grandmother. "Hast thou learned the verse about the little St. Gery which I gave thee this morning?"

"No, grandmother. I found another in the book, that I like better, and I learned that."

"Recite it, then," said the old woman.

And Charles Marie stood still before his grandmother and recited, in his pretty, round voice:

"Dans la France que tout devise,  
Quel Français a pris pour devise  
Chacun pour tous, tous pour l'état?  
Le soldat."

Madame O'Hagan made an impatient gesture, and her hands shook; but Charles Marie went on to the end:

"Et sur sa tombe obscure et fière  
Pour recompense et pour prière,  
Que voudrait-il que l'on gravât?  
Le soldat?"

His face was red and his eyes shone. "When I am older, I shall be a soldier," he said with confidence.

But the old woman's face was white and drawn. She drew him to her side, and kissed his forehead and smoothed his fair hair.

"Promise me that you will never recite that poem again," she said, much perturbed. "You will make me very unhappy if you do. You will not want to be a soldier, my little one? You will not leave me as your father did? You will not abandon your poor old grandmother? Ah, Charles Marie, the soldier's coat will ever seem to me a tunic of tears!"

He promised, and he did not forget. He was a clever child, this little O'Hagan,—very good-tempered, very high-spirited, very generous also; and he had his dreams, too, which he told to no one. He was Irish as well as French, and the whole world knows that the Irish are dreamers of dreams. He grew up thus under the care of madame his grandmother, and the only trouble he ever gave her did not occur until his sixteenth birthday had passed, and it happened in this manner.

A gentleman, a native of Condé, who had become wealthy and famous in Paris, while visiting his birthplace called one day at the public school, and addressed the pupils, giving them excellent advice. The head-master spoke to him of Charles Marie, and showed a prize essay which he had written. Monsieur de Merlais himself, editor and owner of the great French newspaper *La Futüre*, was quick to perceive in the schoolboy's essay the latent genius which, if given its chance, would one day make him a brilliant journalist. Acting on impulse, he proposed to Charles Marie that he should leave Condé and go with him to Paris to study. But young O'Hagan, despite his own

eager desire to accept Monsieur de Merlais' offer, remembered that his grandmother would be pained if he should leave her even for a time, and so refused.

Nevertheless, he did go to Paris; for one still evening, when the boy had started on one of his long walks into the country, Madame O'Hagan received a visit from Monsieur de Merlais, the famous Parisian editor. When he had unfolded his plan for Charles Marie's advancement, and shown her clearly how it would be ruinous to the boy's prospects to remain buried away at Condé, he found her very sad, but little inclined to oppose the project. Finally all was settled, and he went away triumphant.

When Charles Marie came home that night he found his grandmother very gay.

"Thou shalt go to Paris," she said. "Thou shalt study and become one of the great ones, — even one of the Forty perhaps some day; who knows? Certainly thou hast the brains, and thou wilt not forget thy poor old grandmother either."

When alone afterward in her room, she sat upon her bed, while the tears ran down her cheeks, murmuring over and over:

"I had but him—this little one!"

"I will come back soon, grandmother," said the boy, as he waved his hand to her from the train. In a moment he was lost to her sight.

His first days at the school in Paris were very sad ones. No one seemed to care for him or understand him. The professors appeared cold, absorbed, indifferent; while his schoolfellows assumed airs of protectorship or effrontery. He ever afterward remembered distinctly those tranquil autumn days, when he suffered so much sorrow and loneliness; and the long nights, in which he used often to dream he was at home again in the little fortified town set in the flat plains of the North, watching the sentries as they paced the ramparts in the sun, up and down, up and down. But he soon learned to live down those boyish troubles,

and his true nature and brilliant talents brought him many friends. As the years sped on, success followed his footsteps; and the patient grandmother prayed much for him and rejoiced.

In due time Monsieur de Merlais, his friend and patron, gave Charles Marie a good post on his influential paper, *La Future*. And, having communicated this piece of good fortune to his grandmother, he made known to her also his earnest desire that she should come to Paris and live with him. But she refused. She was too old, she told him, to leave Condé, where she had lived all her life, except for one month spent in Paris in her early youth. There she had met his grandfather, the handsome Irishman, whom she married later. Sometime — perhaps when he married — Charles Marie would come to live in Condé. In the meantime he would always come to see her, when not taken up with his affairs.

He had sent her his photograph with the letter. She keeps it yet, hanging upon the wall over her bed; and when the sun shines into the room, it still lights the boyish eyes, the curling hair and the smile that has not yet faded in the picture, though the tints are fading with the years, like Madame herself.

His work on the paper was so good that his promotion was very rapid. His style charmed all — graphic, forcible, picturesque, yet elegantly simple, — so that no one was surprised save himself when it was suggested to him to go to Africa as correspondent when the war broke out among the black tribes upon the Senegal.

To go down yonder to Africa! Behold his dreams realized! Always his imagination had been kindled with visions of far-off countries, strange climates, strange peoples, and, above all, adventures. Vaguely, it is true, almost unconsciously, those dreams had lain at the bottom of his soul; he had never hoped to leave France. Now those dreams were stirred to life. This going would trouble his grandmother, of course. But, then, he



meant to take a long vacation soon, and make up to her for all the years she had been without him.

He was well upon the journey when she heard the news. She did not weep, but her heart turned cold.

"It is the Irish nature," she said. "Ah! my God, shall I ever see him again?"

The young correspondent had obtained permission to travel on the troopship *La Liberté*, thus being enabled to gratify his adventurous spirit, and obtain "copy" for his paper. He had never before been very far from land; and, though a storm had arisen that grew every moment worse, he paced the deck and watched, fascinated, the vast reaches of the tossing sea. For two hours the great voice of the tempest had been roaring round him, unheeded,—long, tongue-like flecks of foam dashing in his face, black sky overhead, and great masses of inky water rising high into the air. Yet, notwithstanding the ominous words of old sailors, and the pale faces of soldiers who had travelled far, he was not afraid. He knew the danger was great, but he also had a vague consciousness that Death was not to claim him then or there. He was right. At day-break the storm began to die away; and a few hours later a calm, unruffled sea reflected the cloudless blue of the sky.

Two days afterward he found himself floating up the river whose yellow waters separate the Moorish Sahara from the mysterious country of the black men. With melancholy gaze, he saw solitude after solitude slide past, while the ribbon-like river lost itself in infinite distance behind him. Those endless plains of sand stretching away before his eyes gave him a painful impression, and for the first time an indefinable feeling of sorrow seemed to clutch at his heart. At last, at a spot bounded on the north by low red hills, they disembarked and encamped.

Not many days later, Paris was ringing with O'Hagan's account of the fierce fight between the blacks and the French soldiers, in which the terrible chief

Soukhar Begon was killed and his army hunted back to the impenetrable countries of the interior. There were still, however, some minor chiefs who could not be brought to submit; and for that reason the troops remained in the neighborhood, not knowing at what moment further hostilities might break out. Still all was quiet, and for some days following Soukhar Begon's defeat there was not a black to be seen for miles around.

Ten days after this victory, seven cavalymen and a sergeant rode out of the camp to reconnoitre, and O'Hagan went with them. For protective reasons, he was allowed to wear a uniform, and for the first time he donned the soldier's dress that day. In putting on the coat he thought of his grandmother's words that long-past day in his childhood: "It seems to me always a tunic of tears." For an instant a pang shot through his heart.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. All was silent in the desert. The sun mounted tranquilly in the blue sky, and they rode easily along—those gay-looking fellows, with the red coats and broad white hats,—and they had no fear. As they journeyed on, the heat became intense; and, coming to a marsh full of herbage which enclosed a small pool of water, they dismounted to let their horses drink. In the marsh the high dark grass, still wet with the morning dew, shone in the sun.

Suddenly a black head rose up from the reeds, followed by another and another, until the place seemed swarming with faces full of diabolical fury; and a heavy rain of lead fell with terrible effect upon the unprepared soldiers. Wounded as they were, they prepared to sell their lives dearly; and, while hurriedly remounting, they emptied their firearms among the reeds. Again the leaden shower poured out, and this time horses and riders fell together. The blacks, filled with bloodthirsty fury, leaped out upon the helpless little band and rushed at them with their terrible knives.

Then the fight was hand to hand. It did not last long. Charles Marie was the last to fall. The battle-rage of his ancestors came upon him there in the desert, and a pile of blacks lay round about him when he sank finally, covered with wounds. The remaining blacks spurned his body, where he lay at a little distance from his dead comrades; and, thinking him also dead, they sped away like the wind, shouting their horrible war-cry as they went.

At midday he still lived, but the burning sun scorched him, and an intense agony of thirst made him gasp faintly from time to time for water. There was no one to hear.

He knew his last hour had come, and after long effort he managed to draw the Scapular from his neck and place it to his lips, which ever and anon would weakly murmur:

*"Jesul Marie!"*

Presently his mind began to wander. He was once more at home in the little house by the ramparts at Condé, and his grandmother was looking with sorrowful eyes at the soldier's coat which he was wearing. He raised himself upon his sandy bed and with all his remaining strength endeavored to tear off the coat so gay-looking in the morning, now all slashed with knife-thrusts and stained with blood.

"Thou seest, grandmother—that it was—but for—once—I—wore it."

He sank backward. A hand infinitely gentle seemed to rest upon his forehead, while to his ears came faintly the echo of an old cradle song of his childhood:

Dors, l'enfant, dors! Dors, l'enfant dort,  
L'enfant dormira, tantot—tantot.

The sun shone fiercely upon the red sands of the desert. Its heat oppressed him no more.

MUCH of the seeming ingratitude in life comes from our magnifying of our own acts, our minifying of the acts of others.—*W. G. Jordan.*

## The Bodleian Library.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

MANY of those who obtain the freedom of "that beatifiqué place," the Library of the University of Oxford, must notice with surprised pleasure that it has a pet name. Seasoned Oxonians call it, in plain English, "Bodley"; and this not in slang nor for brevity's sake. The official title of its head is "Bodley's Librarian." Foundation and founder have become one personality. Thus all through the Middle Ages were legacies made to the dedications of minsters and chantries, to the Blessed Apostle Peter at Westminster, or Our Lady St. Mary ever Virgin of Tintern Abbey.

The Library is a complete, independent academe, with its inviolably preserved traditions, its laws, rites, and usages, characteristic as the legislation of any antique clan, and intricate and attractive in the extreme. The moment you get well into the local currents, the first thing you become aware of is that one mind has been operative there from what was, practically speaking, the beginning. That mind is a wise one, sweet-tempered, far-sighted; an abiding and welcome presence, attracting human loyalty from generation to generation; and it is none other than Sir Thomas Bodley's.

The years of his reign are now three hundred and eleven. In no house in the world is there such a sense of continuous rule, unless in some age-old religious community, where the will and prayer of its great first father, a Bruno or a Bernard, live on like a fountain ever playing. By a charming coincidence, the present Bodley's librarian,

The best-condition'd and unweariedest spirit  
In doing courtesies,

needs but a ruff, trunk hose, and a sword, in order to look exactly like the portraits of the never-to-be-forgotten worthy to whom we owe one of the fore-



most marvels of European civilization.

Catholic tourists and visitors to Oxford get curiously Catholicized impressions from all they see. Much water has flowed under Folly Bridge since the astonishing younger children of Henry VIII. taught cart-wheels and somersaults to English Things-as-they-used-to-be. Yet nothing is more common to-day than to hear "the faithful" claim the stones of Oxford as kinsmen and allies. They are right. Oxford stands for a romance and a religion which have little to do with the rationalistic modern world. Dear old New England Unitarians, the most centripetal beings on earth, they to whom that romance and religion are quite alien, look on "the towery city" in the hour of fresh feeling, and come, none too admiringly, to the same conclusion as that just expressed. Very well, then. Whatever we know the ethical texture of Oxford to be, let us, without qualification, call the old dreaming heart of it profoundly Catholic. But let us hasten to note that the Library, which, on analysis, turns out to be its most poetic asset, owes its form and fame to an unwavering child of the Reformation!

Apart from a couple of sectarian graduate colleges which hardly count—as, properly speaking, they are external to the University, and apart from Keble College, which by its constitution is also external in lesser degree,—there are but two foundations in all Oxford which are not the offspring of Mother Church. Jesus College was built and endowed by Hugh Price, a too complacent Welshman, who found it prudent to let Queen Bess, supreme head of his church, pose as the "onlie begetter" of his enterprise.

After the same fashion had Queen Bess' domineering sire wrenched the honors of what is now Christchurch from broken-hearted Wolsey. Observe that Mary, on the other hand, made no Tudor grab at credit not her own. Sir Thomas Pope at Trinity, Sir Thomas White at St. John's, finding this short, troubled reign auspicious for the reconstruction on broader lines

of what had been a Benedictine and a Cistercian house, went to work in their way, and wore unhindered their own laurels. But this is digressive. *Guarda e passa!*

Jesus College, in its statutory soul, if not in its architectural body, was for Oxford a wholly new feature. The Bodleian, the other institution of Protestant origin, was not new at all. Its moral and material substructure were already ancient when its rescuer-patron came home from foreign lands, and "concluded att the laste," to quote his own fragrant and well-known phrase, "to sett uppe my Staffe at the Library doore in Oxon." A "Library doore" there was in 1598, and one with a noble history; for an English churchman and an English layman, in the Ages of Faith, had seen to it that Oxford had books to read.\*

His Lordship Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, departed this life "Christianly" in A. D. 1327, leaving a bequest of money and another of manuscripts to the University. The latter were kept in the upper story of the Old Convocation House, opening into the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at its northeast end. The earliest documents dealing with the care of these manuscripts date from the years just preceding the Battle of Agincourt, which event was to give them for near, and too near, neighbor Chichele's lovely memorial of All Souls.

In 1439 came a magnificent addition to the existing collection,—the first, but not the last, from the same source. The donor was a Duke of the blood royal, Humfrey of Gloucester, brother to

Harry the Fifth, too famose to live long.

Humfrey loved scholarship, while lacking leisure to become a scholar. His liberal

\* College libraries in Oxford are no more to be confounded with the University Library than little St. Sylvia's Church at Bar Harbor, say, with the Church Universal. Americans do not always catch this distinction, as there is nothing like it from Harvard to Leland Stanford. The Merton College Library is far older than "the first sprightly runnings" of the Bodleian.

hand showed constant purpose to the end. Almost his final action was to back the Chancellor and the University in building, over the glorious Divinity School, the long, beautiful hall, in which were placed Cobham's treasures and his own. A gift from Kempe, Bishop of London, pushed all on to completion. A century passed, and there arrived the ecclesiastical commissioners of Edward VI. The results of their backhanded zeal need not again be specified. They had come to purge away "Popery," and with subtle intelligence they made a clean sweep of all the beauty and culture (here chiefly secular, by the way) within their reach. Soon there was a great naked Gothic interior, with not a book left in it,—no, nor a shelf, nor so much as a bench.

Young Thomas Bodley, of Magdalen College, must have blushed to look upon such desolation, and vowed to take pity on his bereaved University, if only to show her that he, born and bred a Reformer, was not a Reformer such as these. In the heyday of his great administrative genius, he fell to work, and in four years' time he had grandly revived the ruined building, and constructed what is called the Arts End, and the Proscholium below it. It was a free service to posterity, and a chivalrous endorsement of a long-dead predecessor. The oldest room of the Library, running east and west, bears still the name of him to whom we owe it. It is called "Duke Humfrey." With its vista of bent heads and gowned shoulders, its high roof timbered and painted, and its alcove windows looking sweetly down on smooth lawns or gravelled courtyards, Duke Humfrey in Bodley is indeed like an isle of special peace in a sea of no storms.

The Arts End is much as Sir Thomas left it in 1613. Many an old tome and old counter stand just where his cloak may have brushed them; for he paced continuously the bridge of his own ship, and directed every knot of its triumphant cruise to the day of his death. The Picture

Gallery, too, and the entire Old School's quadrangle (including the Tower of the Five Orders, with its quaint glorification of James I.), owe their being to Bodley, though he died before they were finished. He foresaw a world of things, but perhaps not this—that every inch of space in his University buildings, upstairs and downstairs, and other buildings raised in time to come, should within three hundred years be crammed to overflowing with the contents of his generative foundation. When you say "Bodley" nowadays you mean, besides the T-shaped ancient Library, an underground city,—a sober grey stone wing of the seventeenth century, associated with the memory of John Selden; and a vast erection whose Wren-like dome looms sovereign over Oxford,—the Camera Bodleiana, originally the Radcliffe Library, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1737. It was intended to be quite a separate thing from the Bodley, and was so until about fifty years ago, when some admirable readjustments were effected, making everybody happy ever after.

The great reading-room's superb classical spaces are open to all students of Bodley, and enclose one of the finest reference libraries in existence. Those whose choice lies there are, for the most part, the motorists of bookland: men and women wearing a look of immediate purpose, whose interests lie on main roads, among famous sights. Old Duke Humfrey holds its own as pasture-ground and footway for more remote and idiosyncratic travellers: for those whose hope it is some day to find themselves in Hyperborea, or Hy Brasil, or that Isola Beata whence Nicholas Breton's "scholler" comes to hold parley with the son of Mars.

Dr. John Radcliffe was Queen Anne's court physician, and died in the same year as his liege lady. He was a sharp-witted, rational, humorous man, extraordinarily and refreshingly independent. Oxford owes him much, and owes still more to the



executors who construed his will so that she received through it her Infirmary and her Observatory, as well as the mighty Camera; all three, without being his direct bestowal, very properly bear his name. They bear it expediently but not endearingly. People read at "*the Radcliffe*," never at "*Radcliffe*." Something quite subtly psychological lies in the popular refusal to drop that little definite article: a defect of temperament, no doubt,—not in his beneficiaries, but in the rich, proud, pious, gruff benefactor himself. It will be "*Bodley*" and "*Duke Humfrey*," however, for all time.

Of the two just named, one, who seems to have suffered no spiritual hungers, was a thoroughly good man. The other, despite the supernatural religious sense strong in him, was full of flaws. You can see them both, if you pause to look upon two stone corbels cut only the other day near the low door through which every accredited Bodleian reader must pass. They are portrait corbels, after the mediæval fashion: the contrasted faces,—that of the Plantagenet prince, in its experimental unrest and care-worn kindness; that of the Elizabethan knight, in its clear-cut efficiency and assured calm. There they are, side by side, as they may now be walking together, contemporary and immortal, in Bookman's Paradise. Of some such pleasance, "breeding delightfulness, and void of no thing that ought to be in the noble name of Learning," these great givers have left to us no mean image upon the banks of Isis.

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear and read and learn whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know any of it except that which he has thought over,—that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it, then, saying too much if I say that man by thinking only becomes truly man? Take away this power from man's life, and what remains?—*Pestiglozzi*.

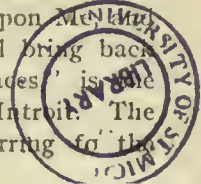
## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*October 19, Twenty-Third Sunday after Pentecost.*

THERE is a peculiarity about the liturgy of this Sunday which requires explanation before we begin to treat of its formulas. It is the last of the Sundays after Pentecost which enjoys a liturgy proper to itself. On account of the greater length of the Advent season in the early ages of the Church—a remnant of which is still to be seen in the present Ambrosian liturgy, followed at Milan, which has six weeks of Advent,—there were fewer Sundays after Pentecost to be provided for; it might even happen that twenty-three would occasionally prove too many, if Easter were late. For upon the early or late occurrence of Easter their number still depends; they vary from twenty-three to twenty-eight. But as the Sundays after Epiphany will vary in number for a like reason, the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels omitted on such Sundays, when Easter falls early, are transferred to the Sundays after Pentecost which have to be supplied. The remainder of the formulas are constantly repeated after the twenty-third Sunday, as the Epiphany liturgy would be unsuitable.

The Introit, from the Prophet Jeremias, is expressive of the desire of the Church to bring back the Jews to the true service of God; we have already seen that this subject is put prominently forward upon some of the later Sundays of the ecclesiastical year. In a general sense, however, all such formulas may be applied to the conversion of a soul in error or in rebellion against God. "The Lord saith: I think thoughts of peace, and not of affliction: you shall call upon *Me*, and I will hear you; and I will bring back your captivity from all places" is the hopeful declaration of the Introit. The psalm is one of those referring to the



Babylonian exile: "Lord, Thou hast blessed Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob."

The Collect asks for repeated pardon for those who repeatedly offend against God: "Absolve, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the sins of Thy people; that, by Thy clemency, we may be delivered from the bonds of sins contracted by our own frailty." Such a prayer must needs rise continually from the heart that knows its own weakness, while it recognizes the goodness of God, whose ear is always open to the cry of penitence.

The Epistle is an exhortation by St. Paul to his beloved Philippians to "stand fast" in the observance of all Christian virtues, and to shun the bad example of those "whose end is destruction," because they "mind earthly things." Rather should they remember that "our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Gradual lends itself, like the Introit, to the same twofold interpretation: the turning of the Jewish race to the Messias, or the rescue of the soul from the slavery of sin. "Thou hast saved us, O Lord, from them that afflict us, and hast put to shame them that hate us. In God shall we glory all the day long: and in thy name we will give praise forever. Alleluia. Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice."

The Gospel tells of the two great miracles wrought by Our Lord on one and the same day: the cure of the woman who ventured to touch the hem of His garment from amid the crowd that thronged around Him; and the raising to life the ruler's dead child. St. Jerome and other writers on Holy Scripture see in these events a figurative allusion to the Church. The woman represents the Gentiles, who received spiritual healing and the gift of faith before the Jews, of whom the daughter of Jairus, a ruler of the Synagogue, is a type. The once favored

nation, nevertheless, is to be gathered in to the true Church before Christ comes again. In both miracles, however, we may recognize the conversion of a sinner to the life of grace.

The Offertory verse, like that attached to the Alleluia after the Gradual, is from the familiar *De Profundis*. From out of the "depths" of sin the soul cries to God; from the bonds of error, the rejected Jews—as the prophetic eye of the Church foresees—beg for pardon. In a like prophetic sense did the psalm of the Introit cry out in thanksgiving: "Thou hast blessed Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob,"—as though the marvel had already been brought about.

In the Communion verse we have words of strong encouragement toward the practice of fervent, unremitting prayer for the attainment of all needed graces and blessings. It is as though the Church would have her children filled with so firm a confidence in God's fidelity to His promises as to think nothing too difficult for prayer to accomplish—even the conversion of the obstinate Jews. In the Mass of every Sunday from this day until Advent the same stirring words occur, to keep us mindful of our Blessed Lord's solemn promise with regard to prayer offered in faith. "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you ask when you pray, believe that you shall receive, and it shall be done to you."

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IN one sense, and that deep, there is no such thing as magnitude. The least thing is as the greatest, and one day as a thousand years, in the eyes of the Maker of great and small things. In another sense, and that close to us and necessary, there exist both magnitude and value. Though not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted, there are yet creatures who are of more value than many; and the same Spirit which weighs the dust of the earth in a balance counts the isles as a little thing.—*Ruskin*.



## Writing to Rome.

**A**MONG the changes effected in 1908 by the reorganization of the Roman Curia, there is one of more than ephemeral interest to the ordinary Catholic layman. Prior to 1908, access to the Holy See on the part of the unofficial individual was somewhat limited; at present, every Catholic is free to have recourse to any Department of the Curia, be it Sacred Congregation, Tribunal, or Office, whenever he wishes. This increased facility of holding communication with the Holy See (by letter) is due to the following translated statement in chapter x. of "*Normæ Communes*," one of the documents supplementary to the Apostolic Constitution, *Sapienti Consilio*: "Access to the Offices of the Holy See is free to any Catholic, due formalities being observed; and he is at liberty personally to treat with them concerning his own affairs."

Accordingly, the laity may now have recourse by letter to any department of the Curia without being obliged to employ an intermediary. Moreover, letters to the Curia need no longer be written in one of the three languages which were formerly compulsory—Latin, Italian, and French; nowadays one may write in any of these three, or in English, Spanish, German, or Portuguese.

There is one clause in the statement given above that all prospective correspondents with the Curia would do well to bear in mind—that is, "concerning *his own* affairs. The officious Catholic who should be so misguided as to write to the Papal Court on other than his personal business would be taking superfluous trouble: the correspondence would probably be entirely one-sided.

It was an old English custom to recite or read daily the Passion of Our Lord according to one of the four Evangelists; hence the inclusion of the Passion in different "prymers."

## Trying to Recover Precious Lading.

**A**T the annual congress of the Church of England held recently at Southampton, the Bishop of London, pleaded for the restoration of the doctrine of the invocation of saints, which, according to press dispatches, he declared to be a matter which concerned what was deepest in human nature. 'It would have to be reckoned with as much as anything else, if there was going to be a reunion of Christendom.'

A very significant step on the part of an Anglican prelate, this seems to us. It goes to show how greatly the thought of leading members of the Establishment has been influenced by the writings of men like the Rev. Dr. Wirgman and "Presbyter Anglicanus." Older readers can not have forgotten the learned work in which the latter (since deceased, after being received into the Church) made the same plea as the Bishop of London. In his later publication ("The Blessed Virgin and All the Company of Heaven"), Dr. Wirgman does not hesitate to say: "I am absolutely convinced that the neglect amongst us of true teaching upon the position of the Blessed Virgin in the economy of Redemption has weakened our witness to the central truth of the Incarnation, and has made possible amongst us a revival of the Cerinthian heresy with regard to the virgin conception and virgin birth of Our Lord. I have written mainly *ad clerum*, and for such of the faithful laity as have been led to believe that the opinions of the Fathers and the Councils of the Catholic Church have a claim upon their thoughtful consideration.... If all Catholics throughout the world could agree upon the relations of the Church Militant with the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, a great stumbling-block in the pathway of corporate reunion would be definitely removed."

In a sermon preached at the Norwich Church Congress many years ago, the

Archbishop of York asserted in so many words that 'the Church of England needed to review its position with regard to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, with the earnest desire of rising to the highest level of Christian thought'; and in the same sermon he made the surprising admission that the Reformers of the sixteenth century "had mistaken their course, and cast out too hastily some of the precious lading of the ship." Dr. Wirgman himself quotes these words, and comments: "For the present we must accept this loss as a penalty for the sins of our forefathers, and rest upon the fact that our private devotions are not touched by this omission any more than it can touch our right to believe and teach what the Catholic Church has always believed and taught." In another place he says, no less forcefully: "Our religion would become cold and self-centred if we never prayed for others, and if we never, with St. Paul, said, 'Pray for us.' In like manner, if we never asked the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in glory to pray for us, our devotions would be robbed of a richness and fervor which are naturally enkindled by the thought of 'the golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the Saints,' offered for us. We can not believe that we are well pleasing to Our Lord when we sever ourselves from communion with His Mother and His friends."

It may savor of exaggeration to assert, as Canon Knox Little does in his preface to the work from which we have quoted, that "the ferocities of the Reformation period are past"; but the violences of modern Protestantism, for serious minds at least, are certainly abated; and there is only the simple truth in Dr. Wirgman's declaration that "the ordinary Protestant view of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints is tainted *ab initio* with conscious or unconscious heresy regarding Our Lord's person and work." The realization of this truth is tardy, but it is nevertheless consoling, and, as we have often remarked, full of significance.

## Notes and Remarks.

The tendency to immodest dress at the dictates of fashion (or folly) seems to be practically world-wide; and, this being so, it is to be hoped that the example set by the Children of Mary in Spain will be universally followed. They have organized a Christian Modesty Crusade, and have already achieved notable results in the matter of combating indecorous dress in high society. The practical nature of the movement can be gauged from an enterprise that has just been started at the instigation of so prominent a churchman as Spain's late Cardinal Primate. The Primate having stated that, while much has been accomplished by this excellent association, the Crusade will not be efficacious until a national journal of fashions equal to the best foreign magazines, and in conformity with the canons of elegance and art, but directed by a spirit of Christian morality, is published, his idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and a Spanish Catholic journal of fashions is now in existence. It is issued every month; and, typographically and pictorially, is quite up to the standard of its irreligious, not to say pagan, competitors. Cardinal Aguirre, the Primate, was president of its directors. While there may be no field in this country for such a periodical, there certainly is ample scope for the activities of all our Catholic women in forwarding the specific object of the Christian Modesty Crusade.

Apropos of Sunday observance and the restrictions incidental thereto in London, a clergyman of that city has this to say:

Sunday is not like Lent. It is not a day of penitence. It is not a day of fasting. It is a day of feasting, the joyful festival of Christ the Liberator. It seems to me that there are a large number of clergy who have not yet realized the difference between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. The early Christian Church did not make these Sunday restrictions. What do we go to church for at



all? Why on earth should we go to church? My answer is that you go to celebrate the Christian service ordained by Christ Himself. You go there to worship. Incidentally, and at other times, you go to hear sermons and beautiful music and all that. But these—the sermon, the beautiful music, and so forth—are not the vital things. The vital fact is the celebration of the Mass. The man who realizes what the Mass actually means will not stay away. That is the service which sanctifies the whole of his life,—his amusements as well as his work, his politics as well as his home. By it the Christian's life is completely sanctified. When he has attended this one service he is given courage and strength and inspiration for all his life, including his amusement and his recreation.

Most of this declaration sounds Catholic enough; "the vital fact is the celebration of the Mass" is eminently Catholic. Yet the author of the declaration, the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, is a High Churchman who calls himself a Christian Socialist!

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It is one thing to mail a copy of a ribald journal to a newspaper office or to a private citizen, and it is quite another to make either editor or citizen pay it any attention. There are doubtless hundreds, not to say thousands, of the recipients of such inodorous sheets who treat them as does a journalist whose office was recently visited by the editor of the *Christian Year*. The visitor saw a pile of copies of one such infamous sheet, unopened, unread, and untouched. And the Protestant editor explained: "I do not throw them into the basket, for fear some one might read them."

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Under the caption "A New Era in Temperance," Father O'Callaghan, C. S. P., says (*Catholic Temperance Advocate*):

Moral principles must depend for their just application on a knowledge of all the facts affecting the application of them. Abstract principles may easily be discussed, and conclusions may be reached with a considerable degree of unanimity. But the application of such principles in concrete cases often leads to interminable disputes, because it involves principles which the mechanically-minded overlook, or depends on facts which partisans will not honestly face. It will generally be admitted

that drugs which cause the degeneration of the brain, and, therefore, the partial or complete paralysis of intellect and will, can not be used as means of sensual enjoyment without moral fault. As an abstract principle, most men will admit the truth of the proposition. If it be asserted, however, that alcohol is one of those drugs, there is bound to be a bitter controversy. We believe a new era in temperance is dawning, because the world of science has well-nigh made it a dictum that alcohol drinking must be classified with the drug habits. What genuine science thinks to-day will be the thought of the next generation. The facts must influence the application of moral principles, and the conscience of the next generation will not look on the use of alcohol as this generation has viewed it.

Apart from the morality inherent in the question, and considering it simply as an indifferent, unmoral matter, the present generation undoubtedly looks upon the use of intoxicating liquor far differently from the view taken of it by the last generation. Merely as what the man in the street calls "a business proposition," total abstinence is commending itself to increasing numbers everywhere.

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[An editorial in the current issue of the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* effectively disposes of a good many inept excuses for lack of charitable exertion. Here are two specimen paragraphs:

There are those who tell us that they are too busy, too tired at the end of the day to go to meetings, to take active part in them, and to work among the poor. Let such read Ozanam's life and see this excuse steal shamefacedly away. He did not think his work excessive when eighteen hours measured his day's labor. He was one of the busiest men of his age, and yet he found it possible to throw the gentle benediction of his shadow across the thresholds of the poor. Nor in doing so was he ever nervous, impatient, hurried or careless.

There are those who find social obligations, friendly intercourse, the theatre and dinner parties so exacting that no time is left to devote to the poor. We ask them to study the social life of Ozanam and his cultural activities. All cultured circles in Lyons and Paris opened to welcome him. No one was closer to men and women of charm, of social and intellectual power than he. He did not find it necessary to slight the agreeable and altogether desirable

amenities which make social life so attractive in order to go among the poor.

In good sooth "lack of time" means most frequently lack of will; and close observation of themselves or others will convince most persons that there is more truth than exaggeration in Hazlitt's paradox: "The more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

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Expounding his belief in world peace in an article contributed to the current number of the *Independent*, our Secretary of State says:

War is in the interest of a few people—not of all. The world is learning that back of much of the furor of war, back of much of the stirring of the passions of people, is the interest in armor plate, battleships, and ammunition on the part of those persons and corporations whose business it is to build these battleships and make the necessary armor plate and invent powerful projectiles to destroy. It has been found out that men in one country will spend their money to stir up in another country the feeling against their own country. In other words, there are men who have commercialized and are commercializing war, for their own private benefit, without stopping to measure the results or count the cost to humanity in general of their base propaganda. It is because the people in general are beginning to understand how trivial are sometimes the causes that lead to a disastrous war that they are moving away from any cause that might excite war. Increasing intelligence is a safeguard, in that it is one of the forces working for peace.

This is "as true as preaching," but the trouble is that people are quite as apt to forget as they are disposed to learn. Mr. Bryan himself, it will be remembered, took to soldiering during the Spanish-American war; and a more needless one was never waged.

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Speaking of courtesy and good manners at a prize distribution in an English grammar school recently, Lord Roseberry made this statement:

Now, I would like to appeal to the elders for a moment, apart from the boys, and ask them if they will not corroborate what I am going to say. Manners have an enormous commercial value in life. I sometimes wonder why

it is not harped on more on these occasions. No one can have lived as long as I have without noticing the weight and value of manners in the ordinary transactions of life—in public life. I have seen men, by appearance and manners, get such a start of very much abler fellows, that they have managed to keep their place much higher in public life than their abilities or service would entitle them to. Of course we can't all go into public life, but we all go into some business. At least we boys, with whom I identify myself for a very pleasant moment,—we boys have to go into some calling or business. I am sure there is not a man or woman in this hall over thirty years of age who has some practical knowledge of the affairs of life who won't tell the boys of the enormous advantage given them by good appearance and good manners.

An excellent paragraph for parents to read to their children, and, incidentally, to ponder themselves.

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In reference to Sir Oliver Lodge's address, on continuity, to the members of the British Association, the Rev. Father Day, S. J., had something to say well worth repeating, in a sermon reported by the *Manchester Courier*. As every reader of the address in question must have seen, it is practically an endorsement of spiritism. "Viewed in the light of Christian revelation, Father Day said that modern spiritism had three sides—its falsehood, its sacrilege, and its disastrous results. Its falsehood consisted in the untruth of its fundamental assumptions. The first assumption of spiritism was that material beings could and did communicate with the disembodied souls of the dead; the second, that the attempt to open a way between the living and the dead was morally proper and expedient. The reverse of both those assumptions was the truth. The immaterial, disembodied soul was incapable of communicating its thoughts to the living; and the reason was because such communication could be effected only through the imagination by sensible and material images or phantasms. But the employment of that means was impossible to the disembodied soul, which had no power over matter.

"The second assumption of spiritism



was also evidently false. All such attempts to communicate with the unseen world of spirits were directly opposed to the divine order, and were, therefore, naturally unlawful, and constituted a perversion of nature. The phenomena connected with spiritistic séances must be attributed solely to the activities of demoniacal spirits, who in all ages sought to enter into communication with men, that they might thereby deceive and defraud them. Spiritism did not tend, therefore, to the preservation or acquisition of truth, whether scientific, religious, or moral; but, by its intimate association with the spirit of falsehood, it tended to the destruction of every sort of truth and veracity. It implied a complete emancipation from supernatural religion and from the Christian law regulating the spiritual life of the soul. It was a small result to set against that that the phenomena demonstrated the existence of a spirit world, and confirmed the doctrine of immortality already amply established by philosophy and reason.

"The most appalling of the disastrous effects of spiritism, added Father Day, was the progressive weakening of the power of the will which inevitably followed spiritistic practices. In what he had said no depreciation was intended of the efforts of scientists to bring about new and useful discoveries through wisely conducted psychical research, the preacher stated: his point was to raise a warning against a recent tendency of science to look for additions to truth in a new form of an old superstition. The Church condemned the new form of modern spiritism, as she did the old superstition. It was identical with devil worship, black magic, with the necromancy of the past; and she regarded it as the continuation of Satan's revolt against God."

All this has been said often before; but the wide publication of Sir Oliver Lodge's address, which was intended only for the attention of scientists, was good reason for repeating it. In justice to the

eminent English scholar, it should be said that he would be the last to encourage indiscriminate psychical research, whose disastrous results he is too experienced not to be aware of. The scientific investigation of psychical phenomena is one thing, the production of them is quite another.

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In support of his contention that medical advertising is generally fraudulent—"ninety per cent fake advertising,"—the editor of *Standard Advertising*, who is carrying on a campaign for "clean business," says:

In the orderly working out of our campaign in favor of clean publications, some criticism has come to light, because, according to our notion, medical advertising is not legitimate.

The contention that a doctor, or the owner of a proprietary remedy, may be as honest as a regular medical practitioner, is true. He *may* be. But if he told the truth about his service, he would make no advertising profit.

No advertising doctor possesses any secret which the profession does not possess. He must make believe some unusual advantage, or his advertising will not pull.

Again, sick people are, as a rule, gullible. They are discouraged, disheartened, and in no condition to analyze. They grab at straws, and the main thing which medical advertisers do is to make the patient "feel better" regardless of permanent effect on the system.

This brings about the "dope," which is so much in evidence in advertised remedies and treatments.

*Standard Advertising* has no criticism to make of any doctor simply because he advertises; but the facts stand out clearly that if he makes his offer in keeping with the truth, he will not attract business, and for that reason medical advertising is at least 90 per cent fake advertising.

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As the tendency, common to all specialists, to attach undue importance to their particular hobby is not least notable in writers on heredity, it is well to read occasionally such declarations as the following, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* by H. Fielding Hall:

There are few subjects on which so much "scientific" nonsense is talked and written as on heredity. Not very much is known of it as regards plants, less of animals, and almost

nothing as regards humanity. To read books on heredity, especially those of the Eugenic Society, is to read a mass of suppositions and hazardous inductions, where most of the facts are negative, and only the exceptions are positive. . . . A superficial likeness to parents seems hereditary, but that is all that we can assert; and that outward likeness by no means infers an inward likeness. There is nothing so easy and nothing so fatal as this tendency to attribute to heredity what is due to training or want of training. It excuses supineness in governments and professions.

Carried to the extreme to which some writers apparently push the hereditary principle, it would relieve the criminal of the responsibility for his crimes,—a plea which is ruled out in the courts of this world, and which we have no reason to believe will be accepted in those of the world to come.

In the current number of a little paper which is the organ of the Franciscan mission at Weihaiwei, China, we find an English leaflet with the following succinct appeal, in answer to which many of our readers will doubtless be moved to contribute their Jubilee alms:

Catechists are missionary scouts, who sound and prepare the ground for the priest, whose place they take in a great measure.

They instruct the catechumens, settle local difficulties, preach to the pagans, baptize the dying, and on Sundays preside over the assemblies in remote chapels, of which they are the caretakers.

Their apostolate is as manifold as it is meritorious and fruitful; in a word, they are the real acting force of the missionary.

Please send a contribution, for the love of God, to support the catechists attached to St. Joseph's Catholic Mission, Weihaiwei, which is in urgent want of funds for this good work.

Alms may be sent direct to the Rev. Fr. Hallam, O.F.M. (St. Joseph's Mission, Weihaiwei, China), or we shall be glad to receive and forward them. He tells us that one dollar is enough to support a catechist for a month; but, sad to say, he has been obliged to dispense with the services of some who were doing wondrous work, on account of not having means for their support.

## Notable New Books.

**Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways.** By J. Michael of Coutances. Translated, Slightly Abridged, and Rearranged, by the Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, Priest of the Oratory. B. Herder.

The phrase "spiritual exercises," without further specification, probably connotes in the minds of most English readers the well-known work of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Excellent, however, as is that series of meditations and other devotional practices, it does not, of course, exhaust the possibilities of effective literature on the subject; and so various are the mentalities of different people that St. Ignatius' method does not appeal to all persons, or, for that matter, to the same persons at all times. The present volume is accordingly not to be slighted as being, *a priori*, superfluous: there is ample room for it in Catholic libraries, and the scope of its prospective usefulness is wide. Its author, John Michael Vesley—born at Coutances, France, in the early part of the sixteenth century,—became a Carthusian monk, and in 1594 was made prior of the Grande Chartreuse and forty-fifth general of the Order. His biographer writes that "he was a man of singular meekness, full of deep humility and self-contempt,"—an excellent qualification for the author of such a devotional work as this which Father Best has so happily done into English.

Of the three Parts of the work, the second, the Illuminative Way, is by far the longest, and perhaps, to the average reader of the book, the most interesting. Two-thirds of the pages devoted to the Unitive Way are not given in the vernacular, because here, says Father Best, "the difficulties of a translator increase"; and, moreover, "those likely to reach it [the Way in question] will probably prefer it in the Latin." We cordially recommend the book to all devout Catholics, and more particularly to the members of religious communities.

**Christian Social Reform. Program Outlined by its Pioneer, William Emmanuel Baron Von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz.** By George Metlake. Preface by his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell. The Dolphin Press.

One of the most surprising statements in this handsome octavo is contained in the concluding sentence of the author's Introduction: "If there are any English works dealing directly with Von Ketteler, I confess that I have not been able to trace them." We call the statement surprising, not as questioning its truth, but as expressing our wonder that it should



be true. In view of the large—the very large—space occupied by Bishop Von Ketteler and his sermons, speeches, books, and pamphlets, in the social history of the middle nineteenth century; in view, moreover, of the eulogy passed on him by Pope Leo XIII. ("he was my great predecessor"), it certainly seems strange that Mr. Metlake's should be the first biography of the great churchman to be offered to the English-speaking world. We say "biography" advisedly; for the book is not a mere treatise, as its title may suggest. "Bishop Von Ketteler, Christian Social Reformer," would be perhaps a more accurate title for the volume. Under whatever name, however, the book is a welcome one, and a valuable addition to a department of Catholic literature especially important in these times.

What will particularly impress the discriminating readers of these intensely interesting pages is the singular appropriateness of much that Von Ketteler wrote half a century ago to the conditions actually prevailing in the social and industrial world. Christian principles are, of course, like their Divine Author, always the same, "yesterday, to-day, and forever"; but the concrete application of those principles to the specific needs and problems of different periods necessarily varies; and one can scarcely believe, in perusing some of the pronouncements of this nineteenth-century German Bishop, that one is not listening to an up-to-date twentieth-century prelate, such as Cardinal Bourne or Archbishop Ireland. The work is accordingly a timely one, and will be found a veritable arsenal for offensive and defensive arms against Socialism, as well as a fountain of genuine edification and abiding-interest. We could better spare the bibliography with which the book is supplied than we can the index which it lacks.

**The Roman Curia as It Now Exists.** By the Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

One necessary consequence of the Apostolic Constitution *Sapienti Consilio*, of June 29, 1908, was the relegation of sundry treatises and explanatory volumes to the shelf of obsolete books. Even Dr. Hilling's "Procedure at the Roman Curia," the English version of which appeared only in 1907, became practically out of date on the reorganization of the Curia in the following year. The present volume accordingly supplies an actual want. True, the Constitution itself, *Sapienti Consilio*, with the various commentaries and expositions thereof which have appeared in ecclesiastical periodicals during the past three or four years, would, rigorously speaking, suffice to give both the many priests who must, and the many more

who should, know the working of the Curia all the information requisite; but an English explanation of the whole subject furnishes a much easier, more compendious, and more readily available method of acquiring such knowledge of the matter as is congruous, not merely to ecclesiastics, but to educated laymen.

The present Curia comprises eleven Roman Congregations, three tribunals, and five offices. To the first category belong: the Congregation of the Holy Office, the Consistorial Congregation and the Congregations on the Discipline of the Sacraments, of the Council, of the Affairs of Religious, of the Propaganda, of the Index, of Rites; the Ceremonial Congregation, that for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and the Congregation of Studies. The tribunals are: the Sacred Penitentiary, the Sacred Rota, and the Apostolic Segnatura. Finally, the Sacred Offices are: the Apostolic Chancery, the Apostolic Datary, the Apostolic Camera, the Secretariate of State, and the Secretariates of Briefs to Princes, and of Latin Letters. Father Martin gives a lucid explanation of each of the foregoing, with half a dozen useful *addenda*, and an appendix containing the Latin text of the Papal documents on the Curia's reorganization. While the substance of the book has already appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, there is in it much new material.

**Woman in Science.** By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. D. Appleton & Co.

A new book on any subject by the author of "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," etc., is sure of a wide welcome. Discriminating readers everywhere have learned to appreciate both the worth and the charm of all that he writes. His present work is one of special interest as well as of special learning—"the outcome," he tells us in his preface, "of studies begun many years ago in Greece and Italy." That these studies have been industriously pursued the volume bears abundant witness. An extended introductory chapter on woman's long struggle for things of the mind is followed by no less illuminating chapters on Woman's Capacity for Scientific Pursuits, Women in Mathematics, Women in Astronomy, Women in Physics, Women in Chemistry, Women in the Natural Sciences, Women in Medicine and Surgery, Women in Archæology, Women as Inventors, Women as Inspirers and Collaborators in Science; a final chapter being entitled the Future of Women in Science: Summary and Epilogue.

It will be seen that Dr. Mozans has confined himself to woman's achievements in science, and for two good reasons: many works on what

women have accomplished in art, literature, and statecraft exist in various languages, while almost nothing has been written about their services to science. The opportuneness of the present work will be unquestioned; for, as the author remarks in concluding his introductory chapter: "The world is beginning at last to realize the truth of the proposition which the learned Maria Gætana Agnesi so eloquently defended nearly two centuries ago—to wit, that nature has endowed the female mind with a capacity for all knowledge; and that, in depriving women of an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, men work against the best interests of the public weal."

The least serious of Dr. Mozans' readers will be impressed by his erudition. He seems to have visited every scene of the scholastic triumphs of women, and to have read everything dealing with them. As illustrating the extent of his research, we may refer to the footnote on pp. 413-14, in which he quotes from an eloquent and pregnant sermon delivered in the Church of the Gesù in Rome, in March, 1900, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, "who by his writing and lectures has done so much for the cause of the higher education of both men and women."

An interesting, scholarly, and timely book, of which we hope there will be numerous editions.

**The New France.** By W. S. Lilly. Herder.

Some critics are not quite satisfied with this latest book of Mr. Lilly, and have treated it rather dubiously, chiefly because it does not hold strictly to the thesis described in the title; but for the average reader it will, nevertheless, prove an interesting and instructive essay on the New France which to-day challenges the attention of the whole world. The principles of 1789 have in the present France a shining exponent. They have made their way in spite of the Terror, the Bonaparte dynasty, the Bourbons, the Church, and the hostility of a good part of the civilized world. Evidently Providence is about to give them an opportunity to prove their value to modern society. On their inspiration, French leaders have confiscated ecclesiastical property, have denied Catholics the ordinary rights and privileges of citizens, and have undertaken the task of annihilating religion among Frenchmen. Their work and their success have been wildly applauded by a certain class in America and elsewhere less because people understand the principles of 1789 than because the Church has suffered most in the struggle.

Let us see now how these principles will succeed, how far they will go, what will be

their fruits. Mr. Lilly's book will help very much to explain dubious matters. Its lively chapters are full of meat, delightful quotation from the great contemporary writers, and strong sketches of the brilliant but corrupt thinkers who made the French Revolution so successful and powerful. From every point of view, "The New France" is a book of the time.

**Poems.** By Sister M. Blanche, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The Devin-Adair Co.

All those to whom poetry means an essence of rare delight will acclaim this slender volume with a grateful joy; for here the Muse finds authentic expression. The fine phrase embodying the poetic idea, the haunting melody, the imagery and that something more than metaphor-making—imagination; and, finally, a craftsmanship which honors its own material,—all those elements together make this elect selection a treasurable book and unique among its kind. Some of the poems will not be new to readers of *THE AVE MARIA*, but on that account will be the more welcome. As an index of the quality of this work, we quote two sonnets which the Muse of Alice Meynell might not have disdained:

AD AMICAM.

Dear friend who dwellest in the magic West,  
Where swells and falls the great Pacific sea,  
What mighty barriers rise 'twixt thee and me!  
The white Sierras soaring crest o'er crest,  
Grim gorge and frowning cañon's rugged breast,  
The Rockies spruigiog skyward from the lea,—  
All bar me from communion sweet with thee.  
Though keen the hunger of the heart oppressed.

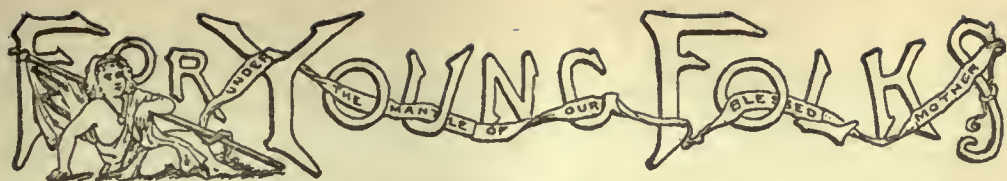
But when before the altar shrine I kneel,  
Where from the world Love's Prisoner dwells apart,  
Lo! in that trysting-place divinest feel  
The absent near; then healed is sorrow's smart.  
And, barriers vanishing that friends conceal,  
I see thee, hear thee, fold thee to my heart!

WASHINGTON FROM DUMBARTON TOWERS.

Eastward and south the city lies adream;  
White shaft and golden dome and soaring tower  
Enwrapped in violet haze of autumn hour,—  
Asleep beneath magician's spell they seem.  
Across the world, Potomac's storied stream—  
Whose banks the trailing willow trees embower,—  
Runs golden in the sunlight's dazzling shower,  
And 'neath the sky's blue concave bright dath gleam.  
Like as the city of an artist's brush,  
Scene it lies amid a landscape rare;  
Naught hinting of life's turmoil, din and rush,  
But breathing rest and joy forever fair;  
And e'en from morn till twilight's holy hush  
A coronal of peace it seems to wear.

This is superlatively fine work of its kind. The sonnet idea, development and conclusion, are quite in the best manner of the accredited sonneteers. The discerning reader is referred to the volume itself for fuller enjoyment. The publishers have made a fittingly beautiful book.





### The Man who Wins.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE man who wins must have a mind  
As clean as sunlight and as kind;  
The man who wins must have a soul  
As sweet as nature and as whole.

The man who wins must do his best,  
And measure up to every test;  
The man who wins must toil and save,  
And face the world with spirit brave.

The man who wins must look with care  
Before he leaps nor take a dare;  
The man who wins must see and know  
Before he judges friend or foe.

The man who wins must have a faith  
In men to outlast even death;  
The man who wins must walk the sod  
With eyes on heaven and on God.

### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

#### XVII.—AN ENCOUNTER.

IT was a day or two after the exhibition that the dwarf presented himself at the white door, which was promptly opened to admit him by Mary Doyle. Having heard a good deal about him from the children, Mary greeted him with a pleasant, smiling face; and, having hastened to the attic to tell Fred and Alice and their cousins who were visiting them of his arrival, she returned to say that they would be down presently. The little man sat there, an atom in the vastness of the long and spacious corridor, looking about him with something of wonder, and holding in his hand two illuminated programmes which he had brought to the children as a souvenir of the late entertainment, and of which he

was exceedingly proud. The manager had struck off a limited number, to be distributed where they might be most effective.

Now, as the Prince of the Lilliputians waited, still ruffling his plumage and puffed up with pride at the success of his last appearance, he was accosted by two persons, and in a very different manner, as shall be seen. The first of these was Uncle Jim. That unamiable personage had come downstairs for the first time that day; and, moody and irritable, was ensconced in an armchair in the drawing-room, which Mrs. Seymour had prepared for him. She had covered it with a thick rug and lined it with cushions, drawing it over as close as possible to the window. From that vantage point the convalescent had observed the arrival of the dwarf, with feelings that were far from pleasurable. In the first place, his nerves were still out of gear; and, in the second, he had a real dislike to this little creature, whom he had on more than one occasion tormented, and who had responded sharply and venomously, with words that conveyed something like a veiled threat. Moreover, Uncle Jim had certain other reasons of his own for distrusting and, in an odd sort of way, fearing the dwarf.

Having heard him admitted by Mary Doyle, the big man sat for a few seconds, fretting and fuming in his chair, biting his nails and making his brows meet in a hideous frown over his deep-set eyes. All at once he came to a determination, and, rising, tottered toward the door.

"You!" he howled, emerging suddenly in front of the dwarf. "What brings you here, you miserable imp?"

"Oh," answered the little creature so addressed, "it is you and no other who would speak so,—you big, big being whom I hate and despise!"

The tiny fellow clenched his fists in impotent rage, and tears of anger rushed into his eyes.

"You wretched pigmy!" said Uncle Jim.

The dwarf drew in his breath sharply.

"If I were to tell them what you are," he retorted, "you would be turned out of this house without ceremony."

At that juncture, after casting a furtive glance round to see that no one was near, Uncle Jim, transported by ungovernable rage, dealt the dwarf a blow on the side of the head that felled him to the earth.

"Will you be silent now?" he cried.

"Will you learn to hold your tongue, you execrable dwarf, you vile atom?"

And, in his fury, he kicked with his foot at the poor little being. The latter picked himself up, tears of pain and mortification forcing themselves from his eyes and rolling down his cheeks, while the scrolls which he had brought with such pride had flown in different directions. Choking as he was with suppressed passion, the dwarf did not dare to say a word, and heard in silence James Forrester's sibilant whisper:

"If you dare to say one word, I'll find a chance to thrash the life out of you."

Scarcely had the last words left his mouth when there came a sound of flying footsteps, and Selma was before him, her eyes flashing, her face convulsed with rage, while from her mouth poured out a stream of abuse, partly in a foreign tongue, and partly in an English so broken and indistinct as to be unrecognizable.

"I will wait no longer," said the woman. "I will denounce you to the good people of this house as the traitor and the black heart that you are. I will tell all."

Now, Uncle Jim, no little alarmed by the advent of Selma, whom he had not supposed to be anywhere within hearing, and even fearing that the infuriated woman might attack him, withdrew without a word into the drawing-room. He waited only to bestow upon Selma a look of concentrated malice before he closed the door.

Selma, drawing the dwarf toward her, said:

"My poor little manikin, has the cruel fellow, then, struck thee?"

The tears, coursing down her cheeks, fell upon his head, humbled and shorn of all his splendor.

"O Selma," he wailed, "why was I made so little? Why can I do nothing—nothing?"

"But thou canst," replied the woman. "Think of the other night,—how they cheered and applauded thee, and of the flowers thou didst receive."

"It is all no use," the little man sobbed, leaning his head against her and abandoning himself to bitter grief. "He struck me and threw me down, and I could do nothing."

"He is a beast and a coward, thou dearest!" cried Selma. "But that matters not. He is nothing, worse than nothing; and thou art great, famous. The President has shaken thee by the hand, and soon the kings of the earth will honor thee. Have good courage and heed him not; for Selma will repay him."

"And I, too, Selma,—I too," said the dwarf. "I will revenge myself."

Now, this strange scene between these two poor ones, bound by a magnetic tie of love and sympathy, and so full of pathetic interest, had been observed by an awestruck group of children on the lobby and by Mrs. Seymour, who had been sitting all this time in the library. When James Forrester had rushed forth to attack the dwarf, she was so taken by surprise that she had not attempted to interfere, and had thus been a witness to the exhibition of cowardice and brutality under her own roof; also she had learned for the first time that there had been some previous acquaintanceship among the two actors in that singular drama, as well as some mystery in which they both appeared to be concerned. She had been on the point of hastening forward to prevent further injury to the dwarf, when Selma suddenly



intervened. She had then judged it prudent to remain quiescent, since she could be of no service.

And the same had been true of the children, who, hurrying down from the attic in response to Mary Doyle's summons, had seen the poor little visitor thrown down, and had heard the interview between the latter and Selma. They were all in various stages of hot indignation. Even the gentle Alice felt her eyes overflowing with tears of resentment no less than pity.

Nevertheless, everything had happened so quickly that, like Mrs. Seymour, they had scarcely realized what was going on until all was over. And, once Selma had appeared, they were of opinion that it would be better to remain passive and not to let the dwarf suspect that they had been witnesses of the fray. It would deprive him of the last shred of his dignity. Therefore, when quiet was restored, they had stolen upstairs again; while Selma picked up and handed to the midget the programmes which he had dropped, smoothed his hair, straightened his rumpled garments, and tried to soothe his wounded feelings. She advised him to make no complaint at present, but to leave everything to her.

When the children finally thought it prudent to descend, it was with a great clattering of feet and a buzz of talk, to make it appear as if they had just arrived upon the scene. Below they found a very crestfallen mite, who could hardly pluck up spirit enough to refer to his late triumphs, and who listened with a melancholy smile to the children's praises of his share in the performance. It seemed as if his heart were crushed by the cruel and unprovoked treatment he had received. He almost broke down, indeed, when he attempted to show them the programmes. Adorning the margin of each were photographs of himself, taken in his different costumes. The children were enthusiastic over these productions, and vied with one another in making much of their poor little visitor. Avoiding the

drawing-room, where they knew the evil genius of the house to be, they had brought him into the library; and there they introduced him to Mrs. Seymour, who, in her wise, kind way, said just the right thing to cheer the luckless lilliputian.

Through the speaking tube, she ordered tea and cake for him from the kitchen; and, while this was being prepared, the children took him out to the yard to show him their flower-beds. There Prinnie, who usually did not make friends with strangers, and who had barked so relentlessly on a former occasion, now mistook him, perhaps, for a child, and displayed a most friendly spirit, even to the licking of his hand. By the time the late hero of many triumphs had taken his departure, his courage and confidence had returned; and he had told Mrs. Seymour about the President, and about his projected visit to the crowned heads of Europe.

Meantime, in the drawing-room sat that miserable man who had let rage and spite work to his own undoing, and who now suspected that the children had seen and heard everything. Worse still, he was quite certain that Mrs. Seymour, gentlest of beings, one whose good opinion he still had the grace to prize, must also have been a witness to what had transpired, since she, too, had been in the library.

So there he sat, in darkness and gloom of spirit, and in an isolation that is the fate of all who cut themselves off from their kind by egotism and selfishness. Unable to enjoy even the tea which Mrs. Seymour, from a sense of duty, and in spite of the protests of the indignant children, had sent in to him, he passed that wretched hour. Not from any generosity in his own character, but simply because he was found out, James Forrester was thoroughly ashamed of the uncontrollable impulse which had led him to attack the dwarf; and he stole softly up the stairs to his own room, there to ruminate on this misfortune which he had brought upon himself, and on what he instinctively guessed would follow.

Only one person, seeing him go, was seized with a sudden emotion of pity for one whom everybody disliked, — a pity which he sorely needed, though he had never deserved it. And in thus compassionating him, little Alice followed some divinely tender impulse of her own nature, instinctively realizing that they in truth are most truly pitiable who shut themselves out from human sympathy.

(To be continued.)

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### A Lesson in Obedience.

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Young folks who desire to amount to anything when they grow up, who wish to become capable men and women, must make up their minds to be obedient *before* they grow up. It doesn't matter at all whether or not they know the why and the wherefore of the orders they receive from their parents or teachers; their business is to carry out those orders at once, without any hesitation, grumbling, or pouting. Disobedience is a fault that is all too common among young persons, and one which, we fear, is not punished so often or so severely as, for the sake of the young persons themselves, it ought to be. It was because he had not learned to obey as a boy that a soldier during the siege of Gibraltar received a pretty severe lesson as a penalty for disobedience.

As some of our readers may know, the rocky promontory, or big fortified mountain of Gibraltar, off the south coast of Spain, has been in the possession of the English since 1704. Since that time the most important event in its history was its siege during three years, seven months, and twelve days (1779-1783), by the combined naval and land forces of France and Spain. The English governor of Gibraltar was General Elliott, who had been a cavalry officer; and it was owing principally to the strict discipline which he maintained that his relatively small garrison succeeded in holding out against the far superior numbers of the besiegers. Every man—save one—had learned to

obey orders promptly and without question.

Well, one day, this exceptional soldier, thinking that he knew better what was to be done than did his superior, disobeyed an order. The commander-in-chief, Gen. Elliott, called the soldier before him, and—how do you suppose he punished him? He didn't have him shot, as accordingly to military discipline he would have been justified in doing. Nor did he cause the man to be flogged. No: the General simply told the offending soldier that for a man to be disobedient at such a time he must be mad; that his disobeying the order he had received showed that he was out of his mind, and that he would be treated accordingly.

And he was. The treatment for lunatics in those days was anything but mild, as the disobedient soldier soon discovered. His head was shaved, he was blistered, bled, and put into a straitjacket, was confined in a cell, and restricted to a diet of bread and water. The punishment was severe, no doubt, but it was merited; and doubtless also it proved effective. That particular soldier very likely never again disobeyed a command from his officer,—and the moral is that if he had been properly trained as a boy, he wouldn't have incurred at all the penalty of being treated like a lunatic.

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### How Heather Got its Name.

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Nothing is more beautiful in landscape than the clouds of purple blooms which crown the hills of Scotia's now peaceful land, yet the heather gained its name in any but a peaceful manner. When the Christianized Saxons advanced northward to the highlands in the hope of converting the pagan Picts who dwelt there and constantly preyed upon them, the Picts gave battle and fought till the hills, it is said, ran red with blood. Grass, shrubs, and bushes were empurpled with blood, and so the conquerors called them "heathen," which was afterward shortened to "heath," then "heather."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Old Testament Rhymes," by Monsignor Benson, is among new publications of Longmans, Green & Co.

—A cheaper edition, with new prefatory matter, of Dr. Ward's *Life of Newman* is announced by the publishers.

—"The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Barnes, will form a new volume of the excellent Westminster Library.

—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. announce as in press "The Theology of the Roman Church," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. It forms a new volume of the Great Christian Theologies series.

—The Watteau Calendar for 1914, with its artistic frontispiece and page border, will appeal to many persons. The paper is heavy and the print clear. Elegance and convenience were evidently consulted in this production. Alfred Bartlett, publisher, Boston, Mass.

—"The Price of the Mass" is the happily-chosen title of a sermon by Abbot Gasquet, in which some of the sufferings and privations endured by English Catholics in the days of persecution are narrated. It has just been issued as a penny pamphlet by the C. T. S. of England.

—Among new books announced by Messrs. Sands & Co. we note: "The Memoirs of Baron Hyde de Neuville," translated from the French by Frances Jackson; "St. Louis of France," Vol. VII. in the Notre Dame Series of "Lives of the Saints"; "Spiritism Unveiled," by the Rev. Dom H. Lanslots, O. S. B.; "Bergson: An Exposition and Criticism," by the Rev. T. J. Gerrard; "Modernism and Modern Thought," by the Rev. J. Bampton, S. J.; and "Questions and Answers on the Catholic Church," by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe.

—In accordance with the suggestion so frequently made that the laity might share in the fulness of the spiritual treasury of the Church by the recitation of the Divine Office, Pustet & Co. have published the Psalterium of the Roman Breviary in German. The book is a faithful reproduction of the New Psalterium according to the Bull *Divino Afflatu*,—the rubrics, and the complete text of the *editio typica*, in an excellent German translation by the Rev. Joseph Schmidt. This Psalterium can not be too strongly recommended to the faithful of the German tongue who are accustomed to

devote a certain amount of time daily to the reading of the word of God. May the number of such pious souls reciting the Holy Office increase!

—The famous description of Our Lord, written by Publius Lentullus, prefect of Judea in the reign of Tiberias Cæsar, and sent to that monarch in Rome, has been published in dainty booklet form by Mr. Alfred Bartlett. Paper, print, and design (by W. A. Dwiggins) are exquisite.

—"On a Hill," by F. M. Capes (Benziger Brothers), is an irreproachably moral book, but we are sorry to say it is also rather a dull one. Described by the sub-title as "A Romance of Sacrifice," it raises expectations of a thrill or two. But in the perusal of its hundred odd pages, the most impressionable reader will not know a moment's quickening of his pulses. It is all sacrifice and no romance. But it takes a sure place among works of an ethical complexion.

—There must have been a feeling of unforced grief in many hearts when the newspapers of October 6 announced the death of the creator of "Daddy Dan," the Rev. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, at the age of sixty years, after a long and painful illness. It is now some dozen years since "My New Curate" made its first appearance, and was taken by a grateful public to its lasting favor. Other novels followed, greater perhaps from certain points of view, such as "Luke Delmege"; but nothing supplanted "My New Curate" in general regard. In the full sense, Canon Sheehan was one of our first priest novelists; and, in the splendid company of such writers as Canon Barry, John Ayscough, and Mgr. Benson, he holds a place that would seem to be secure and all his own. It is well to believe that the many readers whom Canon Sheehan's works delighted will find it in their thoughts to-day to say a fervent prayer for the peace of his soul.

—Though fairy stories would seem to be going out of fashion, there is sure to be a wide and warm welcome for "The Luck o' Lady Joan, a fairy tale for women," by Josephine Daskam Bacon. The "fairy" element, it may be said, is but another name for beliefs that the modern world has largely lost. With the author's grandmother it was Faith, with her it is fairy. But the story is altogether charming and wholesome; living, too,—no copy-book-pattern. Once, indeed, it strikes the note of fairy fortissimo. You will rummage for days in Grimm and Andersen and the Arabian Nights and not find

anything more in the fairy flavor than the friar in the "Luck o' Lady Joan," who marries Joan and the boy on the fly (so to speak), or at the drop of the hat. The little story is charmingly written, in intimate style, and beautifully printed by F. G. Browne & Co., presumably for the holiday season. Slight as it is, this volume would make a pretty remembrance gift.

—Dante died in 1321, and accordingly the sixth centenary of the event is still seven or eight years distant. Thus early, however, a movement has been inaugurated for its solemn commemoration. The Pope's attitude on the matter is given in this extract from a letter of Cardinal Merry del Val to the Archbishop of Ravenna:

The August Pontiff recognizes that it is a wise and opportune thought that the Catholics of all parts of Italy should take a notable part in the honors which will certainly be paid to the supreme Alighieri, on the sixth centenary of his death, in the ancient city which treasures his glorious tomb.

It is their right—nay, it is their duty—to claim, for the Church and for religion, which have the fullest title, this glory, the pride of the Catholic Faith, and of the civilization which is moulded and built upon it.

His Holiness, therefore, will watch with pleasure every initiative (and from this moment he encourages and blesses it), which aims to promote, with your approval and in the form which you in your prudent judgment may deem most suitable and opportune, the proposed participation of the Catholics of Italy in the centenary commemoration of the Divine Poet.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.
- "Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.
- "The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.
- "Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways." J. Michael of Contances. \$1.35.
- "Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.
- "The Luck o' Lady Joan." Josephine Daskam Bacon. 50 cts.
- "On a Hill." F. M. Capes. 50 cts.

- "The Story of Mary Dunne." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
- "Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back." Henry Gunstock. 30 cts.
- "The Average Man." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.35.
- "Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.
- "Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church." Gerhard Rauschen, S. T. D. \$1.25.
- "Literary Selections from Newman." A Sister of Notre Dame. 60 cts.
- "The Silence of Sebastian." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.25.
- "Addresses." Henry Sebastian Bowden. 70 cts., net.
- "Epitome Vespéralis Romani." \$1.35.
- "The Cure of Alcoholism." Austin O'Malley. \$1.25.
- "The Catholic Church the True Church of the Bible." Very Rev. Dean O'Connell. \$1.25.
- "The Sodality of Our Lady, Studied in the Documents." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$2.75.
- "Gracechurch." John Ayseough. \$1.86.
- "Michael." Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. \$1.35.
- "Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (The Little Flower of Jesus): An Autobiography." \$2.16.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Richard Phelan, of the diocese of Portland; and Rev. John Menner, S. J.

Sister M. Clement and Sister M. Vincentine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. David Rowe, Mr. J. F. McKenrick, Miss Annie Hill, Mr. Bernard McGough, Dr. Charles Michel, Mrs. Julia Kelly, Miss Anna Caldwell, Mr. H. F. Gartland, Mrs. Mary A. Murphy, Mr. James Glynn, Mr. Robert Carpentier, Miss Katherine Le Mieur, Mr. James Walsh, Mr. William Deehan, Mrs. Margaret Ebhard, Mr. James Dow, Mrs. Mary E. McManus, Mr. Joseph Breitenbach, Mr. William McAleney, and Miss M. H. Wallace.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia:  
J. R., \$10.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## By the Sea.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

HERE by the Autumn sea, as yet unvest  
By winds tempestuous, I musing sit,  
And, as the twilight shadows form and flit,  
Thou, Mary, art my meditation's text.  
Night falls. The distant lighthouse sends its spark  
To ships home-coming from the perilous sea:  
E'en so, O Mother, thou hast been to me  
A light to lead me through the dangerous dark!  
The rhythmic murmur of the breaking foam,  
By this again my thoughts to thee are led;  
Is it not like the Rosary that's said  
This Autumn evening in the church at home?  
Here by the sea, I can a while forget,  
O Mother mine, the sorrow and the scourge;  
From all its selfishness my spirit purge,  
And turn to thee, who never failed me yet!

## "The Little Flower"—Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



O section of France is more enchanting than that which lies between the Seine and the Loire. The mere mention of the word Normandy, for those that know, lifts the curtain of memory on scenes of unrivalled charm and singular beauty. Ancient towns, like old flowers, sit dreaming along delightful hillsides or in still more pleasant hollows. Dawn whitens upon exquisite landscapes; twilight lingers on river views that are the most delicate

in all the world. Here are found valleys of incomparable loveliness, where tender meadows nurse at the breasts of silver streams; and orchards aflash with fruitage, which have no rival except in the flowerful gardens that are the most colorful of any on earth.

In this lovely region, directly south from the white sands and blue sea at Trouville, is the old city of Alençon. Once upon a time, when Marguerite d'Angoulême held court there, Alençon was the stronghold of Calvinism. It claims other strange lines in history; but, for us of Catholic heritage, its present and paramount interest is centred in the significance of two memorial tablets,—the one affixed to the balcony of the house at 42 Rue St. Blaise, the other to be found in the baptistery of the beautiful Church of Notre Dame. These tablets commemorate, respectively, the birth and baptism of a little Carmelite nun—Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, popularly referred to by English-speaking peoples as "The Little Flower."

Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin, born January 2, 1873, was the ninth and last child of Louis Joseph Stanislaus Martin and Zélie Guérin. Both father and mother had once sought to be received into the religious life,—the one at the Monastery of St. Bernard, the other at a convent of the Sisters of Charity. Madame Martin died when the child Thérèse was in her fifth year. Shortly thereafter the family went to live at Lisieux, a town a few miles southeast from Trouville, in the beautiful valley of the Touques and Orbiequet. It

was here that Thérèse Martin attended school at the Benedictine Abbey, made her First Communion and was confirmed,—the only marked characteristic of the child being her failure to make for herself (outside her own home) friends and confidants. She was very sensitive, and for almost two years the victim of scruples.

Naturally introspective, little Teresa had early turned in thought toward the religious life. She chose the Carmelite Order, in which two of her sisters had already entered. Her way, nevertheless, was beset with difficulties. She was not yet fifteen. There was a father to consult, an uncle to persuade, a superior of the Carmelites to convince, a Bishop to satisfy. Three days after an unsatisfactory interview with the Bishop of Bayeux, she accompanied her father on a pilgrimage to Rome, where, during the course of a Papal audience, she besought Pope Leo XIII. to let her enter the Carmel when she was fifteen. The Holy Father's decision—"Si le bon Dieu le veut"—was something of a blow to her hopes; but on her return home she found that all obstacles had been removed.

She entered the Carmel at Lisieux on Monday, April 9, 1889. She was clothed on January 10 and professed September 8, 1890. On the eve of her profession she was suddenly tempted to believe her vocation false. The confusion, however, passed away, and on September 24 she received the veil. From then on there was nothing in her exterior life to distinguish her from any of her conventual companions. Everything, apparently, was calm, ordinary, uneventful. In the early hours of Good Friday morning, April, 1896, a hemorrhage, rising like a warm stream to her lips, marked the beginning of the end. In July of that year, she was removed to the infirmary, where, fever-wasted and powerless to move without assistance, she lay for two months, dying Thursday evening, September 30, 1897.

That, outwardly, was the whole of this

little Sister's life: nothing startling, no ecstasies, no miracles. As to her hidden career, her spiritual experiences, her real life,—these are engaging many minds in many corners of the world. That hidden life, with its blind confidence and absolute self-surrender, is one of the most exquisite gifts of troubled France to the Church. It was essentially a life within a life, where the little and the common things of the day were viewed as greatest, each having its part and place in the struggle of a little soul toward God.

It would be presumptuous to recount in grosser words the intimate and throbbing confessions of the little nun,—to lessen by a phrase her picture of the morning and the evening of her soul; and fatuous to attempt a transcription of her last song—her *Canticle of Love*. No such recital, be the inspiration what it would, the gift of words what it might, could ever approach the original telling by Sister Teresa herself, who, out of the poetry of her humbleness, entitled her own inimitable pages "*The Story of the Springtime of a Little White Flower*."

"*L'Histoire d'une Ame*"\* is not, properly speaking, the story of the little nun's life, but her thoughts upon the graces God gave her. It was not for the public that those clear, limpid, searching sentences were primarily written. Their publication was an inspired after-thought. They were simply the fruit of an act of obedience to her spiritual mother of the Carmel, who told her to write down naturally and without constraint the thoughts in her mind. It is to this freedom and this after-thought that we are beholden for a story so simple, so direct, of such poetic charm and spiritual abandon, that it is of its kind a classic.

Of "*L'Histoire d'une Ame*," as of its author, critics were not wanting. So perfect was the little nun's humility, so careful her practice of personal effacement,

\* The title under which the MS. of Sister Teresa was published.



so hidden her virtues, that even among the members of the Order were found some that, conceding her to have been an amiable little Sister, hesitated to believe that she had ever done anything worth speaking about. Not a few were indifferent; some called her an enthusiast; some she did not please at all. Nevertheless, like another St. Francis, Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux bids fair to take by storm the reluctant world.

Between this little nun and the gentle Francis there are many sympathetic likenesses: there is the same zeal for souls, the same flaming charity, and a similar persuasive humbleness. In view of this last quality, "*L'Histoire d'une Âme*" is, to some, a puzzle. Its frankness startles, its ardors amaze. "A mediocre virtue," writes one reviewer, "would have been troubled at the command to write such a story; a less perfect humility would have minimized merit at the expense of truth." If there was any troubled fluttering in the heart of the little Sister at the command to give visible expression to her thoughts, it is not apparent in her pages. Of those pages she once remarked to her spiritual mother: "I have no wish to know of what possible use this manuscript can be. . . . If you were to burn it, unread, before my eyes, I should feel no regret." And to her sister Celine she wrote: "Our Beloved has need neither of our brilliant deeds nor beautiful thoughts; if He wishes sublime conceptions, has He not His angels, whose genius infinitely transcends that of the greatest mind in the world?" Nevertheless, one marvels at the exquisite artistry, the freshness, the magnificent spiritual *élan* of her Song of Mercy. One is thrilled at the ease, the ardor, the sureness, wherewith this child of little more than twenty sweeps upward to the heights of mysticism and theological thought.

The opening pages of "*L'Histoire d'une Âme*" are murmurous, dream-like, reminiscent; the closing chapters leap and

throb with the passion of a soul at white heat. The whole recital is a flight of magnificent song, leading the listener from half-heard, half-imagined harmonies through the melody of an exquisite theme, which in turn swells upward along burning cadences toward one thrilling note, when, expression outranged, the song, like the singer's heart, breaks and is hushed. Of that song much might be said. If it so enchants the world, what has not God heard! What must have been His delight in the listening! Other songs, by saints, have been miraculously approved during their course. Here is a song over which Heaven hung silent. It is a hymn rising out of gratitude; a chant of the mercies of the Lord. It is pre-eminently the love-song of a little maiden, who, looking on the Face of her Beloved, asked that she might love only Him as He had never yet been loved. "*Je voudrais tant l'aimer! L'aimer comme jamais il n'a été aimé. . . .*"

The feeling of self-consciousness, at which every reader wonders—and, wondering, doubts,—is, perhaps, the most illuminating proof of the sincerity and depth of the little nun's humbleness. It signalizes in a pronounced manner the perfection of her virtue. Her revelations are candid to a degree; as embarrassingly naïve as the sudden confidences of a child. She looks on her virtues and graces as unmerited gifts; speaks of them so stressfully, analyzes them so easefully as to suggest a species of vanity. The frankness of her statements, the ardors of her language, the continual flashing up of her personal comment, her poetic strain and Scriptural references, beget in the mind of the reader a reserve, an interrogation. A hundred times he fancies a reaching out for an effect which is suddenly transformed into an illuminating exposition of some beautiful truth.

Unlike most narratives, there is nothing to read between the lines of "The Story of a Soul." The general reader is puzzled. He looks for some familiar perspective:

there isn't any. He holds himself in readiness for a great revelation: it never takes place. The next page or the next he expects to come upon the miraculous, and nothing happens. No miracles, no ecstasies, no astounding penances; not even a climax! And yet a miracle has been continually flashing before his eyes; one of the tenderest of revelations moves on before him; the climax is the thrill in his heart when he comes finally to understand not merely the little Sister and her way, but the relation of her message to himself.

Serenity, patience, confidence! For the wise of heart there is neither past nor future: there is only the present moment—passing, dependent, complete. For this little French nun there was no hour hence: each moment was in itself a complete life. She found in this attitude proof against many spiritual discouragements, and, which was greater still, the power to be whatever God wished—little, much, nothing: commanding, obeying; besought or forgotten. All was one to her. The spirit of detachment was perfect, the surrender absolute. It was one of her principles that one should go to the end of one's strength before complaining. This conviction resulted in many hidden and heroic acts of virtue. From her entrance into the Carmel at the age of fifteen, she was allowed to follow all the practices of its austere rule, fasts alone excepted. There were some that sought dispensations for the little Sister. They were denied by the prioress with the words: "A soul of such mettle ought not to be treated as a child: dispensations were not meant for her. Let her be, for God sustains her."

Not the least of her visible trials was that occasioned by the presence of her three sisters in the same Carmel. Sœur Thérèse from childhood had been intensely affectionate and of a very demonstrative nature. These qualities became formidable barriers in her battle for perfection. A special affection had

always existed between Thérèse and her sisters, especially Pauline, "the little mother." She also dearly loved Celine, whom she calls "the sweet echo of my soul"; and Leonie, who, like another Madonna Pica, had with sweet songs so often sung "the little queen" to sleep. The turning of these natural sympathies into spiritual affections was a constant warfare. She saw her sisters only at recreation, choosing as companions nuns less agreeable to her. She sought out the painful and disagreeable; asked nothing better than to be servant to the lowest; courted humiliations, avoided honors. Of her interior martyrdom, of the darkness that hung over her soul, of her conflict against an innately impetuous and somewhat proud nature, of her long battle with temptations against Faith, who can speak with justice? What can be said that Sister Teresa has not already said more intelligently and more profitably? Between our human glance and the battlefield of her soul hangs the veil of the little Sister's smiling eyes.

"Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," had only one meaning for Sœur Thérèse—saintliness. To this state she had early and always aspired. "This," she writes, "may well appear rash, seeing how imperfect I was, and am, after *so many* years of religious life, yet I feel the same daring confidence that one day I shall become a great saint. I am not trusting in my own merits, for I have none; but I trust in Him who is Holiness itself."

"After so many years"—nine! Here flashes a hint of what must have passed in the heart of the little Sister, who seemed never to have done anything worth speaking about. Here, under an involuntary lifting of the smiling eyes, is a lightning glimpse of that hidden battlefield. Sister Teresa was an enthusiast, but only after God's own heart. For her, things could never be done by halves. There could be no second choice. Such lives are always lived in heroic



measures. Serving the highest of all ideals, they dare the most desperate of all marches, — go blithely forward on the sternest of all adventures.

Sœur Thérèse, denied the great martyrdoms of saints, was no whit abashed nor troubled. She did what she could, gave what she had. In a letter to Celine she remarks: "We should like to suffer in a princely fashion; we should like never to fall. What an illusion! What matters it to me if I fall each moment? I thereby discover my weakness and therein find my profit." Asked for a method of attaining perfection, she declared that she knew of love and only love. To her, God was the "Divine Beggar of Love." (*L'amour peut tout faire.*) It can take the place of a long life; to it all things are easy. Always keep trying. God asks only your good will. Please Him in little things and He will help you in matters of greater moment. We can never have too much confidence in Him. As we hope in Him, so shall we receive. This, you may think, sounds very well on the lips of a child of special grace and innocence. Hear what the little nun thinks:

"It is not that I have been preserved from mortal sin that I lift up my heart to God in love and trust. I feel that even had I on my conscience every crime that could be committed, I should lose nothing of my confidence; I would throw myself, heartbroken with sorrow, into the arms of my Saviour. I know He loves the prodigal son. I have heard His words to St. Mary Magdalen, to the woman taken in adultery, and to the woman of Samaria. No: no one could frighten me; for I know what to expect from His love and mercy. I know that all that multitude of offences would instantly disappear as a drop of water thrown on a blazing fire."

From saintliness to the desire for martyrdom is the briefest of steps; for saintliness is love in its highest form, and love must prove itself or die. The highest form of this proof is the laying down of

life for the Beloved. Where genuine love is, there is the shadow of Calvary. Sister Teresa had always desired the martyr's crown. In the divine dispensation, however, it was to be a martyrdom of soul, not of body. The palm was to be hers, not through a fruitful shedding of blood, but through martyrdom of heart. Genuine love involves dependency and utter confidence. It overflows with the spirit of childhood. It was in this childlikeness that the little Sister found her little way, — a way that was "very short, very straight, and wholly new." She would gain heaven not by brilliant assault, but through sheer helplessness. To do this she became as a little child in the sight of God.

Asked to explain what she meant by "remaining very little," she replied: "Remaining little means to recognize one's nothingness, to wait everything from the goodness of God, to avoid being too much troubled at our faults; finally, not to worry over amassing spiritual wealth, not to be solicitous about anything." In brief, do the best you can,—God will take care of the rest. Achieve humility. God gives with royal lavishness to the meek and humble of heart; the proud ask in vain. Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish that she might be permitted to spend her heaven in doing good upon earth, promising in that event to let fall a shower of roses. Of these visible flowers of her charity, which are also proofs of the efficacy of her little way, the world is being daily reminded.

In the brief life of this little lover of the flowers and stars, the trees and skies, who loved so passionately, renounced so zestfully, endured so persuasively, we have another example of the inscrutable choosings of God. And those preferences, — the tears of a Magdalen, the songs of a Cecilia, the sorrows of an Augustine, the sighs of an Aloysius, the pen of an Aquinas, the sword of a Joan, the outstretched palms of a Labre, the royal renouncements of a Louis! How


admirable the agent, and how complete the answer flashed to each questioning generation! To that of the present period, which looks askant at heartless pride and a strange spiritual *mêlée*, He has given the tenderest and clearest of replies. In view of the world-attitude, one might expect to see raised up a figure of commanding personality and great power,—a figure that would be at once a scourge and a direction. Instead, He has given us the story of the soul of a little French nun. *Recordatus est misericordiæ suæ!*

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### Another's Burden.

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#### III.

 NCE out of the town, the troop of boys that had thronged after the mournful procession gradually dispersed; and then poor Frayno, looking about, remarked that two women still persisted in following. He stole a furtive glance at them, and tears fell upon his chained arms. The women were his wife and mother. Loysa carried her baby on her breast; and her second child was asleep on her back, in a shawl knotted around her shoulders. Little Jules tramped sturdily along by the side of his grandmother. The boy recognized his father among the other criminals, and, holding out his hands, called him joyously by name. Michael turned his head toward his son, and nodded with an attempt at a smile.

At the first halt, Loysa sat down on the grass by the roadside and nursed her youngest child. Her husband gave up his rations to her, but the guards would allow them to speak only at a distance.

At nightfall the women, being obliged to leave the prisoners, sought shelter in a neighboring farm-house. Touched by the story of their misfortune, the good housewife provided them with supper, gave milk to the children, and arranged comfortable beds for them in the hayloft. They did not sleep very soundly, how-

ever; and at the approach of dawn they arose, thanked their hostess, and hastened to the highway to await the coming of the galley-slaves.

"Loysa," said Michael, when shortly afterward he came up to the family group, "do not come any farther. You will tire yourself out and make yourself ill. Go back to Soubéros."

"No," she replied. "I wish to see you as long as I can. We have all too many years to remain apart."

The devoted women continued thus to accompany the criminal procession during the five days which the journey to Marseilles occupied. The convicts, admiring their courage and affection, shared their rations with them, and ceased to rally them with insulting remarks. Even the guards relaxed their severity somewhat, and Michael was allowed to kiss his children and to converse privately with his wife and mother.

The moment for the final parting came. Frayno wept as he embraced these innocent victims, who were condemned to support so heavy a punishment for his crime. Loysa stifled her sobs, and encouraged him with gentle advice.

"Always keep your confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin," she said to him. "We will invoke them every day; and who knows?—perhaps our dear Mother Mary may obtain your pardon. At any rate, your chains will seem less heavy if you pray well."

"If I weep," replied Frayno, "it is not for myself. I am guilty, and it is only just that I should expiate my fault. I weep for you, Loysa, for my mother. I weep for these poor children."

"They will see some dark days, perhaps; but Providence knows their innocence and will have compassion upon them. As long as God leaves us our health, the children will never be in absolute want."

"O Loysa! what a fate for you! And we counted on being so happy!"

"I would not be unhappy if you had



more courage and fuller confidence in God," she answered.

"Yes, I had forgotten God, and He has severely punished my forgetfulness. I will reconcile myself with Him on the first opportunity, I promise you; and in supporting my suffering with good-will and resignation, perhaps I may regain His friendship."

Michael seemed quite calm and resigned as he boarded the vessel which served as the home of the galley-slaves. He dried his tears, bade a last adieu to his family, and entered the living hell where he had been condemned to remain for fifteen years.

Exhausted with the effort she had made to appear brave, Loysa sank upon the quay, and, with her head between her knees, sobbed long and pitifully.

Her mother-in-law approached her, and said: "Loysa, we can not spend the night here. The children are hungry and thirsty. We must hunt up a lodging for them."

The young woman did not raise her head. "Let me die here," she sighed.

"Oh, yes! And I suppose I may provide for the children,—I, a poor old woman who can scarcely drag herself along! I must teach them to beg, must I? A fine trade for Jules! Come, come, Loysa dear! You are still young; your husband is not dead; we will come back to see him next Easter."

And, taking Jules with one hand and the arm of her daughter-in-law with the other, the vigorous old woman raised Loysa to her feet and drew her away.

They returned to Soubéros, as they had come, on foot. The peasantry sometimes took them for professional vagabonds, and repelled them with harshness; but they always succeeded in finding some one who took pity upon them and received them at the evening meal. The children were smiled upon and caressed by the younger women, and Loysa was treated with true benevolence. When, after spending the night with charitable people of this class, the travellers set out the next day, they

were generally pressed to take some food with them, in case the little ones should grow hungry on the way.

During the whole return journey neither Julia nor Loysa had mentioned Michael's name. The thought of their misery alone sufficed to occupy their minds. One result of so long continued a walk, with only a broken sleep at night, and no other food than that received in charity, was that the whole party, with the exception of the old woman, showed signs of exhaustion. Jules could hardly stand upright. The two younger children were pale and emaciated, but they did not complain. It seemed as if they instinctively understood that their mother's heart was already bruised with sorrow, and that they feared their cries might break it.

The grandmother, hardened by a long life of labor, seemed insensible to fatigue; but Loysa, pallid, with dark circles around her sunken eyes, could scarcely proceed under the weight of her little ones. At last they were within three leagues of their village home.

It was drawing toward evening. Julia, who knew well the characteristics of the villagers, insisted that Loysa should make a supreme effort and endeavor to reach their home that night. By entering the village after nightfall they would at least screen themselves from the insulting curiosity of the impertinent, and would find in their own house, if nothing else, a bed and a tranquil shelter. Loysa recognized the truth of all this; but the effort was beyond her strength, and they were obliged to await the morrow.

It took them the whole of the succeeding day to traverse those nine miles, and night was falling once more as they beheld the smoke from the village chimneys. They sat down on a hillside and waited until they judged that the lights would have disappeared from the windows.

When they considered themselves free from observation, they proceeded to their home, which presented anything but a

welcoming aspect to the wayworn and desolate travellers. Everything was in disorder; and, worst of all, the larder was empty. A piece of bread, mouldy and dust-covered, was the only food to be found; and, with the exception of a little corn meal that the old woman discovered in an earthen pot, there was no material with which to prepare anything better. The children, however, were crying with hunger; the neighboring families had retired, so there was nothing to do but build a fire and make a sort of stirabout of meal and water. This Julia soon did, and succeeded in quieting the plaint of the little ones.

In the meantime Loysa, who on entering had thrown herself on a bench, remained there as if completely prostrated. It was, the grandmother who put the children to bed and stayed with them until they fell asleep. Returning then to her daughter-in-law, she began:

"Loysa, will you not eat a little and then try to sleep? To-morrow we must go to work."

The young woman did not answer.

"Listen to me," continued Julia, offering the dish. "Eat something, if ever so little."

"Thanks to you, I am not hungry."

"Do violence to yourself, dear; it will at least keep you up."

"No, I can not."

"Well, then, go to bed; sleep will help you somewhat."

"O mother—and *he*,—do you think he is sleeping?"

"I don't say that he is, but what will you do? One must get the better of shame and sorrow. Suppose you allow our trial to kill you, will that help matters any? If you had no children, it would be bad enough; but with those three youngsters to care for—"

"Were it not for them, I would not have come back here."

"Very well; think of them, then. If you can succeed in lessening the hardship of their lot, Michael will be pleased

to hear it, and his own lot will seem to him less cruel; for I am sure that he is worrying a great deal about us."

"I am wrong, I know; but I can not control my sorrow. Let me weep my fill; when I have exhausted the fountain of my tears, if it *can* be exhausted, I may perhaps regain courage. I know that we must be up early to-morrow morning, but do not fear; I shall be astir as early as yourself."

"Ours is a woful misfortune, it is true, daughter; but despair would be a still worse one. You can see that I am as afflicted as you, yet I do not allow myself to be overcome."

"But you lose only a son."

"O Loysa, God preserve you from suffering in your children! I closed my husband's eyes when death overtook him, and I know well the difference between the two affections. If you saw your little Jules sick, dying—"

"It would be the greatest grace that Providence could bestow upon him and the two others."

"Don't talk like that, my daughter. Fear rather that to punish you God may grant your wish, and that a day may come when you will conjure Him without avail to turn away from you such cruel blessings."

"Do you suppose I have not thought of the fate that awaits them? I said nothing, and I concealed the truth from their father; but from the very first day I foresaw all that they will be obliged to endure. Poverty is nothing: they would never have been rich in any case, and would always have been forced to work; but at least nobody would have the right to insult them. If they proved adroit and skilful like their father, they would always be sure of employment, and would have no cause to blush before any one. God keep me from ever seeing them old enough to understand that now they *have* such cause!"

"Hold your peace, Loysa. You are surely offending God. Pray rather that



your children may grow up strong and vigorous; and that on his return Michael may find them stout, able workmen, of whom you are proud."

"All that Michael will ever see of me will be my grave in the cemetery."

"And is it for the young to talk in that strain to the old?"

"Those children—it was as a chastisement that Heaven gave them to me. I longed for them once. Ah, how much better it would have been had my wishes never been granted! Cursed be the day when I became a mother; for I want to die and dare not."

"Loysa, my daughter, kneel with me and let us pray to the Blessed Virgin."

"Does she hear us; I prayed night and day before the sentence was pronounced. I promised that, if Michael was not condemned, I would take my gold chain and my wedding-ring to Our Lady of Garazon. Yet she allowed him to be condemned; and now what is the use of praying? Will she have his sentence revoked?"

"We can not tell, daughter, what God in His goodness may do for us. But in any case let us implore Him to protect us and give us strength and resignation."

Unable to think of any other means of rousing the half-distracted young mother from her bitter sorrow, Julia threw herself upon her knees and turned to Heaven a glance of humble and fervent entreaty. As if the Mother of the Sorrowful had at once granted her prayer, Loysa's spell was broken. The youngest child awoke, and began to cry and moan so plaintively that the mother's heart was pierced, and, forgetting everything but maternal love, Loysa hurried to the crib. She took the frail infant in her arms and began rocking it to and fro, covering it the while with impassioned kisses, as though repudiating the indifference she had so recently manifested.

"Sleep, my little darling; sleep!" she murmured. "You do not yet understand your misfortune. Alas, poor angel, you will

know it and what it means all too soon!"

Even as she rocked the baby, she was little by little overtaken by the sleep of which she herself stood in such need. Her eyelids grew heavy, then closed; the motion of her arms slackened, and finally ceased. For the first time since the condemnation of her husband she enjoyed a brief interval of oblivion. A lethargic stupor paralyzed her members, and the remembrance of all her woes was lost.

(To be continued.)

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### Names and their Origin.

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BY M. NESBITT.

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THERE are few persons, capable of the least degree of reflection, who have not in an idle moment amused themselves with some little speculation on the probable origin of their own name; indeed, it is a matter of interesting inquiry to investigate both the meaning of names and the causes of their application to individuals and families. "What's in a name?" says the poet. But certain it is that, "without names," to quote the words of an authority on this subject, "mankind would have wanted what is perhaps the greatest stimulus of which the mind is susceptible—namely, the love of fame; and, consequently, many of the mightiest achievements in every department of human endeavor would have been lost to the world."

English surnames are as remarkable for their variety as for their number. To attempt to ascertain that number would, in very truth, be a hopeless task. Suffice it to say that it is almost beyond belief; whilst the names themselves "have been borrowed from everything, both good and bad."

In the first ages of the world, a single name was given to each individual,—a name, moreover, which was generally invented for the person, and had reference to the circumstances attending his birth, or some personal quality he possessed, or

which his parents hoped he might in future possess. Evidences of this fact are to be found in the writings of Moses and certain books of the Old Testament. This rule seems to have prevailed in all the nations of antiquity concerning which we have any records, at least during the earliest periods of their history. For instance, in Egypt we find people of distinction using only one name, as Pharaoh; in Canaan, Abraham, Isaac; in Greece, Diomedes, Ulysses; in Rome, Romulus, Remus; in Britain, Bran, Caradoc, etc. In truth, such examples might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Long prior to the invention of surnames, our Saxon ancestors were accustomed to bear the names of animals,—the names Hengist and Horsa both signifying a horse. Authorities tell us that the ancient pagan Germans, too, “especially the noblemen, did sometimes take the names of beasts. One would be called a lion, another a bear, another a wolf, etc.” And, in ages much more remote, the same custom prevailed amongst the Greeks and Romans. Again, we know that the Persian name Cyrus means a dog. And we may mention, in passing, a singularly undesirable surname borne many years ago, by a gentleman in Kent. His family name was Bear; and, as he had maternal relations of the name of Savage, his parents gave him the Christian (or, to speak more correctly, unchristian) name of Savage. Hence he enjoyed the name of Savage Béar, Esquire!

To return, however, to the evolution of the surname. The first approach to the modern style is found in the additional assumption of the father's name, as Icarus, the son of Dædalus. Sometimes the adjunct expressed the country or profession of the bearer, sometimes some excellence or blemish, as Herodotus of Halicarnassus; Polyeletes the sculptor, Diogenes the cynic, etc. Again, we find such titles as Alfred the Great, William Rufus, Richard Cœur de Lion, John Lackland, etc.; though the three latter

ought, strictly speaking, to be called nicknames.

As society advanced, other names came into common use. Thus, amongst the Romans, often four or even five were borne by one person. Then we know that nations have adopted various methods of distinguishing families. The Highlanders of Scotland employed the surname with Mac—viz., MacLean, MacIntyre. Many of the Irish also use Mac: MacDermott, MacMahon. They have, too, the practice, “probably derived from the patriarchal ages,” of prefixing Oy, or O, signifying grandson; as O'Hara, O'Carroll. The old Normans employed the prefix Fitz—a corruption of *Fils*,—as FitzGilbert, FitzLaurence. In Wales, we find ap, or son; as David ap Howell, Evan ap Rhys.

The Saxons not unfrequently bestowed honorable appellations on those who had distinguished themselves by the performance of any gallant action. Any one possessing even a superficial knowledge of the history of those times, will remember that England was much infested with wolves, and that large rewards were given to such as were able, either by force or stratagem, to subdue them. To kill a wolf was to destroy a dangerous enemy and to confer a benefit on society. Hence several Saxon proper names end in ulph and wolf, as Biddulph, the wolf-killer, etc. But these—at least among the common people—did not descend from father to son, in the manner of modern surnames. It may be remarked that the forenames of the Anglo-Saxons are characterized by a charming significance and simplicity. What could be more beautiful than the following: Bede, he that prayeth, a devout man;\* Cuthbert, bright in knowledge; Godwin, beloved of God!

Although taken up in a very gradual manner by the great (both of Saxon and Norman descent), it appears that, by the middle of the twelfth century, surnames, in the estimation of some, were considered

\* See Camden.



necessary appendages to families of rank. We have an instance of this in the reply of a strong-minded lady—a wealthy heiress of the time of Henry I.—who, when a certain marriage was suggested to her, retorted:

“It were to me a great shame,

To have a lord withouten his twa name.”

Many surnames are taken from the names of birds. Thus we have Nightingale, Sparrow, Peacock, Raven, Jay, etc. Corbet, the name of more than one old family in the north of England, means raven; whilst in Scotland the name both of the bird and of the family is changed to Corby.

From fishes come: Crab, Pike, Roach, Ray, etc. From vegetables and flowers: Onion, Oats, Garlic, Parsley, Peel, Primrose, and Rose. Some names have evidently been borrowed from the signs of public houses and inns. The following are obviously derived from this source: Silverspoon, Image, Rainbow, Cresset, and Bell. A few names are taken from articles of wearing apparel, such as Mantell, Meddlicote (that is a coat of many colors, a favorite mode with our ancestors); Hose, Freemantle. Other names, again, are derived from different parts of armor, as Buckler, Gunn, Muskett. Others originated from fashions in warlike implements, and were given to the persons who first used them. Take, for example, Strongbow, the cognomen of the famous Earl of Pembroke; and Fortescue, that is a strong shield. The following entry appears in the Custom House books of Edinburgh: “A Gunn was discharged for making a false report.”

There are not a few English surnames which certainly arose from consanguinity and other social relations; amongst these we find Cousins, Bachelor, Stranger, Guest, Friend, etc. It is interesting to note that the familiar surname Bellamy is derived, according to Bailey, from the French, *Bel-Ami*, fair friend; while Farebrother is probably a corruption of father-brother, a Scottish term for uncle.

The seasons and months give us such names as Summer, Winter, March, May. And from the days of the week, feasts of the Church, and points of the compass, we have Monday, Christmas, Easter, North, East, and West. From the weather: Frost, Snow, Tempest, Fairweather, Gale, Breeze. From measures: Gill, Peck, Bushell, Cubitt, and Furlong. Many surnames are derived from Christian names, such as Alexander, Baldwin, Gilbert, Edgar. Other names are taken from trades or occupations; for instance, Baker, Cartwright, Plowright, Brewer, Turner.

Such names as Boast, Bragg, Gabble may fairly rank under the category of oddities. In this connection may be mentioned the singular surnames of two attorneys, partners, who once lived in a town in the United States. These gentlemen were called respectively Catcham and Chetum. Wishing to destroy, in part, the effect of this odd association by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which chanced to be Isaias and Urias, they accordingly had them put in; but that made the matter ten times worse, for the inscription then ran: “I. Catcham and U. Chetum.” On the failure of two bankers in Ireland, named *Gonne* and *Going*, some one wrote:

Going and Gonne are now both one;

For Gonne is *going*, and *Going's gone*.

Not the least interesting amongst surnames are those derived from places. These may all be included under the general term of “local surnames.” Nor must it be forgotten that surnames, as Du Cange tells us, were originally written, “not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it, between the lines; and for this reason they were called in Latin *supranominæ*; in Italian, *sopranome*; and in French, *sur-noms*.

Possessors of land would seem to have often, in the first instance, borrowed their names from their estates,—a practice in which the Normans were imitated by the English, after the Conquest; for if the former had their *De Warrens*, *De la*

Poles, and De Lacys, the latter had their De Fords, De Ashburnhams, and De Newtons; whilst Camden remarks that there is scarcely a village in Normandy which has not surnamed some family in England.

Many ancient baronial surnames are supposed to have been derived from places visited by the founders of the families during the holy wars; hence their title of Crusading names. Jordan, for example, is believed to have been borrowed from the famous river in Palestine; and Mountjoy is said to have been adopted from a place near Jerusalem, which, according to Sir John Maundeville, "men call Mount Joye; for it giveth joy to pilgrymes' heartes, because that there men first see Jerusalem, . . . a full, fair place and delicious." Authorities tell us that some religious houses in England had their "mountjoys," a name given to the eminence whence the first view of the sacred building was to be obtained.

The practice of borrowing names of places from the forenames of men appears to have been quite a usual practice amongst the Saxons, and that almost to the time of the Norman Invasion. Many of the names of places, of which the meaning seems most difficult to explain, are compounded of those Anglo-Saxon possessors or cultivators; and the original forms of such words are readily discovered by a reference to Doomsday Book. Thus, on the Herefordshire side of Ludlow, we have "Elmodes-Treow, or the tree of Elmod (now Aymestry); Edwardes-Tune, or the enclosure of Edward (Adfer-ton); Bernoldune, or the hill of Bernold; Birmingham (Beorminga-ham), the home or residence of the sons or descendants of Beorm."\*

If we study the subject even superficially, we find that local surnames are of various kinds. There are some which denote the country from which the family originally came, such as Alman, from Germany; Burgoyne, from Burgundy;

Cornish, Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from the Netherlands; Ireland, from Ireland; Wales, Walsh, and Wallis, from Wales.

It has been truly said that in no other country in England are there so many local surnames as in Cornwall; hence the old rhyme:

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,  
Ye shall know the Cornish men.

Or the extended version:

By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,  
Ye may know the most Cornish men.

It may be well to remark that Tre signifies a town; Ros, a heath; Pol, a pool; Lan, a church; Caer, a castle; and Pen, a headland.

In Devonshire, we are struck by the frequent recurrence of the termination combe; whilst in Kent and Sussex, Hurst, a wood, is found in hundreds of place-names, from many of which have been borrowed such surnames as Bathhurst, Akehurst, Ticehurst, etc.

Again, we have names like Beckett, a little brook, derived from beck, a brook; Clive, which means a cliff; Cobb, a harbor, as the cobb at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire; and Cross, given to one who dwelt near a market-cross, or by cross-roads. That practically all cross-roads had a cross erected near them is evident from the number of names still to be found in Sussex alone. Here we meet with John's (probably *Saint John's*) Cross, Mark-Cross, Stone-Cross, High-Cross, Hand-Cross, New-Cross, Wych-Cross (perhaps so called in honor of St. Richard de la Wych, Bishop of Chichester), and many others. At Seaford, it is worthy of note that the name of "the Crouch" is given to a certain spot near some cross-roads. Crouch, derived from the Latin, *crux*, a cross, is now quite a common surname. Then there are such names as Halliwell; from holy well; Garnet, from garnet, a granary; Gill, which means a small pebbly rivulet; Shaw, a small wood; Lee, Lea, Leigh, etc., signifying a pasture.

\* Wright's "History of Ludlow."



The name of Woodhouse may be either a local name or simply the designation of a favorite character in the mummings and Christmas festivities of our ancestors, when the Wodehouse, or "wild man of the woods," was usually represented as a hairy monster, wreathed about with holly and ivy, and much resembling the "wild man" so familiar in heraldic bearings.

Many examples of historical or accidental surnames might be given, but two must suffice. The name of Fortescue is said to have been betsowed on Sir Richard le Forte, one of the leaders in the Conqueror's army, who had the good fortune to protect his chief at the Battle of Hastings, by bearing before him a massive *escue*, or shield. For this reason, his descendants use the punning motto, *Forte-scutum salus ducum*.—"A strong shield is the safety of commanders."

Again, we read that "Walter, a Norman Knight and a great favorite of William I.," was playing chess with his sovereign one summer evening, on the banks of the Ouse, and "won all the time." Whereupon the King exclaimed, that he had nothing more to play for. "Sir," said Sir Walter, "here is land."—"There is so," replied the monarch; "and if thou beatest me this game also, thine be all the land on this side the bourne, or river, which thou canst see as thou sittest." The Knight was once more fortunate enough to win; and the King, clapping him on the shoulder, cried: "Henceforth thou shalt be called Ousebourne!" This is supposed to be the origin of the name Osborne.

In a royal wardrobe account, preserved in the British Museum, we find the following curious entry: "Dec. 26, 1297. To Maud Makejoy, for dancing before Edward, Prince of Wales, in the King's Hall at Ipswich, 2s." Here the surname would seem to be the result of its owner's profession.

A most interesting surname is that of Paternoster. This originated, it is hardly necessary to state, from the practice, so

universal in mediæval times, of praying for benefactors. Thus we learn that, in the reign of Edward I., Alyce Paternoster held lands at Pusey, in Berkshire, on condition that she recited the *Pater Noster* five times a day for the souls of the King's ancestors. The ancient document then goes on to say that "Richard Paternoster, on succeeding to the same estate, did not present the fee usual on such occasions—a red rose, a gilt spur, a pound of pepper, or a silver arrow,—but went upon his knees before the baronial court and devoutly repeated the *Pater noster qui es in cælis*, for the repose of the souls of the illustrious dead before mentioned. And the like, we are told, had previously been done by his brother, John Paternoster of Pusey."

Amongst other surnames of this kind, we have that of Amen. But enough has been said. The study of names and their origin can not surely be devoid of interest; for what would the annals of mankind and the records of biography be, if people had never borne proper names? Nothing, as has been truly remarked, but "a mere chaos of undefined incidents; an unintelligible mass of facts, without symmetry or beauty, and without any interest for after ages."

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### The Old Church.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

SWEET Bethlehem, that saw His first meek days!

Fair Nazareth, on thee His eyes did gaze;  
His weary feet knew all thy winding ways!  
O hills and vales that had His voice by heart!  
O solitude where oft He prayed apart,  
How sweet and sacred for all time thou art!

But, ah, more blessed,—ah, more sacred, sweet,  
This little church, against whose walls have beat  
The winds of years, the rain, the snow, the sleet;  
For it hath known the Lord, in Love's own way,  
More years than Nazareth, and day by day  
Hath seen the Blood shed once on Calv'ry's clay.

## A Child's Novena.

BY MRS. FRANCIS CHADWICK.

IT was a bleak, bitter morning, as piercing as only an Irish day knows how to be when contrary, with a wind blowing viciously from all four points at once; and it caused little Mrs. Moore, who was walking along a Dublin street, to shiver and draw her furs more closely about her. She had come into town for a few days' shopping; so, instead of going to Mass as was her daily wont in her own parish church, far out in the country close by the sea, she was on her way to one of those old gloomy Dublin churches, that seem to have been standing for centuries, and to be full of whisperings about the people that were brought there to be baptized, and came there to be married, and were again carried there to be buried.

Mrs. Moore was not thinking of anything of this kind, only of how glad she would be to escape from the chill of the streets into the comfortable warmth of the church. Arrived there, she found herself the only worshipper, as she was much too early; so, selecting a seat near the radiator in front of the altar of the Sacred Heart, she was just beginning her Rosary, when the pattering steps of children, evidently barefooted, coming up the aisle, attracted her attention. Presently they came into view,—two little girls, in miserably thin clothing, and, as she had feared, in their bare feet. They passed her on their way to the altar; and she had time to notice their pale little faces, and the dark circles round their pretty blue eyes.

Before kneeling down to pray, the older sister carefully placed the younger child close to the heater; then herself went up the little steps leading to the altar rail, and began very earnest prayers to the Sacred Heart, gazing up at the benignant face above her, with a pathetic look of entreaty.

Now, Mrs. Moore loved children; but perhaps more particularly the poor children, who ever seem to stand outside the gates of happiness; and she felt that she should be very, very glad if Our Lord would answer the little one's prayer.

"What can it be she is asking for so earnestly?" she thought. "I wonder if she would tell me if I were to ask her?"

Hastily making up her mind as she saw the children preparing to depart, Mrs. Moore left her place as they came by.

"Are you on your way to school?" she whispered, glancing at the books they had with them.

"Yes, ma'am, — to Our Lady of the Rosary's school,—the Dominican nuns, you know, ma'am. But it's come in here we do every morning to say our prayers at the altar."

"Aren't your feet dreadfully cold?" Mrs. Moore asked, looking down at the poor little feet.

A faint flush crept up the child's thin cheek, and she hung her head.

"Well, they are, ma'am; and it's glad we are sometimes to get in here to warm them when they do be too bad. Some days Kathie cries with the pain of them. I don't know what to do with her before the other girls; though there's others as bad as ourselves."

"Now, have you far to go?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! The convent's just across there; you'll see it from the door. And Sister'd be glad if you'd go in and see her any time you'd be passin'. There's lots of ladies do be comin' in to see her."

"Will you tell Sister that I'll come to see her, after Mass?" said Mrs. Moore.

And the two girls pattered down the aisle, unconscious of the charitable intentions filling "the strange lady's" head, and wofully distracting her during Mass.

At the convent, Mrs. Moore was received very cordially by a beautiful, white-clad nun, the Mother Superior, who was delighted at her interest in the little pupils.

"Yes, indeed, I can tell you their simple



history," she said, smiling. "First of all, their name is rather an odd one—Patch. These two little girls are Maggie and Kathie. Oh, yes, their father is *alive*, but the common story. He is an excellent bricklayer, and you know the wages such get nowadays. But—well, there's no use dwelling on poor Patch's failings. Mrs. Patch is a splendid little hard-working woman, and has brought up her children wonderfully well. Maggie, the older girl, is an example to the whole school. She is in great distress, poor child, as she is most anxious to make her First Communion with the rest of her class; but her clothes are really unfit, and shoes are out of the question."

"It seems as if there must be some way of providing such urgent necessities," said Mrs. Moore, sadly.

"We have left no way unconsidered," answered the nun, gently. "We try to meet the cases of sheer starvation and ejection, and that leaves us actually nothing for clothing. This is a very poor locality, and we ourselves are poor."

"O Mother, I quite understand *that*! It is only wonderful how the Orders do so much," Mrs. Moore hastened to explain. "But if people with even ordinary means were notified, surely they—"

"They promise—and forget."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Moore, smiling, "I shall not have a wink of sleep to-night unless those small children are shod properly to-day. Those poor little purple feet would come trampling through my dreams. In fact, Mother, I want to provide a comfortable outfit of warm clothing for *those* children, at least, this very day, lest I forget, like the rest."

"You could not do a greater act of charity," replied the nun. "And I am sure you will be much impressed when I tell you that your meeting with the children this morning seems a direct answer to prayer. When Maggie began to feel so dreadfully discouraged about the delay in making her First Communion, I advised her to begin a novena

to the Sacred Heart. Even with all her faith, she was feeling very downcast, as nothing seemed to come from her petition. But she persisted bravely, poor child! And here, on the last day, Our Lord, who has chosen you as His agent, brings you all the way from Malahide to meet that child at the foot of His altar."

Tears rushed to the kind little lady's eyes.

"To think that He should find me worthy—" she said falteringly.

"He knows His own," replied the nun. "And now to business! I will go and ask Sister to make out a list of what the children most require. I will not detain you more than a few minutes."

On her return, Mother Superior said:

"The news of this direct answer to Maggie's prayer has delighted the community, and you have earned for yourself a great many prayers, Mrs. Moore. Now I am going to ask you to extend your kindness still further, and go to see Mrs. Patch, if you have time. She is one of the most perfect examples of cheerful resignation I have ever met. I am sure you will be pleased with her."

Mrs. Moore readily agreed to do this; and, taking leave of the nun, hastened to carry out what she felt to be Our Lord's commission. Arrived at the shops, she felt a distinct pleasure in selecting substantial and rather expensive clothing for her little protégées.

In the afternoon Mrs. Moore sought out the Patch residence, which was in so obscure a quarter that there was much grumbling on the part of the "cabby," who stated his belief that 'the lady was on a wild-goose chase, and that there wasn't any such place at all, at all.'

He finally puzzled it out, however,—a miserable little falling-down dwelling in a dreary lane, largely decorated with lines of dingy washing. A rickety staircase, carefully swept, led to a tiny door, guiltless of paint indeed, but evidently well scrubbed; for here began the domain of tidy Mrs. Patch. Through the shining

panes of a diminutive window might be seen the bright green convolutions of a water plant growing luxuriantly in a red flower-pot, and contrasting pleasantly with two bits of snowy muslin, which did duty as curtains, and bore testimony to Mrs. Patch's skill as a darning.

That little woman herself opened the door. She was the quaintest of beings, with bright, courageous eyes, shining black hair tucked under an antediluvian net, and clad in a faded print dress fresh from the tub. She ushered her visitor in, with the simple dignity so often found in the decent poor,—seeming almost to have an air of pride in the humble place she called home. The stove, the principal article of furniture, had been carefully mended in several places, and shone with much polish; and the four wooden chairs were a lesson in scrubbing.

Two or three little children looked out from behind their mother's skirts; and in the corner, on a box covered with a quilt, lay a crippled boy, making a necklace of spools on a bit of red cord,—the spools being discarded implements of his mother's trade; for Mrs. Patch was a sewing woman, working, on starvation pay, for a big clothing firm.

"Ah, well, I manage somehow!" she said in answer to Mrs. Moore's inquiries. "You see, my husband doesn't always be workin'. He's not too strong; and, to tell the truth, others lead him astray now and again,—though a better or a kinder man you'd not often see. But, O ma'am, it's God's blessin' will be on you for the grand shoes the children brought home on their feet! I did not know who it was comin' trampin' up the stairs; and they both callin' out to me at once, each wantin' to be the first; for it's seldom indeed they'd have any good news to tell me, the creatures!"

"Now you mustn't waste time thanking me, Mrs. Patch," said the kind lady, more touched than she cared to show by the little woman's gratitude. "I want to hear how you manage to live at all. I see

you work at this kind of thing" (pointing to a man's flannel shirt in the workbasket near by). "Now, how much do they give you for these?"

"Well, not very much," answered Mrs. Patch, with a pathetic little smile. "But anything's better than nothing; and I'm thankful to God to get the work. There's many a one worse off than I am. You see, I learned the sewin' at the nuns' school over beyant, when I was a slip of a girl; and it's stood me in good stead all along."

"Mrs. Patch," said the benevolent Mrs. Moore, "I shall not be satisfied until I find you better-paid work. I think that by speaking to my friends I can get you enough work to keep you going. If it were not for that husband of yours, I'd persuade you to come to Malahide, take a nice little cottage there, and be sewing woman for the whole district. And, then, there is another thing" (lowering her voice). "That poor little fellow in the corner! Is it a hopeless case?"

For the first time Mrs. Patch broke down. She pressed her hand over her eyes.

"I don't know, ma'am; but I'm afraid he'll not be long with us. And this place, where there is no fresh air nor sun, is just killin' him; and he's the only boy among them."

Mrs. Moore kindly patted the thin, worn hand.

"Would you be willing to part with him for a while, and give him a chance to get well?" she asked gently.

Mrs. Patch started and trembled, and sat silent for a few moments; then she looked up bravely.

"Do you mean that he ought to go to the hospital, ma'am?" she asked in a low voice.

"Not to the ordinary big hospital," answered Mrs. Moore, "but to a really beautiful home for crippled children, where they use all the wonderful skill the doctors have nowadays to cure their little patients. In the meantime they make them so happy and comfortable that they are



almost sorry to leave when they are well."

"Ah, but is it *take* Micky they would?" she said tremulously. "Sure, though it'd break my heart to let him go from me, I couldn't stand in the way of his chance of health."

"It is very hard indeed to get into this place," observed Mrs. Moore. "But, as it happens, we have a right to a bed there, as my husband's mother was one of the founders. So if you make up your mind to let Micky go, he will easily be admitted."

"I'll do thankfully whatever you think is for the best, ma'am. God never sent me such a kind friend before, and it'd be goin' against His mercies to be refusin' to do whatever you'd say."

"Now, Mrs. Patch," said the lady, "keep up your heart. I know that, to a mother, nothing seems so hard as parting with a child; but try to think that he will very likely come back to you able to walk about and to work for you. Let me know when you are quite decided—"

"I'm decided now, ma'am," the little woman said firmly. "And I'd rather settle it at once, for fear I'd get frightened after you're gone, and lose the only chance the child would ever have. But will they let me see him at all, at all?"

"You can see him as often as you like," said Mrs. Moore. "And do try to look forward to the time when he will be strong and well, and perhaps a great help to you. There is no hope of that if he stays here."

"No, I know that," Mrs. Patch said, shaking her head mournfully. "So the sooner he goes, the better; and may God bless you for your charity to my children, and grant you and yours a happy and glorious reward! And, ma'am," she added, following her benefactress to the door, "if there's any fine sewin' you'd want done, in no matter what hurry, just send it to me, and I won't lay me head down till I put the last stitch in it. No, no: I don't mean for pay. Oh, sure haven't you paid me over and over for all I could ever do for you? It's just the way I was thinkin' I'd be able to do some

small little thing to oblige you now and then, that would make me feel easier, and you doin' such great things for me. Now, I won't keep you. Pray for you? Sure there's not one of the name of Patch won't be tellin' the Blessed Virgin and the holy angels to watch over you every minute of the day and the night!"

When the month of May came round, Mrs. Moore was again in town for the great event of Maggie Patch's First Communion; and she felt a keen throb of pleasure when she saw her pious protégée go up to the altar, neatly and prettily clad, her face beaming with happiness, while all the Patch family looked on in rapture from their places in the side aisle,—all except Micky, who was making such rapid strides toward a complete cure at the Children's Hospital that his joyful mother was already looking forward to his home-coming, as she said herself, "walking on his feet."

Happy days had dawned for the Patch family. Mrs. Moore had, as she promised, found many people who were glad to employ so faithful and willing a worker as little Mrs. Patch, who was of that bygone school that could never do enough for kind employers. She and her family have moved into a neat little house in a nice, cheerful neighborhood, where the children can play all day in the sunshine. And, most wonderful of all, even the father, the poor black sheep, is steadily climbing up the thorny slope toward perfect sobriety, and consequent happiness and comfort. To gratify her independent spirit, Mrs. Moore has Mrs. Patch down at her house in the country for the autumn and spring house-cleaning.

Last but not least, Maggie Patch—who, through her novena, was the proximate cause of all this happiness—is being carefully educated as a teacher at the convent; the nuns seeing much promise in the child, and foretelling that she will yet wear the white habit of St. Dominic. An old Sister declares that she has the "nun's forehead," and it is to be sup-

posed that she knows whereof she speaks.

"And to think," Mrs. Moore sometimes remarks to her husband, "that none of all these good things might have happened if I had yielded to a strong wish that morning to stay in bed and rest. It must have been my Angel Guardian that forced me to rise against my will. Yes, I know what you are going to say, John: that some one else would have been chosen by Our Lord instead of me. But think of the blessed privilege I should have lost!"

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*October 26, Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.*

AS we explained last week, the formulas of the Mass for all the remaining Sundays after Pentecost are repeated from those of the twenty-third Sunday, with the exception of the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel; these latter are those appointed for the third Sunday after Epiphany, which were omitted this year on account of the early date of Septuagesima Sunday. We will begin our examination of the liturgy of this Sunday with the Gospel.

Our Lord is descending from the green slopes of the mountain where He had promulgated the new law of love in what is known as the Sermon on the Mount. Not only His disciples but crowds of the people surround Him as He makes His way toward the city of Capharnaum. Suddenly, near the gate of the city, there is a disturbance in the crowd; they fall back in horror on either side, as a man, with muffled face, crying out, "Unclean, unclean!" forces his way through their ranks and falls at the feet of Jesus, prostrating himself in the dust before Him. He is a leper,—“full of leprosy,” St. Luke says, and therefore it would seem that the disease had nearly run its course. No wonder that the crowd should

shrink from contact with him; for leprosy was regarded as a sign of God's wrathful judgment, as well as a foul, contagious, and generally mortal malady. But Our Lord does not shrink back: He looks with gracious compassion upon the miserable wretch at His feet, who with face to the earth “adores Him,”—offers Him the homage due to God, manifest in the flesh, as his petition goes to show.

“Lord,” he cries, “if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!” He declares his belief in the power of Christ to heal him of an incurable and loathsome disease by the mere exercise of His will. Moses of old had to “beseech” God to heal Mary, his sister, when she had been smitten in punishment; the leper does not hint at prayer on Our Lord's part, but asks Him to be willing to cure him. That will suffice. The compassion of Jesus is moved by such faith. “Jesus, stretching forth his hand, touched him, saying: I will: be thou made clean. And forthwith his leprosy was cleansed.”

Even among the Jews this terrible disease, causing paralysis of the limbs, an ulcerous growth upon the whole body, and the consequent lingering death of the wretched sufferer, was regarded as an image of the misery and desolation of the soul in grievous sin. Thus, too, have Christian commentators of Scripture considered it. This moral leprosy, like the malady itself, can be cured by one power only—that of God. Jesus Christ still touches the leper when He converts the sinner by His grace; He still commands that same sinner: “Go, show thyself to the priest.”

The gracious condescension of Our Lord in extending His hand with its healing touch to the leper mentioned in the Gospel, seems to have inspired the prayer in the Collect of the Mass. “O Almighty and Eternal God,” is its petition, “mercifully regard our weakness, and stretch forth the right hand of Thy majesty to protect us.”

It is possible that we may be able to thank God that, as far as we know, our



souls are not infected at the present time by the leprosy of mortal sin,—and it is, indeed, a subject for thankfulness. We may hope that we are not now objects of loathing to the angels, that we are not shut out from a participation in God's special graces; yet we must still fear. The Collect teaches us to bear in mind our "weakness" apart from God. His "right hand" must be ever stretched out over us to ward off danger. Should we trust to ourselves, and neglect to cry to Him for a continuance of His merciful protection, who shall say how long we can escape a grievous fall? A deep humility, therefore, must always guard us from such neglect.

St. Paul in the Epistle teaches us the same lesson of constant distrust of ourselves. "Be not wise in your own conceits," he says. Then he proceeds to give advice which at first may seem to have little connection with humility: "To no man rendering evil for evil; . . . having peace with all men; . . . not revenging yourselves." A little reflection will show that the course of conduct here indicated would be impossible without humility. For St. Paul is here advocating a perfect love of one's neighbor, and that can exist only in union with humility. To render evil for evil is the outcome of pride; so also is revenge, which is its ultimate consequence. Humility, on the other hand, is a necessary condition of peace. The King of Peace came to spread abroad universal peace, uniting mankind into one great brotherhood. Pride, it is evident, is the root of all strife. It is by "having peace with all men" that we shall foster that brotherly love, without which the love of God is impossible.

It is true humility, then, to acknowledge ourselves as sinners in God's sight, and to show charity to other sinners. However great their crimes may seem to us, without God's grace, we might have offended Him still more grievously than they. Our humble hope must ever be in that outstretched hand,

### Ridicule of the Supernatural.

IF some conceited schoolboy were to make his way into the sanctum of a New York editor and proceed to read the journalist a lecture on the ethics of the latter's profession, we presume that the editor would be somewhat impressed with the boy's astounding impertinence. Yet the schoolboy's assurance would be not a whit more notable than is the sciolistic theorizing of many a supercilious editor on the subject of Lourdes and its miraculous cures. The recent Irish pilgrimage to that world-renowned shrine of Our Lady, and the accounts of sundry remarkable cures which signalized it, have furnished some of our secular journals with an occasion for displaying both their crass ignorance of the history of the Pyrenean Grotto and their cheap ridicule of the supernatural.

The presiding Sir Oracle of one such journal had this to say of the matter:

Two thousand Irish pilgrims set out from Dublin this week for the Grotto at Lourdes, and doubtless the yearly list of miracles will be as long and astonishing as ever. Some remarkable cures have, indeed, been reported already. A typical example deals with "a case of paralysis," and is provided by the local correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*. The diagnosis is somewhat indefinite, but we are told that the sufferer, a woman of thirty-five, was "suddenly cured."

The animus is unmistakable. Between the lines he that runs may read: 'Another instance of pitiable credulity: the superstitious Irish cozened by fake-cures.' The writer has evidently prejudged the whole question, and the critical value of his comments is accordingly negligible.

Another paragraph of the editorial in question begins with this statement: "It is to be regretted that in these reports we are always left in some doubt as to the nature of the ailment." This assertion is purely and simply an untruth: habitual readers of our columns know it to be ridiculously false. Time and time again they have read in THE AVE MARIA nar-

ratives of Lourdes cures characterized by a fulness of details and a surplusage of medical minutiae precluding the existence of any doubt whatever as to the nature of the ailment. Moreover, in any one of the numerous standard works on Lourdes this fulness of detail, this scientific exactness as to the nature of the disease, is a marked feature. If the editor whom we have quoted is familiar with all or any of these works, his statement is dishonest; if he is not familiar with them, it is a piece of impertinence.

We have no intention of citing here a series of Lourdes cures absolutely inexplicable on any scientific theory of auto-suggestion, hysteria, "nervous mimicry," or the like; our readers themselves will doubtless recall the cases of Pierre De Rudder, the "Lupus of Metz," and many another scarcely less noted. Let us, however, quote for the benefit of some possibly incredulous reader this statement of an eminent medical authority in France—Dr. Bérillon, president of the Society of Hypnology, and, incidentally, a Freemason and a freethinker. "We are obliged to acknowledge," he says, "that the sick of Lourdes have often reached the last stages of the diseases, and then—and then a miracle alone can save them. Lourdes works such miracles. . . . All cheap sarcasm must be put aside."

A few years ago, a secular editor who took the trouble to learn something of the wonderful Grotto before writing about it, said in a review of Dr. Bertrin's "Lourdes" (in the *Bombay Gazette*): "As to the fact that there have taken place at Lourdes cures which are unaccountable by natural laws, there is evidence in this book to satisfy the most sceptical. . . . This record of cures, supported by the certificates of countless medical men, is unassailable."

There is no lack of testimony by physicians, agnostic as well as Christian, as to the reality of scientifically inexplicable cures wrought at Lourdes,—testimony which is far more pertinent in

any discussion of the matter than is the glittering generality of Dr. Osler's platitude with which the journalist whom we have been quoting concludes his editorial:

Precious perquisite of the race, as it has been called, with all its dark and terrible record, credulity has perhaps the credit balance on its side in the consolation afforded the pious souls of all ages and of all climes, who have let down anchors of faith into the vast sea of superstition.

The trouble with very many of those who are drifting about in the vast sea of incredulity, as to Lourdes and other supernatural facts, is that they are wilfully blind. As Father Benson once put it in these columns: "There is no arguing with people who say that, since there is nothing but Nature, no process can be other than natural. There is no sign, even from heaven, that could break down the intellectual prejudice of such people. If they saw Jesus Christ in glory, they would always say that 'at present Science can not account for the phenomenon of a luminous body apparently seated upon a throne, but no doubt it will do so in the course of time.' If they saw a dead and corrupting man rise from the grave, they could always argue that he could not have been dead and corrupting or that he could not have risen from the grave. Nothing but the Last Judgment could convince such persons. Even when the trumpet sounds, I believe that some of them, when they have recovered from their first astonishment, will make remarks about aural phenomena."

In the meantime, the apparitions at Lourdes (journalistic sciolists to the contrary notwithstanding) were undoubtedly the most marvellous facts of the nineteenth century; and the uninterrupted series of cures that have been effected there for the past fifty-five years—cures often pronounced impossible by the highest medical authorities—constitute the most wonderful collection of human documents that the world has ever seen since the Apostles wrought their miracles in the name of their crucified Master,



## Notes and Remarks.

The horror of the latest marine disaster, the burning in mid-Atlantic of the steamship *Volturno*, and the loss of scores of lives, mostly of immigrants of various nationalities, bound for the United States, is relieved by many golden deeds of unselfishness, charity, and heroism. Press dispatches tell of parents on the burning liner who, regardless of their own danger, sought only the safety of their helpless children; of a father who carefully placed his little ones in a lifeboat, and then, without an attempt to get in himself, scrambled back to the doomed ship; of a sailor who sprang from one of the rescuing boats to battle with the raging sea for the life of a drowning baby. Not less admirable was the conduct of the cabin passengers of the French liner, *La Touraine*. Women tore up their own dresses to furnish clothing to children that had been saved, and did all that could be thought of for their relief and comfort; while men came forward with offers to adopt or otherwise provide for those whose parents had perished.

Another bright side of the *Volturno* disaster was the heroic hardihood displayed by the captains and crews of the rescuing fleet. But not until the Last Day can all be known of what was so nobly done in a tragedy which tried the souls of all who had part in it.

'Why is it that so very little interest is taken among Catholic people in foreign missions?' asks a correspondent of the *London Tablet*. The writer represents himself as a convert. He must be a recent one, and as yet unfamiliar with Catholic periodicals, or he would be aware that the interest is great and growing; and, 'wishing to do his little share toward supporting missions,' would be at no loss to know how to go about it. Urgent appeals from foreign missionaries are constantly before the Catholic public,

and they are more generously responded to now than ever before. Formerly the romantic side of Christian missions was most regarded: people were fascinated by the unearthly elements of heroism and charity which figure so largely in the records of missionary enterprise; but sterile sympathy and empty admiration are fast giving way to willing sacrifice and generous co-operation. There is genuine interest in the work of the Propagation of the Faith among English-speaking Catholics. It has only to be sustained and rendered thoroughly practical by the clergy.

Whilst cordially agreeing with Sir Oliver Lodge's repudiation, in the name of Science, of the crude materialism which has so long disfigured her, the *Month* objects: "We do not follow him so closely in his estimation of spiritistic phenomena as tending to make man's 'personal survival after death,' hitherto 'a matter of religious faith,' now 'a matter of scientific knowledge.' Man's personal survival, as every student of natural theology knows, is, like the existence of God, a truth accessible to unaided human reason; whereas all that spiritism shows is that there are, besides human beings, other rational immaterial entities which can enter into communication with the former. That these discarnate beings are disembodied human souls there is no evidence to prove; whilst revelation, making known the existence of evil spirits, if taken together with their recorded utterances, affords a strong presumption that they are not."

It seems hardly possible that Father Faber should be dead fifty years. He seems but of yesterday, and indeed of to-day, so potent, so vital is the work he left behind him. Yet it is half a century since his holy death. Next year, the centenary of his birth, occasion will be taken, we learn from English exchanges, to make some visible memorial in asso-

ciation with his name. This tangible evidence of the affectionate regard in which he is held will probably take the shape of a statue of St. Wilfrid to be erected in St. Wilfrid's Chapel at the Oratory. It is expected with reason that many from the United States will be desirous of entering into this project with ready support. Father Faber, of course, does not need any such memorial to keep his name in benediction; but it will be none the less a laudable tribute to one whose life-work appears a practical commentary upon the text, "I have compassion on the multitude."

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From *Rome* we learn that Freemasonry has been excluded from all the departments of the Republic of Colombia. The preamble of the Bill, which has passed both Chambers, reads:

From Clement XIII. to Pius X., the Roman Pontiffs have condemned the Masonic sects as opposed to Christian dogma and morals. Now, according to Article 47 of our Constitution, associations of this kind can not exist in Colombia. On the other hand, the direct historical proofs of the immorality of the Masonic lodges and of their participation in political and social crime at the present time are decisive. Moreover, the Masonic society attacks all legal orders. The recent happenings in France and Portugal show with terrible eloquence the crude truth of this assertion. It is useless to recognize the Catholic religion as an essential element of that social order which the State has to protect, if there be no laws to repress the sectarian fanaticism which, with increasing violence, is menacing the Church in Colombia.

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Canadian exchanges comment in terms of exceptional eulogy on the beneficent career of the late Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, of Toronto. And justly so; for the subject of their eulogy was an exceptionally admirable Catholic layman. Blessed with more wealth than the majority of his coreligionists, he employed it unsparingly in promoting the interests of religion and in innumerable works of charity. Only a few weeks ago, Mr. O'Keefe had the gratification of attend-

ing the dedication of St. Augustine's seminary, a splendid edifice built and furnished by him at the cost of approximately half a million dollars. He enjoyed the highest esteem of his fellow-citizens, and was the first Canadian to be created a Papal Chamberlain. Best of all, he was, according to the editor of *Catholic Register and Extension*, "a man of the strongest and most robust faith, and his Catholicity was at once simple, sincere, and unquestioning. He had a profound devotion to our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and was often seen kneeling before the Tabernacle absorbed in prayer and contemplation. He had also a most tender devotion to Mary, the Mother of God; and the recitation of the Rosary was a frequent and favorite exercise with him. His death, therefore, on the first day of the Month of the Rosary, was a notable and appropriate happening." *R. I. P.*

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We wish our readers to share our gratification at finding in a secular journal like the London *Athenæum* so appreciative a notice of the spirit and career of St. Vincent as occurs in its review of a new book by Miss E. K. Sanders—"Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist,"—already noted in these pages. Says our learned contemporary:

The most useful lesson for the present generation conveyed by this book is not St. Vincent's perception of the problems of poverty, nor his skill of persuasive government, nor his abiding respect for every individual, even the worst wastrel, as a potential Christian with inalienable rights; nor even his shining courage: it is the impression, underlying it all, of the irresistible force of "religion without reservations." St. Vincent de Paul was a priest of unquestioned orthodoxy, an observer of almost unerring *flair*; but beyond all that he was a mystic: he literally "saw"; and when he saw, obstacles melted before him.

It is this salient and interpreting fact of supreme motive power which Miss Sanders has seized and conveyed. People may disagree with her—in an age so given over as ours to philanthropy divorced from religious faith, some



can not but disagree,—but all must go away from the book with an indelible picture on their minds: "As for the great lady, it was a matter of obligation that she should not cling to her jewels while her neighbor died for lack of food; so for the man or woman who had entered on the special service of Christ there could be no reservations."

The bewilderment aroused by such ideas, when their whole implication is really grasped, measures the gap between St. Vincent de Paul and philanthropy as we commonly see it. His able helper, Mlle. le Gras, put the truth in homelier phrase: "It is little use for us to hurry about the streets with bowls of soup and do such service as regards the body, if we do not look on the Son of God as the object of our efforts."

Miss Sanders rightly insists on the fact, suggested by her sub-title, that M. Vincent was first and foremost a man of religion, a philanthropist after, and that above all things he was a mystic, "holding things unseen incomparably more precious than any good that might be accomplished by the most devoted of charitable workers under the most perfect of committees." The key to his life may be found in the motto of his advancing years: "*Ruinez en moi, Seigneur, tout ce qui vous y déplaît.*" Such a motto, genuinely followed, has never yet been popular; but the indubitable evidence of history is that in it lies the secret of the only unalloyed joy. St. Vincent de Paul's career was shot through and overlaid with sorrows, anxieties, thwartings, dangers, misfortunes; yet in life, as in these pages of beautifully facile and vivid writing, the unconquerable figure moves, slowly always, yet surely on, transfigured by faith, lit with hope, burning steadily, not fiercely, with unquenchable love.

We can not do more here than hint at the profound spiritual teaching given by St. Vincent de Paul to his Mission Priests, his Daughters of Charity, and to every other human soul he directed with such incomparable charity and wisdom. There is one element perhaps lacking: some saving wit might have relieved the tension without lowering the ideals of some of his severer exhortations. That St. Vincent had humor is unquestionable. Witness his inimitable remark to his priests: "We see others risking their lives for the service of God, and we remain as fluttered and as timid as so many damp hens."

Miss Sanders' book is described as "a contribution to thought and practice." The reviewer adds: "Those modern Universities who use their 'settlements' as training-ground for aspirants after

testamurs in 'social service,' will be well advised to add this to their list of recommended books."

The editor of the *Catholic Tribune*, of St. Joseph, Mo., is authority for the statement that one Conrad Zimmer, a wealthy merchant of Berlin, who died recently, left \$100,000 to four Catholic papers to which he had long been a subscriber, declaring that the Catholic press had rendered inestimable service to the Church in Germany, and that he hoped to influence other men of means to follow his example.

This report is so extraordinary that we should be disposed to regard it as a bit of waggery on the part of the Missouri editor, if he were not known to be a serious man. It would be no surprise, however, to learn that the will of Herr Zimmer had been contested on the ground that he was of unsound mind at the time of its being made. Let us hope—how beautiful is hope!—that his example will be so frequently followed as eventually to create a general conviction that appreciation of the service that may be rendered to the cause of religion by the printing-press is indicative rather of superior intelligence than of mental deficiency or derangement.

We sincerely hope that no reader of THE AVE MARIA is missing the benefit to be derived from the excellent series of short articles on the Sunday's Liturgy which Dom Michael Barrett is contributing to our pages. The one appearing this week is as beautiful as it is needful and practical. Another article in our present number to which we are minded to refer is Mr. Reilly's admirable paper on "The Little Teresa," as she delighted to be called. It is a rarely beautiful and ennobling study. An editor feels it a great privilege to be able to present such good things as these to his readers; and his gratitude to his contributors is none the less sincere for being seldom publicly expressed.

# FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

## An Adventure in Colorado.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.



I WAS seated in my office on the fifth floor of one of the large business blocks in Chicago, late in July, a few years ago. The heat was intolerable, and I found myself thinking of the green fields of the open country, and the cool, refreshing shade of a certain grove of redwoods I had found some three years before, while visiting my friend, Richard Armstrong, on his ranch in Northwestern Colorado.

It has often happened that whenever I have been thinking intently of any one, I am sure in some way to hear from him; and so, when the postman tossed half a dozen letters on my desk, I was not greatly surprised to find among them one from my old friend Armstrong. He had been in the West for about fifteen years, and I had twice visited him on his ranch. He had married just before leaving for the West, and now had two children,—one a girl of twelve, and the other a boy of five. It was a happy family, and their home, as I recall it, one of the most delightful spots in the whole Wonsitz Valley. Memories of my friend and his home came to my mind as I picked up the letter and opened it. It was a cordial invitation to join Armstrong in a trip to the mountains, where he and his family were to spend the remainder of the summer.

Nothing could have suited me better. My business affairs would easily take care of themselves for a month or two, and the heat of the city was daily becoming more and more oppressive. There was no reason why I should not go. So I wrote at once that I would come; and

three days later I left, to follow my letter into the region of the Little Snake River and the sylvan retreats of the Elk Head Mountain.

The trip out, although uneventful, was a most delightful one; and I reached Windsor late in the evening of the fourth day, feeling absolutely fresher than when I left Chicago. Dick was at the hotel waiting for me; and as I climbed down from the driver's seat of the stage that had brought me from Glenwood, Dick's welcome came like a breeze from the hills.

The drive to the ranch was a trifle more than twelve miles, over a road as hard and smooth as asphalt, although the land on either side was thoroughly irrigated, and rank with the growing alfalfa; and we made the distance in less than an hour and a half. Mrs. Armstrong and the children were still up, waiting for us; and it was long past midnight before we finally separated for bed.

Early the next day preparations were begun for our stay in the mountains. A log cabin had been built for our accommodation; and we were to take up its furnishings, besides fishing-tackle and guns, and such other outing equipment as might be needed. These we loaded into a large farm wagon, while the provisions and necessary clothing for the expedition were packed in the camp cart and assigned to "Billy," the big mule, for transportation. (Poor old Billy! We little suspected at the time how much we should owe to him before we were back at the ranch again!)

The first day's drive took us some thirty miles, to the Baker Ranch, almost at the foot of the mountains, where we stopped for the night, completing our trip the next day.

For a distance of four or five miles, the road wound up the mountain side; and,



although steep and somewhat narrow, was comparatively smooth. We followed this road to its end, which was in a sort of plateau, miles in extent, and heavily timbered. Beyond this point the road was entirely of our own making; but, as there was little or no underbrush, and the ascent gradual, we were not long in reaching our camping place; and a better could not have been found anywhere in the whole range. The cabin which Dick had built was a most picturesque affair indeed, standing at the edge of a small clearing, deep in grass that sloped down gently to a good-sized mountain stream, that came sliding and gurgling from miles above us, cool and sweet and clear as crystal.

It did not take long to get things in shape for living, so that within a day or two we had pretty well settled down to a thorough enjoyment of the summer's outing. There was not much hunting. We were rather far up for that, although we occasionally saw a big wolf skulking in the undergrowth. But the fishing was superb; and we made long excursions up the mountain, and along the stream that ran by the camp. The end of September finally came, and the nights were getting somewhat chilly, and we began to talk of breaking camp; but day after day and week after week went by, and still no preparations were made for leaving.

One day, as we were returning from a long tramp up the mountain, Dick called my attention to a widely extended reach of hemlock forest lying for twenty miles along the sloping ground below us.

"It is certainly very fine," I said.

"Yes, and, what's more to the point, it is very valuable; and I have bought every acre of it."

"Bought it!" I exclaimed. "And what in the name of reason will you do with it?"

"Do with it? Within the next twelve months I'll have right there one of the biggest shingle mills west of the Mississippi River."

Work on the mill had little more than

begun when the snow began to fall. It was now the first week of October. In the meantime I had busied myself in cutting some runners out of a plank I had found at the mill, and had made a sleigh,—rough and unsightly, to be sure, but strong and large enough to hold Mrs. Armstrong and myself and the two children; for, as snow had already begun to fall, a sleigh would be more easily managed, I knew, than a cart,—especially if the storm increased and the roads drifted, which seemed probable. Altogether, it was high time that we returned to civilization.

Sure enough, the storm continued to increase in fury; and for three days the snow came sifting down through the pine boughs, fine as flour, and the wind blew almost a hurricane. Meanwhile it had grown intensely cold. We did not mind that much, however, as there was plenty of fuel, and the house had been snugly built; but there was danger of being blockaded, perhaps for months, and we were anxious to get down while we could. Still it was days before the air cleared of the snow that came on the wind like small dust, and we found it possible to start.

Dick went on ahead early in the morning, to blaze out a way for us through the woods to the open road; and was to go on at once to the Baker place, waiting there until we came up. When I brought old Billy around to hitch him to the sleigh, he regarded the newfangled vehicle with violent disfavor. But he was easily quieted, and I soon had the children and their mother comfortably stowed away in the sleigh among the bedquilts and rugs we had brought up from the ranch. There was no room for any of our belongings except the two rifles Dick and I had used, and some clothing.

For the first few miles we made exceedingly slow progress,—indeed, we were hardly able to get on at all, the snow was so deep; but when we reached the graded road, where the wind had had a

fairer sweep and there was less snow, old Billy took us along at a good pace, though not fast enough to make up much of the time we had lost while coming down from the cabin through the heavy drifts.

It was already growing dark when we had made but little more than half the distance down the mountain. But if the sky cleared, as it promised to do, we should soon have the full moon directly in front of us, and within half an hour we should be out of the woods into a sort of scrub growth. The pines, however, still grew above us some little distance back, but closely following the turns and angles of the road. At this point the descent became much sharper and the road much more crooked, until it reached the level of the valley at Baker's. We had fairly emerged into this more open country, and were within three miles, perhaps, of the steepest, crookedest grade on the road. The sky had only partly cleared, and the light was very uncertain.

I had just turned to speak to Mrs. Armstrong and see how the children were doing, when old Billy, who had been acting queerly for some time, suddenly gave a lunge toward the outer side of the road, that came very nearly throwing me to the ground and sending the sleigh straight down the side of the mountain. Involuntarily I tightened my grip on the lines, and barely saved myself from going out. At the same moment there came from somewhere out of the pines, far up the mountain, a single, long-drawn howl, followed a moment later by another and then another, until from every side came the high, quavering notes of the big mountain wolves.

For a moment I was utterly stupefied. The possibility of such a danger as this had never, in the faintest way, occurred to me, and the suddenness and horror of the situation were simply appalling. The frantic plunging of the now thoroughly stampeded mule soon brought me to myself, and to a sense of the danger of

our being overturned and thrown to the wolves without so much as the shadow of a chance for our lives. By exerting all my strength on the lines, and speaking soothingly to the half-crazed animal, I succeeded in quieting him in a measure. I directed Mrs. Armstrong—who was behaving most courageously—to get out the two rifles from the bottom of the sleigh; for I was determined to fight to the very last to bring us, in some way, safely through our terrible danger.

In the meantime the wolves, in twos and threes, could be seen coming out of the woods and out of the scrub,—noiselessly now, but with an eagerness and swiftness in their pursuit that showed only too plainly our utter helplessness against them. Poor old Billy was already showing the effects of the hard day he had come through; and I knew it would be impossible to continue the unequal race more than a few minutes longer, and then the only thing between us and an awful death was the two rifles with their fourteen cartridges.

I took up one of the guns, passed the lines to Mrs. Armstrong, and, turning just as one of the great brutes made a spring for the sleigh, shot it squarely through the head. Instantly the whole pack was a whirling, snarling, fighting mass about the carcass. But our respite was of short duration, for in less time than it takes to tell it the wolves were in full chase again.

As I glanced ahead and saw that the steep grade—the last sharp descent into the valley just below—was right before us, there flashed through my mind one desperate possibility of escape, and I acted on it without a moment's hesitation. Raising my gun, I sent shot after shot into the howling, surging pack, so near now that the flash of the powder almost singed their hair; and, waiting only long enough to see that the shots had taken effect, and that the wolves had dropped back a little, I took out my pocketknife, and, stooping over the front



of the sleigh, cut the leather straps that held the shafts in place, and, snatching the lines, pulled the mule sharply to one side. For a single moment the sleigh hung on the verge of the grade as it swerved a little from the pull I had given the lines, and then we went shooting down the steep incline like the wind, saved from those savage beasts by a narrow margin.

When we last saw Billy, he was bravely fighting his way through a very ferocious circle of enemies. As for ourselves, that was a fearful ride. We even succeeded in rounding a particularly sharp curve with one runner of the sleigh hanging over an abyss of more than a hundred feet. But we got down without the slightest injury; and found Dick, with half the people of the little town at Baker's waiting for us in the street, from where they had been anxiously watching for some time, and wondering why we were coming down in such a fashion.

Dick had become uneasy at our delay, and had come over from the ranch to look for us; and, as the moon was shining and the ground covered with snow, we could be seen distinctly for a long distance as we came down the side of the mountain above the village.

We stopped just long enough to relate our adventure to the people who had witnessed our strange descent; and then, waking the children—for they had slept through it all,—Dick hurried us away to the ranch, where supper was waiting for us, and where we might have a chance to recover a little our badly shattered nerves.

The next day found us still at Dick's place, none the worse from our frightful adventure of the day before. And the day following I left for home, bronzed and greatly benefited by my long vacation, and not forgetful of my deep indebtedness to old Billy the mule.

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XVIII.—EXIT UNCLE JIM.

**N**OW, since Uncle Jim himself had given that revolting exhibition of brutality, and since Mrs. Seymour, no less than Katherine and Willie, had overheard all that was said, there was no longer any reason why the children should withhold the knowledge which they had previously gained. Fred, in his indignation, was quite willing to blurt out everything; but Alice felt an indescribable reluctance to cast another stone at the miserable culprit, whom she had seen creeping upstairs, cowed and ashamed. She stood by silently, therefore, giving such confirmation to the narrative as was demanded of her; and noting with secret satisfaction how Fred, always strictly truthful, neither added to nor subtracted one iota from what had actually occurred.

Mrs. Seymour listened with growing astonishment and displeasure that Fred and Alice, whose every thought hitherto had been known to her, should thus have withheld information so important. She was reasonable enough, however, to see that their explanation was to a great extent satisfactory; for there had always been some special reason to prevent them from telling.

Into her mind, as she sat silent, with the children grouped awe-stricken about her, there flashed the hints thrown out by the confectioner, Mrs. Horton, who had proved herself both trustworthy and respectable. Of late she had held her tongue; but it was clear that her estimate of James Forrester was low, and it seemed quite possible that she was aware of something to his discredit. Then the dwarf had broken out into veiled denunciation of him on the occasion of his first visit, as well as to-day. Selma had accused him; and his own conduct, such as permitting a helpless old man to be hounded

THE eye is a window which looks into the heart. *Turkish Proverb.*

by ruffianly lads, coupled with his late attack upon the dwarf, seemed strong enough confirmation of those things that were alleged against him. Mrs. Seymour actually dreaded, too, the return of her husband, who, though all that was kind and generous, might, in his anger, do something regrettable.

When he at last came in, radiant as usual with health and good humor, she determined that nothing should be said until he had taken his dinner. Instinctively, however, he seemed to feel the shadow that had fallen upon the house, and rallied the children on their solemn faces. All present vividly remembered long, long afterward the aspect of the dining-room upon that day, with the sunlight pouring in through the half-closed blinds. The familiar edibles—the boiled mutton with its caper sauce and its carrots and turnips, the cold pudding and the sliced pineapple,—all were henceforth to be associated with that heaviness that lay on their minds, and that disquietude as to what was yet to come.

The mother's face, perturbed out of its usual serenity, offered a contrast to that of Selma, who glided about in her ordinary silent fashion, absolutely undisturbed; though, to those who knew all, her eyes plainly bore traces of recent weeping. Mr. Seymour, who had an uneasy feeling that something was wrong, casually remarked that he had expected to see James Forrester down at dinner that day, and inquired if there had been any unfavorable change since morning. If he perceived that the answers given him were somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, he made no comment, but cut off the proper portions of meat and saw them arranged on a tray for Fred to carry upstairs. The boy laid it down beside the bed upon which lay Forrester, fully dressed; and then hurried from the room, without a word.

When dinner was over, Mr. Seymour announced his intention of going up to see James Forrester. But his wife asked

him to come in first to the library, as she had something to tell him. The children felt that to be a breathless moment. The four of them gathered together on the gray steps outside, and waited in a silence broken only by an occasional whisper. Once, as they looked upward to James Forrester's window, they saw his pallid face and deep-set eyes staring down at them, as if he had some presage of what was going on there in the library, with its window-curtains waving softly in the breeze. The sight seemed, somehow, terrifying, and they involuntarily drew close together. Then they heard the ringing of the library bell, the sound of which came out to them through the kitchen, and they guessed that Selma had been summoned. There was a pause, during which they listened to her light step coming up the kitchen stairs. It stopped an instant at the door. She was bidden to enter, and the door closed upon her.

The children felt their hearts beating now, as if they themselves had been called to judgment; though no sound came from the closed room, save the murmur of voices, none of which were raised either in anger or in condemnation. In truth, everything was proceeding as quietly as possible. But the calm was rudely broken, and the children on the steps were thrilled to hear descending swiftly the stealthy, catlike tread of James Forrester. Perhaps he had listened a moment,—they could not tell,—but presently the library door was burst open, and after that they could easily hear every word that was said.

James Forrester stood upon the threshold, his face ghastly pale, his eyes blazing, as, with a shaking finger, he pointed at Selma.

"That woman," he cried hoarsely, "is a liar and a thief!"

Mr. Seymour arose, as if to stop him; but the other, unheeding, continued:

"Before she poisons your mind with any of her miserable slanders, let me tell you, Henry, that this is Christina, who



was in service for some years with the Spencer family, and was caught in the act of stealing by Jerry himself; and was afterward accused of a far more serious theft, which she herself acknowledged."

Mrs. Seymour looked shocked and distressed; the children on the steps trembled; and Mr. Seymour demanded sternly of the woman:

"And what have you to say in answer to the charge?"

"I haf to say that it is not true," she answered calmly, looking past the questioner to the infuriated accuser. "Never haf I been in service in this house before."

"You see," said James Forrester, "the truth is not to be had from her. Do you dare to say that you are not Christina?"

The woman laughed an insolent, mocking laugh.

"No, I am *not* Christina," she replied.

"Why," cried James Forrester, breathless with rage, "I recognized her the very first night she was in the house."

"If so," demanded Mr. Seymour, indignantly, "and supposing your charges to be true, why did you not warn us, as you should have done?"

James Forrester stammered something, and hesitated.

"The gentleman had some reasons," said Selma; "but he is wrong: I am not Christina. She is dead."

"Then who in God's name are you?" asked James Forrester, bending forward with an eagerness that caused him momentarily to forget the others in the room.

"I am her twin sister, Selma," was the answer, which caused James Forrester's countenance to show blank astonishment, disappointment, incredulity.

"Even if this last assertion be true, which I doubt," the man said in a tone that, if less violent, showed concentrated malice (and this time he addressed himself to Mrs. Seymour rather than to her husband), "it is not safe to have in the house, and with the children, a sister of

a criminal, and one who has no doubt come here with a sinister purpose."

"I haf come to earn wages, to do work," declared Selma; but even to those of her listeners who were unprejudiced there was not the ring of absolute sincerity in the words.

"You are a wretch, an impostor!" roared Forrester. "And if you are not Christina, you are as bad, or perhaps worse."

"And you," flung back Selma, seeming at last to lose control of herself, "are a black heart that has been true to nobody!"

James Forrester made a violent movement. It was clear that if the others had not been present he would have struck her.

"*You,—you—*" he began.

But here Mr. Seymour interposed to put an end to a scene that was distressing to his wife and revolting to himself.

"I forbid you, James, to utter another word," he said. "And you, Selma,—you may go. Your mistress will see you later. So far as I can see, your further stay in this house is impossible."

Selma grew deadly white, glanced from one to the other of her employers, with clasped hands and imploring gaze that touched Mrs. Seymour's heart; while James cast a look of triumphant malice toward her. Seeing that Mr. Seymour was determined, the woman went away without another word.

Then it was that Mr. Seymour turned upon James Forrester.

"Have you lost all sense of decency and self-respect?" he asked. "I would have spared you the humiliation of being confronted with that woman,—a humiliation which you have brought upon yourself. And here, in my presence and that of my wife, you bandy words with my servant concerning an understanding between you,—whether friendly or unfriendly is beside the matter."

Mr. Seymour's blue eyes flashed with indignation, though he was striving hard for self-command.

"Many things," he continued, "have

caused me to repent that I admitted you into my house; and amongst them your conduct to-day to that helpless and inoffensive dwarf."

"He inoffensive!" sneered Forrester. "I tell you he belongs to that same gang as this Swedish woman. He has probably wormed himself in here for a purpose."

"Even if that were true, it would be no excuse for a display of brute force from a big man like you to a pigmy. Moreover, you have just condemned yourself by the accusations you have made against this Swede; for you, believing her to be a criminal, have permitted her to remain in this house for weeks. And it seems evident that, but for the events of to-day, you would have continued to keep your knowledge secret."

Mr. Seymour paused, fearing that his indignation might master him; and then he proceeded:

"Whether her counter-charges against you are true or not, it is clear to all that you have violated every canon of decency; and I am under the disagreeable necessity of telling you that, instead of leaving here in September, you must go just as soon as you are well enough."

"My dear Henry," said Mrs. Seymour, "of course you mean as soon as he has been able to make other arrangements."

"I scorn to accept a single hour," retorted James Forrester. "I will leave here at once. My trunk is packed. And I hope you will live to repent this day. I would be glad to see you begging in the street."

The two men regarded each other so menacingly that Mrs. Seymour rose from her chair and stood between them, while over her gracious and gentle head the eyes of each met,—anger and malice in the one, contempt and indignation in the other.

"Hush, James!" she whispered. "You don't know what you are saying."

And the excited man, calming down a little, moved toward the door. Pausing there an instant, he said:

"I have nothing against you, Margaret. You are a good woman."

And, with one last glance of malignant hate at the man who had so generously befriended him, he fled up the stairs.

Katherine clutched Alice by the arm, with a long-drawn "Oh!" while Alice trembled in every limb, shaken by a curious blending of emotions. Even the boys looked pale and awe-stricken by the storm of violent emotions that had passed them so close.

Presently James Forrester was heard dragging his trunk downstairs after him. He left it inside the door, calling to Mrs. Seymour that he would send an express-man for it. And so he vanished from the house.

(To be continued.)

### The "Our Father" in Old English.

Our forefathers in the Faith had the greatest love for the best of all prayers, the *Pater Noster*, which they recited frequently, especially at the celebration of Mass:

Thy *Pater Noster* rehearse alway,  
For better prayer thou mayst not say.

Children were taught a rhymed version of the "Our Father," which is given in the "Lay-Folk's Mass Book." The author cautions his readers always to give "good harkening" to the priest, and to avoid making unnecessary noise:

That thou shalt good attention take  
That thou at Mass no jangling make.

Before, during, and after Mass the "Our Father" was recited by young and old, as follows:

Our Father that art in heaven,  
Blessing to Thy name be given;  
Come to us Thy own kingdom;  
In heaven and earth Thy will be done;  
Our daily bread grant us to-day,  
And our misdeeds forgive us aye;  
As we do them that trespass us,  
Right so have mercy upon us;  
And lead us into no confounding,  
But shield us from each wicked thing.

Amen.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—For the interest of Catholic letters, one could wish that "Lot Barrow," the latest novel of Viola Meynell, had a different American publisher than Mr. Richard H. Badger.

—"The Church in Germany," by Fr. Lattey, S. J., is the first of a series of pamphlets issued by the English C. T. S., containing accounts of the work of the Church in different countries.

—Under the title "Paradoxes of Catholicism," Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have just published the series of sermons preached in Rome this year by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson.

—We find the *Catholic Home Annual* for 1914 (Benziger Brothers) less attractive than former issues. It used to be the most interesting as well as among the most useful of Catholic year-books.

—"The Beggar Woman; or, Katrina's Dream," by Alwyne Compton (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), is a little play for girls, involving seven characters, and presupposing in the spectators of the drama an unflinching belief in the Blessed Virgin's answer to prayer.

—Those who are desirous of information about the Catholic Social Guild and its work have only to apply for the penny pamphlet entitled "The Catholic Social Guild, What it is and What it Does," issued by the Guild at its office, 4 Tavistock Sq., London, W. C. Mgr. Henry Parkinson, the president of this important organization, is the author of a text-book of social studies ("Primer of Social Science"), which ought to be known to English-speaking Catholics everywhere. It supplies a distinct need, and should certainly help to dispel some of the false doctrines on social principles so widely current among Catholics as well as non-Catholics.

—"The Larger Values," by Humphrey J. Desmond, a booklet of some hundred pages, is attractively gotten out by A. C. McClurg & Co., in ornamented paper covers, with a box whose design is the same as that of the book itself. The larger values, in Mr. Desmond's mind, are those which make for the well-rounded life. Consequently there are treated here such topics as the things of the spirit, the little amenities of life, friendship, etc. This may seem beaten ground; but that is to its credit in this day of "new thought"—which, by the way, is no thought—and a dozen other appar-

ently intellectual fads. But the chief merit of Mr. Desmond's work is the way in which it is done,—the pith of the style, the aptness and wealth of quotation, the spirit which informs and invigorates the whole. The combination of qualities which author and publisher have given to "The Larger Values" make it an ideal little gift book. No price is given.

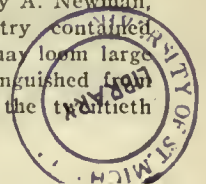
—"Psalmi Vesperarum" (F. Pustet & Co.) is published for the convenience of those who sing the regular Vespers of the Liturgical Year. The large Vesperale, of course, contains all that; but, generally speaking, a select chancel choir sings the antiphons, etc., while the psalms are chanted by two full choirs. The present handy book of 235 pages contains all the psalms for all the Sundays and double feasts of the year, printed in full under the notes of all the various "tones" according to which they must be sung.

—Cordial congratulation to the sterling Irish weekly that has just celebrated a jubilee such as has rarely if ever come to a newspaper on this side of the Atlantic. We quote:

A hundred and fifty years, six generations of men, have come since the founders of the movement that was destined to win for Ireland a free Parliament, established the *Freeman's Journal*. Save for one brief, inglorious, and unlucky interval, the newspaper over whose birth Flood and Grattan watched has been since then at the service of the Irish people and the Irish cause. With Grattan, it sat by the cradle of the Irish Constitution; unlike Grattan, it has survived to salute the glorious resurrection of that Constitution.

Unlike Grattan, too, may it never follow that Constitution to its grave!

—Several months ago, an Irish Augustinian contributed to an American periodical an article the avowed purpose of which was "to introduce" to the periodical's readers—Francis Thompson. Would his paper have been quite so superfluous, we wonder, had it discussed, not a dead English poet, but a living Irish one? Thompson's name has been known, and his fame has been growing, among cultured Catholics in all English-reading lands ever since the publication, twenty years ago, of "Poems," including "The Hound of Heaven"; but how many American readers are at all familiar with the name or the work of Padric Gregory? He is a comparatively new Irish poet; but, judging from a study of him contributed to the *Irish Rosary* by A. Newman, and from snatches of his poetry contained therein, he is one whose name may loom large among the poetic poets (as distinguished from the merely versifying ones) of the twentieth



century. Mr. Gregory has published two volumes: "The Ulster Folk" (1912), and "Old World Ballads" (1913). Here is a fragment that gives an idea of his quality:

The Breath of God—the wind—has swept away  
 The sombre, sable shades of Night  
 From o'er the vast Cathedral of the East;  
 Lo! from its lancet windows, bright  
 Gleams glint o'er hill and moor and dale and lawn.  
 Prostrate, I thank Thee, mighty Priest,  
 Again Thy wondrous, gracious Hand doth light  
 The golden sanctuary lamp of Day  
 With the thin white tapers of the Dawn.

—If the collection of short stories by René Bazin just published by Charles Scribner's Sons ("The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel, and Other Stories") were the first of the distinguished French author's books to appear in English, it would be unlikely, we think, to create a great vogue for him. The best story in the collection is "The Little Sisters of the Poor," not the one which gives the book its title. All, however, contain the usual elements found in M. Bazin's fiction—skilful character-drawing, bright dialogue, artistic restraint and simplicity, with exquisite touches of humor and pathos. The work of translation would seem to have been done hurriedly. We note one paragraph which occupies a little more than two pages, and there are occasional inelegancies which should have been avoided.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "Psalmi Vesperarum." 50 cts.  
 "The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." René Bazin. \$1.25.  
 "The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.  
 "Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.  
 "The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.  
 "Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways." J. Michael of Coutances. \$1.35.  
 "Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.

- "The Luck o' Lady Joan." Josephine Daskam Bacon. 50 cts.  
 "On a Hill." F. M. Capes. 50 cts.  
 "The Story of Mary Duane." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.  
 "Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back." Henry Gunstock. 30 cts.  
 "The Average Man." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.35.  
 "Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.  
 "Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church." Gerhard Rauschen, S. T. D. \$1.25.  
 "Literary Selections from Newman." A Sister of Notre Dame. 60 cts.  
 "The Silence of Sebastian." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.25.  
 "Addresses." Henry Sebastian Bowden. 70 cts., net.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Cornelius Driscoll, of the diocese of Monterey; Rev. Theophilus Caisse and Rev. William Gregory, S. J.

Sister Benedicta, of the Sisters of Charity; and Mother M. Regina, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Theodore Rimpau, Mrs. Margaret Royal, Mr. John E. Kelly, Mrs. Mary Manning, Mrs. Annie Mooney, William and Catherine Fehr, Mr. Joseph Vaile, Mr. Felix Doyle, Mrs. Margaret Graham, Mrs. Julia Lynch, Mr. Charles Abood, Mr. Daniel C. Barker, Mr. James Scully, Mr. Louis Meyer, Miss Mary McGrath, Mr. William Noakes, Mr. William Strader, Mr. Simon J. Cullen, Alice V. McGrath, Mrs. Magdalena Halbauer, Mr. John Sherick, Miss Mary Farren, Mrs. Mary Rogan, Mr. Arthur Malone, Mr. John Schaeffer, Mr. Martin Cleary, Mrs. Sarah Graham, Mr. Henry Haesch, Mr. Stephen Kretz, and Mrs. Josephine LaCoss.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia:

C. M., \$2.

For the missionaries in Papua:

Three admirers, \$3.17.

For the Franciscan mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China:

A priest, \$12.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## The Day of Days.

BY C. L. O'D.

WHAT day, of all the days that run  
Through mingled shadow and blended sun,  
As days have moved since time begun

To make the measured year, shall say  
The measure of my life is done,  
The battle lost or won,—

What day?

When spring is wild, when June is sweet,  
When autumn follows rich and fleet;  
When winter comes with snow and sleet,

Each in its yearly welcomed way,  
What day of all the days I greet  
Shall fold my hands and feet,—

What day?

What day, perchance at couch with Night  
Whose clouded locks are heavy and bright,  
In which the stars are gathered white,

Shall first behold my moveless clay?  
What day shall bring mine eyes the Light  
Where life is endless quite,—

What day?

What day—or do they count the days  
Whose harps are tuned to timeless praise  
Of Him who with the white-robed strays,

All wedding-garmented?—shall they  
Join to their ranks with no amaze  
One whom His Blood arrays,—

What day?

SURELY, if we have the spirit of piety  
in our hearts, the Holy Souls will be a  
special object of our remembrance and  
of our prayers.—*Cardinal Manning.*

## The Perfect Prayer.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



F all prayers in use in the Church, the "Our Father" takes the first place, because it was taught to us by our Divine Lord Himself. This fact alone would have sufficed to give the Lord's Prayer its premier position amongst all the beautiful forms of devotion that are the splendid inheritance of Catholics from former times, reaching back to the Apostolic Age. Yet we might safely say that, had this wonderful prayer been handed down to us by tradition merely as the composition of an Apostle or other saint, or as the compilation of the Church herself, still its own intrinsic excellence would have given it a very high, if not the highest, place in the affection and devotion of Christians. As it is, the excellence of the "Our Father" as a form of prayer is due to the fact that it comes to us from the mind and lips of the Incarnate Wisdom of God. So supreme is that excellence that the great Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, declares the "Our Father" to be simply perfect; giving the reason of St. Augustine—namely, that it contains all that we need say or can say in order to pray to God as we ought.\*

This great prayer is daily on our lips in our private devotions. It has had its place from Apostolic times in the public services of the Church; it is repeated

\* See St. Thomas, II., 2<sup>a</sup>, Q. 83, art. 9, upon which this paper is based.

many times in the daily Office which all who are in Holy Orders are bound to recite; and St. Jerome tells us that Christ Himself directed the Apostles to make use of it when they offered the Holy Sacrifice of His Body. In the Roman Mass, as well as in every other liturgy, it occupies a prominent place, and is recited or sung with particular solemnity. All this shows how highly the Church values and venerates this precious legacy from her divine Founder.

But while we venerate so deeply and repeat so often the prayer taught us by Jesus, it may be that we sometimes lose sight of, or fail to appreciate, that intrinsic excellence which it possesses, and say it without entering as fully as we might into the meaning of its pregnant sentences. For this reason it will be useful to consider briefly the significance of this greatest and best of all prayers.

And, first, we have expressed in the "Our Father" not only all that we can rightly desire and ask for, but we have those things expressed in precisely that order of importance in which they ought to be desired and asked for. We should not desire things from God at random; therefore, we should not ask things from God at random. There are some things that a Christian ought to put first and foremost in his desires, and consequently first and foremost in his petitions; some things which we ought to pray for as the supreme object of our desires, others which we must desire and pray for as the means by which that supreme object shall be attained.

Now, the prayer which Christ has taught us shows us how to do this. Thus it at once instructs the mind and guides the will, forming our desires and petitions for us so that they shall conduce to God's good pleasure and our own salvation. Well may we say that the "Our Father" is the prayer of prayers, the perfect prayer.

It begins with a sublime invocation, "Our Father, who art in heaven." In many respects, these opening words are

the most wonderful and consoling of all. "*Our Father.*" What a sweet and consoling revelation of God's attitude to us is contained in that one word "*Father*"! At one bound we are lifted above all slavish fear, and taught to look upon and to approach the great Creator and Lord of all as One who bears toward us such tender love, and surrounds us with such strong and all-embracing care, that the only human word which He can select to give us an idea of His loving tenderness and providence is the sweet and sacred name of "*Father*," in which all loving care and strong, faithful providence are summed up. He is our Father as Author of our being; as Provider of all good gifts of nature and of grace; the Source of all good, the Supplier of all needs; ready, as a true father, to give to His children all that they can desire or want, whose fatherly love and providence are over all our human life from the cradle to the grave; who has the power to do for us all that His fatherly heart prompts Him to do.

And we are taught to say, not "*My Father*," but "*Our Father*"; expressing thus the great truth of the universal brotherhood of men, the sweet lesson of mutual brotherly charity and love for one another as children of the same good God. If men would only learn this lesson of brotherhood, how different would be the world! Aye, if *Catholics* would always act upon it, how greatly elevated would be our common Catholic life!

"Our Father, who art in *heaven*." We say "in heaven," not as if God were not everywhere present; but because heaven is His special dwelling-place, where His glory and majesty, His goodness and wisdom and love are more perfectly manifested, and shine forth in streams of purest radiance, unobscured by veils of earth. So by these words our hearts are lifted up, at the very beginning of our prayer, to that true home where our Father awaits us, where are those "many mansions" prepared for us to dwell in.

Such is the opening invocation, and



such its meaning; such its lesson of reverence and consolation, of faith and hope and love; of confidence in our Father, of brotherhood and mutual charity amongst ourselves. Such the sentiments which it puts into our hearts if we say it, not unthinkingly or by routine, but with due attention to its rich instructive contents.

Now we come to the actual petitions, of which we have seen already that they teach us what to desire and what to ask, and in what order. These petitions are seven in number. The first three have to do with God as the supreme Object of desire; in the other four we pray for needs of this present life. The first petition refers to God considered in and by Himself; the second, to God as our eternal beatitude and reward; the third, to the means by which alone men can reach their bliss in Him.

"Hallowed be Thy Name,"—that is, "May Thy Name be held and known as holy by all." This puts before us at once what is in itself, beyond all possible comparison with anything besides, highest, noblest, best, and, comparatively, the only matter of supreme and real importance; what, therefore, ought to be the first and chief object of desire and prayer—the glory of God; that He may be known, loved, praised and adored by every intelligent creature. This petition, then, is an act of pure, disinterested love of God. It puts first what *must* be put first—God, His honor and worship and praise.

Now God, in making us, made us for Himself,—to "know Him, love Him, and serve Him here, and to be happy with Him forever in heaven." He has bound together His honor and our perfect happiness. God's own glory comes first; but He wishes to be glorified in us by our eternal bliss with Him and in the possession of Him forever. So He teaches us to pray, "Thy kingdom come,"—Thy kingdom come in our hearts now by grace and love, and eternally hereafter in heaven. This petition, then, is a prayer

for the accomplishment of our great destiny: that we may reign with God, and God reign by the sweet empire of love in every heart.

But by what means shall this be accomplished? How shall God's reign be established over us and in us,—the happy reign of love? This can be only by the loving obedience of God's children. Therefore, in the third petition we are taught to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,"—that is, "Thy will be done by men as it is by the angels and the blessed." By obedience, by the loving and willing subjection of men to Him, God's reign is made, not only a right which He must always possess, but a practical reality in us; and thus His kingdom is effectively established. To recapitulate the pregnant meaning of these first three petitions: we are taught, first, the supreme object to be desired and prayed for—God's honor and glory; secondly, to desire and ask for the accomplishment of that honor and glory in us by our own salvation and that of our brethren; thirdly, to desire and beg for that by which alone salvation can be merited—namely, obedience to God's holy and adorable will.

Beginning amongst us here on earth, progressing more as we pray and desire more fervently, impetrated by the prayers of God's Church, and above all by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the objects of these three petitions will be perfectly and completely achieved, as St. Thomas points out, in the heavenly country. There will God's Name be perfectly hallowed and honored, with no dishonor and contempt of sinful rebellion to tarnish His glory,—not indeed in itself, for that can not be, but in the minds of creatures. There His kingdom shall be perfectly established, and all enemies destroyed. There all shall perfectly do His blessed will; for they shall will what He wills and naught else. In the meantime we pray that these things may be more and more accomplished here below till the

number of the elect shall be filled up, and God shall be all in all.

Now, to attain our heavenly goal we need certain aids and gifts from God, both in the supernatural and in the natural spheres; also we need the defence of His powerful arm and of His holy grace against all that can hinder us in our upward striving. For these gifts, and against these enemies of our souls and hindrances to salvation, we are taught to pray in the remaining four petitions of the "Our Father."

"Give us this day our daily bread." In this petition we are to ask chiefly for the true Bread from Heaven, that giveth life to the world — the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, our spiritual nourishment, without which we can not have strength to fight our battle. We ask also in these words for the supply of our bodily and temporal needs; for those things necessary to human life, for which also we depend upon the loving providence of our good Father in heaven.

But we must ask for these, as the position of this fourth petition, and the whole construction of the "Our Father" show, in due subordination to the supreme object of prayer — the glory of God and the salvation of our souls. "Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment?" says Christ Himself.\* We must ask God to give us temporal benefits so far as they shall help us, and not hinder us, in the work of salvation. Thus this petition teaches us to trust the providence of God, and to rely upon the love of "Our Father" for our daily needs of body and soul,—*daily* to implore His gifts, *daily* to say this grand prayer with devotion and confidence.

Next, Christ teaches us to pray for the removal and warding off of everything that can hinder us from reaching heaven. So, in the fifth petition, we beg for the removal of that barrier between us and God which, unless cast down in this life, will be an eternal barrier — our sins.

And we are taught — what would have seemed a very bold thing had not Christ Himself put the words into our mouths — to base our claim to forgiveness upon the forgiveness we extend to others, thus bringing us back to the lesson of mutual brotherly love. "Forgive us our trespasses," we say, "as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Another hindrance in the way of life is temptation,—that is to say, temptation will hinder us if we yield to it; otherwise it will be the material for victory and merit. When, therefore, we say, "Lead us not into temptation," this petition means, "Suffer us not to fall away under temptation." Lastly, and in close connection with the sixth petition, we add the seventh: "But deliver us from evil." The conjunction "but," connecting this petition with the former, makes it certain that it is the Evil One himself from whom our Blessed Lord instructs us chiefly to ask deliverance: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One who tempts us." At the same time we may justly interpret this petition as a prayer against every kind of evil thing that could in any way draw us from the path of salvation or hamper us in our endeavors to carry out for our own part what we have already been praying for—the coming of God's kingdom by the doing of His will.

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What a wonderful prayer is this prayer that Jesus has taught us,—worthy, indeed, of its divine Author, so complete, so elevated! How simple and spontaneous, yet how sublime, are its seven petitions, raising the heart and mind to God, inflaming us with divine charity, uniting us with the spirit and intentions of the mind of Christ as we use His own words; expressing so well and so exhaustively the needs of every individual, of the whole race of every age.

Surely we should cultivate a real and deep devotion to the Lord's Prayer. We could not have a grander devotion, as we

\* St. Matt., vi, 25.



could not find a better prayer, than devotion to God's holy will and purposes, expressed with Christ in Christ's own words. It is for the things so marvellously set forth in the "Our Father" that Jesus Christ asks in the intercession He continually makes for us at the right hand of the Father. Daily, and many times a day, we should say this prayer of prayers, the perfect prayer, slowly and devoutly, meditating on its meaning, trying to enter more and more deeply into its treasures. It will teach us the love of God here, and will bring us safely to Him hereafter.

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### Another's Burden.

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#### IV.

LOYSA passed the entire night in the same attitude, with her child pressed close to her bosom. When she awoke at daybreak, she was so sore and feeble that Julia made her lie down again. The old woman herself, spurred on by eager forethought, went out very early. She first hastened to the parish church, where the vicar always said a Mass at dawn, in order that the vintagers might assist at the Holy Sacrifice before going to their labor. After Mass, when the priest was unvesting in the sacristy, she entered and accosted him.

The vicar was an old man, who had been sent to this poor parish in his youth, and who had not wished to exchange it later on for a better one. He had married Julia and baptized Michael. He had often addressed paternal reprimands to the latter, who neglected his religious duties; and had warned his mother that she would have cause to regret the blind indulgence which she showed to her son; but he had not thought of so terrible a chastisement as had befallen them, and to-day he kindly forbore the least recrimination. He simply said:

"Well, Julia, how are the children?"

"They are a little tired, but, thank God, not sick. We reached home last

night, and I am come to ask you whether you know any one in the village who has need of a servant to work by the day. The little money that we had is gone, and there are five of us."

"I will speak to all the farmholders. In the meanwhile let Jules come to the presbytery. Do you also wait for me there. You will find some milk for the smallest of the children; I have also a bag of chestnuts and some maize. I will do all I can for you. I am not rich, however, and you must count on Providence. Take heart; God is good."

There are among modern writers some very humane persons, who, especially after dinner, viewing all convicts through the medium of a philanthropy stimulated by generous wine, regard them only as unfortunate heroes. It would appear from the discourse of such sentimentalists that assassins, robbers, incendiaries, are simply the victims of unjust laws. Society is a cruel stepmother, who has nothing but chains with which to reward great and heroic qualities, which she can not comprehend. In the transports of their magnanimous indignation, it would seem that these writers are almost ready to advocate the incarceration of honest citizens, and the freeing of those who meditate nothing but the violation of the laws.

God forbid that we should ever invoke hatred or execration on the unfortunate wretches who expiate in those terrestrial purgatories the crimes which have sullied their lives! Far from us to add our maledictions to the weight that is already crushing them down. Despite the reforms that have been accomplished, the galleys are still an abode of horrors; and we sincerely trust that legislators will eventually succeed in paralyzing crime and in rendering it powerless without the aid of chains or balls.

Yet when one has passed an hour in the galleys, when one has witnessed the cynicism of those miscreants, and has thought of their victims, one must have

a very lively charity to excuse them. You are seized with disgust — a disgust mixed with horror and indignation,—and are tempted for the moment to accuse the laws of criminal weakness and senseless indulgence.

An unknown priest had entered the galleys at Marseilles. • From the air of kindness that surrounded his visage as with an aureola, from the gentleness of his tones, from the unction of his words, and the complacency with which he stopped by each convict to question and console him, it was easy to see that neither morbid curiosity nor cynical indifference to the fate of the prisoners had led him thither. As a natural result, he was listened to with respect.

We must add that as a general rule the chaplains are well received. The reason is that they alone seem to lose sight of the degradation of the convicts. These miserable beings feel themselves spurned and contemned by the rest of men: their guards treat them with harshness; their companions in the chain-gang are often enemies and sometimes spies; and strangers who visit them are not always careful to conceal the repulsion which they experience in looking upon these monsters of crime. On the other hand, the chaplain has for the convicts only words of compassion and pardon. He styles them his brothers, tries to rehabilitate them in their own eyes, and appears to them as an angel of mercy and the veritable ambassador of God.

"Why are you here, my friend?" asked the priest of whom we have spoken, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of a hardened-looking prisoner, about forty years of age.

"Oh, I don't know; for I'm not guilty! I found a bag of money lying in the safe of a miserly old fellow. In default of a key I had opened the safe with a crowbar. I'd like to know if I deserved eight years for a little thing like that!"

"I," answered another, "am just about as much a criminal as you are. I am a

physician, and was frequently called upon to attend rich old people who couldn't make up their minds to die. When their heirs asked me to help them out of this wicked world, I did so."

"I have killed no one," said a third. "Yet those fools in court have sent me here, as though I had done something awful. The whole trouble with me was that my uncle had left me his heir, and my parents would not recognize the genuineness of the signature to the will. They bribed the judges, and here I am. But I defy them to get at the money; I buried it too safely for that."

"I can understand," said still another, "that murderers and thieves should be sent to the galleys; but what have I done to be placed here?" His crime was one of the most revolting of immoralities.

All — incendiaries, forgers, poisoners — acknowledged the most execrable crimes with a tranquil carelessness that made the priest shudder. From the *naïveté* of their avowals, he concluded that they had no sense of the enormity of the evils which they had committed, and that the only thing in connection with their misdeeds which they regretted was the punishment now being endured therefor. It is undeniable that in many of those habitual criminals the voice of conscience had been completely stifled. Their souls, deprived of moral intelligence, resembled the bodies of those who are physically deformed, and can no longer walk like the rest of mankind.

The ecclesiastic had need of such reflections to prevent him from holding the prisoners in aversion, and to enable him to address them as brothers. He pursued his way among them, with a kindly word and glance to each. Convicts are frequently torn with a remorse that allows them no respite, but they take a species of pride in wearing a bold face and making light of their sufferings.

The priest found only one with a gloomy brow, and despair depicted on his features. Approaching him, and judging



that this prisoner at least was not thoroughly corrupt, he resolved to converse with him.

"What is your name, my friend?"

"My friend? Friend!" repeated the man to himself. It seemed to the kind priest as if a light came into the convict's strong and dark countenance at this word, and that a tear, half kept back, had moistened his eyes. Then, after some moments of hesitation, he told his name.

"Michael Frayno, of Soubéros, near Aix, in Provence."

"Have you been here long?"

"Only about a month. That is nothing in comparison with the fifteen years I am doomed to spend here; yet already I have exhausted all my patience and courage."

"You do not look as though you were evil-minded. In consequence of what outbreak of passion did you come to be condemned?"

"O sir, I do not say that I am innocent! No, I am a guilty wretch; my punishment is deserved, and I do not murmur against it. I am tortured, however, at the thought of my family — my poor old mother, my wife and children, who are enduring privations and miseries more severe than my own chastisement."

"I understand you. Your work was necessary for their support. Well, have confidence; the providence of God is inexhaustible. I have no purse, but I may get some charitable person to provide for them."

An expression of joy, gratitude and confusion overspread the convict's face. At first there was an evident doubt, as if he feared some sort of trick or joke were intended, or expected to wake suddenly from a dream. But when he looked at the sweet, grave countenance of the priest again, all doubt was banished, and he realized that he had indeed found a friend.

"Ah, that would be too good!—that would be impossible!" said the convict.

"Nothing is impossible, my friend, where there is trust in Divine Providence.

Your poor old mother, your wife and children shall not want, I promise you."

"I will owe you my life if you save my dear ones, Father. May the Blessed Virgin reward your kindness a hundred-fold! From the moment when my children are removed from the danger of starvation, my chains will lose their heaviness."

The language of the galley-slave surprised the priest more and more, and he continued the conversation.

"You do well, my friend, to invoke our Blessed Mother; she will give you resignation, and resignation alleviates even the worst miseries."

"I am worthy only of contempt."

"Everyone, my friend, must expiate his faults either in this world or the next; and those who voluntarily do penance during their life will have a less rigorous account to render when they come to die. God will see your repentance; and your sufferings, by purifying your soul, will win for you an eternal reward. Have you been to confession lately?"

"Not since coming here. You are the first priest I have seen. I am prepared, however, if you will kindly hear me."

"Very well; this evening, then. And now," continued the chaplain, in order to divert the convict's mind, "tell me by what fatal conjuncture of circumstances did you incur your guilt?"

"I nearly killed a man, Father."

"Ah! That is a great sin assuredly. Since you are not condemned for life, however, the judges evidently did not deem you undeserving of leniency."

"If you have leisure to listen, Father, I will tell you my whole story. I don't think we shall leave the port this morning, so I shall have ample time."

The priest drew up his cloak, and seated himself on the bench by the side of the convict. The latter wiped his brow, and, fixing his eyes on his new-found friend with an expression of gratitude, respect, love and humility impossible to describe, began his sad tale.

# Where the Angelus Bells are Chiming.

BY TERESA BRAYTON.

WHEN the Angelus bells are chiming and the sun goes down in the west  
There falls on the hills of Ireland the spell of a wondrous rest;  
'Tis like as if holy Padhrig came down at the close of day  
With a blessing for all his children, in Ireland far away.  
The chattering rooks fly homeward, a black wedge cleaving the sky;  
The horses plod from their toiling, the lumbering bats go by;  
The shadows, like cloistered maidens, come out of their cells to pray  
When the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away.

The mountains cover their summits in veils of fleecy mist,  
A wind blows up from the bogland by heather and turf smoke kissed;  
The cows come home to their milking, the children cease from their play  
When the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away.

Oh, well I know of the magic that broods in the twilight there,  
When the ramparts of God are stormed with a passion of silent prayer,  
And the gates of His holy city seem wide in the heavens gray  
When the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away!

Sure, there it is hushed and tender, and there it is fond and true,  
Where there's ever a word of welcome and a seat by the fire for you;  
For the lips that are used to praying have the kindest words to say  
Where the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away.

I see the lights of their windows, the gleam of their fireside cheer;  
Across the washing of billows I'm knowing "God save all here!"

And out of eternal jarring I hear, as a spirit may,  
The Angelus bells still chiming in Ireland far away.

Sure, Christ, the Lord of the loyal, has folded them, kith and kin;  
He blesses their going outward, He blesses their coming in;  
He blesses their hearth and table, He goes with them all the way  
Where the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away.

And so when the shadows gather and the voices of day are still,  
The peace of Jesus and Mary comes down upon vale and hill;  
And Padhrig, the ever-blessed, hears all that his children say  
When the Angelus bells are chiming in Ireland far away.

# The Centenary of Louis Veuillot.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE two notable centenaries celebrated in the course of the year 1913 interest the Catholic Church at large; for, in their different lines, Frederic Ozanam and Louis Veuillot made the service of God and of His Church the prime object of their lives. But these anniversaries naturally have a special meaning and importance in the country to which the two eminent writers belonged; and in France the centenary of Louis Veuillot, this month, promises to be as impressive a celebration as was that of Ozanam last spring.

Among the numerous books published on the occasion of Veuillot's centenary, that of his nephew by marriage, M. Tavernier, gives many interesting details on the man's inner self. It shows us how in Veuillot, as indeed in most men, there existed two distinct personalities: the sarcastic, virulent, and sometimes aggressive journalist, and the tender father and devoted friend.\* It gives us, too, an

\* "Louis Veuillot, l'Homme, le Lutteur, l'Ecrivain," par Eugène Tavernier. Plon Nourrit. Paris, 1913.



insight into Veuillot's great work in journalism. When he took up his pen to fight her battles, the Church in France was treated by her enemies more with contempt than with hatred; he forced his contemporaries to respect her, and gave importance to her interests even in the eyes of her bitterest foes. M. Tavernier tells us how Louis Veuillot was always and in all circumstances wholly devoted to the Church's service; from the moment of his conversion, he became her liegeman, and he served her with a heart-whole devotion that never wavered.

He carried his individual temperament into the fight, and occasionally he overstepped the limits beyond which controversy degenerates into abuse. But, now that time has done its work, that the heat and dust of the battle are cleared away, the man's real self stands out in its true light; and, making allowance for certain blemishes due to his temperament and training, we must needs recognize in him the sterling qualities that go far to make a great servant of God.

He was absolutely disinterested in His service; wholly devoted to the cause to which he gave his life; and, in spite of his virulence as a journalist, he was as docile as a child to the orders and even to the desires of the Holy See. His literary talent is, curiously enough, more appreciated now than it was during his lifetime; and M. Jules Lemaître, himself a master of French prose, is loud in his praise of Veuillot's value as a writer. His testimony is all the more valuable, as M. Lemaître belongs to a different school of thought, and is not a practical Catholic.

Louis Veuillot was essentially a self-made man. He was born on October 11, 1813, at Boynes, a village in the Département du Loiret, of poor parents, who subsequently removed to Paris, where they settled in the outlying suburb of Bercy. Here the father was employed by a neighboring wine merchant, and the mother brought up her four children

to the best of her ability. She made them honest and hard-working; but her religion consisted in going to Mass on great feasts and in teaching her oldest son fragments of the *Ave Maria*. Neither she nor her husband approached the Sacraments. The boy learned the first elements of grammar at the Bercy school, but he was still almost a child when he entered the office of a local lawyer. There he was so poorly paid that he added to his resources by occasionally helping to discharge the boats laden with sand that stopped along the quay of Bercy.

He was, even then, in spite of his lack of culture, naturally intellectual and eager to learn; and, having neither a guide nor a method, he read indiscriminately all the books that came to hand. His literary tastes were so strongly marked that they developed in the midst of surroundings that were hardly calculated to foster his judgment or his native ability. But in 1830, he found his real vocation—that of a journalist. He first wrote in the *Figaro*; then, when he was only twenty-three, he undertook the management of the *Memorial de Perigueux*. This obliged him to spend some years at Perigueux, where he acquired a new experience of men and things; while, with undiminished ardor, he continued to read and to study for his own self-improvement. In 1836 he returned to Paris, where one of his friends, Gustave Olivier, provided him with a better position on the press. Veuillot was now beginning to be known as a promising journalist, and his days of abject poverty were at an end. The same friend, who proved himself the good genius of Louis Veuillot's early life, proposed to him, some time later, to accompany him to Italy. He gladly agreed to do so, and they started for Rome.

During the last few years he had felt a growing anxiety regarding the problems of life here and hereafter. He was without faith, and, owing to insufficient instruction, his First Communion had left

no happy traces in his mind. Olivier had lately become a fervent Catholic; but, even in Rome, he avoided exercising undue influence over his companion. However, his example and that of his friends were a standing lesson of Catholic practice; and Louis Veuillot, having made the acquaintance of an eminent Jesuit of the day, Father de Rosaven, was gradually led by him to the knowledge of a religion that he had, so far, ignored but never insulted. In a letter to his younger brother Eugène, dated March 19, 1838, he alludes to his conversations with the celebrated religious, and owns that for the last twelve months he had been "cruelly persecuted" by doubts and misgivings as to his religious condition. His conversion came about gradually; it was the result of meditation, prayer, and earnest efforts. At last, having submitted his mind and heart to his new belief, Veuillot made, in the Basilica of St. Mary Major, what he called his *real* First Communion.

It is characteristic of the time in which Louis Veuillot lived that the news of his conversion dismayed his relatives. Religion was then at a discount among the members of the French *bourgeois*, or middle class; the tone of the press was openly irreligious; and the Catholic party was not what it is now—a strong and united group, which its adversaries are bound to respect.

On his return, he published his first book—"Les Pélerinages de Suisse." The author's undoubted talent attracted attention, and the book was favorably reviewed even by newspapers that were generally hostile to works inspired by a Catholic spirit. The *Univers*, which Veuillot was one day to direct, and with which his name is so closely associated, was then a poor and struggling newspaper, though it was largely assisted by Montalembert and other leading Catholics. It represented Louis Veuillot's line of thought, and this induced him to become a contributor. He was a journalist by taste and by vocation; but even while writing

for the *Univers* he continued to publish books, of which "Rome et Lorette," containing as it does the story of his conversion, is perhaps the most notable.

In 1843 he finally decided to make journalism his career, and gave up a small post that he had hitherto occupied in one of the Ministeries. Henceforth he played a considerable part in the religious and political controversies of the day, the success of his articles amply proving that he had found his real vocation.

When Louis Veuillot came on the scene as director of the *Univers* there reigned throughout France a spirit of unbelief which was the direct heritage of that social, religious, and political upheaval, the Revolution of 1789. The influence of Voltaire and the eighteenth-century philosophers still had a powerful hold over the mind of the average French *bourgeois*. The Church was craftily tyrannized over by the Government; she was treated, not with a violence that arouses indignation and self-defence, but with a contempt that breeds discouragement. The Catholics were looked upon as the harmless representatives of an exploded tradition.

Louis Veuillot may be regarded as the leader whose talent and boldness won for Catholic journalism an important place in the world of politics. He had for the Church the filial love of a fervent convert. "The Church," he wrote, "has given me light and peace. If I know, I admire, I love, I live,—it is owing to her. When she is attacked, I feel like a son whose mother receives a blow."

Religious questions were not then, as they are now, considered, even by the enemies of the Church, as deserving of attention; and Louis Veuillot's partisanship of Catholic interests created some surprise. Men were unaccustomed to language so bold and so uncompromising on the part of the trodden-down Catholics; but the author's undoubted talent won the admiration even of literary critics belonging to another school. Speaking of the collection of "Mélanges," into which



Veuillot's newspaper articles have been gathered under one title, *Sainte-Beuve*, a sceptic and an infidel, recognizes his vigorous touch, and hails in him "an excellent prose writer" who has given us pages of which French journalism may be proud. After fifty years, other eminent critics—M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Belle-sort, a professor of the University,—admire the "incomparable talent" of the Catholic writer who during forty years held aloft, in the moving world of journalism, the steady and immovable light of "integral Catholicism." It is curious when we peruse the "*Mélanges*" to see with what ability Veuillot uses against his adversaries the very weapons that they forged to destroy the Church. Till then, journalism had been in the hands of her enemies; he took up the cudgels and fought his foes on their own ground, with their own arms and methods.

From 1842 to 1858 he chiefly defended liberty of education, the great question of the day; but at all times he was quick to notice every attack against the Church. Old prejudices and new accusations, the well-worn calumnies of the past and the venomous inventions of the present were combated by him with unerring vigor, and with a sense of humor that occasionally made his adversaries smile, even while they smarted under the lash.

The Roman question was another subject upon which Veuillot felt deeply and wrote eloquently. On January 28, 1860, Pius IX., in an Encyclical Letter, alluded to the attacks against the Temporal Power which the Imperial Government secretly countenanced. Louis Veuillot was informed that any newspaper venturing to publish the Papal document ran the risk of being suppressed. He did not hesitate: the Encyclical was promptly translated and published; and the same day, January 29, the *Univers* was suppressed. During the seven years that followed, its editor was debarred from writing in the papers, but he continued to serve the Church by his work,—either by articles in different

reviews or periodicals or by pamphlets touching on the subjects he had most at heart.

In 1867 the *Univers* came to life again; and two years later the Council of the Vatican assembled in Rome, where Veuillot then passed six months. The letters that he sent home during that time have been included in the "*Mélanges*." They give a vivid picture of Rome at that momentous epoch. The divisions that unfortunately broke out among the Catholics are echoed; but these quarrels do not entirely absorb Veuillot, and the grandeur of the occasion gave new life to his enthusiastic love for, and admiration of, the Church.

After the Council, came the war. The "*Mélanges*" contain few pages more interesting and really eloquent than the letters written during the siege of Paris and during the Commune. Veuillot sees deeper and farther than the events of the day, and in many passages the insight of the Catholic thinker gives gravity and weight to the picturesque descriptions of the gifted word-painter. He seems to have foreseen that a time would come when the different philosophical systems built up outside of Catholicism must inevitably fall to pieces, and that the consequence of their destruction would be a gradual return to the one system that, having a divine foundation, can alone hold its own amid the wear and tear of centuries. Certain of his forebodings, which at the time when he wrote were considered as the pessimistic utterances of a fanatic, have since then been realized to the letter. "Few people," says M. Tavernier, "would now dare to say that M. Veuillot was mistaken."

Although by taste and by vocation Veuillot was essentially a journalist, he was also the author of a good many books. The "*Pélerinages de Suisse*," published when he was only twenty-five, bears the mark of his youth and inexperience, but it has the charm of freshness and enthusiasm. The books that followed were chiefly novels with a religious purpose,

and are less interesting. Then came a series of sketches, called "*Ça et là*," which are full of variety; some are simply charming, others satirical, others philosophical or religious. In the "*Libre Penseurs*" ("The Free-Thinkers") Veuillot gives vent to his most satirical mood; but, though not wanting in merit, the book can not now attract the average reader. "*Le Parfum de Rome*," on the contrary, has an interest that is independent of the vicissitudes of events. The author's love for Rome breaks out at every turn, together with his keen appreciation of her intellectual, saintly, and mystical beauty. The book is almost a poem in prose. For the lovers of Rome, it has an undying charm.

In 1864 Veuillot wrote his "*Life of Our Lord*," an indirect answer to Renan's famous book; and about the same time he published a number of pamphlets touching on the Italian question. Then came "*Molière et Bourdaloue*," "*Odeurs de Paris*," a volume of "*Satires*," and another of poems called "*Rimes et Raisons*." Among his poetical works, the verses entitled "*My Epitaph*" are perhaps the most famous. "*They are sublime*," says M. Jules Lemaître.

Louis Veuillot was undoubtedly a journalist of rare ability; and his newspaper articles—vehement, logical, scathingly ironical—created, at the time they appeared, an immense sensation. They are, however, less pleasant reading than his "*Correspondence*." The questions that they treat are no longer up-to-date as they were when the articles were published; and a collection of newspaper cuttings, however clever, is apt, after the lapse of forty years, to lose its hold on the attention of the reader. For this reason, the "*Mélanges*" will always be less widely appreciated than the "*Letters*," which, even from a literary point of view, are very fascinating. According to M. Jules Lemaître, they reveal the man's "prodigious mental activity and perfect kindness of heart." They are full of vivid

descriptions, deep feeling, gay humor, and picturesque touches. Owing to these essentially human qualities, they will long continue to appeal to the sympathy of the general reader. Veuillot enjoyed writing them; and, in his arduous life, his large correspondence was a happy diversion.

Many of the letters are addressed to his sister Elise, who, after his wife's death, took charge of his household and directed the education of his children; and to his brother Eugène, who became his right hand in the conduct of the *Univers*. Louis Veuillot was a devoted brother. As the oldest son of poor parents, out of his scanty earnings he had provided for the education of his two sisters, and for their sake he long refused to marry. By depriving himself in every way, he managed to give his sister Annette a suitable marriage portion; and to Eugène and Elise he was, all through life, most generous and affectionate. Their interests, comfort, and welfare continued to occupy his mind even after he had a home of his own.

His married life lasted only eight years, and seems to have been cloudlessly happy. When his young wife died, only a few days after one of his little girls, he writes: "God has rewarded a saint who had earned her crown, and He has punished a poor sinner. . . . Nothing can comfort me. But God, who chastises as a Father, deigns to strengthen me. . . . May God increase my strength, and leave me my grief!" Three years later, three of his little girls died in the space of a few months. "Help me," he wrote to the Comtesse de Montsaunin in July, 1855,— "help me to accept the will of God as I ought to do,—that is to say, with a loving spirit. These repeated trials are very hard, but God knows what He does; and even should He deprive me of everything I possess, I will not cease to believe in His mercy."

Here and there, scattered throughout the letters, are exquisite descriptions of nature, that show Louis Veuillot to have been a true, if not a great, poet. His



constant correspondents, who were also his best friends, were Dom Guéranger, the restorer of the French Benedictines; Père d'Alzon, founder of the Assumptionists; Mgr. Parisi, Bishop of Arras; many notable laymen of the day, and several ladies; among these was Mademoiselle Charlotte de Gramont, to whom he wrote over one hundred and fifty letters (lately published), in which, perhaps more than elsewhere, he unveils his inner self.

Certain traits of Louis Veuillot's personal temperament, tastes, and character together with his gifts as a letter-writer, show themselves in his correspondence. Although of humble birth, he had an innate dignity of mind and independence that over and over comes to light in his familiar outpourings. He was never ashamed of his origin; and M. Tavernier, his secretary and his future biographer, relates that once, walking with him through the streets of Paris, Veuillot pointed out the corner of a street near the Louvre. "When I was ten or twelve years old," he said, "I used to pass there four times a day. Once the winter was unusually severe, and I had only linen clothes; and, before turning the corner, I used to feel frightened at the thought of the cold I was about to encounter."

He never was a wealthy man, but all his instincts were generous. When his work brought him more money, he gave nobly to the different charitable works that came under his notice. He was convinced that, in order to carry out his mission with absolute independence, a newspaper editor must be bound to the Government by no special tie; and when, in 1854, he was offered the Cross of the Legion of Honor, he declined the distinction. In a letter to Mgr. Parisi he explains that he wished to preserve his entire independence and that of the *Univers*. The interests of the Church being his prime object, he felt that he would defend them more efficaciously if he were not linked by gratitude to the Imperial Government.

(Conclusion next week.)

## The Flowers on the Grave.

BY JEAN NESMY.\*

WHEN, on the festival of All Saints, the last joyous and triumphant peal dies away, and the shadows lengthen, and the darkness and the mystery of night creep on once more, then no sooner do the bells begin to toll for the dead than suddenly old memories of her awaken, and speak to my listening heart.

Poor Marie-Anne Le Galec! I have only to shut my eyes and, as in a dream, I see her again, her delicate features and calm gentle face framed by the smooth fillets and snowy wimple. Her eyes are the eyes of a child; her head bends slightly forward under the fluttering white wings of the Breton coif; her narrow shoulders shrink beneath the old black shawl,—the outward badge of the interior mourning she never lays aside. The people of the neighborhood said that she was rather simple, but I think it was only because she was more than ordinarily faithful to the memory of her dead and of her past. Hers was a sad dream indeed, and yet it was the one dream of her life.

She had appeared in the village one summer evening, dragging her poor old legs along the road as best she could. Trouble and want had weakened them, rather than age and fatigue. She had stopped at the first house—that of Père Cavillou. In the open barn, a couple of flails were thrashing the newly gathered corn; and, to the accompaniment of the swish of the flails, she lifted her face, all faded and worn by the long journey and her recent sorrow, and inquired the name of the village.

Jean Médol, the farm lad, seeing her

\* From "La Graine au Vent," by Jean Nesmy. (Bernard Grasset, publisher, Paris.) Translated for THE AVE MARIA, with special permission of author and publisher, by E. M. Walker

standing there, her eyes all blurred with weeping, and so tired that her legs swayed under her, thought that she was intoxicated, and began to laugh in his thoughtless way. "Ah, the young are like that!"

But old Cavillou, who was himself full of years, had quickly guessed that once more, as so often in the past, the footsteps of human misery were passing along the highroad. And he said, in the tone that people use when speaking to those in trouble:

"This is Saint-Martial-aux-Chastangs, my good woman."

Marie-Anne, touched by the pity in his voice, thanked him with a movement of the head; and then gazed back at the road, straight and sad and dusty, climbing the hill between two rows of low houses. The flails were now at work again, beating their antique dance on the floor of the barn. From the hive in the field came the customary evening hum,—the hum of the honeybees, laden with nectar from the buckwheat fields, and eager to re-enter the hive before the darkness fell. Overcome by hunger and fatigue, Marie-Anne felt that something in her head was buzzing and humming, too.

"Does there happen to be a bit of a cottage, no matter what, that I could hire here?"

At the question, the flails ceased dancing once more? Who and what was she, this old woman, who wanted to settle down here? Jean Médol looked at her, marvelling at her headdress, which was different from anything he had ever seen before. Cavillou scratched his head under his blue cap, and puckered up his forehead reflectively.

"Where do you come from?" he said at last.

"From the coast of Brittany."

"You are alone?"

"Quite alone."

The two words rang out like two sorrowful notes of music; they told of grief,—deep, resigned grief.

"Would it be for long?"

"For always,—that is to say, for as long as God wills."

Cavillou strode over the heap of fresh straw that separated him from Marie-Anne.

"This way," said he. "Follow me."

The bees were humming and buzzing noisily as they crossed the field. At the end of a lane bordered by apple trees, quite close to the road, with the valley of Brive sloping down at their feet, all white and blue in the evening light, they came to an abandoned little hut, scarcely bigger than a bakehouse or a shed for drying chestnuts, but with a beautiful clump of iris springing from its rotting thatch. The tiny cot, with its smokeless chimney, cowered in the middle of the overgrown garden like a poor little old woman who has let her fire go out.

"Would that suit you?" asked Cavillou, his hand on the latch; and then, with a push of the knee, he opened the creaking door.

A cooler breath from the building mingled with the hot outer air. In Marie-Anne's dim blue eyes was the shadow of a smile, as, before answering Cavillou, she in her turn asked a question:

"Is the soil in the garden good for flowers?"

The farmer looked at her in amazement. Was the soil in the garden good for flowers? Could she be a little mad, by any chance? But, after all, what possible risk did he run in letting her have the cottage. So aloud he said:

"Why, it's a regular forcing-bed! Just look at it! Look at the mass of vegetation that dies down every year, and every year springs up again."

"Then I will take it," replied Marie-Anne.

"Seven crowns a year is the rent."

"Seven crowns be it, then."

And with a clasp of the hand the contract was signed.

Outside in the field, under the stubble which had been crackling with heat all the long sunny day, the crickets were



chirping their evening song,—chirping as though they would chirp their very lives away.

"But," remarked the man, "you have no furniture."

"I shall have some," answered the woman, "when I have earned it."

And from under her shawl she drew forth her distaff. It was all she possessed, all she had brought away with her from Brittany,—this stick of thorn, yellow and glossy with age and hard wear, yet strong and light. All the long weary way, like a fairy wand, the humble distaff had brought her bread. And it was to the same stick she looked for the means of subsistence in the future. For surely somewhere in the district she could find some spinning to do?

"The very thing," said Cavillou. "We have just buried La Bergnotte. You will get her patrons."

"God is helping me!" murmured Marie-Anne; and slowly she made the Sign of the Cross.

"A queer sort of customer!" said Cavillou to Jean Médol, when he returned to his flail. "Poor in pence, poor in intellect, poor in everything! Well, if only she pays, I've managed to let my cottage."

And the very same evening a thin line of smoke rose tremulous from the ruined roof.

August, September, October, passed away. Very often, of a morning, Marie-Anne rose almost before the sun, and went from door to door in search of flax. Very often, too, long after night had fallen, you might have met her taking back the thread she had been spinning all the day. The only recreation she allowed herself was to look at her flowers. The neglected, overgrown plot was now a veritable flower-garden; for the first coppers she had earned had gone, not to procure a more comfortable bed in place of the couch of straw and bracken, but to buy all sorts of seeds,—larkspur and

convolvulus, double daisy, balsam, marigold, aster, chrysanthemum, and dahlia.

The mystery about her deepened. She had Masses said for the dead, but she did not give their names. Her life was one of silence. She was absorbed in a kind of interior contemplation, of which she never tired. No one could boast of having won her friendship; although, in case of need, her slender purse and tender heart were open to all, more especially to the poorest of her neighbors. And she was forever spinning, constantly spinning,—scarcely ever ceasing except to take her flowers no one knew where, while people were all busy in the fields.

Where was it she used to go? It was never found out until All Souls' Day. On that day—but, practically, only on that day—the peasants of Limousin go to their cemeteries to pray at the graves of their dead. Poor cemeteries of my native Province, so desolate and so abandoned!

The cemetery of Saint-Martial-aux-Chastangs was, like so many others, covered with brambles and weeds and grasses; with tottering crosses, loose tombstones, and slabs on which the moss was fast obliterating the names of the dead. The soil was never touched except by the sexton digging a fresh grave, or by the tiny feet of the birds scratching to unearth a worm. Imagine, then, the surprise of the parishioners, that second of November, on finding every grave as neatly kept and as bright with flowers as a little garden.

On all sides were great clusters of chrysanthemums; on all sides were simples,—those old-fashioned plants which, though they bear only small flowers like camomiles, yet bear them in such abundance that they are often as laden with blossom as a rosebush in May. And everywhere were dahlias,—velvety yellow, or pink, or with deep red quills; everywhere, too, were asters, their golden centres gleaming in a ring of dull, hazy blue.

And the most forsaken of the graves,

those where no one perhaps had ever knelt to pray since the day when they were dug,—the graves that bore no cross, no name; graves that had lost the last faint stir of life that clung to them because the living prayed there and remembered,—these were to-day the most beautiful of all.

Who had worked this miracle? Who had thus taken upon himself the office of Gardener of the Dead? Some suspected a prominent parishioner noted for her sanctimonious airs; others suspected the gravedigger or the sacristan; others, again, such or such a devotee of the little market town. But La Martine and La Mitiale, two dress and mantle makers of Saint-Martial-aux-Chastangs, who had often noticed Marie-Anne, laden with flowers, hurry past their window along the road to the cemetery,—La Martine and La Mitiale now understood the reason, and they flitted from group to group, saying:

"It was Marie-Anne Le Galec!"

And all day long, after the visit to the cemetery, woman after woman went to pay her respects to Marie-Anne Le Galec.

. . . . .

The old woman had laid aside her distaff for the day; and, seated at her door, facing her plundered garden, her memories in her heart and her rosary between her fingers, she listened, with the same grave countenance, instinct with melancholy and peace, to the many words of thanks proffered by the living in the name of the dead.

"Say no more,—say no more!" she murmured gently. "I did it for those I lost at sea."

No one ever knew the exact truth, nor who those were that she had lost at sea,—father, son, husband, or *fiancé*. Had she, indeed, appropriated the forsaken graves, and made of them, in the dim, sad twilight of her dream, the graves she had never had?

The days passed by, and people forgot

what had happened; and Marie-Anne's life passed, too,—ever mysterious and hidden and occupied with the dead, with Requiem Masses, and flowers for the cemetery. At last one morning, in her poor little house surrounded by her flowers, Marie-Anne died. The neighbors, out of gratitude, cut every convolvulus and daisy and marigold in the garden, and covered her coffin with flowers. But the flowers faded quickly on her grave: they lasted just as long as the memory of the dead woman lasted in the hearts of the busy people of Saint-Martial.

Only do you know what happened when All Souls' Day came round again? The poor forsaken graves had fallen back into their old state of neglect. Marie-Anne was no longer there to visit and tend them,—to lift up their falling crosses, to rake over their soil and cover them with flowers. But on the grave of the old Breton peasant lay cluster on cluster of chrysanthemums, dahlias, asters, every imaginable shade of gold and purple and red and French-blue and episcopal violet. And her humble plot of ground had the fragrance and the color of a huge bouquet of flowers framed by luxuriant autumn foliage, yellowing at the tip.

Confronted by this new phenomenon, everybody was asking:

"But who could have done it? Who laid all these autumn flowers on the grave of Marie-Anne Le Galec?"

This time, however, neither Martine nor Mitiale had seen anything; and yet their window still looked out on the road to the cemetery, and they still passed their lives behind the casement. No, it was no earthly friend that had remembered. And doubt there seemed none that it was the gratitude of the dead—the only gratitude that always thrives and lasts—that had taken this form. The poor forgotten souls, whom the old woman had so faithfully remembered in her lonely life, and whom her piety and her prayers had helped to free, had now in their turn gathered her a wreath.



As for me, I have only to hear the solemn tolling for the dead, and immediately I am reminded of her. And, note by note, I hear the bells repeat the words of the Apostle; and I think once more how Marie-Anne wove all her closing years into a living meditation on those words: "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope."

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*November 2, Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.*

THE Collect for this Sunday is the following: "O God, who knowest that, through human frailty, we are not able to subsist amidst such great dangers; grant us health of soul and body; that, whatsoever things we suffer because of our sins, we may conquer them by Thy assistance." The Church calls upon God, as One absolutely omniscient, to come to the aid of enfeebled humanity. He knows, without any words of hers, how positively overwhelming are the obstacles to salvation, and how utterly helpless is man, apart from Him, even to continue to struggle against them. God alone can give the strength of will and persevering courage, without which there can be no ultimate victory; and this depends entirely upon His mercy, since mankind by sin have forfeited the right to claim His help. The prayer must strike any one who examines it even cursorily, as founded upon the narrative given in the Gospel; it is like the petition which results from a well-made meditation,—the cry of the soul wakened to its needs by prayerful consideration.

The Gospel is that which tells, in the graphic language of St. Matthew, the account of the storm on the Sea of Galilee. This inland sea lies below the

level of the Mediterranean, and the heat of its basin is very great in summer. On its eastern side are steep heights broken by deep ravines; and travellers tell us that, after a hot day, wild hurricanes often burst over the lake from the heights above, rendering navigation at such times extremely dangerous. Some such storm occurred as the "little ship" in which were Our Lord and His disciples was crossing the lake late one evening. So violent was it that even fishermen, accustomed to those waters, were filled with apprehension. The wind was tossing their boat hither and thither—for St. Luke says, "There came down a storm of wind upon the lake,"—and the little vessel was rapidly filling with water. Yet, amid all the howling of the tempest, Our Lord slept calmly. In their terror, the disciples roused Him, crying: "Lord, save us! We perish!" He rebuked them mildly: "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" Yet He answered their prayer. "Then, rising up, He commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm." It was a miracle evident to all. He spoke to the elements as their Creator, and they obeyed instantly. There was no gradual lessening of the tempest or subsidence of the waves—which might in ordinary circumstances have continued to swell for a day or more, at least: the wind dropped and the waters were calm in an instant.

The Fathers interpret this as a picture of the Church, afloat upon the raging waves which ever seek to engulf her, but are powerless because the Master is within her. Whenever the tempest seems destined to wreck "Peter's boat," the word is spoken, and peace ensues.

But there is another and a more personal application. Individual Christians also, in their voyage to the eternal shore, must needs suffer storms and persecutions,—temptations and fears and anxieties of mind; sufferings, trials, oppositions from without. So strong at times may the tempest be that we half forget

that Christ is always with us—within call, at least. Or, like the Apostles—and for that they merited rebuke,—we are tempted to think that He does not care; for St. Mark's account tells that they cried out in their fear: "Master, doth it not concern Thee that we perish?"

— We must never forget that we shall infallibly encounter difficulties in the way of salvation: "Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God." Yet, when trials come, how often do we repine! We are wont to think that God has forsaken us. St. Augustine (on Psalm xxv.) asks with reference to such a state of mind: "Were you made a Christian that you might be prosperous in this world? . . . Why are you disquieted by the storms and tempests of the lake? Because Jesus is asleep,—that is, your faith, which comes from Him, is slumbering in your breast. . . . Turn your back to that which perishes, and your face to that which perishes not. The tempest will not frighten you if Christ is watching, nor will the waves fill your ship. . . . The danger will pass away."

As the Collect bids us pray for God's gracious help, so it reminds us of our absolute need of it, if we are to reach the farther shore beyond the stormy sea of this life. As we have said, it follows in natural sequence from meditation on the Gospel.

There is a word to be said about the Epistle. It is an exhortation throughout to fraternal charity, which is "the fulfilling of the law." The spirit of charity is seen in both Gospel and Collect. The Apostles were not selfish: they prayed for one another: "Save *us!* We perish?" In like manner the Church would have us pray not for ourselves only, but for all Christians: "Grant *us* health, . . . *we* suffer, . . . may *we* conquer." The prayers of our fellows gain grace for us, and we should unselfishly petition God for their needs as well as our own. Thus may we hope to be heard and answered.

### A Soul New-Born.

THE hospital was on one of the thoroughfares of the Northern city, in close proximity to the wharves, where the masts of tall ships and the funnels of steamers arose against the sky line, so that the outlook from the windows was over the broad river. It was to this institution that most of the accident cases were brought, especially if they occurred amongst the workers on the wharves, or amongst those who went down to the sea in ships. Sailors who met with any mischance in the port of Montreal occupied a special ward, which had been set apart for them.

There was a little flurry of excitement amongst the patients and even the nurses when a Turkish sailor was brought in; for most of the other mariners were at least nominal Catholics. The newly arrived apparently knew little English; so that he lay, dark-bearded, olive-skinned, and sombre-eyed, scarcely ever speaking, remote and isolated from the rest, with something of the mystery of the East in his aspect,—of that glamorie that hangs about things Oriental; something that brought back to the minds of several present, who had sailed on many seas, the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus, Salonica, Singapore, or the Egyptian ports. He seemed to listen, indeed, when his fellow-patients were telling their adventures in places far remote from that metropolis of the Western world. A glimmer of light would come into his eye when they let fall quite casually the names of the Cape of Good Hope, Tangiers or Tripoli, Pekin or Rio Janeiro, Melbourne or Constantinople.

The Turk made no effort to join in the conversation,—only let his eyes wander from one speaker to another.

The sailor in the bed on either side of him told how the Turk spoke or prayed aloud, in his own language, to Allah; or muttered strange words which he had heard in far other scenes. The Sister in



the ward gave the man, if anything, a little more attention than the rest, through pity for the dark-browed alien, so lonely and forlorn, who had come to a foreign land to die. For dying he certainly was. Human skill had exhausted its resources, although the case had attracted the attention of the doctors, and sometimes two or three of them gathered in earnest consultation about his bed.

The other patients noted that when the Sister was in the ward, the dark eyes always followed her, with an expression of reverence and of wonder; and her garb—a simple gown of gray, with black cape and veil and silver cross—seemed to excite an almost awe-stricken attention. The Sister always gave him an intention in her prayers and Holy Communions, especially as the end drew near, and the physicians declared that death might be hourly expected. It distressed her to feel that he was passing out from her ward into eternity without any other preparation than those muttered invocations which his neighbors reported, though she realized they were an effort toward the best that he knew.

One dull autumnal afternoon, as the early darkness was beginning to fall over the ward, and the sunset over the river was deepening from dull amber into purple, the Sister sat at her desk near one of the windows, busied with some reports she was making out for the doctor, and, in her economical fashion, waiting as long as possible to turn on the light. The gleam from the western window still enabled her to see every object in the room very distinctly; and her eyes wandered occasionally from one bed to another, lest any of the patients might require her attention. Such tender, willing service as she gave them, which only the love of God could inspire! Her eyes, in their scrutiny of the room, suddenly met those of the Turk, which had something pleading and pitiful in their expression. She thought, too—or was it the dim shadows of the twilight?—that a

change had passed over the man's face. In answer to a slight gesture of entreaty which he made her, she rose hastily and went to his bedside.

"What is it, my poor man?" she inquired. "Are you feeling worse?"

"That matters not now," he answered in his halting fashion. "I have long been a sailor man, where death was near on the ocean. I fear it not."

His voice sank, and the Sister waited. She saw that he had something to say. Finally he went on in a broken and disjointed fashion:

"You and the other Sisters are angels, not women. I want to belong to a religion that has made you so. I want to belong to that religion,"—and he pointed to the silver cross upon her breast.

"Oh," said the Sister, "I am so glad! I have prayed so hard for this! I will go and get the chaplain at once."

The chaplain came, and the screen was drawn around the two. It did not take so long, after all, even in the man's slow and difficult English, to relate the story of a life; and the priest afterward declared that he was astonished and edified at the man's good will and excellent sentiments, as well as the knowledge he had acquired of the Catholic religion. He spoke more than once of the cross which the Sister wore, and expressed his admiration of the holiness and charity that had been a revelation to him.

That was a deeply impressive scene, an hour or two later, in the sailors' ward of Our Lady's Hospital. All the patients who were able, knelt. The others watched, mute and awe-struck. Tears rolled down many a bronzed and bearded face. The superior, the ward Sister, and some of the other nuns were present while the chaplain administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the dying Turk. The latter, too weak to move, was propped up by pillows. His face wore a joyous look; his eyes, no longer sombre, were gleaming with a strange, new hope. In his hands was placed not the cross that had attracted

his attention, but a small crucifix, at which he glanced lovingly. When the absolution had been given, and Extreme Unction administered, the kneeling Sisters, with lighted tapers, assisted at the last solemn function. The alien, so late a heathen, received Holy Communion, for the first time, as the Viaticum. Still a few moments, and the neophyte, new-born to the kingdom of God, had fallen into his last sleep. His body was laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery on the mountain side, within that enclosure, marked by a headstone inscribed "Our Sailors."

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### An Hourly "Hail Mary."

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THE recitation of the Angelus three times a day—at morning, noon and evening—is so common in all Catholic countries, and in many Catholic parishes of countries other than Catholic, that it occasions no surprise and excites no comment among the faithful anywhere. Not so with a pious custom which obtains in many parts of Spain and France,—that of reciting a "Hail Mary" every hour of the day, or, as the Catholics who practise this devotion put it, "saying the 'Hail Mary' of the hour."

The holy Curé of Ars admired this custom so much that he introduced it in his parish. If he was engaged in conversation when the hour struck, he at once broke off, recited a "Hail Mary" most devoutly, and then resumed his talk. If the large clock which he purposely installed in his church struck while he was preaching, he instantly interrupted the instruction, said the "Hail Mary" in unison with his congregation, and then quietly resumed his discourse. His good example was followed by many of his parishioners; and it was no unusual sight, when the town clock of Ars sounded the hour, to see men on the streets remove their hats and pause long enough to say the favorite prayer to Our Lady, the Angelical Salutation,

### A Message from the Other World.

THE biographer of Cardinal Pitra, who was on terms of close intimacy with him, relates the following strange incident, which goes to show how severely slight faults, such as we easily overlook in others, and still more easily excuse in ourselves, are punished in the other world,—over-anxiety, little offences against charity, inattention at our devotions, negligence in preparing for confession, laziness in rising, slight acts of intemperance or irreverence, vanity, untruthfulness, and the like. God is Sanctity itself, say the theologians, and no shadow of sin can endure before His face. "Thine eyes are pure, and Thou canst not look on iniquity." When iniquity manifests itself in creatures, the sanctity of God exacts expiation. His justice is terrible because His sanctity is infinite. It punishes with extreme rigor even the most trivial faults. The reason is, that these faults, light in our eyes, are in nowise so before God. The least sin displeases Him; and, on account of the infinite sanctity which is offended, the slightest transgression assumes enormous proportions and demands enormous atonement.

The Cardinal had a sister in religion—a Sister of Charity,—who died at Nîmes, France, in 1888. Some time afterward he received a letter from Santiago, Chili, signed "A religious," informing him that his deceased sister had twice appeared to the writer,—the first time earnestly imploring prayers, which had been offered; the second time (on the Feast of the Holy Trinity, when she looked radiantly happy) asking that this message be communicated to her brother: 'Tell him that heaven is most beautiful, but none may enter it with the slightest stain. The reason why I was excluded till now was that I resembled Martha, whom Our Lord reproached.' Then, as if addressing the Cardinal in person, the apparition added these words: 'Adieu, my dear brother! Ere long we shall meet again in the home



of bliss. Thanks for all the prayers you have offered in my behalf!

The letter naturally caused the pious Cardinal some surprise. If it were not an imposition, he had evidently received a warning of his approaching end. Accordingly he got several persons to write to Chili, in order to know what importance might be attached to so strange a communication. He had not time to learn the result of these inquiries; but the superior of the Lazarist Fathers at Santiago identified the writer,—a Sister of Charity, who was said to be favored with supernatural visitations. He gently reproached her for having announced an event about which she could not be certain. The Sister answered simply: "You may rest assured that it will turn out as was told to his Eminence." On the very day the Father was to write to the Cardinal, telling him of what he had learned, the newspapers announced his death, which occurred on the 9th of February, 1889, the anniversary of his profession as a Benedictine monk.

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### The Duty of the Month.

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MANY of our readers, we like to believe, habitually think of November as the Month of the Holy Souls. Many of them are such thoroughly consistent Catholics that their belief in Purgatory is not merely a theoretical assent to a doctrine of the infallible Church, but an energizing conviction practically evidenced in prayers and good works offered for the repose of the faithful departed. Yet even among practical Catholics who are not unmindful of the fact that the sweet and consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints implies not only our claim to the assistance of the elect in heaven, but also our obligation to help the souls in Purgatory,—even among these, how many can flatter themselves that they have not in some measure neglected that obligation? Is there one

of us who can honestly declare that he has ever done his full duty toward his dead?

The present month, with its touching festival of All Souls' Day, set apart by the Church for the commemoration of the whole host of the faithful departed, is an eminently fitting time for examining our conscience as to the nature and extent of the assistance which we make it our practice to give to those whom we have loved and lost. Given that the examination is at all thorough, not a few among us should assuredly be stricken with remorse and shame for our flagrant ingratitude toward departed relatives and friends and benefactors. If our attitude toward them has not been an absolute verification of the popular adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," neither has it been presumptive proof that we are honest creditors, eager to pay a pressing debt whose justice we acknowledge. The deplorable fact is that we forget our dead all too soon, and do all too little for their relief even while we keep their memory green.

Just how long those who die in venial sin, or before the full expiation of the temporal punishment still due to forgiven mortal sins, may be condemned to remain in Purgatory, we do not know; but there is excellent reason for believing that the period is far longer than that during which the average Catholic offers specific suffrages even for his dead father or mother. It is a commendable practice to pray even throughout our maturity and old age for the dear ones of whom we have been bereft as far back as our youth or childhood. And it is distinctly reprehensible to take it for granted that after a few months or years even the holiest of our dead no longer stand in need of our intercession. Fixed and absolute as may be our personal conviction that a departed friend was a veritable "saint" whose sojourn in Purgatory, if he was detained there at all, must have been of the briefest, we shall do well to

mistrust our judgment and act on the supposition that the friend in question is incessantly addressing to us the doleful plaint of holy Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Sanctity, especially in the vocabulary of the laity, is a relative term; and it is pertinent to remind the reader that the Church usually waits a full century before canonizing even the holiest of her departed children.

That our suffrages for the faithful departed are too soon suspended is, therefore, probably true. That those suffrages, even during the brief period for which we remember our own dead at all, are too few and too inconsiderable, is unfortunately the rule in perhaps the majority of Catholic parishes. And there are so many and such easy ways in which we can either lessen the intensity or shorten the duration of the pains suffered by the holy souls, that we should consider it little less than criminal in ourselves to be niggardly in offering them our aid and relief. To mention only the most effective of all suffrages, there is the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. The Council of Trent declares that the souls detained in Purgatory "are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar."

To have Masses offered for the holy souls in general or for particular members of the Church Suffering is a favorite practice of devout Catholics; and hearing Mass for the benefit of the dead, even when the Holy Sacrifice is not offered especially for them, is an excellent form of suffrage. And this is one practice that may well become general throughout November — attending daily Mass with the intention of offering its infinite fruits for the repose of the faithful departed. No other good work or prayer is at all likely to be so effective in aiding our dear ones who "have gone before," or, incidentally, in promoting our own spiritual welfare.

## Notes and Remarks.

How practical the Saints were! It is a misfortune that their sayings are not more familiar to us. The instructions of the great Doctors of the Church especially deserve remembrance. They are for all time, and would be as useful and acceptable to the faithful of the present day as they were to those who first listened to them. Witness the following passage from a sermon preached by St. John Chrysostom during the Octave of the great feast which the Church is now celebrating. He is insisting upon the obligation we are under of imitating the Saints:

He who admires the merits of the Saints with religious charity [with the love that is the condition of fellowship], and who speaks praisingly of the glories of the just, let him imitate their holy manners and their righteousness. He who delights in the merit of any saint should pay an equal due of reverence to Our Lord. Wherefore he should imitate if he praises, or should not praise if he fail to imitate. He who praises another should make himself praiseworthy; and he who admires the merits of the Saints should become wonderful himself by holiness of life. For if we love the just and faithful because we observe justice and faith in them, we also can be as they are, if we ourselves do as they do. Nor, indeed, is it difficult for us to imitate what is done by them, when we see how great things were done by those of old without previous example; not that they made themselves emulous of others; but rather showed themselves as examples of a virtue to be emulated: that while we learn of them, and others of us, so Christ may ever be praised in His servants in His Holy Church....

Wherefore, O Christian, thou art but a carpet knight if thou think to win victory without a fight, to triumph without a conflict. Stir up thy powers; fight like a man; take a daring part in that battle. Consider thine agreement; think of the terms [of thy soldiery]; recognize thy service, the agreement thou hast sworn to, the terms on which thou hast joined, the service in which thou hast enlisted.

A good deal depends on how statistics are presented. The average anti-clerical Frenchman will be more impressed by the statement of M. Théry (an eminent statistician) that, if the birth-rate in



France continues to decrease, there will be 250 Germans to every 100 Frenchmen in 1928, than by comparative statistics of marriages, births, and deaths in France twenty-five years ago and now. In substantiation of the declaration of Cardinal Amette that the depopulation constitutes a "national peril," and his contention that the problem is a moral one, the London *Guardian* says: "The birth-rate in France decreases most alarmingly in those parts of the country where free-thought is most rampant, and it remains comparatively high in Departments where religious sentiment remains unshaken. There are two remedies for the evil which would certainly greatly improve the situation. They are the firm putting down of the neo-malthusian propaganda which has been more or less encouraged, or at least most insufficiently combated, and the development of that religious sentiment which even Ministers have boasted that they would stamp out of the heart of every French citizen."

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Taking Monsignor Benson's "Confessions of a Convert" as a point of departure, the Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, in the October *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, writes most interestingly on the literature of conversions. The mere mention of such works as St. Augustine's "Confessions" and Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" gives an idea of what the field of such study may be. Father O'Dowd, however, does not write exhaustively, the excellence of his paper consisting rather in detached points and citations. One of the best of these latter is from Father Ryder's "Essays." The eminent Oratorian is replying to an objection of Dr. Little-dale's—that converts do not know sufficiently the faith they are embracing:

Converts before reception, it is true, as a rule have by no means solved every objection that can be brought by able disputants against this or that particular doctrine; but they firmly believe that Christ's Church is on a rock, and they know that they are in the water. It would be unreasonable to demand of a drowning man

that he should not attach himself to the only piece of *terra firma* that presents itself until he can give a scientific account of all its animal and vegetable productions.

Illustrating how, out of "every folly and error and heresy and crime, there is some influence which, by provoking either action or reaction in certain minds, is able to set them on the high road toward the truth," the writer cites this passage from "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress,"—a passage which may afford to many a needed consolation in this particular day:

People who lent me bitter books against Catholicism little thought how much they were helping me to become a Catholic; for the blind, unreasoning hatred with which the Church is attacked was one of the things which impressed on me the fact that she was no human institution. Men would not thus have hated the work of their own hands.

Moreover, by emphasizing the frailty of the human elements of which the body of the Church was composed, they emphasized the supernatural origin of the Spirit by which she was indwelt. Had none but the good obtained admission to her fold and none but the perfect been her Pontiffs, then might she have seemed to owe her undying life and marvellous fruits to merely human means; but by showing that her rulers had been weak and sinful men, of like passions with ourselves, they revealed "the Power behind the Pope," which preserved her life from decay, her doctrine from error, and her moral teaching from the shadow of imperfection. They took away the only explanation of her wondrous life which natural causes could afford.

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If any who were present at the opening of the Missionary Congress in Boston last week were carried away by the pageantry—prelates in robes of gorgeous hue, superbly trailing, and laymen arrayed in a way to render them the cynosure of all eyes, as says the youthful reporter,—they must have been quickly brought to their sober senses by the sermon of Cardinal O'Connell, the introduction of which strikes us as being especially happy. Said his Eminence:

We open to-day a new chapter in the history of the expansion of the Church. The Congress which we here inaugurate will, by God's grace, set in motion influences which will not die with

the passing week, but which will go on in ever-widening circles until they touch the farthest shore of missionary effort with blessed and copious results. Not a struggling little flock in the least populated district of this broad continent but will find new hope, not a lone missionary working in the most advanced outpost of the Church's far-flung battle-line but will take heart anew, when our message shall go forth that the vigorous Church in America is addressing herself to the problem of meeting the needs and opportunities of the vast mission field at home and abroad.

After welcoming the delegates in words no less cordial than fitting, the eminent speaker proceeded to explain the purposes of the Congress:

A gathering such as this serves two purposes. It gives to the world a knowledge of the immense results obtained through the heroic labors of our missionaries, and makes known to a sympathetic public the needs and opportunities of the missions. It fans into a more ardent and enduring flame the zeal of prelate, priest, and people for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom and the conversion of the entire human race.

That the influences exerted by the second Missionary Congress may be strong and enduring, and that its purposes may be abundantly realized, will be the heart-felt prayer of white souls everywhere, who know the necessity of Heaven's help, and are wont to refer all success to its vouchsafing.

There have been few examples in history of such misfortunes as befell Bulgaria during the late war. Soldiers on the march from Tschataldja to attack the Servians with whom they had fought together against the Turks at Adrianople, had to pass over their own harvest fields destroyed by a cyclone, which had in many instances also unroofed their homesteads. An earthquake in Tyrnovo gave the final blow to their courage. However carefully it was kept from them, the news of the disaster leaked out among the soldiers, and caused such demoralization that several companies deserted. It is from Tyrnovo, by the way, that King Ferdinand's heir, Crown Prince Boris,

takes his title. The forcible transference of Boris by his father from the Catholic Church to the "Orthodox" persuasion weighed so heavily on his mother's heart that it was the cause of her premature death. Prince Boris is of delicate health, and his brother and possible successor, Prince Cyril, is a Catholic; but King Ferdinand's infamous contract with Russia does not provide for the recantation of any other prince of the royal house of Bulgaria except that of Boris.

The Philippines just now are much to the fore. We are being treated to the almost amusing spectacle of one administration's so hearty endorsement of the previous administration's policies as to provoke from the voice of the retired officials vigorous protests that they had not done half enough for the Islands. In the meantime what say the Islands, or the representatives of the old Filipino régime? Isidoro Perez is the writer of an open letter in which he contrasts Spanish and American rule in the archipelago in such wise that the Spaniards appear in the light and Americans in the shadow of the picture. Here are some points which he thinks should have publicity in this country:

The Government of the Philippines ought to make known that the Filipinos live under the American flag, but are not American citizens; nor can they call themselves Filipinos, since no Filipino State exists; that this people therefore are, like the Jew, robbed of personal nationality; but that under Spanish rule the Filipinos were Spanish citizens, and could occupy, as many occupy still, important posts in the motherland.

It ought to make known that now the Filipino can not command American troops (white troops) because the brown color of his skin forbids it; but that this color never was an obstacle under Spanish rule,—keeping a Filipino from commanding white troops (Spanish troops), as several of them actually continue to do.

It ought to make known that the Filipino, on account of the color of his skin, can not be a member of a white Association of Christian Young Men, which just now is organizing such a centre, but in a separate building for



Filipino associates, when there already exists one for American and foreign whites; even as, in the Southern States, the Negroes have to form their own circles, clubs, and societies apart from the whites.

It ought to make known that the present government is not, like that of unfortunate Spain, "by and for Filipino"; and that actually the best figs in the budget, the best positions and the best salaries, in their majority, are enjoyed by Americans; whilst the inferior posts of clerk, messenger, and porter are exclusively reserved for Filipinos.

We fear that there is only too much truth in these and other indictments brought against us; but we fear also that the writing in question may fail of its full effect by reason of the apparent animus of special pleading which it somehow conveys.

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One of the great obstacles to the conversion of non-Catholic countries, according to the Rev. John Moran, S. J., is the disbelief in eternal punishment. In a recent sermon, which we find reported in our English exchanges, he said:

Living in a very soft age, men easily persuade themselves that, as they put it, "if God is Love, there can not be a' hell." Yet the language of Scripture is unmistakable. It is clear that the punishment of mortal sin will last forever. "The worm dieth not and the fire will not be extinguished." The same duration is ascribed to heaven and to hell, and there is no difficulty in accepting the words literally with regard to heaven.

When we remember that "God will not be wanting to one who does what he can"; that mortal sin, which alone merits eternal punishment, is not committed by accident, but requires full deliberation and consent; and the marvellous provision God has made for the effacement of sin, we must admit that hell is of man's making, not of God's. Undoubtedly there are difficulties about the justice of eternal punishment; but these come from our very limited vision, which can not adequately perceive the gravity of mortal sin.

On the other hand, eternal punishment is a great mercy, furnishing us as it does with an overwhelming motive for avoiding sin, because some could never be deterred if there were any prospect of release held out. Whether we see the justice of such a punishment or not, matters little: we know that the chastisement of the angels who rebelled with Lucifer, and the sen-

tence passed on our first parents, in both cases for a single sin, came from a Judge who is all-holy, all-just, all-merciful, and could not possibly err on the side of severity. We see, too, every day about us instances of God's unbounded mercy, repeating the story of the wounded rider in the old ballad, who

"Twixt the stirrup and the ground  
Mercy sought and mercy found.

If people would not throw dust in their own eyes, if they would admit eternal punishment as a reality, there would be much less of this indifference so prevalent in our day; and men would realize that it is worth while to embrace the religion in which it is so hard to live but so easy to die. Should we have the misfortune to offend God grievously, we have the means of reconciliation at hand. We should accustom ourselves in life to make acts of contrition,—acts as perfect as we are capable of; such as, in case of need, alone can save our souls.

This is hitting the nail on the head; and the preacher might have added that the weakening of faith in eternal punishment among Catholics themselves accounts for the worldliness of so many whose bad example is a stumbling-block to outsiders. "If I really believed what you profess to believe," was the stinging rebuke of a famous French infidel to some nominal Catholics of his acquaintance, "I would go round the world denouncing the folly of living as you live."

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That there are Catholics and Catholics was rather forcibly impressed upon us the other day by the juxtaposition in one of our exchanges of two incidents from everyday life. The first noted that a Catholic employer discharged an ex-Jewish employee for being an hour late; although the employer knew that the tardiness was due to the fact that the young man, a convert to the Church, was being confirmed. The second item, vouched for by the *Sacred Heart Review* (as is the first by the *Brooklyn Tablet*), concerns the reorganization of a Sunday-school. Says our Boston contemporary:

Among the few who came to the parish meeting for reorganization purposes was a young man who might easily plead a press of business as an excuse for not taking upon himself any extra work in connection with the Church. A

fine type of the young Catholic layman he was; and the modest little speech he made did much to clear the air of doubt and depression, and charge it with the electricity of hope. "For myself," he said, "if I succeed during the coming year in teaching only one boy to know his prayers, I feel that my labor will most certainly not be lost."

We are still wondering whether the employer of whom the *Tablet* tells is the same individual who, on the occasion of an explosion in which one of his workmen was blown some thirty feet in the air, but miraculously escaped serious injury, docked the workman's wages for ten minutes of lost time.

---

The following editorial from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, commenting on a parent's protest against the teaching of "sex hygiene" in the public schools, represents, we believe, the sane common-sense of the average man upon a question which is making fools out of many "specialists":

Careful attention of parents and educators is directed to the eloquent letter, entitled "Teaching Vice to Little Children," printed in another column of this issue. The spirit of indignation breathes through that communication, which comes from a noble woman, whose life has been guided by intelligence and high ideals. She protests (justly, we believe) against that alarming fad now possessing some "advanced educators"—the dangerous fad of giving to little children in the schools the sort of instruction that is tantamount to a mud bath. The country is obsessed by an unholy rage for vice investigation and vice exploitation. It has threatened to debauch the stage; but wise men and women, whose strong sense is above the superficial speculations of amateur sociologists, will check the attempt to institute vice teaching in the schools.

The very mention of certain evil things, as St. Paul well knew, makes the step to the doing of them easy.

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Everyone must admit that the little blue leaflet so widely distributed in London by Father Bans has at least the merit of ingenuity. Under the plea of introducing order into the house, the leaflet proposes

to rid the recipients of all rubbish, such as old magazines, used stamps (unused are not despised), coal ashes, ends of candles, spirit, champagne, wine and beer bottles (not necessarily empty), jam jars (with or without jam), old bicycles, silver paper off sweets,—anything and everything, even to discarded (and new) furniture, framed and unframed pictures, blankets and boots. All such articles, be they really or only relatively rubbish, will be collected free of charge by a horse and van, or a brand-new motor, more like a huge caravan, displaying on its shining green sides the legend, "Crusade of Rescue, Maintaining 1000 Orphans."

"We keep them on rubbish," is the explanation given by Father Bans, the founder of the society for the housing of Catholic waifs. The "rubbish," however, though it goes a long way, does not suffice to support the great number of Catholic children whose Faith is in danger; and, as none are ever refused admission to his home, the Father has been forced to incur a considerable debt. He keeps on cheerfully, however, trusting to Providence and his rubbish vans. He can even break into verse, as is evidenced by the following remarkable rhyme:

Save all your pots and pans,  
Save all your kettles and cans;  
For now there are two vans  
Collecting for Father Bans.

---

It is no surprise to learn from a foreign correspondent that there is a growing disbelief in the superiority of Western civilization among the young peoples of Southeastern Europe. Not so long ago a group of stalwart Servians of Herzegovina smashed an apparatus in Mostar for presenting immoral pictures which were afterward described in court as "Scenes of Paris Life." When corrected for using this expression, considering that there was nothing exclusively French in the films, the stalwarts replied: "Well, scenes of Western life, anyhow, that won't do for our boys and girls."



# FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

## The Lamb that had Nowhere to Go.

BY CAROL L. BERNHARDT, S. J.

A SWEET little Lamb of the faithfullest heart  
Had nowhere to go on a cold winter's night,—  
Not here in the meadows, nor there in the mart,  
Nor down in the valleys, nor up on the height.

Yet His were the mountains,

And His were the hills;

His were the fountains,

And His were the rills.

And softly He bleated and sad and slow,  
The poor little Lamb that had nowhere to go.

Afar on the hillsides were shepherds in care,  
Watching their flocks in the starlight and cold.  
Peacefully sleeping wee lambkins were there,  
But this little Lambkin was not of their fold.

The stars strove to render

Their holiest light,—

Oh, great was the splendor

That wonderful night,

As into a cavern all darksome and low  
Went the poor little Lamb that had nowhere  
to go!

There in the cavern 'twas darkling and dim,  
And there in the manger He shivering lay.  
In all the wide world there was no place for Him;  
I never would treat a poor lambkin that way.

But, oh, there's no telling

What I might have done

When He cried for a dwelling

But got it of none.

And I'm glad Mother Mary was there with  
Him, so

The poor little Lamb had somewhere to go.

WITH many of the African tribes the form of salutation is quaint and interesting. Meeting a friend, the native says, *Mbolo*, meaning "gray hair," and therefore "May you live long enough to have gray hair!" The proper response is *Aye, Mbolo*,—"The same to you."

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

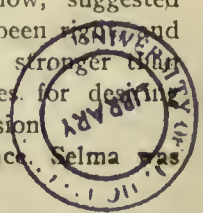
BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XIX.—SECRETS TOLD.

ALTHOUGH Quaker Mansion had been relieved of the incubus of James Forrester's presence, and something of that eeriness which he had brought into the atmosphere on the occasion of his first visit had vanished with him, together with the disturbing element that he had introduced, there was still the matter of Selma to be dealt with. The woman, tears streaming from her eyes, had actually pleaded upon her knees to be allowed to remain. She had declared herself innocent of any transgression whatsoever, and had added that the crime alleged against Christina could be explained.

Now, Mrs. Seymour, being moved to pity, suggested a compromise, in which her husband, though somewhat against his better judgment, was induced to acquiesce. It was this: the woman should be permitted to remain until the household was making a move to the seaside in August. If in the meantime she was able to satisfy them as to her own and her sister's respectability, she might be allowed to continue as a member of the domestic staff, and accompany them to the sea; if, on the other hand, her record proved unsatisfactory, she should be told to seek another place, and would have no reason to complain. Selma accepted this arrangement with an eagerness that was pitiful, and which, somehow, suggested that James Forrester had been right, and that she had some motive stronger than the mere earning of wages for desiring to remain at Quaker Mansion.

During this time of grace, Selma was



a more indefatigable worker than ever, going about with her broom and duster "from post to pillar," and, with fiery ardor, poking into the most unexpected places. Mr. Seymour himself caught her in the act of trying to force open the door of the sub-cellar. She was sternly rebuked, and threatened with instant dismissal if the like occurred again. The children, in awestruck whispers, suggested to each other that she was still "on the hunt"; and Katherine wrote thrilling little notes from Harlem, asking how the mystery was progressing, and suggesting all sorts of solutions of her own.

Light, too, began to creep in from various directions, and to pierce the misty atmosphere that surrounded the Quaker home. On being questioned, Selma told her mistress that the dwarf was the son of a sister long dead, — not Christina, but another, who had married an American named Mudge. The latter had disappeared soon after his wife's death; and, declaring that he was ashamed of having such a midget for his son, had left that poor little atom entirely to the care of the two girls. What had become of the father was never known; but, living or dead, he had never contributed toward the boy's support.

In addition to this, some further information had been indirectly given by the wife of the old man whom Fred had rescued from his tormentors. One morning she came up to the big house to get a basket of food that had been promised; and, as it chanced, Mrs. Seymour was coming out of the kitchen, after having given her orders for the day, when Selma went to answer a knock at the basement door. There had been a moment's silence, and then Mrs. Seymour had heard a voice crying out in surprise:

"Why, is it yourself that's in it? And I that haven't laid eyes on you for ages!"

"That is true," replied Selma: "it is long,—very long."

"And are you living out here now, and is your sister with you?"

"My sister she is dead," Selma said, with a mournful solemnity in her tone that showed what a blow that death had been to her.

"O poor Christina!" the woman cried. "The Lord have mercy on her soul!"

Selma said nothing, but stood leaning against the wall, her face a curious blending of emotions, — pleasurable, at seeing this acquaintance out of the past; half sad, at the memories evoked; and half uneasy, as if at something that might be said. But the woman, whom Mrs. Seymour had by this time recognized, came in, seated herself on the hall chair, and laid the basket down at her feet.

"Do you remember, Selma," she asked, settling herself as if for a chat, while she wiped the perspiration from her face, "the big, portly madam, with the red face and the light, fluffy hair, that used to be comin' in a carriage to see Christina, and keepin' her out talkin' on the curbstone?"

Mrs. Seymour, who had purposely lingered in the shadow of the kitchen door — since, as she said, she wanted no more mysteries, — fancied that Selma was alarmed by this question.

"Oh, that lady," she said nervously, — "that lady!"

"Who was she, Selma?"

"She was Christina's mistress, that first brought her here to this country."

"But it wasn't with her Christina went to live when she left my place," persisted the old woman.

"No, no," replied Selma, hastily.

"And," continued the other, who was plainly anxious to unburden her mind of questions that had been tantalizing her for years, "who was that man that came of an odd time with the lady in the carriage? He was a big man, with a face the color of chalk, a black beard, and eyes away back in his head."

Mrs. Seymour started at hearing this description; and Selma, staring at the questioner, seemed indisposed to give her an answer.

"I mind one day," the woman went



on, "you weren't in it at all, but only Christina; and she was out talkin' to the madam in the carriage, and the big man. When Christina came in again, I asked her if the big fellow was the lady's husband. Christina laughed fit to kill herself, and she said: 'No: the lady's got a better husband than that.' Oh, I mind it all as if it was yesterday!"

She paused as if waiting for Selma to speak; but, as the latter said nothing, she asked inquisitively:

"Who was that man at all, Selma asthore?"

"I was not there," Selma said slowly. "It was Christina."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the other, plainly anxious to unburden her mind once for all of the riddles that had so long remained unsolved. "You must know who he was, and all about him."

Selma, as if convinced that this was a curiosity not to be baffled, said reluctantly:

"I think mebbe it was Mr. Forrester."

"And who was he, may I ask?"

Selma waved her hand, then answered: "He was a gentleman who was trying to make money in any way at all."

"Sure there's many like him," said the old woman, carelessly.

Selma laughed bitterly, but she refused to answer any further questions on that score; and the other began to speak of the dwarf, and asked if it were true that he was making heaps of money. Selma, with beaming face and evident delight in the subject, replied that the little man was making a big success, though not heaps of money; and that he was well, but had not grown an inch.

Just then Mrs. Seymour advanced into the hall, and Selma retired. The old woman was brought in to get a cup of tea from Mary Doyle, together with the basket of provisions.

Now, what had passed between Selma and this woman tended to cast new suspicions upon James Forrester, who was also the subject of disclosures by Mrs.

Horton. She took the first opportunity that offered of talking to Mr. Seymour upon the subject.

"You see, sir," she began, "I wouldn't have said a word about it while he was under your roof; but now that he's gone (and I will say that you're well rid of him), there's no harm in telling all I know. He was, as I suppose you heard, by way of being caretaker for the house—the Quaker Mansion as it used to be called—when it was empty. He was also the agent of it, to sell or let it whenever he could. Well, if you believe me, sir, sold or rented it never would have been, if poor old Mr. Spencer had waited till Doomsday. For what do you think I found out?"

She hardly waited for Mr. Seymour to declare that he could not possibly surmise.

"I found that he was turning everybody against the place. 'The Quaker Mansion,' says he to one, 'is haunted. The old lady walks round there at times.'—'It's unhealthy,' says he to another that does not believe in ghosts.—'The drains is out of order. It's damp,' says he to another, 'and infested with rats.' And so on till he drove them all away."

The confectioner paused, while her primly-parted hair on either side of a face flushed with righteous indignation, seemed to quiver.

"O sir," she continued, "I don't like to say it, he being a connection of your family, though only by marriage; but I can't help calling him a villain. For that's what he is, sir; and he pretendin' great friendship for the Spencer family, and they showin' him all manner of kindness. So I wrote myself to Mr. Spencer, and the upshot was that the house was taken out of his hands, and soon after sold to yourself."

Now, here was new food for thought, and another excellent reason for congratulation, on the part of Mr. Seymour and his household, that James Forrester had taken his departure.

### How to Become a Saint.

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Nobody but saints can go to heaven; and, since God wants everybody to be saved and live with Him in heaven for all eternity, it must be not only possible but comparatively easy to become a saint. Easy for young folks, for boys and girls? Yes, for them too; since a great many persons die before they are grown-up; and if they are not saints, or saintly, before they die, they will not be saved. In the other world we can not merit anything; so, if we are ever to reach heaven, we must win the right to it in this life.

A good many people have an altogether wrong notion about sanctity or holiness. They think that saints are people who do extraordinary things, — work miracles, pray pretty nearly all the time, practise severe penances, fast often, never smile or laugh or have any fun, wear long faces, and always look sorrowful or miserable. That is all a mistake. To be a saint is simply to love God more than we love anybody or anything else, and to do God's will in everything. God doesn't want you to do extraordinary actions: He wants you only to do your ordinary everyday actions extraordinarily well. In other words, He simply wants you to sanctify, to make holy, every act that you perform. And St. Paul tells us how to do so. "Whether you eat," he writes in one of his Epistles, "or whether you drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all for the glory of God."

When, at our morning prayers, we offer to God all the actions that we are going to do during the day, telling Him that we want to please Him by each one of them; and then, from time to time as the day wears on, think of God, raising our heart to Him, and saying some ejaculation or short prayer, thus renewing our intention of the morning,—when we do this we are acting just as the saints have always done, and are still doing. Whether

we are doing errands, going to school, taking our meals, riding our bicycle, playing ball, or "whatsoever else" we do, we can sanctify the action by offering it to God. And if we keep this up all our life, that life, be it short or long, will be truly a holy, a saintly one, and our death will be a happy passage from earth to heaven.

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### Hallowe'en.

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The word "hallow," from the Anglo-Saxon *halig* (holy), though now employed only as a verb, used to be a noun, or substantive, meaning a saint, a holy person, an apostle. Thus, Chaucer writes of "God . . . and alle His halwes bryghte"; and Roek has "England's knight begged St. Mary and all hallows to pray for him." This use now survives in "All Hallows," a synonym for All Saints' Day; and hence we have "All Hallows' Even," or, more briefly, Hallow Even, Hallowe'en, Hallow Eve. (When this writer was a boy, he used to call it, as perhaps some boys do still "Hollow Eve.") As All Saints' Day is the 1st of November, its eve, Hallowe'en is, of course, October 31.

From time immemorial, at least in English-speaking countries, it has been the custom to celebrate Hallowe'en by harmless fireside festivities, such as cracking nuts, ducking for apples in a tub of water, and similar innocent pastimes. Occasionally, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were some ceremonies, connected with the celebration, that were not so innocent: using charms, for instance, to discover one's future husband or wife. Nowadays, Hallowe'en is apparently made the occasion of perpetrating mischievous practical jokes, not to say acts of veritable vandalism. It ought to be entirely needless to remind Catholic young boys and girls that all such acts are reprehensible, and constitute a very improper method of ushering in the glorious festival of All Saints, or All Hallows.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A complete examination of the case of "Galileo and His Condemnation," by the Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J., is among new publications of the English Catholic Truth Society.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. announce "The Lives and Times of the Popes: Retranslated, Revised, and Written up-to-date from 'Les Vies des Papes' by Artaud de Montor." This new edition will contain ten volumes.

—"A Life of Nicholas Breakspere (Hadrian IV.), the Only English Pope," by the Rev. H. Mann, D. D., is included in Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s autumn list. This biography is extracted from the author's "Lives of the Popes," but has additional matter.

—"Why Men should Go to Church," by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., is a sixteen-page pamphlet, containing an admirable address delivered by the Archbishop in the Forum, Wichita, Kansas, on the occasion of the consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral. Its inconsiderable price—two cents a copy—should secure for it a very wide circulation. Published by the *Catholic Advance*, of Wichita.

—A good story about Canon Nott, of Winchester ("Dr. Stanhope" of one of Anthony Trollope's novels), is related in Mr. T. H. S. Escott's recently published biography of Trollope. When visiting Mrs. Trollope one day, Dr. Nott asked the children if they had been good, obedient, truthful, and industrious. Whereupon Anthony and his elder brother Tom volunteered the statement that, if they were not quite everything which could be wished, it was because of their nurse Farmer being an Anabaptist. Dr. Nott's remark that this did not absolve the children from the duty of subordination is asserted to have "intensified their disgust with schismatics, including Low Church of every degree."

—The plot of "The Honour of the House," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is one in which Marion Crawford would have delighted, not to say revelled; and in its management, etc., there is much to remind the reader of that prince of story-tellers. It is a romance of craft and cruelty, with as happy an ending as could be desired. The leading characters are skilfully drawn,—the treacherous Prince of Bordelacqua; his son, Don Giacinto, upon whom he lays the burden of a monstrous crime; and Fiordelisa, the girl-wife, who braves the anger of the old prince, and, with the aid of a loyal friend of

her husband, finally triumphs over their crafty and bitter enemy. Though not to be compared with "The Golden Rose," by the same authors, "The Honour of the House" is distinctly superior to the average best-seller, both in interest of plot and excellence of craftsmanship.

—A press dispatch of the week records the death at Rheims of the venerable composer, Theodore Dubois, author of the oratorio "Sept Paroles du Christ," and other well-known sacred music. He was a Commander of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and honorary director of the National Conservatory of Music. M. Dubois was also the winner of the Prix de Rome in 1861.

—A monument recently erected to the memory of the Abbé Rouquette, in Louisiana, recalls to mind the figure of one of the gigantic pioneers whose talents and labors seem, in our narrow day, almost past belief. The Abbé left a distinguished literary career behind him in his native France to take up missionary work in America. He has his reward; for, as Archbishop Blenk so nobly said at the unveiling of the monument, "To live in God's memory is the only greatness."

—It is a safe assertion that "A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist," by Freda Mary Groves (Isaac Pitman & Sons, London; B. Herder, St. Louis), will be read with great interest and deep edification by every Catholic into whose hands it may fall. Its object, as stated in the Introduction, is "to bring forward through the ages examples of the love and devotion toward the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar shown by our British and Saxon forefathers." It is a learned little work. Every chapter affords proof of painstaking research among early records. The examples are admirably chosen, and can not fail to have the desired effect. Produced in the style of the Temple Classics, and bound in leather, with gilt top, "A Little History of the Love of the Blessed Sacrament" should be a popular gift book.

—In a slender, cloth-bound volume of fifty-three pages, "The Sunny Side of Bereavement" (Boston: The Gorham Press), the Rev. Charles E. Cooledge analyzes Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which, we are informed in the preface, has been called "the most distinctively theological poem of the century" and "the finest religious poem of the age." As interpreted by the author of this little book, the poem depicts

"the passing of a bereaved soul from the gloom of anguish and despair into the brightness of resignation, contentment, and peace." While Tennyson's hazy religiousness holds little of worth to the Catholic reader, lovers of the poet will, nevertheless, be interested in this new study of the great English Laureate's beautiful tribute to the dead friend of his youth.

—Among new and forthcoming books that will be of special interest to Catholic readers we note; "Fénelon: His Life and Works," by the late Paul Janet, translated and edited by Victor Lenlette (Pitman); "The Vices and Virtues, and Other Vagaries," by the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" (Longmans); "Irish Literary and Musical Studies," by Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A. (Elkin Mathews); "The Life of Blessed Henry Suso," by himself,—translated from the original German by Thomas Francis Knox (Methuen); "Twenty-Five Years: Reminiscences," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson,—the first of a series of three volumes (Smith & Elder); "An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen," by Martin Haile (Pitman); "Her Daughter Jean," by Marion Ames Taggart. (W. A. Wilde Co.)

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.

"The Honour of the House." Mrs. Hugh Fraser, J. I. Stahlmann. \$1.30.

"Psalmi Vesperarum." 50 cts.

"The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." René Bazin. \$1.25.

"The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.

"Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.

"The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.

"Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways." J. Michael of Coutances. \$1.35.

"Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.

"The Luck o' Lady Joan." Josephine Daskam Bacon. 50 cts.

"On a Hill." F. M. Capes. 50 cts.

"The Story of Mary Dunne." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back." Henry Gunstock. 30 cts.

"The Average Man." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.35.

"Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.

"Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church." Gerhard Rauschen, S. T. D. \$1.25.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Herman Wilken, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rt. Rev. William P. McQuaid, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Michael Dalton, diocese of Grand Rapids; and Rev. James Hoeffler, S. J.

Mother M. Aloysius, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Clement, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Brown, Mrs. Annie G. Reid, Mr. Joseph McCarrick, Mrs. Matilda Downs, Mr. Richard Henneberry, Mrs. Adeline Gilroy, Mr. M. J. Banks, Mr. Emmet P. Barrett, Mr. John Bechtold, Miss B. H. Moriarty, Mr. Thomas Golden, Mr. Joseph Grillo, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Mr. Louis Guldmer, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. Albert Hickman, Mr. F. F. Hug, Mrs. Annie Tracy, Mr. Valentine Kochner, Mrs. Georgia McCarthy, Mr. Thomas Plunkert, Mr. Cornelius Kelleher, Mr. R. F. Robinson, and Mr. Edward Smith.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the Franciscan mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: L. W. R., \$1; Friend, Bainbridge, \$1; C. S. K., \$5; E. M. B., \$1; Mrs. M. E. C., \$1; P. A. K., \$3; M. M. P., \$5; Thomas Haneen, \$1; J. E. Wright, \$10; J. F. Stoughton, \$2; Mrs. J. F. L., \$5; Widow's Mite, \$1; Mgr. R., \$10; Friend, \$1; A. C. A., \$5.

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Philippines: M. O'B., \$25.

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: Benedictine Sisters, \$1.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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### A Tribute.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVAMBATISTA COTTA,  
BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

ALMIGHTY God, who only dost inspire  
The just design, and lead to glorious end,  
On whom, for we are frail, all right desire,  
All holy counsel and good works depend;  
Do Thou vouchsafe, who art consuming fire,  
On my dark mind a gracious look to bend,  
Which, all confused and weak, would yet aspire  
Its praises with the heavenly throng to blend,  
O pierce my inmost frame, and light it so,  
That the deep clouds of error which confound  
My sense may vanish at Thy potent ray;  
And, to Thy sovereign goodness since I owe  
This harp of solemn and harmonious sound,  
Deign to accept the tribute of its lay.

### My Pilgrimage to La Salette.

BY T. A. M.

**I**N these days, when nearly all the world knows, or at least has heard, of the apparition of our Blessed Lady to Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes in 1858, there must be many Catholics who are ignorant of another similar wonder which took place twelve years earlier. The celebrity of the Grotto of Lourdes, the countless cures which have taken place there, and the hundreds of thousands, from all parts of the world who have gone thither in pilgrimage, seem to have eclipsed and in a measure blotted out the memory of the

apparition at La Salette. The recent sixty-seventh anniversary of that event (September 19), therefore, has impelled me to recount an interesting experience of my own connected with one of the personages associated with that apparition.

On August 15, 1869, a few months after my ordination to the priesthood, it was my providential good fortune to find myself a pilgrim to the mountain of La Salette. That great feast-day of Our Lady had drawn many hundreds of devout souls to the scene of her wonderful appearance there twenty-three years before. It was no easy journey at that time. From Grenoble to the village of Corps it was necessary to go in an old-fashioned stage-coach, or diligence; and from there one had to climb on foot up the zigzag paths, through a barren, rocky country, to the summit of the "holy mountain;" as the place hallowed by Our Lady's presence is called by the people of the neighborhood.

It was almost night when I reached the end of my journey. Darkness was coming on rapidly, and the peaks of the distant Alps stood up black against the pale, rosy tints left by the sun, already set in the far west. The church and the hospice looked grim and shadowy; and all around could be seen only gloomy, barren, rocky spaces, half hidden in a night mist which rose from the valleys below.

After a short visit to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the church, followed by a warm supper in the refectory assigned to pilgrims, I was shown by a good Father of the Congregation of La Salette to the

room allotted me for the night. Before leaving me he remarked: "We have with us, for the first time in several years, Maximin Giraud, the shepherd boy who saw Our Lady. He is a grown man now,—more than thirty years old. Would you like to see him?" Of course it was my desire to look on one who had looked into the face of the Blessed Mother of God, and I said so with earnestness. "Very well," he answered. "I will introduce you to him. But I must warn you not to question him about the apparition; for he is shy and loath to speak with strangers who show curiosity. If you can talk about the affairs of France, or of your friends among the Papal Zouaves in Rome, you may possibly arouse his interest, and perhaps gain his confidence. If he takes a fancy to you, he will not be slow to converse with you."

A few moments later the good Father ushered me into a room, in which we found four or five priests seated around a table, conversing with a rough, commonplace-looking man. The man proved to be Maximin Giraud, who, when a boy of only eleven years, had seen on that dreary mountain (where he and Melanie Calvat Mathieu worked as shepherds) the glorious Mother of Our Lord. Frankly, I was very much disappointed. I do not know what I had expected to see in that privileged individual; but, at all events, he showed nothing that would suggest any association with the supernatural. His appearance was certainly most uninteresting; in fact, to me he seemed rather a boorish, heavy, even stupid-looking fellow.

But as he talked with the priests about him, and, after the first formalities of our introduction, with myself also, I discovered that he was by no means dull or wanting even in the amenities of conversation. He was polite, intelligent, and apparently quite well-informed on many subjects. He discussed the political questions of the day in France, and spoke animatedly of his service among the Papal Zouaves. When we had been together

for half an hour, my impression, so disappointing at first, was decidedly in his favor.

Following the advice given me by the good Father, I carefully avoided any allusion to the apparition; but some casual remark made by one of the priests present, brought a counter-statement from Maximin, which led to an explanation of the vision seen by Melanie and himself. The ice having been once broken, each in turn felt more at ease to ask a question. I myself asked only two questions; but the answers to them, so far as I can discover, do not appear in any published account of the apparition. My first question was this:

"How did Our Lady's body look to you? Apart from its wonderful glory and brightness, did it seem like a body of flesh and blood,—like the body of a living woman, as we all see it?"

"Yes and no," he replied. "She seemed to have a body like any other woman, though more beautiful; but there was something quite unusual about it. For example, you see the flame of this candle?" and he held his forefinger behind the flame of a lighted candle on the table. "It is a distinct luminous body in form, and yet you can see my finger through it. So could I see the distinct form of Our Lady; and at the same time I saw the rocks and ground and distant mountains, right through her bright and shining body. She seemed a real woman, at the same time that her form was transparent like the flame of that candle."

My second question was as to the sound of Our Lady's voice,—whether it was musical, and what was its peculiar timbre. His answer was:

"I do not recall the *sound* of that voice; I do not think of it as of a music which pleased my ears. Her words remain with me more like the taste of something sweet in my mouth, which lasts and is always sweet."

It was about ten o'clock that evening when we separated to go to our rooms.



As I passed through the door, Maximin called me aside, and, much to my astonishment and pleasure, said:

"If you are willing to rise at an early hour to-morrow morning, before the pilgrims are moving about, I shall be glad to show you the different places connected with the apparition."

This proposition delighted me, and I gladly arranged to meet him at five o'clock on the following morning. It was a great surprise to me to have so gained his confidence, and I congratulated myself on my good fortune; for I had been told that few persons met with such favor from him.

When I went out the next morning, I found Maximin waiting for me at the church door. He lost no time in leading me to the scene of his wonderful experience twenty-three years before. He pointed out the spot where our Blessed Lady was first seen by Melanie and himself; the rock where the Lady sat weeping; the path which she took when she moved forward; the place where she stood talking with them; and finally where she rose into the air and disappeared from their sight.

As we walked along over the ground hallowed by the presence of the Mother of Our Lord, Maximin recounted the whole history of the apparition, using the very words, both in French and in his native *patois*, which were addressed to the shepherd children by the "Beautiful Lady." He pointed out every detail of the surrounding country, and explained every movement and gesture of the glorious being who smiled upon those privileged children, and spoke to them of the anger of her Son at the sins of the people.

Maximin told the story with great simplicity, in a grave, serious voice, which was full of reverence and conviction. I was much impressed by his manner, and have never doubted the truth of all that he related. Many attempts have been made to discredit the wonderful vision of those simple peasant children; but,

personally, after hearing it described by Maximin, I have believed it firmly. I do not know if there be any other American who has heard the story from the lips of one who looked into the face of our Blessed Mother; but if there be such a one, I am sure he will have the same feelings of faith in it as my fortunate self.

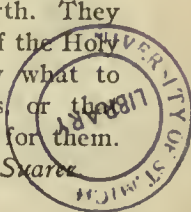
Maximin must have occupied fully an hour in his account of the apparition. When he had finished, we turned again toward the church, where I had arranged to say Mass at six o'clock. We parted at the door. As he took my hand to say good-bye, after I had warmly thanked him for his exceptional favor to me, he observed:

"You are now going to offer Holy Mass. Please pray earnestly for me. I have not been a good boy: I have neglected many duties and forgotten to be grateful to Our Lady. But, without presumption, I feel that our dear Mother Mary, who spoke to me in my childhood, will not abandon me at my last hour. Please, then, at your Mass ask that Our Lady may obtain for me forgiveness and a happy death."

I never again saw Maximin Giraud. He passed away in 1875. And Our Lady surely must have been near him at the end; for he died an edifying death, with all the Sacraments to comfort him. His body lies in the little village of Corps, under the shadow of the "holy mountain" where our Blessed Lady appeared to him. Let us hope and pray that, in the "eternal hills," his soul now looks again upon the "Beautiful Lady."

We may well believe that the angels make revelations to the souls in Purgatory concerning their relatives and friends still living upon this earth. They will do this for the consolation of the Holy Souls, or that they may know what to ask for us in particular cases, or that they may know of our prayers for them.

—Suares



## Another's Burden.

### V.

"**T**HOMAS CHOQUAZ and I," said the galley-slave, mournfully, "were enemies. We had been enemies from childhood; even when boys we scarcely ever played together without our sport ending in a quarrel. Our hatred of each other seemed to be instinctive. We hated naturally and without knowing why, unless it were that our mothers disliked each other, and we imbibed their sentiments as a matter of course.

"Later, when I asked my mother the reason of this enmity, she always evaded my questions; and I am still ignorant of the causes that originated their bitter feud. Only I know their anger was not of the kind that evaporates in harsh words and is forgotten on the morrow. The two women never spoke to each other; and when they met, each haughtily passed without even looking at the other.

"Both were widows and neighbors. Thomas and I were born in the same year. My mother forbade me to go with him or to accompany him to his home, and she forbade him to come to ours. We met constantly at church, for we were both altar boys. We attended catechism classes together; and the good vicar who taught us spoke so much about friendship and charity, that we had ended by forgetting our resentment, and were ready to embrace each other.

"The day of our First Communion came. As I had a good voice, I was selected for the honor of reciting aloud in the church the different acts. Proud of the privilege that had been granted to me, and anxious that I should make a brilliant appearance before the whole parish, my mother had made for me a rich and handsome new suit. My fine clothes were much admired, and the praise lavished upon me made mother happy.

"When the ceremonies were all over, and the village had regained its usual

air of quietness, some of the neighbors, assembled around the public wash-house, revenged themselves for my triumph by recounting calumnies and slanders concerning mother. The latter was not long left in ignorance on the subject. Official friends made it their business to visit her, and tell her all the remarks that had been passed about her life and character, rather exaggerating the maliciousness of the talk than attempting to palliate or make little of it.

"Mother became furious. I was not old enough to understand that her complaints were exaggerated beyond all bounds of reason; and I felt my passion rising in proportion to hers, until she was obliged to restrain me from going out and taking immediate vengeance on those whose vile tongues had angered her.

"The following Sunday morning, as I was going all alone to the parish church, a little before the last bell for Mass, I saw Thomas and his mother proceeding in the same direction. Whether the mother suggested the idea to him, or whether it came to him of himself, I can not say; but in any case he ran toward me with a pleasant air and said: 'Good-day, Michael!'

"The path that we were following ran along the side of a sluggish stream five or six feet in width, whose muddy bottom was covered with black water to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half. Rank herbs that had grown at its borders formed a species of hedge between the brook and pathway.

"I had hesitated a moment before answering Thomas; but the kindly instincts of childhood prevailed over the consideration of maternal enmity, and I reached out my hand in token of friendship, when he suddenly sprang toward me, seized my black velvet cap and threw it over the hedge into the dirty water.

"At this instance of unprovoked hostility, I became thoroughly enraged. Thomas ran toward his mother, calling on her to protect him; but as I was more supple



than he, and as my wrath still further increased my agility, I overtook him before he had gone a dozen steps. His mother was hurrying toward us, but she was too late; for, despite his resistance, I threw him into the stream, where he floundered about in the mud and water. It was wrong, of course: the chastisement was too severe for his fault; but I was so overcome by my passion that it would have been the same had the stream been a raging torrent.

"Seeing his sad plight, however, I repented of my hasty action, and was about to help him out, when his mother came up pale with fury, and uttering the most frightful imprecations on me and my mother. I seized my cap, jumped across the brook, and, knowing that there I was secure, answered her cries with corresponding insults for a few moments, and then went home.

"I told mother all that had taken place; and, far from punishing me or even blaming me for what I had done, she embraced me with tears of joy in her eyes, and overwhelmed me with praise. In the meanwhile Madame Choquaz had complained to the vicar of my wickedness. She took good care to say nothing of the provocation that I had received; and the vicar, with my case already prejudged, only awaited my arrival to inflict upon me a severe correction. I suspected as much, and did not want to go to the church; but mother, thinking that everyone else would judge me as leniently as herself, insisted on my accompanying her.

"As soon as the vicar saw me, he beckoned me toward him. I went, and, unable to utter a word in explanation, I had to spend the whole time of the service on my knees in the middle of the aisle. My mother had not dared to resist the commands of the vicar; but to me she blamed his conduct, accused him of partiality and injustice, and above all inveighed against the Choquazs, mother and son.

"Happy in her approval, which I placed above all laws, because I did not imagine that my mother could be wrong, I conceived a dislike for the church; and if I still continued to appear there, it was solely through human respect. I even longed for the time when I should be old enough to give up going at all.

"When I did become a young man, with a will of my own, I allowed mother to go to church by herself; and although she reproached me for my neglect, I paid not the slightest attention to her reprimands. For Sunday I had always ready some trip or some pressing work, and the church saw me no more except on great festivals of the Blessed Virgin. In Our Lady I always preserved a certain confidence, which, needless to say, she has never betrayed.

"In his turn, the vicar remonstrated with me about my scandalous conduct, and sought by every means to induce me to change my way of life. Seeing that his tender reproaches were unavailing, he predicted that God would withdraw Himself from me, and that sooner or later I would reap the harvest of my irreligion. I did not listen to him; but, alas! the issue has proved him only too truly a prophet."

## VI.

The galley-slave interrupted his narrative, and gave himself up to a mental review of the scenes through which he had lately passed. The priest did not attempt to disturb his reflections; but in the course of some minutes Michael remembered his presence, and, raising his head, resumed:

"Ah, yes! Where was I? Oh, I remember now! I have brought my story up to the time when I abandoned God. Well, far from destroying or weakening the hatred I entertained for Choquaz, time only strengthened the evil sentiment. The young folk of the village often tried to reconcile us, and finally I apparently yielded to their efforts. I drank with him in the taverns and conversed with him

whenever we met, as though all enmity were at an end between us; but in the depth of my heart the coals of rancor were still glowing, ready to burst into a destructive flame.

"I accompanied him often to merry-makings in the neighboring hamlets, where we danced and drank together; for in giving up God I had become a servant of the devil, and taverns and dance halls now received the attention that I had formerly given to the church. At the same time I lost no occasion that presented itself of provoking Choquaz by practical jokes and malicious tricks.

"We were both poor, possessing not a square foot of land under the sun. My mother, not wishing to see me spend my whole life as a mere day-laborer, a farm-hand forever digging and delving for others, placed me as an apprentice in a joiner's shop. Thomas desired to become a blacksmith.

"While learning our trades we were in towns far apart; and as we saw each other only from time to time, when by chance we visited our native village together, we began to forget all about our mutual hatred. Occupied as we both were with other cares and matters of greater interest, we would eventually have become good friends, had not my evil destiny reawakened my old passion, and augmented it by paroxysms of jealousy.

"We had finished our apprenticeship, and had returned home to practise our respective trades. My mother pressed me to get married, and thus give her a daughter who would be a companion for her in my absence, and assist her in the management of household affairs. Loysa was then twenty-two years old. The prudence of her conduct, her industry, and the loving care she evinced for her parents, had rendered her an object of envy to all mothers. She had never been seen at dances; she shunned all those dangerous assemblies of the young, wherein girls little by little lose their natural

modesty. Yet she was not proud or affected: on the contrary, she was ever gentle and compassionate; and although not fond of finery, she was always neat in her attire, as she was beautiful in her innocence.

"I had first noticed her with admiration one day at Mass, on the festival of Our Lady of Mars—for even now I celebrated the feast-days of the Virgin,—and so when my mother spoke to me of Loysa and sang her praises, I declared that I should be only too glad to secure her hand.

"Thomas also had the thought of winning Loysa. At first I imagined that his only design was to cross me in my cherished plan; but I have since learned that he was inspired by a passion that was all too real. Our old hatred revived. If Loysa had accepted him as her betrothed, I assuredly would have slain him on the eve of his wedding. It was I whom she preferred; and for six years now, to her sorrow, I have been her husband.

"Well, I was never out of work; and in default of wealth, we enjoyed peace and mutual affection. Happiness had built her nest in our modest dwelling, and to crown our felicity three children were born to us.

"I was ungrateful. I neglected to return thanks to God for these blessings. I flattered myself that I owed them to nobody else than myself; that they were the legitimate and natural results of my courage, industry, and skill. Loysa tried at times to recall me to God, but I would not listen to her. I respected her own piety, and allowed her to visit the church as often as she pleased; but as for me, I entrenched myself in my proud indifference, and persisted in my neglect of religious duties.

"My example, and possibly still more my conversation, eventually reacted on the soul of Loysa. I noticed that little by little she lost the fervor and attention which she had once manifested in the recitation of her prayers. Then she became less scrupulous about attending Mass.



Like a fool, I could not see that I was conspiring against my own happiness.

"In the meanwhile Choquaz had swallowed the repulse with which he had met in his suit for the hand of Loysa, and had completely hidden the spite which he inwardly felt toward us both. He now began to spy out all that took place in our house, endeavoring unceasingly to sow seeds of discord and misunderstanding between us. Moreover, he besieged Loysa with his attentions. She rejected with disdain his offers of guilty love; but I, who was not ignorant of what was going on, felt my heart torn within me, and comprehended that I was growing wicked.

"I frequently told Thomas of my displeasure, and threatened him with terrible punishment if he persisted in his attentions to my wife. Then he changed his plan and had recourse to calumny. He dared not wage open war on me—I could have strangled him; but on the sly he played me all sorts of evil turns. For instance, he entered our garden one night and destroyed our finest vegetables and fruits. My mother had a goat; I found it poisoned, and knew too well by whom. He slandered me in the presence of all the farmers who gave me employment. Even my wife was not free from his envenomed rage. He circulated stories the most false and calumnious concerning her."

(Conclusion next week.)

Not for us does the glorious army of saints and martyrs, the bright choir of virgins and purified souls—who honored their Lord in the flesh, exalted the aspirations and hopes of mankind, glorified human nature through divine grace, and consecrated the whole world,—sleep in the cold grave, or lie torpid in some undefined region, waiting the return of a warm spring morning to wake anew into life and activity. They are now living, full of life,—a sweet, joyous life, in comparison with which what we call our life is but death.—*Dr. Brownson.*

## The Centenary of Louis Veuillot.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

**E**VEN with regard to the Holy See, Louis Veuillot, on one occasion at least, showed a degree of independence that was understood by his Holiness Pius IX. After the *Univers* was suppressed, he went to Rome, where a prelate was commissioned by the Pope to give him 5000 francs to help him at a critical moment. The gift was well meant, but it was promptly declined. "I am able," wrote Veuillot to Cardinal Sacconi, "to earn my living; and I am really richer than the Pope, who has so many claims upon him." And he signified his intention of giving the 5000 francs to Peter's Pence. To the Pope he also wrote, less abruptly but in the same spirit, declining the gift, and assuring Pius IX. that he considered himself overpaid by a mere word of approval.

The portion of Louis Veuillot's biography that deals with his controversies, with other Catholic writers is less pleasant reading than his charming letters. The disputes between soldiers of the same cause, whose love for their common mother ought to make them wholly one, are a frequent but sad feature in the history of the Church. Yet it would be childish to marvel at what is, after all, the natural consequence of human infirmity. However united they may be on the main points of their belief, the champions of any cause, even of the holiest, necessarily differ as to their methods, and bring into the contest their individual temperament, their self-love, and the weaknesses that are the portion even of the best of God's servants. So it was with Louis Veuillot, who found himself more than once at variance with the notable French Catholics who represented a school of thought different from his own,—Montalembert, Mgr. Dupanloup, De Falloux, Lacordaire, and Ozanam. Differences of opinion,

embittered by written words of violence on both sides, eventually separated Louis Veuillot from Montalembert.

Montalembert's magnificent eloquence and chivalrous defence of the Church at a time when she was universally attacked had delighted Veuillot; and, on his side, the great orator wrote in 1843 that "Veuillot was a man after his own heart." When, in 1844, Louis Veuillot was imprisoned because of his defence of ecclesiastical interests, Montalembert and his wife were among his visitors; and some time later, Veuillot having warmly congratulated him upon his history of St. Anselm, Montalembert replied: "I feel as if I am never worth so much as when I am defended by you. . . . I love and admire you more than ever." Then after this warm admiration came some difficulties. The *Univers* was a growing power in the press; and Montalembert and his friend, the Abbé Dupanloup, proposed to place it in the hands of a committee. This Veuillot declined: he wished to remain sole master of his paper. The slight coolness that ensued was, however, put an end to in 1848, when the Revolution, which overthrew the Monarchy of Louis Philippe, made both men realize the necessity of an action in common against the Revolutionary forces.

Again in 1850, on the occasion of the law for the higher education, called the "Loi Falloux," they differed in opinion. Montalembert was willing to accept the law such as it was,—imperfect no doubt, and giving the Catholics less than their rights, but more than they had possessed hitherto. The Holy See approved his view, and bade the Catholics accept the law such as it existed. Veuillot had wished for more, and he disapproved of the law because of its limitations. But in this case we may believe that, given the difficulties of the situation, Montalembert's view was the wiser and the more practical. The two men, however, although they held opposite opinions, continued to be friends; and both rallied to the cause

of the future Emperor, Napoleon III., in the hope of securing order and peace.

Both eventually broke with Imperialism,—Montalembert eight years before Veuillot; but in the meantime, on minor questions, the two had frequently differed. Though in 1852, on the death of his wife, Veuillot received from his old friend a beautiful letter of sympathy, their mutual admiration was a thing of the past. As time went on, their attitude became openly hostile. Veuillot reproached Montalembert with his defence of parliamentary methods, his liberal tendencies, and, during the Council of 1869, with his support of the adversaries of the definition of Papal Infallibility. Bitter words were exchanged; but, although Veuillot's written expressions are often violent and aggressive, at one time, it seems, he longed to make peace. In 1866 a reconciliation was attempted by Mgr. Mermillod, a friend of both parties; but Montalembert replied that it seemed to him "impossible and undesirable." When Montalembert died in March, 1870, Veuillot wrote sadly of this "great servant of the Church"; and in a paper dated 1878, five years before his own death, he mentions among those "who helped me by their example, Lacordaire and Montalembert."

Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, was another of Veuillot's adversaries; but between them there had never existed those close ties of friendship that rendered the breach with Montalembert so painful. They differed in opinion on most points, and resembled each other only in the extreme violence of their language,—a violence that more than once drew upon the *Univers* the censures of many of the French bishops. With De Falloux, Lacordaire, and Ozanam, who represented the same line of thought as Montalembert, Veuillot also had difficulties. He belonged to the anti-liberal, ultramontane school of Cardinal Pie, Mgr. Parisi, and the partisans and defenders of Infallibility at the Council. He was in the right as regards principles, but



it is difficult to absolve him from undue violence in expressions; hence the unpopularity that surrounded him among those who smarted under his attacks.

After forty years, we can scarcely realize how high ran the tide of party spirit during the Vatican Council of 1869. Now that the men of both parties have gone where the divisions of this mortal life have no place, it is easy to recognize, under the exaggerations, born of intense earnestness, that characterized both parties, a true wish to serve the Church. That a certain self-love may have been mingled with these higher motives is a likelihood born of human infirmity.

Louis Veuillot's loyalty toward the Church is the most attractive feature in his character. Pius IX. was his friend. When several leading French bishops, the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Dupanloup, Mgr. Guibert, and others, openly censured the *Univers* because of its harsh criticism of certain prelates, the Pontiff refrained from adding his blame to theirs. Although he could not sanction all the methods of the *Univers*, he was known to approve of its general line of opinion. In 1859, when the paper was suppressed by the Imperial Government because of its defence of the Temporal Power, Veuillot was received by the Pope with the words: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake!" And some years later the Pope openly praised the "*Parfum de Rome*" and the "*Life of Our Lord*."

In 1872, however, Pius IX. publicly blamed the extreme violence of the Catholics of France in their discussions on religious and ecclesiastical matters. The blame was meant for both Veuillot and his opponents. Veuillot understood this, and took the reproof to heart, but without bitterness. "It is, in fact, a blessing," he wrote humorously; "but a blessing that comes in through broken panes of glass," — meaning that the reproof, if somewhat trying to self-love, was fraught with a lesson that was valuable from a higher standpoint. He considered the

Pope as his chief and his father, and was loyal in his obedience, not only in matters of faith but in all things religious and even political; deeming that, even outside the limits of faith (where he is, of course, infallible), the Pope, as the "head and the father of Christian society," is the one mortal who is the least likely to be deceived by human considerations, passions, and weaknesses.

Veuillot used to compare his own office to that of the poor Christians who, in the early days, carried the letters of the Popes from one Christian centre to another. They went on foot, carrying a big stick, which they used freely if attacked on the way. "They were brave men, who used their stick if necessary; humble men, to whom their mission brought no pride; above all, they were obedient men, who never changed a syllable of the message that they conveyed by orders of their chief." If sometimes they used their stick a little too freely, it was, in Veuillot's estimation, a minor evil, and one which he considered necessary and inevitable. Let us add that, in spite of the innate nobility of his soul, nevertheless his origin and training rendered him less conscious than many of his readers of the occasional virulence in his expressions.

In his family circle, Veuillot was gay, good-tempered, and affectionate; a most devoted husband, an excellent father. Out of his six little girls, four died in infancy; of the two survivors, Agnes became the wife of General Pierron; and Luce, a Visitation nun. They were brought up by Elise, their father's unmarried sister, who had affectionately shared his domestic sorrows; but whose devotedness seems to have been somewhat domineering, and who too energetically espoused the interests of the *Univers* to be a pacifying influence in her brother's career.

In private life, Louis Veuillot was popular. His conversation was bright, cordial, and amusing; his kindness never varied, and his generosity toward the

poor was inexhaustible. To the end he was able to read and to study; although during the last years of his life he could no longer, as was his wont, make his daily visit to the "bureau" of the *Univers*,—a privation that he accepted with his accustomed submission. When M. Tavernier became his secretary, he had given up his summer travels, and seldom left Paris. By degrees, he went out only to be present at daily Mass in a neighboring chapel. Finally even this became impossible, and he was kept a prisoner at home. Although his bodily strength had failed, his intelligence was unimpaired, as also his warm interest in the events that touched upon the glory of God and the welfare of the Church.

He was as enthusiastic as in the days of his youth; and his secretary often noticed that the account of some noble act of devotion or generosity moved him almost to tears. He had loved the Church above all things since the days when, as a recent convert, he had sworn to serve her; and this filial love remained to the last the master-passion of his soul. Time, too, had softened the bitterness bred by past controversies, and many of his adversaries forgave the wounds he had inflicted. Above all, the steady development of religion in France, its increasing influence, brought the old man the valuable knowledge that the seeds he had helped to scatter had not been sown in vain.

Louis Veuillot is by no means the only promoter of this glorious revival of religion. His contemporaries and sometime opponents—Lacordaire and Montalembert, Ozanam and Mgr. Dupanloup—largely contributed to give the Church her proper place in their country; all, in their different spheres, worked for the same end; only in the realm of journalism Louis Veuillot reigned supreme. The fact remains that he broke through the indifference of his contemporaries, and forced them to take notice of the Catholic Church. His bitterest adversaries recog-

nized the talent that inspired his articles, commanding attention, even if it did provoke criticism. He won for religion a recognition that was in itself a homage, and that in some cases developed into a deeper feeling.

An entire love for the Church, absolute self-devotion, disinterestedness and sincerity,—such were Louis Veuillot's chief characteristics. Together with his remarkable gifts as a prose writer, they explain the influence that he exercised over the men of his generation, and the enthusiasm that he excited; while his pungent wit and unsparing sarcasm justified the mingled feelings of fear and aversion that his militant spirit created in the opposite camp.

He died in Paris on April 7, 1883, strengthened and comforted by the ministrations of the Church that he had loved and served with passionate devotion since his conversion had brought him to her feet. Time has added to his reputation. His literary talent, his keen insight into religious questions, are now more generally recognized by the world at large than they were during his lifetime; while the wounds that he inflicted in the heat of battle have ceased to smart, and the publication of his letters has revealed the softer and more sympathetic side of his strong personality.

(The End.)

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THERE is no greatness in despising little things. On the contrary, it is the narrowness of your view which makes you see that as small which has such great results. The more distasteful you find this heed of little things, the more should you guard against any carelessness. "Whoso despiseth little things shall fall by little and little." (Ecclus., xix, 1.) Be your own judge. Would you be satisfied with that friend who, owing all to you, and ready to serve you in great matters, still refused to comply with your wishes in the little occurrences of daily life?—*Fénelon*.



## In November.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

THE dead do not return,—they walk no more  
 The old familiar paths. In vain  
 We weep. And yet, to-night, against the door  
 I thought a loved one knocked again.  
 Ah, then my heart in madd'ning tumult beat,—  
 'Twas but the rain that pattered in the street!  
 They answer not,—the dead do not reply;  
 Through all the anguish of our tears  
 The silence lasts. And yet, to-night, a sigh  
 Of one I loved in other years,  
 I thought I heard. Ah, only dreams are kind,—  
 'Twas but the breath of the November wind!  
 The dead can not be seen,—in other form  
 They wait for us, who vainly weep;  
 A veil divides. And yet, to-night, the storm  
 Showed forth the face of her asleep;  
 I followed blindly through the swaying gloom,—  
 'Twas but a shadow that had fled its tomb!  
 They do not answer, nor do they return:  
 These dead of ours can not be seen.  
 We sorrow. And a while *they* dumbly burn?  
 They wait? And only prayer between!  
 No more, beloved, I seek you in my pain!  
 I only ask that *you* seek not in vain.

## The Skepticism of Daddy Dean.

BY MYRENE M. GARRISON.

"IT'S a blamed outrage!" sputtered  
 Daddy Dean, snipping off an offend-  
 ing spray from his trim hedge.

"Now, what's the matter so early in  
 the morning?" called his neighbor, rising  
 from her flower border with a handful of  
 dewy blossoms.

"I didn't know you was over there, Miss  
 Rosemary."

"Good-morning! But aren't you going  
 to tell me why you are snapping your  
 shears and scolding this fine spring day?"

"'Twas the sight of that old priest on  
 his way to Fishers' again. He might  
 bleed someone else a while."

"Father Halter?"

"Yes. He goes there at least twice a  
 week lately, an' they sure have trouble  
 enough without him pesterin' them."

"How do you know he does?"

"Oh, I know as well as if I saw it with  
 my own eyes! Ever sence the wagon-  
 works jined the trust, an' shut up shop,  
 Fisher's been dazed-like,—jest sets in  
 Shank's saloon an' mopes, 'stead of  
 stirrin' himself fer another job. Mrs.  
 Fisher's been that worried she's wore the  
 splinters off that new plank sidewalk  
 trottin' to church, as ef that would do  
 any good. Now she's down sick, an'  
 the Lord knows they must need all  
 they got without givin' any to a beggin'  
 priest!"

Rosemary watched the irascible old  
 man vigorously mop his face with a big  
 red bandanna.

"But, Daddy," she urged, "perhaps he  
 doesn't go to beg."

"Course he does! I know 'em," he  
 snorted.

"I'm sure I don't know much about  
 Catholics, but Father Halter looks so  
 kind and benevolent—"

"It ain't only Roman Catholics," inter-  
 rupted Daddy. "It's a habit of the cloth  
 to beg."

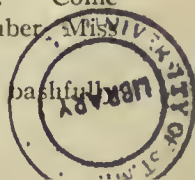
"I guess miuisters are forced to it some-  
 times," commented the girl, thoughtfully.

"It's the children I'm thinkin' about.  
 Hope they have enough to eat," Daddy  
 growled.

"I've been away for so long I'd hardly  
 know them, but I'll go down and see  
 how Mrs. Fisher is, and if they need  
 anything. How old are the children?"

"Well, I should jedge Amos was eight,  
 Irvie must be six, an' Irene four as near  
 as I can make it—there they come now!"  
 the old man exclaimed, dropping his shears  
 and shuffling to the big gate. "Here  
 you!" he shouted, opening it. "Come  
 in a minute. Do you remember  
 Rosemary?"

The children halted, and bashfully  
 peeped in.



"Come! She wants to see you," he urged.

Rosemary smiled encouragingly across the hedge.

"How you have grown!" she said, admiring their well-scrubbed, ruddy faces.

Daddy Dean's inquisitive gaze fell on three chubby fists tightly grasping something. He eyed them with growing curiosity, while Rosemary was trying to coax the children to talk.

"Wouldn't you like to take these flowers to your sick mamma, Irene?" she asked, stepping through the hedge gate and reaching to take the child's hand.

Irene drew back with a little cry.

"Don't drop it, Irene!" warned Amos, anxiously.

Irene looked wistfully at the flowers, but Amos resolutely took her hand.

"She can stop on our way home, Miss," he promised.

"I got a quarter!" piped Irvie, shrilly. "Father John shook hands and put a quarter in my hand," he went on, triumphantly displaying the glistening coin.

"He told me 'Good-bye, Irene!' and gave me a dime," added Irene, with shining eyes.

"And he said 'Good-bye, Amos!' too, and squeezed a quarter in his hand!" continued Irvie, excitedly.

"Amos will buy sugar, and I will get salt!" Irene chimed in again.

"Maybe I will bring coffee, or maybe meat!" Irvie said joyfully.

Amos frowned at them.

"We'd better go now," he motioned.

"You see, it's just a present Father John is giving us, because my mother is sick," he explained gravely. "And father promised him not to go to the saloon any more."

"Why, that's just fine!" cried Rosemary, dashing a sudden mist from her eyes.

She stooped to hug Irene impulsively, with a sidewise glance at Daddy Dean, who stood gaping, his eyes fairly bulging with amazement.

Amos hurried his brother along the path, Rosemary following, with her arm about Irene.

"Now be sure and stop, dearies! I'll have a big bouquet for you," she promised, as they scampered up the street in great glee.

Daddy Dean was grimly snipping at his hedge when Rosemary came back. She hesitated a moment; then, as he did not turn, she went through into her own yard and began to cut some of her best flowers.

"I better bring a basket fer ye," Daddy finally offered, clearing his throat with effort.

"That would be a capital idea," agreed Rosemary.

When Daddy returned with the basket, she saw it was half-filled with crisp vegetables, topped by two boxes of his choicest strawberries.

"O Daddy, that's just splendid! I'll go home with the children and tell Mrs. Fisher you sent them. I'm sure she'll be delighted."

"Never mind," stammered Daddy, awkwardly. "You might tell her to hev Amos come over in the mornin'. There's always some stuff going to waste they could use," he offered, shambling back to his work, and muttering something about having been mistaken in regard to Father John Halter. And, somehow, now the snipping appeared to be less vengeful.

Rosemary watched him a moment, then turned and smiled discreetly into the lilac bush.

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"ALL work, life, suffering, thoughts and affections are social service or dis-service." Hope lies in the fact that the world is sick of seeking distraction from the realities of life, and is asking why life should not be a joy in itself. Only those who have abandoned thought of their own luxury and ease find serenity in quiet, steady activity outside the welter of unrealities.—*Anon.*



## About Doles.

BY E. BECK.

IT has been a not uncommon custom in England for dying persons to leave instructions for money or food to be given to the poor at their funerals. Some, indeed, have provided that such distribution of money or food should take place annually on the anniversary of their death. Among these was one Peter Symonds, a silk mercer of London, who by his will provided that sixty loaves should be given each Whitsuntide to sixty poor persons, and sixty new pennies to sixty poor boys. His desires are yet carried out. In London, too, on each Good Friday, the vicar of the church of St. Bartholomew leaves twenty-one sixpences on a certain grave, and these are picked up by as many poor widows.

For the origin of such customs we must go back to early times. Before the Christian era, feasting at funerals was a common practice with both Greeks and Romans; but a redeeming feature of this usage was soon introduced once Christianity became established. St. John Chrysostom, who died in 407, tells us that "doles were given at funerals to procure the rest of the soul of the deceased"; and in one of the holy Doctor's discourses he says: "Would you honor the dead? Then give alms." Thus, among the early Christians, what had been offensive in the feasting at funerals was done away with, and at length the amount of the charity bestowed on the poor at the funeral of any person was often attached to the person's will. One writer declares that "the feasting soon became of a religious character." The friends and relatives of the deceased person received Holy Communion at the funeral Mass, and a collection of alms was made for the poor. At the meal which followed, ample provision was made for poor widows and orphans.

Among the various bequests made for

charitable purposes in the days when England was Catholic, "the Tichborne Dole" is unique in its origin. Sir Roger de Tichborne, with his wife, the Lady Mabella, lived in the time of the Second Henry, in the fair county of Hampshire. The chroniclers tell us that the good lady was bedridden and crippled for years prior to her decease; but ere her death took place she requested her husband to allow her the means of establishing a dole to be distributed to poor persons on each feast of Our Lady's Annunciation. The knight, relying no doubt on his wife's infirm condition, promised her as much ground as she could walk round while a certain brand of wood burned. The venerable lady was carried by her nurses to a corner of the park and laid on the ground. With a marvellous restoration of strength and agility, she set out on her journey, and ere the billet of wood flickered into ashes she had managed to make a circuit of many goodly acres. This ground, situated in Tichborne Park, bears yet the name of "Crawls," and measures over twenty acres.

Sometimes the alms was given in different fashion. Eleanor, the wife of the Duke of Gloucester, provided that fifteen poor men in gowns and hoods should bear torches at her burial; and, in addition to the clothing, an alms of twenty pounds should be distributed among them. Lady Hungerford, twelve years later, in 1411, appointed poor women to perform a like office at her funeral. Each one was to receive russet cloaks and stockings and shoes.

When England was covered over with convents and monasteries, wayfarers were fed and sped on their journey in such of these as they called at. In the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, the custom is yet preserved, as Anthony Trollope has described in one of his novels. The charity was instituted in King Stephen's reign, and ever since the stranger has only to ask for "the wayfarers' dole" of bread and ale.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*November 9, Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.*

THE recent elevation in rank, by the Holy Father, of this festival gives it precedence of the Sunday Office. We may, therefore, make it the subject of our considerations to-day.

The church known by the various titles of the Lateran Basilica, St. John Lateran, the Basilica of Constantine, the Church of Our Saviour, is first in dignity, not only among the churches of Rome but of the entire world. An inscription on its façade proclaims it: "Mother and Head of all Churches in the City and in the World." The reason is the supreme antiquity of its origin. It was a palace of Constantine the Great, coming to him with his wife, the Empress Fausta. When he became a Christian, he gave the palace to the Popes for a residence, and built a Christian church in a part of it, which Pope St. Sylvester dedicated to God under the title of Our Saviour. In after ages, from further dedications to St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist, it became commonly known as "St. John in the Lateran." It is the Cathedral of Rome and its Chapter takes precedence of the Canons of St. Peter's. On this ninth day of November, in the year 324, the ancient church which stood on the spot occupied by its modern successor received solemn consecration, — the first time in history of the use of that sacred rite.

Every sanctuary built by the hands of men is but a figure and shadow of "the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," as St. John describes it in the Apocalypse. This is the reason why, in the liturgy, the solemn function of the dedication of a material church, and the feast which

commemorates it, point to something beyond the mere stone and marble edifice, and remind us of the consummation in the Eternal Temple of the worship paid here below under the mystic veils of the Sacraments. This also is the reason why we are called upon to regard each consecrated church as "but the symbol of one august temple, the same in all places," as Abbot Guéranger expresses it. These thoughts will help us to enter more fully into the meaning of the liturgical formularies.

The Introit of the Mass repeats those words of Jacob after his vision of the ladder of angels: "Terrible is this place: it is the house of God and the gate of heaven, and shall be called the court of God." The psalm refers to the heavenly temple as well as to that of earth. "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

The Collect, while it thanks God for life and health to celebrate each year the sacred rites of religion, prays that our petitions made in God's consecrated dwelling may be heard and granted. "O God, who dost renew to us every year the day of the consecration of this Thy holy temple, and dost ever bring us again in safety to the holy mysteries, graciously hear the prayers of Thy people, and grant that whoever enters this temple to implore blessings may rejoice in having obtained all his requests."

For the Epistle is read a lesson from the Apocalypse descriptive of the New Jerusalem, the "bride adorned." It celebrates the glories of the Christian Church: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men; and He shall dwell with them; and they shall be His people, and God Himself with them shall be their God."

The Gradual is not from any particular portion of Scripture, although it seems suggested by Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple. "This place was made by God. . . O God, before whom stands the choir of angels,



graciously hear the prayers of Thy servants." The Alleluia verse is from Psalm cxxxvii: "I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and I will give glory to Thy name."

The Gospel describes Our Lord's interview with Zacheus the publican, and His intimation of abiding that day in his house,—making it His own.

The Offertory verse is David's thanksgiving for having been privileged to collect materials for the building of the temple: "O Lord God, in the simplicity of my heart I have joyfully offered all these things; and I have seen with great joy Thy people who are present. O God of Israel, keep this will!"

The Communion verse assures us from Our Lord's own words of the efficacy of prayer made in a consecrated church: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, saith the Lord." To this the Church has added that other divine promise: "Everyone that asketh therein, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

The application of these formularies needs little explanation. It is well to remind ourselves, however, that the Cathedral of Christendom, where we are bidden to assemble in spirit to-day, may be justly claimed as their mother church by the humblest of Catholics in every land.

—♦♦♦—  
We feel Christ speaking to us through our consciences and hearts; and we fancy He is assuring us we are His true servants, when He is but calling us to receive Him. Let us not be content with saying, "Lord, Lord," without 'doing the things which He says.' The husbandman's son who said, "I go, sir," yet went not to the vineyard, gained nothing by his fair words. One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge.—*Newman*.

## From the Gates of Death.

### I.

THE doctor had just been there, and had told her—or rather, lacking courage, he had requested the Sister in charge to tell her—that only a second operation would give her even a chance for life. The tears forced themselves from her eyes as she lay there trying to accustom herself to the one alternative or the other. She was, comparatively speaking, young, and only five years before had been enacted the little drama of her courtship and marriage. She recalled it all,—how she had first seen the gallant young soldier in his uniform, as he marched along, with his regiment of Scottish Highlanders. He had looked toward her,—only a glance, but that had been sufficient.

She was just nineteen, and, in her circle of friends and boy admirers, had been reckoned pretty. She had worn that day a sprigged muslin dress, and in her hair and at her belt were some roses from her own garden. Pink was so becoming to her! It had captivated the soldier, who had seemed to her a splendid figure, in his brilliant uniform. He had come to see her. There had been a short courtship. Her parents made no objection; for this young corporal, who was then stationed in Montreal, was a good Catholic, a young man of excellent reputation, and, having some small private means, was able in a humble way to support a wife. How happy had they been, walking in the summer lanes up there where the city was then country-like, and the sweet briar and wild honeysuckle perfumed the air! Their children—Mary and Edward and Jeannie—had been a blessing to them. And now!

She covered her head with the clothes and sobbed in a weak, pitiful way. She was thin and worn, and the roses in her cheeks had paled, and her hair was growing gray in streaks. But Angus still

loved her, and, O God, if she must leave him and their children! Human agony was rending her very heart.

The door opened very gently. It was a semi-private ward in which she lay, of which just then she was the only occupant. Sister Emelie entered, her bright face and black eyes framed in the close-fitting white linen band, under a black cap of the Sister of Charity of Providence. How cheerful, how good-humored, how serenely happy was that face!

"How goes it now?" the religious asked, in her soft French accents.

"It's too hard, Sister,—it's too hard!" the patient murmured.

The Sister, for answer, raised the silver cross that rested upon the little black cape of her religious habit, and held it to the woman's lips.

"The cross, the cross, and always the cross in this life!" she said, the tears gathering in her eyes and falling down her cheeks.

"But, dear, when we accept it, there is peace, and in the next life the crown!"

The woman, after a slight effort, pressed her pale lips to the burnished metal, as it shone in the descending sun. The Sister wiped away the woman's tears, and gently bathed the wasted face. Then she said:

"I am going to tell you something. That was a cruel sentence of the doctor this morning. You should have many years of life before you, to live for the dear husband and children. But I want you to say with me (it is your beautiful Irish expression): 'Welcome be the holy will of God!'"

The blood rushed into the sufferer's pale face. All the agony of her heart, which seemed at that moment more acute than the pain of her body, was concentrated in the pitiful look of the dark eyes.

"O Sister dear, I'll try," she said,—  
"I'll try. I'll put it all in the hands of God."

The Sister bent still nearer her:

"Welcome be the holy will of God!"

Faintly the voice repeated after her

the words that seemed to sound her death-warrant. Then the Sister sat down beside the bed, and took the patient's hand.

"I am going to tell you something. You have seen the picture of our Mother Foundress?"

"Yes, and I saw herself once, when I was a slip of a girl," the woman said, the voice sounding fainter and more faint.

"Well," continued the religious, "you can understand, then, that she was kind. She had a heart for human suffering, and she has been making cures lately. You and I shall make a novena, through her, to Our Lady of the Seven Dolors. I will ask the Sisters to join."

The first gleam of hope, like the sun piercing the gloom of a foggy day, lighted the patient's countenance. She remembered the face of the Mother Foundress,—tender, sympathetic, alight with divine charity.

"I will ask the doctor to wait a few days for the operation," said the Sister, "till we have consulted the good Mother. If it be for your good, she will help and if not, oh, she will give you kind welcome over there,—you, from the dear city that she loved so much."

The operation was postponed, though the doctor informed them that it must not be delayed too long.

"I could not consent to the delay, Sister, only that it matters very little. It is one chance in a hundred. I have prepared her husband to expect her death."

"And how does he take it?"

"Heartbroken, poor fellow! He sobbed like a child, and began to talk about the motherless little ones that would be left. It's a sad case."

"And you, Doctor,—you think it is hopeless?"

"Most decidedly, without the operation, to which the patient has such a repulsion. And even the operation is just the barest chance."

"I have a better remedy," thought the



Sister, hastening off to the chapel, to pray herself and cause the Sisters to pray. There in the dim light before the Tabernacle, there before the picture of Our Lady of Dolors that had witnessed the first prayers of the foundress and her companions, something must be done.

## II.

It was a few days later that the doctor, making his rounds, declared that the operation should be delayed no longer, since the patient was growing weaker, as well as suffering a great deal.

"Prepare everything for to-morrow," he concluded.

"It shall be done," replied the Sister, saying within herself: "To-morrow is the last day of the novena. After Mass and Holy Communion our dear Mother will be there. But I shall do as the doctor orders: I will make the preparations."

There was a smile upon her face as she set about the task; and every once in a while she looked over to where the patient was dozing with a fever flush on her cheeks; or, when awake, staring with dull, hopeless eyes, in which was visible a terrible fear of the morrow.

"Repeat once more our little prayer," the Sister reminded her.

"Holy Mother Foundress, pray that God may be glorified through me!"

In the morning the community Mass and Holy Communion were offered for that intention, which had moved all that little world to its depths. The morning sun was coming in at the window; the air was stirring all things with its soft breath, and playing amongst the maple trees that shaded the street without.

The chaplain, after Mass, proceeded to administer Holy Communion to the patient. The hot wax from the tapers mingled with the resinous smell of a pine tree outside the window. In the corridor, a tall soldier was pacing up and down in an agony of suspense. He had just said what the doctor warned him might be a perpetual farewell to his wife. Sister Emelie approached him just as the doctor

passed in to make his final examination.

"My poor man," she said,—“my poor man, have courage! There is some one who is going to help us.”

Mechanically the man smiled in answer to that smile, but in his heart hope was well-nigh dead. At that instant, however, the Sister heard the doctor within the room excitedly calling her; and with his voice another seemed to mingle. Hastily, she crossed the threshold. The doctor was fairly stupefied; for there was the patient sitting up in bed, laughing and crying with joy!

"There will be no operation," the doctor pronounced sententiously; "for she is completely cured. She has been brought back to life."

Sister Emelie, without a word save a joyous "Thank God!" hastened with flying steps, her religious gravity for the moment forgotten, to where she found the tall soldier sobbing his heart out.

"Come!" she said,—“come quick!”

"My God," he murmured, "it is the end! You are bidding me to be present at her death!"

The Sister led him to the door of the room, on the threshold of which stood the doctor, smiling. She thrust the tall Highlander in, and shut the door; and, having accepted the congratulations of the doctor on the success of her plan, and the assurance that he could indeed give his testimony that a wonderful cure had taken place, Sister Emelie flew to the superior with the good news. From end to end of the little hospital, mingling with the soft voice of the breeze in the maple trees, went the murmur:

"Vive, Mother Foundress! Blessed be the Holy Name of God, who has glorified His servant!"

And at the first convenient moment chaplain, Sisters, and such patients as were able, repaired to the chapel for a *Magnificat* and *Te Deum*.\*

\* See the Life of Mother Gamelin for an account of this cure, wrought at St. Joseph's Hospital, Montreal.

### The Ideal Home.

A BLEND of patriotic interest with religious instruction gives high value to the following passage from a recent pastoral by Bishop Keiley, of Savannah. How does it happen, one is inclined to ask in an aside, that just this note is so often and so happily struck by our Southern rather than by our Northern churchmen? Perhaps because patriotism in the South has not yet become politics; perhaps because the North has moved fast and far from certain ideals still cherished below the Line. At any rate, Catholics generally, be they of North or South, will appreciate the wholesomeness of the Bishop's advice; for it is based on those unchanging principles of our religion which know no limit of time or space in their application.

"More than twenty years ago," writes Bishop Keiley,—

I sat beside Georgia's brilliant son, Henry Grady; and in response to many requests that he should say a few words, he excused himself on the plea of having just returned from a tiresome journey; but, after repeated demands, he said: "I was in Washington, D. C., a few days ago; and, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, I pointed to the Capitol and said to a friend: 'There is to my mind the grandest and most sublime building in the world! I suppose that architects could find some flaws in its construction and plans, and I suppose that men who have travelled would tell me of other buildings in other lands which are more beautiful; but to me it makes sublime appeal. Under that grand dome meet the chosen representatives of seventy-five millions of the freest people under God's sun, to make laws to protect and extend that freedom; and thence they stretch out a welcoming hand to the millions, who in other lands groan under oppressive laws or yet more oppressive conditions, inviting them to come here and enjoy the blessings of life, liberty, and happiness under our free institutions. There, it seems to me, is the embodiment of our liberty and the hope of our country.'

"I came back to my Georgia home; and the next day I went to visit my aged mother, and on the way I spent a night with an old schoolmate of mine. After supper we sat by the fireside, and talked of old times and

old friends until the clock struck nine; and promptly on the stroke all became silent, while the old father of my friend opened the Holy Scriptures and read for us our Saviour's beautiful Sermon on the Mount. As he closed the book he knelt, and we with him, and recited slowly and reverently the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished he said a short prayer, begging God's choicest blessings on his children and on the friend who was with them. As my friend showed me to my room and left me there, I said to myself: 'No, it is not the Capitol at Washington, but this home and thousands of homes like it where the name of God is invoked and His mercy sought, that are the guarantee and the hope and the support of our land; there lie the safety and the promise of our freedom.'

Henry Grady was not a Catholic, but he recognized a fundamental truth—a truth as beautiful as fundamental,—that a Christian home and Christian influence are the only safeguards of our republic, the bulwark of our free institutions and of our civilization. And the Christian home is the one where father and mother teach their children, by word and example, to love and serve and fear God. But for us it is something more: it is the home where the holy law of God is taught and kept; where due reverence is paid His holy Name; where the love of God is taught, and where His abundant mercies are proclaimed; where the practice of virtue is made easy by the daily sight of its observance; where every care is taken to shield the child from wrong; where father and mother kneel with the little ones and pray for light, blessing and guidance and mercy; where the law of God and the precepts of Mother Church are a sweet and cheerfully borne yoke; where the Sunday Mass finds all reverently assisting; where frequent Communion is a recognized duty and a blessed privilege; where the blessed name of the Immaculate Mother of God is night and morning invoked, and her intercession asked; where children are taught to avoid sin because it offends so good a God, who has loved men so much as to die for them. There is a truly Catholic home, and there is being laid surely and carefully the foundation of a spiritual edifice full of high promise and noble proportion sure to realize, under God's gracious help, a truly Catholic character. Such a home is truly the vestibule of heaven.

The entire pastoral is conceived and written in this vein, breathing apostolic zeal and high patriotism in every line. It is a document to ponder and praise and grow thankful for.



## On a Notable Anniversary.

IT is the exception rather than the rule with the best of American papers to notice the anniversaries of illustrious men. Not so with the English press, which takes occasion of such anniversaries to pay tribute to the subjects of them, and to recall their services to humanity. *Apropos* of the recent, seventeenth anniversary of the death of Pasteur, the London *Times* had a notable article, in which his name is linked with that of Lister, another benefactor of humanity. "To think of Pasteur is to think also of Lister."—"That is certainly so," comments the *Tablet*; "for Lister said again and again that he got his inspiration from Pasteur,—that he had been on the wrong track until Pasteur 'threw a flood of light' on the right one." In 1860 Pasteur established once and for all the principles of aseptic surgery. In 1865 came Lister's first use of carbolic acid. The last meeting of these two great men was on the occasion of Pasteur's jubilee. "Thanks to you," asserted Lister, "there has been a revolution in surgery which has taken away its terrors." Humanity, says the *Times*, will continue to salute Lister; "but Pasteur must be included in the salutation."

"But to think of Pasteur is to think of something more than his association with Lister," adds the *Tablet*.

When, seventeen years ago, Pasteur ended his great career by a death full of pain, yet full of peace, France recognized that she lost in him not merely a man of genius, but one endowed with the intimate domestic virtues which add to the lustre of even such a reputation as his. His career is easily divisible into two parts. The earlier was all unquestioned discovery, acclaimed success, and admired beneficence. He healed the flocks and herds of France. He saved the life of the silkworm; that little spinner lived to spin the innumerable threads of a national industry. He saved the spoiling wine-bins of the South. To no other did the France of peace and the peasant owe so much. But over the last twenty years of that courageous life a very war of

controversies has raged. He did the things just named. But has he safeguarded men, women, and children from the worst of deaths? There is no one bold enough to answer. Admiring nations cover their uncertainty by increasing the rhetoric of their enthusiasm. The temperate phrase of certainty is impossible; therefore the exaggerated phrase is used, to very weariness. But that Pasteur fought hydrophobia, whether he beat it or not, is admitted. As a discoverer, he is among the immortals. The spectroscope and the germ theory have altered two sciences in our time, and the germ theory is due to his genius.

But we do not end here. The scientific men of France are not always to be found among the sons of the Church. Perhaps Pasteur himself was not wholly in sympathy with little movements on the surface of French Catholicism; and that he did not repeat the shibboleths of some of the journalists is probable enough, since he was from time to time the object of their criticism. But Pasteur did not depute to writers, however zealous after their own kind, the custody of his conscience; nor did he accord to the fashions of the moment, however much they suited others, a conformity which would have been in him only an insincerity. Such a movement as that for the building of the Church of the National Vow, at Montmartre, had, of course, his homage, and his name was on the list of its first founders.

When Pasteur came to London, a few years before his death, he had a great reception at the Medical Congress. But delighted as he was with the enthusiastic sympathy of his English colleagues in the art of healing, he was still more delighted by the opportunity he then had of sitting at a banquet beside Cardinal Manning. That was a banquet, one of the few of his life, which the Cardinal looked back upon with equanimity—with something more. There were many things akin between those two great men, utterly divided as were their interests, their methods, their measurements perhaps of what was very worth while. But there was the true note of Manning in a saying of Pasteur's in advanced years. He said that what he hoped soon to attain to was—the faith of the Breton peasant. And then, as a further advance, he might hope to achieve—the faith of the Breton peasant's wife.

Thus does the London *Tablet* touch upon all notable anniversaries, reminding its readers of what best deserves remembrance in connection therewith, and often recalling interesting circumstances of which many persons have no knowledge.

### Notes and Remarks.

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About a year ago we gave praise to a police magistrate of Kansas City who had adopted the plan of allowing poor men arrested for petty crimes, especially fathers of families, to pay their fines in weekly instalments instead of sending them to the workhouse. It is gratifying to learn that the experiment has proved entirely successful. Besides being a great saving to the city, it enables a large number of men to escape degradation; and, if they are married, to protect their families from dishonor and privation. The plan is so simple and humane as to commend it to general acceptance. Indeed it is strange that it was not thought of long ago. Honor to the magistrate who inaugurated it, and, in spite of opposition, has proved its practicality.

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The unfaithful saying, "One religion is as good as another," is answered at some length in a recent sermon printed in a number of our exchanges. We can not help thinking that the briefer all such answers are, the better; in fact, the brevity of the saying itself accounts for the frequency of its repetition. One religion *would be* as good as another if all religions were equally good. There is only one perfect religion, the notes of which are unmistakable. The fragments of Christianity existing outside of the Church are all good, but they are only good fragments. As a rule, those who assert that one religion is as good as another are ignorant about all religions and do not practise any.

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A Catholic travelling man writes to the *Sacred Heart Review* as follows on the matter of the Church's hold of the "common people":

If that Protestant gentleman who thinks that our Church does not attract the working people could have seen what I did on the last holyday, he would change his mind. I got in on an early train, and I went to six-o'clock

Mass in a big church. My watch was fast, and I got there just as the first Mass was over. I stood to one side in the vestibule, and in a minute the three doors swung open and out came the people. I never before saw so many men in uniform at a service in church. First, out hurried an officer, helmet in one hand, brushing his knees with the other; then street-car men—motormen and conductors,—hastening to their work or their homes (one motorman had seven stripes on his sleeve,—evidently his service was faithful to God and man). Letter-carriers, messengers, laborers in the city works, mingled in the throng; a group of nurses going on duty ran down the steps, not a moment to spare, but apparently happy at having heard Mass; other nurses, tired from the long night vigil, turned their steps toward home or hospital; a doctor or two, bag in hand, came out; a few night men on the daily press, their papers sticking out of their pockets; a messenger boy, sleepy-eyed and hair on end; a touring party in the rough dress of the road, making an early start; night-watchmen; and a host of other workers, men and women—from young beginners to the old and decrepit,—beginning the round of a new day after obeying the command of the Church to hear Mass.

And this was not on a Sunday, but on a weekday. A sight like that is beyond the power of words to tell what a hold the Church has on the "common people."

'It is a picture to pause over, and a reality over which to bless God. One of the prettiest aspects of the entire scene is the unconsciousness of the figures in it that they were doing anything out of the ordinary,—that they were weaving lilies into cloth of gold.

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Pseudo-scientists who deplored, and deplore, Sir Oliver Lodge's recent denunciation of the purely material concept of life, will feel their displeasure aggravated by this declaration of another distinguished authority in the scientific world, Sir William Ramsay:

I want to say to the students of theology: Do not be afraid of the supernatural. When I was a young man, just entering the University, I began with the firm determination that I would not accept anything which I did not understand. If you follow this course, you will soon discover one important fact—and that is what a big fool you are. We are surrounded with things which we can not understand, and our



chief difficulty is to find anything which we do understand. The miraculous is not the non-intelligible: it is merely the unfamiliar. Who will say that a thing is impossible simply because he is unfamiliar with it? The more we study, the better we see that there is one principle on which everything else is based. It is the principle that God is.

Sir William's immediate audience was a body of students at a Biblical institute; but his words may well be taken to heart by the man in the street—and, unfortunately, by the occasional man in the pulpit as well.

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Described by the editor of the *Christian Work and Evangelist*, in which periodical his jeremiad appears, as "one of the best-known Protestant pastors in Germany," a writer draws a "deadly parallel" between the condition of the Protestant religion and Catholicity in the Fatherland. The parallel is mortal in this way, that at every point of comparison it is demonstrated that the Protestant strength and prestige are waning, and the Catholic power and influence on the increase. The article is the more remarkable in that it displays no rancor over the success in the one case, but only regret for failure in the other. We quote:

Wherever we turn, we find visible proof of the activity and living growth of German Catholicism. A fortnight ago at Metz, in Lorraine, the Clerical Ultramontanes held their annual congress, and never before was there so much enthusiasm displayed, or were such glowing accounts rendered of progress all along the line of the Church's efforts. Prince and peasant, cardinal and deacon, rich and poor, were alike filled with a zeal and a belief in the destiny of their Church wholly unknown in Protestant Germany. When we turn to the outward and visible signs of progress, to numbers and results, what do we find? A few details will make clear the reasons which lie at the bottom of Catholic hopefulness and Protestant depression.

Taking the entire population of the Empire, the census returns show that Catholicism is growing more rapidly than Protestantism, that the faith of Rome absorbs a greater share of the increasing population than the faith of Luther. In the great Catholic fastness of Bavaria and the Rhenish provinces, Luther-

anism has failed in its attacks on Rome; while in the hitherto exclusively Protestant regions, like Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and Brandenburg, we find the proportion of Catholics steadily mounting. In the question of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants, the number of persons born in the Church of Rome who embrace the faith of the Reformation is hardly noticeable, while in the vast majority of such mixed marriages the Protestant man or woman either becomes wholly neutral or embraces Rome. That the children of such mixed marriages become Catholics goes without saying.

Our hope is that all of this is strictly true (and we have no reason to doubt it), particularly the reference to the happy result of mixed marriages; for good coming out of that evil is not among ordinary things to be looked for.

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From a letter contributed to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* by Fr. Hugonard, O. M. I., of St. Boniface, Manitoba, we quote this interesting extract:

The school of Qu'Appelle is the largest Indian school in Canada. It now has 250 scholars. The girls, numbering 140, learn not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and English, but also all kinds of household work under the direction of the Sisters. In addition to the ordinary school matter, the 110 boys learn carpentry, agriculture, smith-work, painting, tinning, baking, shoe-making, etc. We take the children as soon as we can get them, from the age of six years, and we keep them until they are eighteen. . . . When the boys are eighteen years old, they return to their reservation; and, with the assistance of the Government agent, who lends or gives them oxen and agricultural instruments, they cultivate a field of 75 acres; they also build a house. The following year they come to choose a companion from the girls of the school. The marriage is solemnized. We have thus united as many as six couples in the same ceremony.

It is a commonplace among American visitors to Canada that the handling of her Indian problem approximates an adequate solution much more closely than our own system.

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A member of the theatrical profession, who has no wish to advertise herself, is fond of telling her friends how she recovered a valuable and much-prized piece

of jewelry, of which she was mysteriously robbed some years ago during a visit to Paris. The matter was promptly reported to the chief of police; but, as nothing ever came of all the efforts that were made to recover the property, it was finally regarded as an irretrievable loss. The owner was, therefore, no less surprised than gratified to learn from the head of a detective agency in the French capital that her jewelry had been found, and awaited her application for it. It had been sent to him by post, with an anonymous letter, which read in part as follows: 'Here is the butterfly of which Madame — was robbed. It has been in my possession all this time. I had the weakness to steal it, and soon afterward started for America. During the voyage the ship encountered a terrible storm. Fearful of the danger to which we were exposed, and of the greater one of dying in sin, I made a vow to restore the jewels to their owner. This I now do through you.'

The cynic would, of course, express astonishment that the thief's remorse did not pass with the storm. But there are thieves and thieves, and restitution of ill-gotten goods is much more common than is generally supposed.

An unsigned article in a recent issue of the *Republic*, of Boston, entitled "The Catholic Woman of the Future," must be from the pen of a woman, so intimate and complete is its knowledge, so stern and so deserved are its strictures on present-day conditions. The following paragraph is developed at length, and we reproduce it to show the trend of the writer's argument; but the real point and highest value of the article is in the passage with which it closes. Here is the analysis briefly put:

The old chivalry is dead. Modern economics began its destruction. Modern philosophy completed it. Woman is forced by the greed of man out of her home into the workshop and office. The mask of the gallant male of the last century is cast aside, and now it makes no difference if the girl is young, immature, and unsophisticated. She has no alternative but to meet men on what

they call an "equal basis." She is working with them and as they work; hence she must be as they are, asking no quarter because of her womanhood. That is the rule of the business world; although, thank God, there are still men left who can and do play a fair game, even with a woman.

The writer concludes as follows:

It is within the power of Catholic women, as it never was before, to institute reforms that have been until now the dreams of saints and philosophers. And it will depend largely on their solid Catholic education as to whether or not they will see their wonderful opportunity; and, when they see it, will have the courage to seize it.

In the Catholic high schools and colleges lie the means to this great end. There the Catholic girl will not be despoiled of her cleanliness of mind and her poetry of life by the study of sex hygiene before her maturity. There she will not be taught the necessity of eugenics or the necessity of divorce. But she will leave the convent with a beautiful soul and a level head. She will know how to avoid the confusion of issues. She will believe in equal suffrage, because equal suffrage will have become a fact. But she will also believe that the right to vote has brought a heavy responsibility; and that upon her lies the saving of souls, not by her "ladylike manner" alone, but by the wisdom of faith and the strength of a safely trained intellect.

Just as a variation from the interminable denouncing of the tariff and economic conditions generally as being the causes of the admittedly high cost of living, fathers of families might do worse than proffer to their better halves the following bit of information afforded by Mr. Winters, chief of the works department of London:

The middle-class housewife seems to consider it an insult to the members of her family if she has not a goodly quantity of "waste" food left over after each meal, to show that she has been liberal in serving. And, strangely enough, the women in the working-class districts are just as careless as their sisters in the richer homes.

In line with the statement is the assertion of a widely known London practitioner:

The food waste which occurs in the average household would, in nearly all cases, reduce the food bill in the home by a quarter, if the original supplies were bought and used intelligently. A French family would live — and



live well—for half a week on the scrapings of a middle-class English family of equivalent size.

American families are presumably not more saving than are English ones; and it may well be that the species of economy really accountable for much of the increased cost of living is, not political, but domestic economy.

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How a corporal work of mercy may readily take on the reality of a spiritual one—how “visiting the sick” may also be the “admonishing of the sinner” (a tactful, perhaps even a reticent admonishing)—is well set forth in one of Father Elliott’s inspiring papers, “All Alone with the Missionary.” Speaking of the good that may be done by visiting one’s sick friends—or enemies,—he writes:

The worst sinners we have ever known have thus been saved,—the priest presently called in spontaneously, the Sacraments received with overflowing fervor. Before illness, defiant and scoffing; after the visits of a true friend and his bedside talks, the sick man’s heart is gradually melted with true contrition, and finally is radiant with Heaven’s beams of holy hope.

The sermons of mighty preachers often fail to move sinners to repentance. Sinners in the flush of health are too often either habitual procrastinators, or open scoffers in the face of the divine warnings. But a sinner stricken down by the hand of God and fast bound to a sick bed is already half penitent, and nothing finishes the work of salvation so effectually as a devout friend’s visits and conversation.

An apostolate within the scope of every practical Catholic, and one not less meritorious than the conversion of heretics or pagans.

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“Just what measure of freedom has been granted to the American Negro?” was the question asked the other day in an address by Judge Kavanagh, of Chicago. And the speaker thus answered his own inquiry:

Not a large one. He is unable to engage in any wage-earning employment which can be filled by a white man. There is not a great store that dares to employ a Negro behind its counter. There is not a street-car company that dares to put a Negro conductor on one of its cars. Let a Negro get employment as a bricklayer,

carpenter, electrician or clerk, on equal terms with white employees, and the white men will quit work as surely and as quickly as if a fearful plague had attacked the place. I want you men to put yourselves and your families in the place of the decent, honorable, high-minded Negro and his family. The time has come when the big-hearted men and women of the country must do something in this matter.

Judge Kavanagh’s appeal is quite in line with the written and spoken words of another Irish-American a quarter of a century ago—John Boyle O’Reilly, who in turn reproduced the spirit of Edmund Burke:

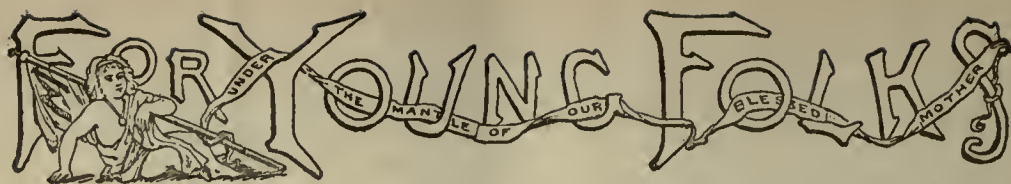
Races and sects were to him a profanity:  
Hindoo and Negro and Kelt were as one.

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Not all the protests against introducing eugenics and sex hygiene into the American school come from Catholics. Protestant publicists, physicians, and clergymen are to be found among the vigorous opponents of such action. One non-Catholic philosopher, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, discusses the matter in “A Plea for the Younger Generation.” He would have the preceptors of youth old-fashioned enough to permit their charges to have the benefit of that divine inspiration which made it possible for their forefathers to build up this great country.

Put God back into your schools, I beseech you, you scientists and teachers and professors; and when you teach boys and girls the facts you hide behind the high-sounding names Sex Hygiene and Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, begin with the story of the Christ-Child and end with the description of the weeping Mother at the foot of the Cross. Don’t teach sex hygiene by drawing analogies between human nature and that of the animals, and thus send boys and girls loose upon the world to imitate the animals if they choose.

The lamentable conditions which the eugenists and sex-hygienists seek to improve by their additional instruction in matters sexual, would never have arisen had religion, the only solid basis of morality, not been banished from the “little red schoolhouse” of the last century and the overgrown high-schools and academies of the present one.



## The Blast in the Quarry.



ELL, boy, what are you doing here?"

"I am come to work, Mr. Perrin."

"To work in the quarry,—a kid of your size!" said the foreman. "How old are you?"

"I was twelve last St. Michael's Day. Here's a letter that my father gave me for you, sir."

And the boy handed the foreman a sheet of soiled paper on which were scrawled a few crooked lines.

"Well, my lad," said the foreman when he had read the message, "your father says you are willing enough. So we'll strike the iron while 'tis hot. You know what this quarry work is. We drill holes in this freestone, blast off great blocks of it, break these blocks with the hammer into pieces about as big as my fist; and then, when there's a barrow full of pieces, wheel it to the pile there alongside the road. You're too young yet to manage a drill, but you can do the rest of it. Here's a hammer. Set to work at this block, and show us what you can do."

The other quarrymen had stopped work, and were looking at the new arrival with some curiosity.

"'Tis old Dan Gigout's boy," said the foreman. "It seems that love of the trade runs in the family. Accidents don't cure them of their liking for it."

"He must have considerable nerve," remarked one of the men, "to send his boy where he himself lost his arm."

Old man Gigout had indeed, as Perrin reminded them, been in his time a stone-cutter and quarryman. He was an active and robust workman. One day, however, a premature explosion had wounded him

so badly that the surgeons had to amputate his right arm. His story, after the accident, was rather sad. Incapable of working at his trade, he had applied for assistance of some kind or other to a cousin of his, Jean Gigout, who was wealthy and could easily have helped him. This cousin, although the son of a poor farmer, had done so well at school that he won a scholarship in the central college, where he also succeeded; and at present he held an important position in the administration department of the government railways. During the winter he lived in Paris; but he had bought a chateau in his native province, and went there every year to spend the summer. This fine residence was not very far from Daniel Gigout's cottage. Once he got rich, however, Jean Gigout dropped all relations with his needy cousin.

When Daniel wrote to him, after the loss of his arm, Jean read the letter carelessly and did not even answer it. The poor relation was too proud to write a second time; so he retired to a small farm, scarcely bigger than a garden, and lived there miserably with his wife and children. Our young quarryman, Michael, was only a little fellow at the time, and he had not heard this story. He knew only that he was related to the owner of the chateau, and the knowledge rather astonished him. Of late years, while passing the chateau, he had often seen, through the park fence, a little girl four or five years old, engaged in play; and one day he asked his father:

"Is that my cousin?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But don't you ever stop to speak to her. Her father has used me badly, and we are not on good terms."

Michael asked no further questions, though he thought it too bad he could



not talk to his pretty little cousin.

The Gigout farm was not far from Gérardmer, in the Vosges, about half a mile from the quarry to which, every morning now, Michael proceeded in order to help support the family. He soon began to like the work, so different from what he had been doing on the farm; and, as he was always ready to help the others, he became quite a favorite.

"Well, young man," said Perrin one day, "I see you're not afraid of work, and I'll congratulate your father when I meet him. By the way," he continued, "they're going to set off a blast pretty soon. Lookout for it, for your father lost his arm through one of them."

Michael looked out and closely watched the whole procedure. He saw the engineer preparing the cartridges full of giant powder, and then placing them away down in the holes that had been drilled. A kind of trumpet, that they called a siren, was blown loudly several times, to warn folks of the coming explosion, and those who were passing on the road hastened away. Then one of the men lit a slow match, and, turning about, ran back from the boulder. There was a moment's silence, and then with a very loud noise the rock went up in the air and came down in a shower of stones and gravel and sand.

Michael was delighted. After that, the sound of the siren was his signal for a rest and some fun. 'Twas the only time he rested while the others were working; but the foreman good-naturedly allowed him to watch all the explosions at his ease. He installed himself comfortably in a sheltered position, where he could see everything without any risk of being hurt, and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

The spring months passed and summer was reigning in the district of the Vosges. One pleasant afternoon the engineer made his appearance at the quarry and began the usual preparations for blasting. Michael watched him once more, and, this time, with a sort of envy, and a

vague longing to become himself an engineer when he grew up.

Soon everything was ready. The siren sounded, and the workmen scattered, prudently, in all directions. Michael remained closer to the danger line than the others, in order to get the best possible view of the results. There was a last peal of the siren,—a long and shrill one.

"That ought to be enough," said Perrin. "If there's any one near by at present, he must want to get blown up." So saying, he lit the slow match and hurried away.

Just then there was a cry of alarm.

"Look! look!" shouted one of the men, as he pointed toward a large fir tree just above the quarry.

"What is it?" asked Perrin.

"Look behind the tree—a child."

Perrin seized the siren and blew a shriek fierce enough to frighten anybody. A little girl, dressed in white, came from behind the fir, and advanced a step or two toward the quarry. The match was burning pretty close to the end now.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the foreman. "What's to be done?"

Michael, who had been fixing a seat for himself behind a barricade of wheelbarrows, and had paid no attention to what was going on, accidentally glanced at the foreman; and, seeing him white and trembling, looked about in alarm. His eye caught the figure of the little one in white; and, with a prayer to our Blessed Mother, he sprang forward. Passing by the rapidly ending match, he jumped on the very rock that was to be blasted, seized the child in his arms and ran for his life. The little girl, indignant at such rough treatment, protested and struggled; but in an instant Michael disappeared with her behind the trees.

Then came a great roar; there was a blinding flash, some bluish smoke followed; and next was heard the heavy thud of the rock as it fell back to the ground.

"They must be killed!" said Perrin, gravely.

In another moment or two the smoke cleared away, and the two young people were seen. All rushed toward them.

"The child is hurt, I think," said Michael. "A bit of rock struck her hand."

"'Tis nothing," answered Perrin, as he bent down to look. "A mere scratch—"

He stopped abruptly as an elegantly attired gentleman ran forward and, half-laughing, half-crying, pressed Michael to his bosom.

"I saw it all," said this new arrival. "I am the child's father. She wandered away from me as I was reading. When I heard the siren I hastened to find her, and saw her too far off for me to reach her in time. Then I saw her rescued by this boy.—Who are you? What's your name?" he asked the lad, as he still held him in his arms.

Michael, who understood that this was Jean Gigout, blushed and remained silent. Then he saw his father running toward the group. One of the men had hastened to the farmer's cottage with the news before the safety of the children was known: and old Daniel arrived, pale and breathless.

"Where's my boy?" he cried.

When he saw who was holding Michael, however, he drew back a step.

"Jean!" he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

In his turn, the child's father raised his eyes and flushed.

"My cousin!" he murmured. Then, remembering his past conduct, he could scarcely refrain from crying. "I refused you the slightest assistance," he said in a choking voice, "and to-day your son has saved my child's life! Can you ever forgive my baseness?"

"Give me your hand," replied Daniel.

Clever boys and girls do not need to be told any more, except that little Marguerite, who had been rather overlooked during all this scene, concluded that it was time for her importance to be asserted. Taking Michael by the hand, she said:

"You saved me, and I love you."

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XX.—A VISITOR.

SCARCELY had the house settled down again to its normal calm after the departure of James Forrester, when one day Selma tapped at Mrs. Seymour's door to tell her that a lady was waiting in the drawing-room. Meantime Alice, who had been out for a car drive with her brother, returned home; and, seeing the drawing-room door open, entered. She paused, astonished, just beyond the threshold; for there she saw a lady whose costume was entirely of gray, relieved by white ruchings at the neck and sleeves. Her face was fresh-colored, with dark hair and eyes, and pervaded by a subdued melancholy, that somehow seemed as though it had not always been its dominant expression.

Alice was bound by a mysterious magnetism that prevented her from stirring, and for an instant felt something like a chill of fear. For here at last, in broad daylight, with a sunbeam from the yard falling across her face, was the Quaker lady; and, except that she was younger, she was very much as the child had pictured her. While Alice stood thus irresolute, the figure all at once took life, calling out in a pleasantly modulated tone: "Come here, little girl, and tell me something about yourself."

For the visitor liked what she saw,—the extreme neatness and daintiness of the child, who held her head erect like a little princess, and stared, with wide-open, appealing eyes. Alice politely complied with the visitor's request in so far as her name was concerned, though she did not volunteer any further information.

"Perhaps," said the lady, "you would give me a kiss and sit down here beside me for a little talk."

Though still uneasy, Alice could not well refuse so courteous an invitation.



She sat down on the edge of the sofa, with a feeling that she was, perhaps, in presence of another mystery.

"I am waiting," the lady explained, "for your mother, who will, I hope, be able to see me."

"I think she is in the house," said Alice.

"In that case, no doubt she will come down," remarked the lady, placidly.

There was silence then for a few instants in that room, where the gray and silver of the walls, making a harmony with the rich soft carpet of the same tints, the silver candlesticks on the mantle, and the crystal chandelier, seemed to be a fitting background for the figure that sat upon the high-backed sofa, and bent with amused interest toward the little girl.

Alice, who had been considering her, said suddenly:

"I hope you won't think it rude, but are you a Quaker, please?"

"Why, no, dear!" the lady answered. "What made you think I was?" As Alice was silent, she added quickly: "Oh, yes, I see! The gray dress. That is quite natural."

"I never saw a Quaker," said Alice, disappointedly; "but I would like to see one."

"You dear child!" exclaimed the visitor. "I wonder what has set your mind running on Quakers? But, since it is so, I may tell you that it is in memory of Quakers whom I have known that I wear gray in preference to other colors."

The little girl, after pondering this admission for a moment, volunteered the information:

"Some Quakers used to live in this house."

"Yes, I know, — I know!" the stranger said, turning away her eyes, that had become suffused with tears. There was a pause, unbroken by either; and then the lady asked: "Do you like living here?"

"I like it ever so much," Alice replied; "though I was sorry to come, and I'll always remember our other house."

"Yes," assented the lady, nodding her

head in comprehension; "that is it. People always remember the places where they were young and happy. I am glad you like this house, though," — adding as if to herself, "it is such a dear, dear house!"

But at this juncture Mrs. Seymour appeared, looking very pretty and attractive in a lilac muslin. After the conventional greetings had been exchanged, and the caller had taken one swift, scrutinizing glance at the mistress of the house, who pleased her as much as the daughter had previously done, the visitor said:

"I have just been telling your little daughter that I am glad she likes this house — you all like it, don't you? — because it is the house to which my dearest memories are attached, the place of my great happiness and great sorrow. Everyone has some such place. Don't you think so, Mrs. Seymour?"

Mrs. Seymour smiled that smile of hers that her friends loved, and even strangers found attractive.

"Yes, you are right," she replied in her calm, quiet voice, while her thoughts reverted with a sudden pang to that earlier home that had held her own most intimate joys and sorrows. "Everyone has such a place, and every heart cherishes its little memories. That is part of the pathos of human life, that we attach ourselves so much even to familiar trifles." Then she added presently: "Though you have not yet told me your name, I imagine you are a member of the family who formerly lived here."

"I should have explained that before," said the other; "because, as you will see, it is my excuse for intruding upon you with my singular request to look at the house." Then she drew in her breath, with a little sighing sound, and said: "You have probably heard of Jerry?"

Mrs. Seymour and Alice assenting in a breath, the visitor went on:

"Well, I am Jerry's wife."

Alice, with her blue eyes distended to

the utmost, wished that Fred had been there, instead of having stayed out longer on the sidewalk.

"In that case," said Mrs. Seymour, with a sympathetic brightening of her whole face, "it will please you, perhaps, to learn that Jerry, as we have come to call him, is a household name here, and a hero to my young people."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the young widow, her face flushing with pleasure. "And believe me he was worthy of the love and admiration of young hearts. Heroic he was in mind and soul, as well as in outward action."

There was a silence in the room that could be felt,—intense, vibrating, as if the pulses of that vanished life were throbbing there.

"You have heard, then, I may suppose, the main incidents of his story?" inquired the stranger.

Mrs. Seymour, who was deeply moved, assented by a gesture.

"His parents being Quakers, they (especially the mother) differed from their son in the idea of duty. To them war was abhorrent; to him it seemed a sacred duty to rally to the defence of his country and the cause of freedom. It almost broke Jerry's heart when his mother refused to see him in his uniform, or even to bid him farewell."

"It must have been cruel, agonizing for them both," put in Mrs. Seymour; "though I have thought chiefly of the poor mother."

"Jerry knew and understood," declared the stranger. "His was a nature large enough and generous enough to realize that the mother-love was not less intense because she acted as she did."

As the tears that rose almost choked the young woman's utterance, she waited a moment for calmness to be restored. When next she spoke, it was with a glance at the Madonna that hung in a conspicuous place upon the wall opposite to an exquisite representation of the Sacred Heart.

"You are Catholics here," she said. "I was glad when I heard that. For perhaps you do not know that Jerry became a Catholic when he married me."

Mrs. Seymour gave an involuntary exclamation:

"How glad I am! How glad my son will be, and little Alice here! But tell me how it was."

"He had always been attracted to the Church. Perhaps the very strictness of the Quaker code in so many points prepared him to accept her discipline. Hasn't some one called the Quakers 'the little brothers of the Papists'?"

"I think I have read so," assented Mrs. Seymour. "It was during some discussion in England, was it not?"

"Well, Jerry became an excellent Catholic; and just before he went to the war, as well as on the field of battle before going into each engagement (so the chaplain wrote me), he received Holy Communion. His last, you know, was at Chancellorsville. Perhaps you have heard?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Seymour, gently. "It was a beautiful story, that last chapter in a beautiful life. But I did not know until you told me that faith had made it more beautiful still."

The stranger was silent a moment, while the tears forced themselves from her bright eyes; and Mrs. Seymour, laying her hand softly upon the other's arm, said:

"There is no cause for mourning in such a death. A boy, a man, who has lived and died like that, a hero at his post, a Christian facing his eternity,—no mother could wish a nobler end for her son."

"That is how I feel," agreed the widow. "And yet the wound in my heart has never entirely healed. On my return from an extended trip abroad, I have come here to-day to ask if you will permit me to go through the house again,—the dear, dear, house."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Mrs. Seymour, in her sweet, gentle voice.



"I myself have to go out for a short while; but in the meantime consider the house your own, and wander about as freely as you please."

The lady reached out her hand and seized that of Mrs. Seymour impulsively, divining that the absence of her hostess was in reality to leave her more free.

"You are so kind!" she murmured.

"And I am going to ask a favor of you," continued Mrs. Seymour. "It is that you will stay and share our evening meal. On account of the children, it is tea instead of dinner. But you will be heartily welcome, and it will be a great pleasure to my husband to make your acquaintance."

The visitor accepted the invitation with the same cordiality with which it was given, and Mrs. Seymour added:

"If the children can be of any use to you, command them. But if you would rather be alone, that is a privilege one prizes, and my girl and boy will understand."

"Perhaps this little one will come with me," said the lady, taking Alice's hand in hers, and holding it.

Mrs. Seymour looked gratified.

"Alice will be a sympathetic little companion in your pilgrimage," she said. "Only don't let her be in the way."

As Mrs. Seymour was going up to dress, and the others were about to make a start, they met Fred in the hall, and Mrs. Seymour introduced him.

"This is my son," she said. "He has taken Mr. Jerry as his hero and, I think, as his model."

"Then perhaps," the lady said, holding out her hand to the boy in her winning way, "you, too, will come with us, and Jerry's widow will show you all those places where he used to play as a boy. That was when I knew him first. We sometimes used to play together."

Fred's cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkled as he answered:

"Oh, thank you!"

The young widow found this noble-

looking boy no less to her taste than the other members of the family; and so the three set off together,—Mrs. Jerry finding nothing irksome in the company of such children as she judged these to be. They left no corner unexplored; they visited every spot, to which was for evermore attached for the children a new and vivid interest.

As the three went up the stairs, Mrs. Jerry caught sight of the oratory which occupied a little alcove.

"Oh," she said, "if you do not mind, we will say a little prayer together for the repose of Jerry's soul, and of that other who, though mistaken, was in good faith, as I believe from the bottom of my heart."

And so the prayer went upward and pierced the veil that shrouded from human sight the son and the mother. Most vividly present to Fred's mind was the gallant figure in blue and gold, leading on the charge; while Alice seemed to see more distinctly the form of the Quaker mother in a gown of misty gray, with snow-white kerchief at her throat.

From that time on many a story enriched the children's repertoire, and lent new value to the spots they visited. Thus in the cockloft they were shown Jerry flying his kite from the skylight and venturing out on the slates of the roof as Fred had desired to do, for the better guidance of his aerial craft. There his father had found him, with glowing cheeks and waving hair; he had nearly lost his foothold, and only by a miracle had escaped from going over the edge. He had been sternly reprimanded, and had given his word never to venture out there again,—a word which he loyally kept, despite all temptation to the contrary.

When in the attic the three pilgrims came to that cupboard above which still lingered in faded letters "Jerry Spencer. His House." The lady, throwing herself down upon her knees before the door, wept long and unrestrainedly, with a passionate whisper, which the children

heard as they softly withdrew into the tool room:

"O Jerry, Jerry, my true, my golden heart!"

When she had become composed again, and was sitting upon a chair which Fred drew up for her, she called the children to her, and told them all sorts of anecdotes of Jerry and his doings there. It seemed as if she could never make up her mind to leave the spot, which seemed to speak so eloquently of that bygone personality. But, tearing herself from it at last by a supreme effort, she accompanied them down through the house, pausing in the room which had once been Jerry's, and which the children felt had lately been profaned by the presence of James Forrester. The lady, though her eyes were suffused with tears, pointed with a smile to the spots upon the carpet where Jerry had been experimenting with chemicals, and recalled how he had taken to heart the mild reproach of his mother, and had set out to repair the damage by his savings, just as Uncle Jim had told them.

In the cellar Mrs. Jerry was able to show them many of that first boy's devices for amusing himself; for, as she explained, his brothers, being older than he, and some of them having left the house, he was obliged to depend for amusement upon himself and a very few children with whom he was permitted to associate. Of these few, the widow herself had been one; and she described how delighted she used to be to come here and play in this big house, where Jerry made all the games so interesting. She had never visited the subcellar. Very likely it had been then, as now, tabooed for children. Fred told her of the fright he had got there by means of that mysterious head. Mrs. Jerry remembered distinctly to have seen that bump, or cast, above the corner cupboard in the library. But she presumed that, having got rather battered and dilapidated, it had been banished to the cellar.

"I can't see why they took it so far," she said thoughtfully, — "unless Jerry had sometime taken it down there in his plays. And yet it seems to me that it was upstairs much later than that."

When the house, as well as the yard, had all been visited, the exploring party repaired to the arbor under the trumpet vine, which the lady particularly desired to revisit. And, sitting there, while the sun of that midsummer day strove in vain to pierce the thick foliage with its arrows, Mrs. Jerry told them of the hopes and dreams that had been dreamed there by that boy of the past; and how, when the rumblings of the Civil War began to shake the country, it was there he had first conceived the desire to become a soldier. This led Alice to reflect that Katherine had been right, after all; though the more practical Willie had rebuked her.

Mrs. Jerry, remaining to tea, spent part of the evening with the elders, and thus formed the first link in a friendship that was long to endure; though they did not at that time realize the precise manner in which she was to be connected with the further fortunes of that house.

(To be continued.)

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### Bertie's Decision.

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BY L. H.

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"I WISH I were that butterfly  
A-sailing through the air—"

Just then a blackbird came along;  
No butterfly was there!

"I wish I were that happy bird  
That flies and hops around—"

Just then an old cat made a spring,  
And feathers strewed the ground.

"I wish I were that squirrel spry  
Upon the old oak tree—"

A hawk flew down and off again:  
A supper fine had he.

"I think I'd rather be myself  
Than anything I see;

And if I had a chance to change,  
I'd just stay only me."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Autumn announcements by Messrs. Methuen include "S. Bernardino of Siena," by A. G. Ferrers; with a chapter on "S. Bernardino in Art," by Julia Cartwright.

—"Prodigals and Sons," John Ayscough's new book, just published by Chatto & Windus, London, is a collection of short stories, all, needless to say, interesting, and charmingly written.

—Preparations are being made for the observance of the bicentenary of Gluck's birth next year. It is proposed gradually to print all his musical and other compositions, also to give performances of his works.

—An edition of Fr. Ernest Hull's little book on "Galileo and His Condemnation" for libraries has been printed on thick paper and bound in cloth, with the contemporary portrait of Galileo as frontispiece.

—In a review of the second volume of Fr. Grisar's work on Martin Luther, the *Athenæum* remarks: "Whatever else he was, Luther was not meek; and we may also admit at once that he was horribly foul-mouthed."

—The attractiveness of Dr. J. J. Walsh's important work, "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries" (the fifth edition of which lately appeared), has been enhanced by numerous excellent illustrations. It is a handsome volume of more than five hundred pages. In reviewing this scholarly work on its first appearance, we expressed regret that the index was not fuller. Usefulness as well as attractiveness should be considered in all such books.

—The *Editio Typica* of the *Ritnale Romanum* is the official liturgical book for the whole Church. The ritual proper is divided into ten parts, subdivided into chapters, in which are found the usual instructions and formulas concerning the administration of the sacraments, various blessings, the order of processions, exorcisms, etc. The second part is an appendix to the Roman Ritual, containing instructions especially for missionaries, and numerous more recent formulas of blessings. The latest decrees are quoted, so that the parish priest is afforded a safe guide in the performance of his sacred functions. There is also a supplement for the United States. The method followed in the arrangement of the subject-matter, and the complete indices, make it easy to find any particular subject without loss of time. This new *Editio Typica* is, therefore, in perfect

harmony with the most recent legislation; and the new additions warrant the new title-page, on which appears the name of Pius X. with that of Benedict XIV. The exterior of the book is worthy of its contents,—a veritable *édition de luxe*, bound in Turkey morocco. Price only \$2.75. Pustet & Co.

—In "Our Lady Intercedes," Miss Eleanor Frances Kelly tells twelve stories, all of which exhibit some interposition of the Blessed Virgin in man's life. Though these short narratives have such obvious moral import, they are not, therefore, dull and unattractive as fiction. Indeed, most of them are full of human interest. Among the best are the opening one, "The Changed Statue," and two others which appeared in *THE AVE MARIA*. Benziger Bros.

—The *Montreal Star* having editorially praised an oldtime novel which fifty years ago, it says, was considered immoral, the editor of the *Casket* rather spoils the point of its contemporary's argument by remarking: "We happen to know of the case of a young man whose career was, to a great extent, ruined by his reading that book; to say nothing of the black and deadly sins he committed. One fact is worth a lot of theories." And one theory which appears to be accepted very generally nowadays is, that because twentieth-century novels, or some of them, are openly and flagrantly indecent, therefore older books once protested against as immoral were really harmless. The difference is, not of vice from virtue, but of greater vice from less.

—Mgr. Benson, whose sermons are as dramatic, not to say romantic, as his novels are apologetic, has lately given us "Paradoxes of Catholicism." (Longmans, Green & Co.) In a brief foreword the author says: "These sermons, (which the following pages contain in a much abbreviated form) were delivered partly in England in various places and at various times, partly in New York in the Lent of 1912, and finally, as a complete course, in the church of S. Silvestro-in-Capite, in Rome, in the Lent of 1913. Some of the ideas presented in this book have already been set out in a former volume entitled 'Christ in the Church.'" The reader will regret only the "abbreviated form" in which the discourses are here found. Had we not learned recently of Mgr. Benson's preaching method, we should regard these sermons rather as tantalizingly incomplete outlines, whose point in some cases seems insufficiently made. But we know that the speaker, as distinct from the

writer, is wont to fill out his mould with an abundance and an aptness of illustration that leaves nothing to be desired. The basic idea of this series is that the contradictions to be found in the Catholic Church are capable of explanation only on the necessary supposition that, like her Founder, she is both divine and human, and become, accordingly, a proof of that supposition.

—We have read with considerable pleasure and, we hope, profit, "Letters to a Layman," an octavo pamphlet of some twenty pages, published ("for private distribution") by the Rev. Edward Flannery, Hazardville, Conn. The letters, eleven in number, are candid, straightforward replies to such common criticisms of the clergy as are oftener heard in colloquies of disgruntled parishioners than in frank discussions between parishioners and pastors. Some of the topics treated are: The Church and Money, Collection Methods, Entertainments and Fairs, Partiality to the Rich, Priests and Trade, the Liquor Question, etc.—topics of perennial interest to laymen and priests. Both classes would be appreciably benefited by a thoughtful perusal of Father Flannery's excellent pamphlet.

### The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"Paradoxes of Catholicism." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.25, net.

"Our Lady Intercedes." Eleanor Frances Kelly. 75 cts.

"A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.

"The Honour of the House." Mrs. Hugh Fraser, J. I. Stahlmann. \$1.30.

"Psalmi Vesperarum." 50 cts.

"The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." René Bazin. \$1.25.

"The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.

"Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways." J. Michael of Coutances. \$1.35.

"Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.

"The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.

"Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.

"The Luck o' Lady Joan." Josephine Daskam Bacon. 50 cts.

"On a Hill." F. M. Capes. 50 cts.

"The Story of Mary Dunne." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"Robert Martin, Substitute Half-Back." Henry Gunstock. 30 cts.

"Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Wagner, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. John Fitzsimons, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. James O'Dougherty, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Cornelius Scannell, diocese of Monterey; and Rev. Placidus Zarn, O. S. B.

Sister Henry Joseph, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. de Chantal (Bourgeois), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Rowan, Mrs. Ellen Z. Happold, Mr. John Carroll, Mrs. Catherine Lyons, Mr. Thomas Brazier, Mr. Thomas Davis, Mr. Leonard O'Hara, Mr. B. J. Gliedt, Miss Mary Cannon, Mr. John Hacker, Mrs. Sarah Donnelly, Mrs. Catherine Dougherty, Mr. Robert Hosty, Mrs. Mary McDevitt, Mr. John Kassel, Mr. William Lindemann, Mr. John Fegan, Mr. Joseph Metzger, Mrs. Catherine Kelly, Mr. George Schlereth, Miss Margaret McDevitt, Mr. Albert Peter, Miss Margaret M. Gallagher, and Mr. Arnold Nabbefeld.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia, Philippines: B. H. F., \$1; M. B., \$2; M. A. S., \$1.

For the Franciscan mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: J. B. M., \$2; L., \$1; S. O. and family, \$5; Moline, \$1; M. L., \$2; M. G. K., \$6; Client of St. Joseph, \$5; M. A. S., \$2; K. C. R., \$2; M. B., \$2; R. K., \$5; C. J., \$1; C. V., \$2.

For the Papua missionaries:

Friend, \$10.25.

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China: Friend, \$10.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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### Those that are in Bands.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SWEET Mary Mother, of thy charity,  
Look down from heaven's deep peace and joy  
to bless

The holy ones on whom doth sorely press  
The mightiness of their desire to see  
His lovely face who died to set them free.

Thou knowest they suffer sore for home-  
sickness;

For that dear sight they pine in deep distress;  
In their own country they are fain to be.

Pray for them, then, who feel in such desire  
Pain vaster far than earth's most poignant  
woe,

Because love's fire transcends all other fire.

O Mother, pray for them that they may know,  
Those who in stress and longing suffer so,  
The call that bids His loved ones come up higher.

### The Cradle of the Bourbons.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

ALMOST in the centre of France,  
in the province of La Bour-  
bonnais, the cradle of that long  
royal line which ended on the  
scaffold of Louis XVI., lies an ancient  
episcopal town, whose huge, ruined castle  
still towers above the cathedral, eloquent  
of its builders, the first dukes of Bourbon.  
The present square donjon tower, of  
the fifteenth century, no doubt rests its  
imposing masonry on an earlier founda-  
tion. On the outskirts of this town lies

a large, high-walled garden, running down  
toward the broad river, spanned by its  
many-arched bridge, which is the pride  
of the citizens. Long avenues of lime  
trees, lilacs, and low-growing beeches—  
not the great, spreading beeches of the  
north—skirt each side of the garden,  
close to the red-brick walls, rich with  
every hue of time and vegetation, and  
border several fertile and luxuriant vege-  
table gardens and small orchards. The  
gravel paths which outline these divisions  
are edged with an orderly profusion of  
rose trees, standard and bush, inter-  
sprersed with pyramid pear trees and  
flowers of many hues,—phlox, stocks,  
anemones, nicotine, carnations, gera-  
niums, and tall brilliant dahlias. The  
long, central walk terminates in a deep,  
leafy grove of lilac and hornbeam, form-  
ing a natural arch over a white statue on  
a solid, carved stone pedestal. Smiling  
graciously, with her Child on her arm,  
across the broad, sunny space, with its  
deep shades, stands the Mother who  
reigns over the garden; for the legend  
on the marble panel below her feet bears  
the inscription *Causa Nostræ Latitiæ*, and  
explains the brooding joy of this quiet  
spot.

For this is no ordinary garden. A  
curiously devout and recollected air seems  
to linger over its silence, broken only by  
the distant chimes of the cathedral bells,  
and the gush of constant song from num-  
berless and untiring birds. Many such  
gardens must now lie uninhabited and  
silent in the broad lands of fair France;  
for this once belonged to a well-known

religious Congregation, whose members are in exile from an ungrateful country.

Two ancient stone seats of immense solidity still invite us to meditate on the Virgin and Child in her grove; and we gaze down the long perspective to the farther end of the walk, framed in by two acacia trees, whose foliage droops downward, as thick and emerald green as those Biblical trees whose "roots are by the water brooks." A small fountain playing into a deep stone basin, surrounded by a rockery, hoary with ivy, is backed by a huge briar rose tree, covered with clusters of tiny crimson roses, which conceal its age by their eternal youth, and close in the prospect upon which we are gazing.

Every space has been utilized by its industrious former owners; and the brick walls, tinted with pale pink, brown and mingled yellow, are trellised with pear trees, trained in upright espaliers, or vines with luxuriant tendrils. A ledge of red tiles roofs the walls, to protect the fruit from the midday sun, thus adding a picturesque line to the boundaries along which run merry little lizards.

Where the wall turns squarely, at the end of the walk to Our Lady's Grove, a pleasant, sunny corner is formed, half sheltered by spreading vine leaves; and here another mossy, stone seat invites the would-be contemplative to its green loneliness; while a large cherry tree, under which a ladder is placed, tempts the eye with its rich, red fruits. On the opposite side of the garden, under the shadow of the thick lime tree avenue, the wall is clothed with an impenetrable robe of ivy; and it also ends in a smaller arched grove, enclosing another stone pedestal with the inscription, *Ite ad Joseph*, surmounted by a small, aged statue.

On the edge of a clump of large trees near the middle of the garden, we may wander under a tent of living green, where the drooping boughs of the sweet-smelling lime tree are supported on a framework of iron posts all round, over a large stone

table, resting on a stout support,—a table so old, so green and solid, that the Druids might once have held council at it. Glimpses of bright patches of flowers and vegetables are framed by this grateful shade; and close by is a deep well, with its stone basin, into which a picturesque wrought-iron wheel pumps water for the garden pots and cans placed around; and also fills, in some mysterious underground passage, a whole series of stone tanks lying at intervals down the garden's length. A deep fosse, or moat, in case of overflow, surrounds this shady oasis on two sides.

At night may be heard the deep, bark-like croak of numerous frogs around the water. But the frogs certainly do not disturb our slumbers, nor do the birds, who so love this garden. What a riot of song begins even before four o'clock, every tree alive with small musicians greeting the new dawn! And far into the night the full, solemn note of the French nightingale resounds and is re-echoed in the moonlight. Nor are the bold songsters hushed at sight of the long, low, cream-white, shuttered house which runs along the front of the garden looking on the street, with rambling buildings and out-houses prolonging it. True, the house now seems asleep in sunlight, but once cloistered feet paced its long corridors and walked in the now solitary garden. A curious little wooden *grille*, let into the crumbling door between the garden and entrance court, speaks of those days, though now useless.

The wide gravel terrace in front of the house borders an undulating piece of grass, that would be a lawn in England, but here it is more like a small, hilly hayfield, rolling along to banks of shrubs, interspersed with two or three bright spots of geranium beds, and a few cacti and half tropical ferns growing unconcernedly in the warm open air. Two vast, round towers of greenery flank each side of the grass, of close-cut hornbeam, flat-topped and symmetrical, with two



sunken arches cut in the green wall opposite each other; and within, how cool and green is the space, with its stone seat, an ideal hiding-place for children! On the farther side of the grass stand six tall chestnut trees, forming an oblong, open-air parlor on the gravel floor.

In summer the silence is frequently broken by loud claps of thunder; for the region is in the hot central cup of France, and, as the inhabitants are in the habit of firing off small cannon into the air to bring down the rain and disperse the hailstorms, which are so dreaded for their fruit gardens, the booming of the cannon, joining with the rattling peals of thunder, keeps the little town awake at nights, and reminds us of a small siege. But then the rain comes, hissing and swirling down,—the desired rain to allay the thirst of the sun-dried land, and all is peace again.

There is yet another more remote part of the garden, beyond Our Lady's Grove, where we may see a triangular kitchen-garden, and even a delightful patch of pale golden barley, grown to feed the fowls, the whole bordered by another brick wall vine-covered. Over its red tiled ledge we catch our first view of the outside world. The pointed roofs and high gables of the old town, and the long red roof of an almost empty convent, glow in the evening light; and, cut off as they are by the wall, the buildings seem to be quaintly trying to look over into the happy garden. The four towers of the cathedral behind, and two spires of the Church of the Sacred Heart, tell us that religion is still alive in this town of La Bouronnais. The vines form a complete avenue open to the sun; for the path is edged by the wall on one side, and a high vine hedge trained over stakes on the other side; and the young, tender vine leaves and curving tendrils grow so thick that the human eye can not penetrate this emerald privacy.

Many a pleasant hour do we spend in this favored spot, with a book,—

no modern one, surely: some well-worn classic, a volume of Dante were more suitable. Or shall we turn over the leaves of the history of this ancient city, what time the Bourbon dukes held high court in the lofty castle, before Duke Pierre II., of worthy fame, died, leaving all to his only daughter, Suzanne, married to that same Constable of France, the handsome Montpensier, whose defection in 1527 brought about the confiscation of the independent duchy, and its reabsorption into the royal properties? The castle from that date was assigned as a dower house for the widows of the French kings.

Descriptions of this castle by ancient authors bear witness that it formerly covered considerable space and formed a sort of feudal citadel, where numerous buildings, both great and small housed the court and garrison. Its various galleries and pavilions were lighted by spacious courts, and interspersed with gardens leading down to the river. An old print shows its fine terrace, with turrets and parapet mirrored in the water below, and the long walk, forming a connection between the various buildings. But the great square tower, quaintly termed "*La Mal-Coiffée*" (one side of its roof being longer than the other), is all that remains to-day. Intact, with its massive seven storeys, it formed the keep, or dungeon tower, and was the lofty centre of this mass of buildings; and a carved stone shield of the date of Duke Louis II. still speaks of its builders, though it is now used as a prison. The vaulted arches and short, stout columns of its lower rooms, and the lofty walls, pierced irregularly with the plainest windows, square and lancet, are still impressive in their solidity; but the greater part of the rest of this Gothic castle was burned down in 1755.

In the sixteenth century many new and luxuriously ornate buildings were added to the bare fortress, especially by Duke Pierre II., as we may see in a little seventeenth-century print. About

1503-22, he built for his Duchess Anne that charming "Pavillon de Anne de Beaujeu," which is still to be admired, and is in good preservation, within the territory of the castle. It is a perfect specimen of Renaissance architecture, with its elegant scrolls and wreaths of stone, and light colonnade,—a curious contrast built beneath the frowning ruins of the castle keep, telling of a sterner age.

The portraits of Pierre and Anne, of other dukes, and many descendants, may be studied in the stained-glass windows of the cathedral,—splendid specimens of brilliant mediæval coloring, though many fragments are missing. They kneel in their glowing mediæval costume,—Duke Pierre on one side of the Blessed Virgin and Child, and the Duchess Anne on the other side, both with their patron saints behind them, and their children below them. Another glowing window shows the departure of other earlier dukes and their armies for the Crusade. There is a procession headed by a bishop in episcopal robes, preceded by a cleric bearing his pastoral staff. The king comes next, followed by the duke and his knights, with a background of fortifications and landscape. The Duchess and her two daughters kneel in prayer for the Crusaders, and a white dog refuses to leave his master. In the upper division, a battle with the infidels is depicted; and in the apex of the arch Our Lord is represented standing on a cloud, holding the Crusader's banner, and receiving a laurel wreath, in token of victory, from one of the celestial hosts around. But no pen can depict the glowing lustre of the coloring of this fine specimen of sixteenth-century glass. It was an artist of La Bouronnais, one Guillaume de Marcellac of Montluçon, who designed the whole series.

To the patronage of the dukes of Bourbon is also due that fine triptych, the gem of the cathedral, by a Flemish painter who lived some years at the castle,

in the reign of Louis XII. His work but not his name has been preserved,—a marvellous painting of the Blessed Virgin and Child, as fresh and tender in coloring, apparently, as when it left the master's easel. Our Lady, surrounded by angels, is dressed in a green robe, richly trimmed with ermine, her feet resting on a crescent. In the side panels are fine, full-length portraits, painted with realistic delight, of Duke Pierre and his patron, St. Peter with the keys; and that of Anne de Beaujeu and his daughter Suzanne opposite. St. Peter is attired in an elaborate pontifical robe with triple tiara; and the painting of St. Anne is a fine study of an old woman's head. The robes, the embroidery and furs,—all are finished with great but not wearisome care; even the outside of the massively gilt panels, when closed, show beautiful paintings in monochrome of angels,—truly a well-preserved painting, and "a joy forever."

The town also boasts of a belfry tower, with a wonderful clock called "The Jacque-Minard," the privilege of erecting which was so much esteemed by the mediæval bourgeois. It dates from 1451, and stands alone in the market-place, lofty and four square, with its brick column, graceful balcony and belfry at the top. The four figures that used to come out and strike the clock are now, however, stationary.

Here and there some fine old Gothic houses are to be seen in the narrow, picturesque streets, which have been inappropriately renamed by the Republic of to-day the "Street of Progress," of "Liberty," of "Fraternity," of "Jean Jacques Rousseau," and "Voltaire"; and then the little town, feeling its duty was done by these new names, continued its old habits. As in former days, the weekly market goes on in the irregular square, with much vociferation of farmers and peasants.

But we must return to our garden to bid farewell to its pleasant silence. It



is no "dream garden," however; for who could indulge in daydreams before those serried ranks of cheerful vegetables, even if "Gloire de Dijon" and "La France" roses in their native climate vie in beauty with "Mme. Camille" and "Princess Marie of Orleans" along the walks? Every place has its own atmosphere; that of this garden is one of sweet seriousness and cheerful silence. Its solitude is as opposed to melancholy—that feeling of "the vine still clings to the mouldering wall" so familiar in old English gardens—as sunlight is to shade. Who could be sad here? Though its silence is felt, the old gardener never speaks; the peasant woman in her white cap, on her knees, weeding the gravel terrace, almost seems to be kneeling in meditation, under the pale blue, cloudless summer sky.


For the garden holds its secret,—the place is dedicated to St. Michael and his angels. Surely sweet St. Raphael walks with downcast eyes along the avenue; Gabriel kneels at the feet of Our Lady's statue, *Causa Nostræ Latitiæ*; while in the windless air—the light air of France—the slight cracking or turn of a leaf seems to herald angels passing merrily down the vine walk. When evening falls, for the twilight is very short, the broad moon quickly illumines the long, dim walks. But nothing is ghostly; for the old religious who used to pace them have long ago gone to heaven, we feel sure. And the garden keeps its secret.

Do we think sufficiently of this—that devotion to our Blessed Lady is not a thing which, like the possession of a book or a rosary, we have once for all, final and complete? It would be no less untrue to say that when we had received from God the grace of humility, we have simply to hold fast what we have got, and never dream of getting more, than to say that devotion to Mary was an ungrowing thing. I repeat, it must grow like a virtue, and strengthen like a habit.

—Faber.

## Another's Burden.

### VII.

" NE evening, a few months ago," continued Frayno, "for the first time since my marriage, I went to the tavern. I drank several glasses of wine, and in the meanwhile heard what Choquaz had been saying about my wife. The wine had excited me somewhat, and the scoffs and jeers of my companions inflamed me beyond all control. I armed myself with a club, and ran toward Choquaz's home.

"It was late and the door was locked. I called out to those within to open it, but received no answer. With a vigorous push I broke the lock and hurried in. I found Thomas in bed. As soon as he saw me, he jumped up and seized an axe that lay in the corner of the room; but he did not have time to use it: I struck him down just as he turned to attack me.

"His mother, awakened, came running in with a knife in her hand. I had entertained no purpose of hurting her, but now I rejoiced that an opportunity was afforded me of taking revenge for the old grievances of my mother. I knocked the knife from her hand with my club, and in a moment I was struggling with two adversaries—for Thomas had only been stunned by my blow; and, recovering, he threw himself upon me with the fury of a wild beast.

"I do not recall what happened afterward. For the time being I was a madman; and when I endeavor to recollect the scene, it vanishes like some awful dream. I remember, however, returning home. Loysa, who had sat up waiting for me, uttered a cry of alarm as she saw me. I was covered with blood.

"I did not recover from my fit of fury till some hours afterward. Still trembling with passion but exhausted, I could just manage to reassure my wife of my safety, and then fell prostrate on a bench. Loysa

approached me, with terror in her eyes and voice, and asked with anguished tones: 'O Michael, where are you hurt? They have tried to murder you. I had a presentiment that they would, and that is why I sat up.'—'I am not hurt,' I answered; 'but leave me now, I beg you. I will tell you everything to-morrow.'

"She understood from the tremulousness of my voice that I was too excited to speak. As a matter of fact, the blood was throbbing against my temples like a sledge-hammer; and my ears resounded with a hoarse roar. At times I involuntarily bounded from my seat. My rage was not yet appeased. I was strongly tempted to return to the home of Thomas to see whether he was dead, and to give him the finishing stroke if he were not. Then came the thought of making sure of his destruction by setting fire to his house. As for justice, I did not even think of it. Nothing seemed more legitimate than my vengeance, and I did not imagine that any one could blame me for what I had done.

"I spent the night sleepless and nervous as I had never been before. Loysa remained with me, not daring to ask for an explanation, but tortured with anxiety and fear. Finally, I grew comparatively calm, and told her what I had done. She did not overwhelm me with reproaches, but she entreated me to leave the country, saying that she and the children would follow me when they could.

"I would have done well to take her advice; but as I learned the next day that Choquaz had survived his wounds, I thought the magistrate would recognize the justice of my settling for myself any quarrels with my enemies, and so made no resistance to my arrest.

"I blame nobody for the result. I know that I am a criminal, and that it is only just that I should do penance for my crime. But the judges deceived themselves in thinking I should survive the fifteen years in the galleys which they have given me. I shall not last that long,

because the thought of my family is wearing out my strength and life; and I shall die heartbroken before one-third of the sentence has been completed.

"For myself, it matters little whether I pull the galley oar or handle the joiner's plane; but in Soubéros there are five mouths longing for bread, and, alas! I can not fill them."

As he uttered these last words, the unhappy convict dropped his head and burst into a torrent of tears. The ecclesiastic, moved to compassion by a sorrow so genuine, said nothing, but debated within himself how he could alleviate Frayno's misery. Suddenly he arose, and, without a word to the criminal, betook himself to the officer in command of the galleys.

#### VIII.

The alms which the charitable vicar of Soubéros had given to Frayno's family were soon exhausted, and Julia and Loysa had to think of obtaining work. The farmers, however, disliked to give employment to the mother and wife of a galley-slave. None of the children were capable of rendering any service. Loysa had to remain at home to take care of them; and although she endeavored to earn something by spinning, her work was so often interrupted, and she was so weak and disheartened, that she scarcely made enough to support herself.

The old woman, on the contrary, seemed to have found in her sixtieth year all the vigor and courage of youth. At four o'clock every morning she was up; and as the vintage that autumn was so abundant that laborers were in demand, she readily found employment. The vintage over, she hired herself as washer-woman to the neighboring peasants. Despite all her courage, however, she was no longer hotheaded and passionate as she had formerly been. She bore without a word of reply reproaches the most bitter; and whenever by accident or design any mention was made of the galleys, she lowered her head and wept in silence.



She did not complain, and was happy when some generous neighbor gave her, besides the trifling wages of the day, a piece of bread or meat for the hungry ones at home. For herself, poor old woman, she stinted herself habitually, partaking only of what was absolutely necessary.

Several months had passed, and winter was at hand. Loysa knew that Michael had done some work for different villagers, for which he had not been paid; and, despite the humiliation it cost her, necessity forced her to ask his employers for the amounts they owed him. She went, therefore, to Farmer Combrey; and, after explaining her straitened circumstances, hinted that she would be much obliged if he would settle his account with her husband.

Combrey manifested considerable displeasure at this very reasonable request.

"What I owe your husband? Certainly I will pay it; I am not the man to defraud laborers of their wages. But I did not promise to pay him at once. The work he did for me was not pressing: I could have waited months to have it done. And it was well understood that he was to be paid for it only next spring."

Loysa did not dare to insist; but as her necessity was imperious, she called upon another debtor. This one was willing enough to pay, but exacted a receipt signed by Michael himself; the signature of Loysa and Julia, he maintained, were insufficient. He was a man of system, and desired to have matters of this kind arranged in a systematic and legal manner. This, of course, was equivalent to a refusal. The third to whom she applied was even less honest.

"Why, I owe your husband nothing! I paid him in full long ago. Did he never tell you of it?"

At this reply, which she knew to be false, Loysa could not repress her tears of disappointment. She returned to her cottage, and told her mother-in-law of the ill success of her efforts. Julia remained silent.

"We shall be obliged," added Loysa, "to sell Michael's tools."

"And if he returns?"

"Alas! in fifteen years the rust will have made sad havoc of the steel; and when he does come back, he would not be able to use them."

"And are you ready to sell at an insignificant price what cost so dear? Ah! you don't know how he bought each separate saw and plane and chisel—at the cost of what savings and hardships. And, then, those tools are himself. Poor boy! When regret overcomes me I go into his shop; I seem to find him there, and come out consoled and fortified."

In the meanwhile Loysa was visibly wearing away. She no longer felt capable of supporting the continuous struggle of life. The day was measurably near when she would no longer be able to leave her bed. She felt it; and while on the one hand she dreaded death on account of her children, on the other she could not but welcome the idea of her deliverance from all the evils and apprehensions by which she was besieged.

One night, as she was lying sleepless upon her couch, she fancied she heard some noise at the outer door of the cottage. She raised her head and listened. Yes, she was right: some one was knocking.

"Mother," she cried, "here is Michael!" and running to the door she withdrew the bolt. Her instinct had proved correct: she was clasped in the arms of her husband.

How had he escaped from the galleys? Had he been pardoned, or was he a fugitive from justice, which would recapture him and award him additional punishment? The intensity of their joy forbade any such reflections on the part of the two women, and they put no questions to their loved one, whose return was not less welcome than unexpected. He was overwhelmed with caresses; the children were aroused, and brought to him to be embraced. Loysa laughed and cried in a breath, and was half distracted with joy.

"Sit down, Michael," said Julia, who alone had preserved some self-possession. She lit the lamp and drew up a bench to the table.

"How tired you look!" said Loysa, as she inspected Michael's appearance.

"I have been walking three days and nights without taking a moment's rest," he replied. "Thank God, however, I find you still alive, and my fatigue has left me. If you have suffered, think of it no more. I am at home and free. Give me a drink of water: I am thirsty."

"Alas, I am thinking water is *all* we can give you! Is there any bread in the pantry, Loysa?"

"Yes, luckily the children left a little."

"Never mind," said Frayno: "I will wait. Just now I feel as though I could fast for the rest of my life."

They forced him, nevertheless, to eat a piece of bread; and when he had finished, Loysa asked:

"How is it that you are no longer a prisoner?"

"Oh, because you have prayed well to the Blessed Virgin!"

"Will the officers not try to take you back again?"

"Don't I tell you that Our Lady has freed me? And now listen. When you hear after this about angels appearing in certain places, never again say you don't believe it. I who am speaking, all unworthy as I am, have seen an angel. He has taken my irons and my place in the galleys, and has been rowing for me for three days.

"As I was almost despairing in the galleys down there at Marseilles, and lamenting your sad fate, the Blessed Virgin, to whom I prayed with all my strength, took pity on me, and one day I found at my side an angel whom she had sent. He wore the dress of a priest, doubtless because it is the holiest of costumes. He came up to me, and, pretending not to know anything about me, kindly asked me to tell him my story. I did not suspect his character, and

thought him simply a man like myself. Yet I told him why I was a galley-slave, and did not attempt to excuse myself. He saw at once that I was telling the truth, and immediately rewarded my sincerity. He persuaded the commander to take him in my stead, and so allow me to return to you. Who can resist God's angels? The officer consented, and I departed, sure that whenever he wishes the angel will unfold his wings and fly to the heaven that alone is a fit dwelling-place for such as he."

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The Count of Joigny, hearing nothing for some time of his confessor, Vincent de Paul, and fearing that his charity had involved him in some peril, instituted inquiries on all sides concerning the holy priest.

Vincent was one of those men who vainly seek to hide themselves. His benevolence betrayed him everywhere. The officer who had witnessed his heroic charity toward Michael Frayno spoke of the matter to his superiors, and they rightly judged that this voluntary galley-slave could be none other than the priest for whom the Count of Joigny was in search.

Father Vincent, when discovered, would leave the galleys only on one condition—that letters of pardon should be procured for the prisoner whose place he had taken. These letters were immediately obtained from the King, and the gentle saint went his blessed way.

(The End.)

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PRAYER for the dead prolongs the tenderest affections beyond the gloom of the grave. It infuses the inspiring hope that the assistance which we on earth can afford to our suffering brethren will be amply repaid when they have reached the place of rest, and make of them friends when we in turn shall fail, receiving us into the everlasting mansions.

—Cardinal Wiseman.



## The East and Our Lady.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

THERE is a tradition that it was the custom of the Nazarenes in the first century to go to the Tomb of Mary to pray. These devotees of the Virgin Mother were, however, *non grata* to the princes of the Synagogue, and were bitterly persecuted, and eventually put to death. But devotion to Mary was not extinguished when the fanatical Jews put out the lights of her oratory. It continued to flourish in the East, Asia claiming the first chapel in her honor. Tradition tells us that St. Peter founded the shrine of Our Lady of Tortosa, in Phœnicia; and little churches were dotted all over Syria and Asia Minor, each with its picture of the Blessed Virgin, many of them copies of that famous painting which St. Luke presented to the church at Antioch, and is said to have been painted by the saint himself. Later on this miraculous Madonna became so revered that the Empress Pulcheria brought it to Constantinople and built for it a magnificent church.

At Ephesus there was erected in Mary's honor a cathedral called the "Miriam," which became a famous place of pilgrimage; and in the fifth century was held there that great Council which bestowed upon her publicly the title she had long held in the hearts of the faithful—"Mother of God." All over Asia Minor were to be found miraculous images of Our Lady; that of Sosopoli, painted on wood, oozing forth an oil which healed many dreadful diseases, referred to in the Council of Nice as "astonishing cures."

The Arabs were always devoted to our Blessed Lady, calling her through the early centuries the "Sultana of Heaven"; and, in their simple manner, offering at her shrine cakes, dates, and oil, for which custom St. Epiphanius reproved them. Thereafter the Christian Arabs brought

fragrant flowers to the altar of the "Sultana of Heaven," lighted candles in her honor, and told their young maidens tales of the one all-perfect Maid, until the "stately palm tree of the desert, the sweetness of the honey and the snowy lilies of the cool oasis" became, with these poetic people, synonyms of Our Lady; and "the name of Mary was invoked amongst the nations who dwelt between the Caspian and the Euxine Seas." Indeed so widespread was the devotion to her that St. Cyril of Alexandria, at the First Council of Ephesus, exclaimed: "Hail, Mary, Mother of God, it is through thee that in the cities, the towns, and the islands of those who have received the true faith, numerous churches have been founded!"

In the days of Constantine, the Eastern devotion to Our Lady received a great impetus; for the Empress Helena covered the Holy Land with shrines and churches. Above the Grotto of the Nativity was built a magnificent marble church dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem; and at Nazareth, where the Holy Family had dwelt in humble poverty, was erected St. Mary of Nazareth, one of the most magnificent of Asiatic churches.

The Emperor Theodosius built a Byzantine church above the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, which the Arabs called "La Giasmaniah" (The Church of the Body); and the daughter of Theodosius caused to be erected three superb churches in Our Lady's honor. To these he presented numerous holy relics of Mary, among them the portrait from Antioch painted by St. Luke. This was enshrined in an altar of gold and gems, and considered as the "Palladium of the Empire"; being conveyed to the army before a decisive battle, and received by the soldiery with such enthusiasm as to arm them to victory, no matter how uneven the conflict. It was this image which was brought to Venice in 1202 by the Doge Dandolo, and preserved by the Venetians with jealous care.

In the year 460 the Emperor Leo built a magnificent church of the basilica style, dedicating it to Our Lady of the Fountain, in memory of a vision of the Blessed Virgin with which he had been favored. When Leo was a soldier in Thrace, no one had the least idea that he would ever become Cæsar. One day he was on guard in the forest, and he saw a poor blind old man seeking a fountain which lay within the depths of the woodland glades. Leo had the kindest of hearts, and when the old man said in piteous accents, "Kind sir, I am blind, I am weary and thirsty. For the love of Our Lady guide me to the fountain," Leo pitied him. "Come with me," he said kindly. "I will give you to drink; for one who loves Our Lady is my brother." So he took him to the fountain which gushed limpid and pure from the rock, and gave him to drink; and, as he went away refreshed, lo! Our Lady appeared to the Thracian soldier, her form enveloped in the mist of the fountain, and, smiling sweetly upon him, she said: "Friend of the poor, thou art my friend. I have prayed to my Son for thee, and thou shalt become the ruler of this mighty Empire." When the prophecy was fulfilled, and Leo, the simple soldier, wore the crown of the Cæsars, he did not forget to do her honor, and built the church to the Mother of God.

Other emperors were not less devoted to her memory. The Emperor Zeno built to Mary a superb church on Mount Garazim, the far-famed sacred mount of the Samaritans; and there he placed, day and night, a guard of soldiers, that the shrine might not be defiled by fanatics. To the Emperor Justinian the world owes many of the most interesting shrines of the Blessed Virgin in the East. He rebuilt the Church of Our Lady of Chalcopratée, in Constantinople, which had been demolished by an earthquake; and erected at Jerusalem two beautiful new churches, — St. Mary the New, and a splendid chapel on the Mount of Olives; a shrine and monastery on

Mount Sinai, and the Basilica of Our Lady of Carthage, in Africa.

All the Eastern emperors appear to have had an especial devotion to Our Lady, revering her ikons in their cathedrals and in their palaces. Little figures of her, carved in gold, were carried by them about their clothing. The pious Emperor Andronicus II. had so great a devotion for a tiny gold statuette of the Blessed Mother that he never parted with it. Other emperors, too, had an especial devotion to the Virgin Hodegetrie (The Conductress), and yearly had her image taken from the convent at Hodegium to the palace, and there kept from the beginning of Lent until Easter.

When John Comnenus was to enter Constantinople in triumph after his great victory, all looked for the Emperor to have the chief place in the triumphal procession. An ancient chronicle thus describes the ceremony: "The trumpeters, crowned with laurel, walked in front of the procession; then appeared representations of the conquered city, together with the vanquished princes, in painting, sculpture, marble, and in ivory, all of the most exquisite workmanship; then the spoils of the enemy's arms — precious robes, vases of gold enriched with jewels; after these came the captives, barbarian princes walking in chains; and after them the triumphal car, drawn by four white horses. All expected to see therein the Emperor, his lordly brow encircled with laurel; but in his stead there was seen an image of the Blessed Virgin, to whom, and not to himself, he considered the triumph due. The Emperor on horseback closed this Christian procession."

In the far East, convents and shrines to Our Lady have existed from the earliest centuries. In Persia were many mountain hamlets with lovely wayside shrines; in Georgia was the wonderful cathedral of Mtzkhetha, dedicated to "Mary, Queen of the Georgians"; and in the Caucasus, the chapel of Miriam-Nichin was one of



the most beautiful of that fair region. Legend tells that this shrine was about to be defiled by the Mussulmans, but the priest refused to give it up to the heathen; and lo! a bolt came from heaven and a terrible earthquake smote the rock and engulfed the entire shrine. "Our Lady," says the old chronicle, "chose rather to see destroyed her holy place than to have it defamed by the heathen."

Even as far as the Isles of Nippon we have hints of the cult of Our Lady in early times; and India's "coral strand" has its story of the "all-beautiful One, pure and snow-like, as fragrant as the lotus, as sweet as new honey of the flowers, from whom came forth a holy Infant"; so that research shows us scarce a country of the East which has not some shrine or legend of beautiful devotion to the Virgin Mother of Christ.

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### To Saint Mary Magdalen.

*When it Rained on her Feast-Day, July 22, 1913.*

BY LUCY M. CURD.

THIS gentle rain from heaven is not one-half  
so sweet  
As Mary's tears a-falling upon her Master's  
feet.

The roses at its greeting  
Unfold unto the day,  
But the Rose that bloomed where Mary wept  
Is sweeter far than they.  
(O Rose that bloomed at Jesus' feet  
And at His hands and side,  
Thy sweetness draws the world to greet  
The Tree whereon He died!)

O Magdalen, that I, like thee, had let my hot  
tears fall  
Before those crimson, fragrant flowers  
Had blossomed forth in His three hours!  
O that my love were all  
For love,—that I had not to weep  
For pity, seeing wounds so deep;  
Had left sin's pathways dim,  
And, weeping, kissed His feet,  
And heard His pardon sweet,  
Ere I had wounded Him!

### The Little Door.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

#### I.

THE pleasantest man in the world was Mr. Seth Morton, whose blue blood, handsome bank account, and sure philosophy made him the first citizen of the town and a favorite everywhere. Precision was his chief characteristic. He had settled for himself all the irritating questions of life, had closed the door on the past, just revelled in the present, and saw the future as clearly as he saw Westport Bay from his veranda. He had twenty or thirty years to live, being now about fifty. All his nearest relatives were dead, and wife and child had never been his. In his time there would be no more serious troubles for his country and people, no grave problems to solve. The question of poverty he had solved, also the social evils of the time, like drink and gambling. Men were poor, wasteful, riotous because they wished to be; just leave them to their indulgence, and help along their families with wise charity. Needless to say he could not understand reformers, exhorters, and writers who discussed social and other questions. He usually urged them to visit Westport and take a course in nature, watching the sun rise over the Green Mountains, and the shadows lengthen on the Bay at sunset. Placidity would result from the course, and the mania for discussion vanish.

Mr. Morton lived according to his nature. When he retired every night, after carrying out a long program of locking and barring doors and windows, winding ancient clocks, and setting furniture in order, he was quite certain that, in a house where there was a particular place for everything, everything was in its place, well dusted, and at right angles to its receptacle and the world. If he thought otherwise, there was no sleep

for him until he had risen and made sure. If he dreamed even that a nervous paper had escaped to the floor and was rustling about in the draughts, he walked in his sleep to pick up imaginary papers, and pin them down to their proper places. None the less was he an amiable, upright, courteous man of the world, and very popular.

Miss Farnsworth, his niece, spent a summer with him whenever she was not abroad, and he accompanied her every Sunday to Mass. Neither had any particular belief in religion, but both liked Monsignor Lachance very much, and did not like the Episcopalian minister. Monsignor had taste and preached very effective sermons, with a marked French accent, but as fresh, fluent and strong as the brook that flowed back of the rectory. Monsignor never discussed problems, and his parish was free from them; he talked chiefly on duty and the preparation for eternity. And his little dog Fanny, ardent lover of her master, sat in the vestry demurely, without whimper or movement, except now and then to peep out hastily at Mr. Morton and Miss Farnsworth in the front pew. Fanny refused to be separated from Monsignor any longer than necessity demanded.

The altar and the sanctuary he had decorated with artistic wall papers and gilt mouldings, so as to look like real painting; for Monsignor was also an artist. The grounds about the church and rectory were as beautiful as if a millionaire had paid to plant and ornament them. And the little churchyard at the back, with its hedges and bushes, really looked like a place for tired souls to rest.

This particular year, however, the enchantment had vanished for the time. Sitting in the front pew on the first Sunday of her visit, Miss Farnsworth missed Fanny's demure little peep from the vestry, and noticed the sadness of Monsignor's lively face. He preached a pretty and pathetic sermon, Mr. Morton said afterward.

"And very true also," replied his niece.

"Yes, allowing for the exquisite exaggeration of Catholic sentiment, all high colors, my dear, but exquisite. Monsignor has had trouble, and we must go in at once and condole with him. A pretty figure he used, the little door, eh? We go in and out of doors all our life; we love some and dread others; we envy a few, where the great are familiar; and one we entirely and completely forget."

"Isn't that true, Uncle Seth?"

"Of course, with the exaggeration, mind! We all overlook the little door of death. It is always within reach of our hand. It may open suddenly for us; but, no matter how we are engaged, no matter how reluctant, no matter how tied up in pleasure or business, when that little door opens, each one will turn his back on time and hop into eternity. The little door will close, and never open again. Capital figure! As long as I live I shall see that little door beside me. Clever man; and yet he's no orator, but so effective."

Monsignor welcomed them brightly and then sighed.

"What has happened? Do tell us. We saw that you were grieved," said Miss Farnsworth.

Monsignor tried to speak but could not. He pointed to a crayon near by, in which Fanny looked demure and eager through the vestry door.

"All that remains of poor Fanny," said Monsignor, with tears.

"The little door opened for her," Mr. Morton said softly.

Then Monsignor told the story of her sickness and her death and her burial, so pitifully that one would have thought Fanny a human person.

"Since you feel her death so keenly," said Mr. Morton, "why do you not get another dog of the same breed?"

"And go through the same sorrow again? Quite useless!" said Monsignor.

"Well, then, get three or four dogs," suggested he, ever ready to find a way out of a difficulty.



The lady gasped and the priest threw up his hands in disgust.

"Well, one can not go on grieving forever," Mr. Morton protested. "There must be a reaction, and whatever will help it—"

"Even four terriers," his niece remarked.

"Whatever will help it," repeated he firmly, "is not to be despised."

"Perhaps," Monsignor said slyly, "you can tell me what will help death."

"To a Catholic I can tell nothing on that subject. Your exaggeration of death is very beautiful, I admit; but it is still an exaggeration. Have I not seen it and admired it,—all the details I mean? A poor fellow gets dangerously ill. Let alone, he would pass into eternity without a tear. What do you folks do? Begin your exaggeration. Looks and hints about the last rites; the visit of the solemn priest; the last rites most solemnly given; a little preparation for judgment; some delicate allusions to sin, purgatory, and hell; the last prayers with a lighted candle in the sufferer's hand; then the wake, the chants of the Requiem, the burial, the month's mind, the anniversary! Why you are never done! How, then, can a man escape this exaggeration?"

"But what you call exaggeration," said Monsignor, who took Seth Morton seriously, "is the outcome of human need."

"Why then do I not need it? When my time comes I shall lie down just as I do at night, and slip away at the proper moment through the little door. Ah, that little door! A very apt, pretty, touching illustration!"

"Well, you will have to slip like a flash through the little door if you are to escape the shame, the humiliation, the pain, the darkness which accompany every death except a sudden one," said Monsignor.

"Do you see, my dear," said Morton to Miss Farnsworth, "the exaggeration of these people? I ask, where is the shame, where is the humiliation, in a fact which comes to everyone? I admit the pain; but why talk of darkness, when the dead

do not know it, can not feel it? Words, words, words!"

Miss Farnsworth rose to end the discussion; for Monsignor was warming up to the combat, and would not be denied the last word.

"The shame," he said, shaking a finger at Morton, "is that a man becomes a baby again, without the baby's unconsciousness and innocence. The humiliation is the violent separation of the soul from the body, leaving the latter a mere clod for the terrible grave. The pain—who shall describe it without having experienced it? The darkness—why, even a pagan dreads the darkness of annihilation."

"Words, words, words!" repeated Morton, with emphasis.

"Dear Monsignor, come down to lunch to-morrow and have it out with him," said Miss Farnsworth.

They went on chattering as she slipped out the door and into the automobile, and were still arguing when the machine moved away.

"I have never seen the beat of it, my dear. He has a flow of English like a torrent. I think the Catholic exaggeration is due largely to French vivacity and French imagination. But that idea of the little door is capital. Right here at your hand, in space so to speak, it may open any minute, and even if you were entertaining the crowned heads of Europe when that door opens, in you go."

He chuckled for some time, until Miss Farnsworth protested that the idea made her uncomfortable, as it brought death too near by associating it with a door.

"I never thought before," said she, "how many doors we use in a day, and to have death associated with the process is too much."

"Well, my dear, hereafter I'll forget it for your sake; but at the same time, I feel bound to tell you, I shall see that little door quite often."

And so he did, but always in a pretty or amusing, light. When a poor soul

drowned, he saw the little door opening in the blue deeps of the Lake, to the eerie music which just breathes in the ear of the drowning. When an old man, lifting his sack of potatoes in the field just at sunset after the day's labor, sank down again to earth, he saw the little door opening for him into the violet shadows of evening. He discovered that the royal moment for the little door to open for him was the early dawn on Lake Champlain. He had heard the world's most delicate music, seen its tenderest colors, drunk in its most engaging poetry, enjoyed its highest pleasures, but one and all faded before the wondrous dawn over the Bay. The piney hills and the misty mountains looked like youth, just awaked from sleep, thinking and listening. So they must have looked on creation's morn. A single star hung in the blue like a lamp in a vast, pure sanctuary, and was reflected without a ripple in the still waters of the Lake. Twittering notes from sleepy birds came faint and uncertain from the trees. The dew still fell, a magic perfume scented the air, and some delicate, penetrating, delicious spirit filled every vein in him, tingled every nerve, exalted every feeling and thought, until he seemed to be approaching the confines of eternity. Ah, this should be the hour for the door to open, he sighed. No spectators, no doctors and nurses and lawyers and ministers and rites and medicines; just the opening and the closing of a door amid this perfect beauty, and then silence!

However, one has to take the world as he finds it, and Seth Morton had settled the order of his going with his usual precision. He would get sick respectably, have a nurse and a doctor, die placidly, and leave the funeral question to his heirs. Meanwhile one must enjoy life and do his duty,—for him a very easy affair. He had twenty or thirty years ahead of him. Life offered no real enjoyment after threescore and ten. He would surrender gracefully at that age, and pass through

the little door without regret or pain.

One morning after breakfast his toe twitched a little, and he stooped to rub it. A few minutes later it twitched again, and as he stooped once more he forgot all about the toe and this world. The little door had suddenly opened, but had not let him in.

## II.

Consciousness always found Seth Morton quite himself. When he sprang out of the darkness after a day's oblivion, and at a glance took in the room where he lay with its painful details, he knew what had happened. He was probably doomed, and there must be no fuss about accepting it. First, to find out the precise situation, and then to get ready for it. Miss Farnsworth came in casually, but passed over to the window without glancing at him; so he called her, and with an effort found the phrase: "Send me the doctor." It cost him such an effort to say so little, and his niece such an effort to understand him, that he fell into a quiet rage. He thought he had spoken clearly, and afterward he felt certain he had concealed his rage. But the soothing hand of the lady on his brow, and her tender assurance that everything was all right and he would soon be well, and he must not disturb himself about anything, proved that he had said nothing and concealed nothing.

The nurse made this situation more clear a little later. She washed his face and hands, combed his hair and twisted his moustache and beard into proper shape. His gorge rose, and he ordered this impertinent creature to be dismissed at once. No one paid any attention. The doctor discovered after a while that the nurse impressed the patient badly, and secured a male nurse in her stead. This aggravated the affair. If Seth despised anything on earth, it was a man who washed and combed and manicured; and to have such a creature performing these offices in his very presence, on himself, was maddening. He would have risen



from his bed and driven the nurse from the house personally, but found this task impossible. Then he suddenly reflected that these exhibitions of feeling, of repugnance to his attendants, were most unusual in him, and must be stirring up disagreeable criticism. He must repress them, he must dissemble: he must return to that poise which had made him almost distinguished. In making the effort, he forgot even the names of his feelings, and in his lucid intervals he saw that his attendants read him like an open book. Like a flash Monsignor's saying came to him: "The shame!"

He had become a child again; helpless, without reflection, almost without thought, and utterly dependent upon the people around him. A pain struck him, at the heart first, but reaching down into unfathomable depths, and growing as it searched the abyss. He was a babbling child again, and worse was coming. When the little door opened at last, there would be left behind a dead body, shortly to be laid away in the mould. Although he knew this body was not himself, still, it being dear to him, he raged that he could not secure its annihilation, could not save it from vulgar handling, from the wretched pageant of death and burial and monumental stone. At this point something in him revolted and made war on the fact called death. He cursed it so fluently that Miss Farnsworth would have been scandalized had his words been distinct. Seth Morton soon to become a clod! While a host of common creatures—dirty laborers, foolish and poor and without hope in this world—would live on robust and joyful. This thought gnawed him even when time had given him back some strength, a little speech, and hope.

"You are a lucky chap," said the medical man. "You will get well, and be around again as brisk as ever, when you should have been dead a month ago. But you will have to be careful for years."

"Just live with the sword hanging over

my head?" he replied. "I would have preferred to die."

"Part of your sickness, my dear chap," said the doctor. "You'll be glad enough next year to enjoy life on half-decent terms."

"I'm enjoying it now," he admitted; "but only when I avoid thinking."

He detested the doctor for his robust strength, his ruddy face, active body, and strong voice. What right had any one to such qualities when he lived without them? He quarrelled with his visitors on this score, and they did not know the cause. He tilted even with Monsignor—for whom he had greater respect than ever,—while he sneered at him for his energy and vivacity. What right had the prelate to this surplus vigor, while he lay half alive in his chair? Monsignor read the feeling in his eyes, and gave him an antidote.

"Do not be envious of the healthy," said he. "Their time of shame and humiliation comes even as yours. Let that thought kill your envy."

"It never occurred to me, Monsignor, and of course it is so. The gayest and happiest and strongest will come to this terrible moment. In a hundred years not one of all these millions will be alive. They will have passed through the little door, suffered the shame and the humiliation."

"You did not suffer much pain?" said Monsignor.

He thought it over before answering. Looking back to the last night of health, and the long space between, he seemed to be staring into the depths of Dante's *Inferno*, where no fires blazed, where only a black atmosphere choked the laboring breath. Pain! After the confusion of his brain had departed, was there a single moment waking or sleeping devoid of pain? And the varieties of suffering! One morning he looked at his room, for which he cared little, and a wave of anguish swept over his heart at the thought that all these trifles of use and ornament might

next day be thrown into the auction-room. In health he would have made little of selling them, but now they had become inexpressibly dear. He thought of the house, the grounds, the horses and cattle, the books and pictures; and every thought added to his suffering. Rather than endure it, he would see that all were destroyed by fire. The night tortured him. Others slept and he could not, and the slow hours beat him as with scorpions. Would morning never come? He remembered that his dear mother had slept only briefly for weeks before she died. She was old, worn out, and such suffering was to be expected. How precisely he had uttered that statement. No one could help her, and the rest of the world had to sleep, no matter how wakeful the sick. And he had slept while his mother dear sat in her chair, scant of breath, sure of death, praying for it; yet condemned to count the seconds till the dawn, and to look forward to further pain.

"Yes, 'I suffered considerable pain,'" he replied, in his precise way; for now he had control of himself. "I am quite able now to believe in some kind of hell; for I went through it, Monsignor."

"Mostly of the mind, I fancy."

"A child without a child's unconsciousness and innocence," he quoted smiling. "It would take a book to tell all that I suffered. It is much like being buried alive."

The tears suddenly streamed down his cheeks, and Monsignor comforted him.

"These tears are not for my own pain, but for the foolishness of the past," said he. "I must have been a hard character in my other day. I look to myself now like a brass machine, which thought and felt mechanically, and ignored more than half of life, and cackled and disputed as such a machine would, with brass brains and feelings. I settled my exit from life in machine fashion, as a matter of a few weeks at most, and of no feeling; and here I have been through such an *inferno* as Dante with all his powers could not describe."

Monsignor spoke to him soothingly, but feeling and exhaustion had overcome him, and for a few minutes he lay back, deathly pale, hardly breathing, so that Monsignor beckoned for the nurse in the next room. He stretched out his hand for Monsignor and murmured:

"Oh, the darkness! That is the worst of all!"

Life ebbed for a few minutes, then came slowly back again. Some force within him seemed to be fighting for expression, or deliverance, and insisting that he should help in the struggle,—he who was so weary that the mere sight of effort tired him still more. This battle went on tirelessly, and at times, as now, he murmured:

"If I could only give up and die!"

"Life is too strong within you, and it is a good sign," said the priest.

"But life is not worth so much suffering."

Monsignor remained silent. Seth looked at him wistfully.

"You must have had experiences which help you to understand what I have endured, what I am suffering now," he said.

"And which help me to bear it," replied the priest. "Your case is so simple: a rich man, surrounded with aid and comfort, whose illness gives no one sorrow or trouble, whose death means wealth to his heirs, and who is about to get well and to live for many years. But I have seen a young man dying with full knowledge of the end, whose eyes looked on a helpless wife and five little children, soon to be handed over to the poor-house. What is your suffering to that, my friend?"

"And how did he die?"

"Peacefully, somewhat helped by exaggerated Catholic sentiment."

Seth laughed at the irony before he answered:

"I know now that there is no exaggeration in your care of the sick and the dying, Monsignor."



## III.

His convalescence ended in September, — the month beautiful in the Adirondacks, when the maple and oak forests flamed with autumn glory, and the dark, stately pines and spruces put on a deeper green by contrast. The physician gave him a rule of life. All his precision returned, his poise resumed its ancient sway, the clocks were wound up at the proper hour, and vagrant papers pursued to the dust-heap. The villagers perceived no change in him, pronouncing him as sound as ever, while Monsignor was in doubt for a time. He sensed some deep change in the man, but the signs flitted by like shadows. The late illness was never mentioned, still less discussed. Seth Morton knew every soul in Westport, and it was not remarkable, therefore, that he should sit for a half hour by a sick man's bed, or chat with such invalids as crawled sadly about the streets, or listen patiently to an old man's complaints of his ills. Monsignor, however, found it remarkable that he should follow the course of one parishioner's fatal sickness, and be present at the administration of the last rites; yet more, that he should read the prayers for the sick and the agonizing with relish, and inquire about them; and that, in addition, he should quote famous scenes from notable novels, wherein much was made of the Catholic ritual of the sick room.

All speculation ended with his reception into the household of the faith. Seth Morton was not given to explanations about his conduct, and no one asked for them on this occasion, — not even Monsignor, who knew that the story would come out in good time. And it did, one moonlight night the next summer, as they sat gazing upon the silvery surface of the bay after dinner. In some way Seth had begun to talk of his recent illness, and this was his account of the path which his soul had travelled.

"What I suffered then and later only God, who has made us capable of suffer-

ing, could tell. The details would fill a volume, and be of interest only to men who escaped death like myself. I never believed until then that one man could suffer so much, and often I asked myself, why should there be suffering so bitter and long without relief? After a while two things disgusted me: that which bred suffering. I knew you called it sin, which is the parent of death; but at that time I just cursed the thing. The other was the foolishness of the orators and mouthers who compare sickness and death to the decay of the leaves and the falling of the flowers. I cursed these people also, for I was once their partisan. I really believed once that sickness and death were as meaningless as autumn's decay. How men can fool themselves with words!

"When I was able to get about again I saw the reality of life, and the fearful reality of death. I knew that I must pass through the same experience again, and in my dread I began to look about for protection and strength. I saw your care of the sick. Did you know that I watched you? There was another thought in my mind at the time. When health returned, my sickness looked like a wretched dream. It began to fade from my mind and heart. I watched you and your sick with a double purpose: to see what you did to strengthen them, and to make sure that the terrors of my sickness were proper to every man, not merely peculiar to me, not merely a dream.

"I learned that each human being actually walks through that black tunnel which all but engulfed me. I sat through Joe Richard's dying, you remember? He looked as indifferent as a child, and he said nothing, but to me he told the story, of his dying, — my own story of shame, humiliation, pain and darkness. But with a difference. Where I felt desolate, he found courage, resignation, patience; where I sank in the darkness, he saw light of some kind which brought him peace, often a smile to his face. I saw on him the effect of the last Sacraments.

Joe became another man, consoled his wife, and looked at his children without anguish, as if the parting were to be for a little while. He made me think of a sturdy sea-captain setting out to sea, amid the wailing of the women, quite sure of his successful return.

"Then I read your ritual, and the prayers of the Church for her dying children brought back all that I had suffered. The words had a meaning for me which they could not have for a healthy person. I felt that wonderful compassion, and still more wonderful understanding, which she feels and has for the agonizing. She alone understands what it means to sicken and die, and she alone has the power to soothe and sustain in the last hour. She *does* things. Do you recall, Monsignor, your own story of the colored man in the hospital?

"He saw the priest administering Extreme Unction to Catholic patients, and he asked the priest to do as much for him. The priest undertook a brief examination of his previous convictions and present condition, which to the sufferer seemed too long. 'Parson, excuse me,' said he, 'but I belong to a religion which done more talking than the auctioneers. Is you giving me the same talk game? I've had enough o' talk. Now I want somethin' done for me. Jest like what you done for that fellow over there.' The doctors talked to me, the nurses talked, my friends talked, you yourself talked,—all assuring me that my cure was only a question of time. You remember how I took the game of talk!"

Monsignor smiled and waved his hand. Seth fell silent for a minute.

"Anyway, I settled a few questions for myself," he continued. "The chatter about falling leaves and fading roses is the meanest chatter going, in relation to sickness and death. Every man in dying suffers a mysterious and complex anguish, for which there is no name adequate; for which there is no ointment, except Extreme Unction: Strange that

the bombastic can get away with that stuff every time, in a world which has a good number of invalids, who must laugh right out in meeting at the comparison. Beautiful the Church is to me in everything now, but most beautiful in that single point: her care of the sick and the dying. In a world so harsh to helplessness, and to what it can not understand, her tender service to the dying is enough to prove her divinity. And to think, Monsignor, that all this came to me through your figure of the little door!"

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### The Sunday's Liturgy.

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BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

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*November 16, Twenty-Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.*

THE Collect for this Sunday runs as follows: "Grant us, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, ever to think such things as are reasonable, and in every word and work to do always what is pleasing in Thy sight." It is a fervent petition for grace to consecrate to God's service our whole being. We pray first that our thoughts may be employed on "reasonable" things; it is reason which raises us above the brute beast, and which, guided by faith, helps us to serve God aright. "He that goes along as he is led," says St. Basil, "renders an unreasonable worship, because he is influenced not by his own convictions but by passion and impulse; he that with sound reason and good counsel examines with much care what is pleasing to God, fulfils the command of reasonable service." Not only in thought but in "every word and work" must we strive to please God; and for this we beg His grace, without which we are helpless. How great the perfection of life set before us in the petitions of this beautiful Collect!

In the Epistle we have St. Paul's glowing appreciation of his Thessalonian converts. He praises without stint their



love for God's service, the zeal they show for the truth, and the obedience they have rejoiced to pay to the teachings of the Gospel. "We give thanks to God for you all," he cries; for well he knows that to God all is due, as we have already seen in the teaching of to-day's Collect. And, therefore, he naturally adds: "Making a remembrance of you in our prayers without ceasing,"—since past fidelity will avail nothing unless it endure to the end. Although God has so signally blessed them hitherto, and although their service has been so fervent and so constant, God's grace alone can keep them steadfast in that Faith which had cost them "much tribulation," borne "with joy of the Holy Ghost." The Apostle declares that from them "was spread abroad the word of the Lord . . . in every place," and that this was well known throughout the churches. Such an example ought to shame our negligence and sloth in these days, when God's service, as a rule, does not entail any "tribulation" in the carrying out of our duty which the "joy of the Holy Ghost" can not render endurable.

The concluding words of the Epistle remind us—as the liturgy of this season so often does—of the approaching end of all things. We, too, like the Thessalonian converts of St. Paul, are called to "serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven (whom He raised from the dead), Jesus, who hath delivered us from the wrath to come." It is the expectation of the coming of the Son of God from heaven to judge us which sends us as suppliants to the throne of our merciful Father, to beg His aid, that in thought, word and work, we may "do always what is pleasing" to Him, and thus secure a favorable sentence.

The Gospel completes the teaching of both Collect and Epistle. It is the passage which recounts the parables of the mustard seed and the leaven. Both parables are interpreted of the Church—the kingdom of heaven,—but from different

points of view. The mustard seed was the smallest of the grains used in agriculture in the East, and its diminutive size was proverbial. Its rapid growth, and the extraordinary dimensions of the shrub to which it gave birth, made it most noticeable. Christ's kingdom, "sown in weakness," was to rise in power. Its beginnings were little and humble. Its Founder, born in a stable, living in poverty, enduring contempt, was to die a reputed malefactor. Its teachers, drawn from the lowliest classes, were poor and unlettered. Yet in less than a quarter of a century the knowledge of the Gospel was to spread over the civilized world.

The other parable relates rather to the interior progress of the Church by its own innate power,—diffusing itself by a constant, quiet increase. But the lesson taught us by the Gospel in its liturgical use is a more personal one. Humility and self-abasement are the means by which we become more thoroughly assimilated to the spirit of Christianity; the more we penetrate into that spirit, the smaller must we grow. At the same time, like the fervent Thessalonians, we become imbued with the strength and efficacy which the Faith imparts, and are made powerful instruments for good in the hands of God.

The parable of the leaven is also fulfilled in the spiritual life of each one. In the service of God things go on, not by violent leaps, but by quiet, unceasing progress. Faith and grace influence the intellect and the will; the will works upon the thoughts, words, and actions of our life, and influences the whole man. Thus it is through our faith, and through the grace which faith enables us to gain by prayer, that we obtain from God to think, speak, and act in a way always pleasing in His sight.

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WE may have sundry resemblances to Christ our Redeemer, but of all others he is most like Him that is like Him in mercy.—*Christopher Sutton, D. D.*

### A Benefactress of the Holy Souls.

**B**LESSED MARY OF THE ANGELS, who was beatified by Pius IX. in 1865, carried her charity toward the souls in purgatory to an almost unexampled degree of heroism. The prayers which she offered up for their deliverance were continual; the penances of every sort which she imposed upon herself for their intentions were frequent and rigorous. As there is no good work so beneficial to the souls in purgatory as the Sacrifice of the Mass, she was careful to have it said as often as possible for their repose.

Regardless of the poverty which, by reason of a heavy charge, had reduced the community to the last extremity, she had promised to have five Masses said every month for the poor souls as long as she was prioress. But there was no money, and the Sister Treasurer told her plainly that her promise was impossible of fulfilment. Our Lord, however, came to the assistance of His charitable servant, and during the course of that same day, sent to the convent a certain good Catholic of the town. When the prioress came to the parlor, he declared that he felt inspired to place in her hands an alms sufficient for the stipend of five Masses a month, to be said according to whatever intentions she desired. The holy prioress, full of joy and gratitude, at once informed her benefactor of the promise which she had made on the preceding night, and how impossible had been its fulfilment.

Blessed Mary of the Angels even went to the lengths of offering to endure in her own person the debts of the Suffering Souls. She prayed constantly to Our Lord to let her suffer the equivalent of the pains necessary for the immediate admission of those holy prisoners into His abode of glory. Her prayers were frequently heard: she was afflicted by various painful diseases, which sometimes lasted for weeks or even months.

One day she was vouchsafed one of

those precious pains, which threw her into a state of the most extreme weakness for twenty-four hours, in consequence of which sixty-three souls were delivered from purgatory. They appeared to her radiant with heavenly glory, giving thanks for all that she had suffered for them.

As a reward for the wonderful charity of this holy religious, it frequently happened, by the permission of God, that the souls in purgatory came themselves to ask for her suffrages. These holy apparitions became very familiar to her. She was favored by them in all places and at all times,—in the daytime as well as at night; in her cell, in the choir, even in the refectory.

Three years before her death, in 1714, as the Feast of the Assumption drew near, Mary of the Angels was undergoing the most intense suffering for her dear souls. Her spiritual director, Father Louis of Ste. Thérèse, commanded her in virtue of holy obedience to be cured at once; this was immediately done.

"But," said the blessed one, "as my sufferings are supernatural, and inflicted upon me for a soul in purgatory, you must understand, Father, that they will probably return in a short time, and more violently than ever."

And, in fact, on the 7th of September, vigil of the Nativity of Our Lady, the saint suddenly fell into horrible convulsions and into a kind of agony. Father Louis of Ste. Thérèse being immediately sent for was the witness, together with her fellow-religious, of an ecstasy, during which the holy servant of God, her countenance marked by a wonderful serenity and alight with heavenly rapture, conversed familiarly with persons whom none but herself could see.

"Do you recognize any of them?" the director asked.

"There are some whom I know and others whom I do not know," she said.

Then the priest commanded that she should come forth from that unconsciousness and be cured without delay, adding



that she and her Sisters should receive Holy Communion on the following morning for the deliverance of those souls. The servant of God obeyed at once; and, in a new ecstasy which followed her Communion, had the consolation of seeing a great number of those souls with whom she had spoken on the previous day wing their flight to heaven.

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### Singular Vessel of Devotion.

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"**M**ARY kept all these words, pondering them in her heart." The Blessed Virgin was the only one of the children of men who knew Our Lord's life upon earth thoroughly from beginning to end. Others knew fragments, she the whole. St. Joseph learned of the Incarnation by revelation, and then as far as his virgin spouse told him. He died before the public ministry began; but she was near her Son and Lord then, and at last stood by the Cross and the tomb, and shared in the glory of His rising and ascending. St. John the Baptist also saw but a part of the earthly life of Him whose forerunner he rejoiced to be. The Apostles, associated with Him in His preaching and suffering, and witnesses of His Resurrection, knew nothing by observation of His earlier days, except what those called His "brethren" may have seen.

Thus Mary, during her life upon earth, was the special depository of the Gospel story, watching the whole as it unfolded itself during thirty-three years, and pondering "all these words" in her heart; so that nothing was missed, nothing slurred over as trivial; the natural keenness of the mother reinforcing the humble and attentive devotion of the creature to the Creator, which was part of that fulness of grace she possessed ere the Incarnation. How suitably, then, as in the Rosary, can we ask her aid in meditating on the incidents of that life which she knew as none other did, pondering over it while it was still in progress as well as since then in His presence in heaven!

### The Mystery of Pain.

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**L**ONDON Catholics are not likely to forget the splendor and piety with which the Constantinian Jubilee was celebrated in the great metropolis. In the gathering of hierarchy and religious and laity which thronged the magnificent new Westminster, the vision of Newman's "Second Spring" was measurably realized. At the evening service, Bishop Keating, preaching from the text, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," delivered a masterly discourse upon the triumph of the Cross of Christ. It was no merely glittering and general treatment of the theme, but an examination and a probing that entered secret places. For example, touching the matter of suffering in our life, the Bishop said:

The Christian values pain as the world values pleasure. All of us in our measure, but especially the saints, are willing to see in pain, not only something that may be borne, but even something that may be desired and welcomed. Between love and suffering there is an indissoluble wedlock, and especially is this wedlock brought out when love is at its best. For instance, the heroic soldier seeks the point of danger, the heroic seaman revels in the tempest and the battle; the heroic priest, nurse, or doctor enters the plague-stricken area; the heroic explorer makes for the ice-field, not for wealth or glory, but for self-expression. What they seek is the last farthing of usury from those talents they have received, and which constitute their best and noblest selves. They, too, glory in their tribulation.

In our holy religion this mysterious wedlock between love and suffering receives an emphasis that is startling and overwhelming. We preach Christ crucified. That is what sheds a soft radiance of understanding over the dark mystery of pain, and crowns it with the halo of glory. Christ mounted the Cross by His own deliberate act; stretched out His feet and hands to receive the nails by His own deliberate choice; let in that flood of desolation and despair by His own predestined and eternal act. Why? Because He knew that by the Cross, and by that alone, He could adequately express the greatness of His love for His creatures. "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." He knew that by the Cross

alone He could batter down the barriers that sin has set up in these hearts of ours. 'If I be lifted up from the earth, only so will I draw all hearts to Me.'

This, we believe, is reflection which finds and justifies the very reason why the present Jubilee was proclaimed.

### History Repeating Itself.

IN view of the popular action that is being taken in a number of the territorial departments of France in order to secure the return of the Sisters to the hospitals, there is every prospect of our seeing yet another instance of history's repeating itself. A non-Catholic book, not so well known nowadays as it was in the middle-nineteenth century, Mrs. Jameson's "Sisters of Charity," furnishes a parallel that makes interesting reading in the present conjuncture of French politico-religious matters:

"At the commencement of the French Revolution the Sisterhood of Charity had four hundred and twenty-six houses in France, and many more in other countries; the whole number of women thus actively employed was about six thousand. During the Reign of Terror, the superior (Madame Duleau), who had become a Sister of Charity at the age of nineteen, and was now sixty, endeavored to keep the society together; although suppressed by the Government, and in the midst of the horrors of that time, it appears that the feeling of the people protected these women from injury. As soon as the Consular Government was established, the indispensable Sisterhood was recalled by a decree of the Minister of the Interior.

"I can not resist giving a few passages from the preamble to this edict—certainly very striking and significant,—as I find it quoted in a little book now before me. It begins thus: 'Seeing that the services to the sick can be properly administered only by those whose vocation it is, and who do it in the spirit of love.

'Seeing, further, that among the hospitals of the Republic, those are in all ways best served wherein the female attendants have adhered to the noble example of their predecessors, whose only object was to practise a boundless love and charity.

'Seeing that the members still existing of this society are now growing old, so that there is reason to fear that an Order which is a glory to the country may shortly become extinct:

'It is decreed that the Citoyenne [citizeness] Duleau, formerly superior of the Sisters of Charity, is authorized to educate girls for the care of the hospitals, etc.'"

The first two clauses of the foregoing preamble are not a particle less true to-day than they were when originally written in 1799, as is clearly established by the constantly increasing complaints from all quarters of France about the maladministration of the hospitals and the inefficiency of their female attendants. It is devoutly to be hoped that the present Government of that country will wisely yield to the almost universal popular demand, and reinstate the Sisters whom they so wantonly expelled a few years ago. One consideration that may serve as an inducement to such action is the wholly unreligious, unsentimental, purely "business" consideration, economy. It has been found during the past few years that the maintenance of the various hospitals under lay superintendents and with lay nurses constitutes a much severer drain on the public purse than was the case under the old régime; and the argument that touches the French pocket is normally a potent one.

To conclude the page of Mrs. Jameson from which we have quoted — after confessing that she would like to see an Act of the British Parliament beginning with such a preamble—she writes: "In all the Sisters of Charity I have known, I have found a mingled bravery and tenderness, if not by nature, by habit; and a certain tranquil self-complacency, arising not from self-applause, but out of the very abnegation of self, which had been adopted as the rule of life."



## Notes and Remarks.

Under the caption, "The Blessed Sacrament and the Working Classes," *Emmanuel* publishes a short sermon which the priestly readers of that excellent little monthly might do well to pass on to their parishioners. Here are two paragraphs:

In Greek and Roman civilization, labor and slavery were synonymous terms. Labor was a term of shame and opprobrium. But when your God was born in the flesh He dignified labor and took away its reproach; and, as a consequence, the essential dignity and equality of all men, the nobility, and even the obligation, of labor, began to be recognized. This recognition grew apace. In the fourth century the great Fathers of the Church—Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom and Jerome—proclaimed to the rich in boldest language that the earth was intended by God for all the children of men, and that the surplus possessions of the rich should be distributed among the poor. This doctrine is the most fruitful principle of human rights, the most effective protection for labor that ever fell from the lips of men. It is the historical and ethical basis of the now universally recognized industrial axiom that the laborer has a right to a Living Wage. . . .

Let no man or body of men seduce you by a false and delusive gospel of Labor. The Socialists promise their followers an earthly paradise, little work and much enjoyment. Bebel and Stern proclaim that the Golden Age of Saturn will return, and all men will be happy. Everlasting peace will reign on the earth. These, my friends, are idle and pernicious dreams. To labor and to suffer is the lot of humanity ever since original sin took possession of the world. And no human power, no human skill, can make it otherwise. The only paradise possible on this earth, my friends, is the paradise of a Christian life.

And the surest means of entering that paradise and constantly enjoying its delights is fidelity to the practice so strongly recommended by the Pope—frequent and even daily Communion.

A correspondent of one of the English Catholic papers who, innocently and in no carping spirit, ventured to object to the recitation of the Rosary during Mass, has been severely criticised by other correspondents—accused of ignorance, pre-

sumption, disrespect to the Holy See, and what not. (How ready the critics are, and how inconsiderate as a rule!) One is permitted to feel grateful—as grateful as one will—that the practice in question is prescribed for only a single month out of the twelve, and to hold that if it were for all the year, attendance at Mass would be for many a veritable hardship. Noiseless beads have yet to be invented; and peace of soul is not always promoted by a multiplicity of voices, however fervent their owners may be. All that need be said in defence of the practice of reciting the Rosary during the Holy Sacrifice is summed up in the following portion of a kindly letter signed S. A. D.:

(1) It is only for one month out of twelve; (2) The recitation stops during the Consecration and Holy Communion; (3) There is much more of Our Lord than Our Lady in the Rosary mysteries, and He is not absent from any; (4) There is not a single mystery that does not point in some way, directly or indirectly, forward or backward, to the Sacrifice of the Mass, which, we must remember, depends on the Incarnation; (5) "Our Father" begins and the *Gloria* ends each decade, each being recited five times; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the first petition for forgiveness coincides in time with the Confession at the Altar; (6) The fifty short prayers in place of the longer missal ones enable us to remember many more individuals, present and absent, and also a greater variety of needs; (7) Mary was with her Son on Calvary.

That the arm of God has not been shortened since the days of the Prophets of old, is evidently a deep conviction with Fr. Bernard Vaughan. Interviewed at Edinburgh—he is always being interviewed somewhere—on the subject of miracles, he had this to say:

What a surgeon can do with his knife you must allow God can do without it; and if some bodily ill will yield to a physician's treatment, it may yield with even greater facility to the word of the Great Physician. But before I can pronounce upon any individual case I must first of all investigate the matter. I must know the nature and character of the disease as it was before the patient went to Lourdes and pleaded at the Blessed Mother's shrine. If the Divine Son did, at the mere intimation

of a wish, change water into wine, why can not He change bad blood into good, with plenty of red corpuscles in it? Any individual case must stand the test of evidence, without which imagination, superstition, and credulity may play a masterly part. Personally, I believe many miracles have been wrought at Lourdes and away from Lourdes, and in every part of the Church; and I, during my time of ministry, have come across quite a large number of cases among our Catholic poor which I have no hesitation in setting down to God's special kindness to them,—going out of His way, so to speak, to step in and heal where the doctor had failed. We can not deny that God has the power. Who would care to deny that He ever has the will?

Fr. Vaughan is too busy a man and too serious-minded a priest to waste much time over newspapers; but it occurs to us now and then that if he were to see in print all he says in public, he would be surprised at himself.

Reading the current literature of the occult, one is often reminded of St. Paul's warning to the Thessalonians against the "lying wonders" of Satan. In a footnote to an article contributed to one of the English reviews, Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck relates the following "personal experience":

One evening, at the Abbaye de Saint-Wandrille, where I am wont to spend my summers, some newly arrived guests were amusing themselves by making a small table spin on its foot. I was quietly smoking in a corner of the drawing-room, at some distance from the little table, taking no interest in what was happening around it, and thinking of something quite different. After due entreaty, the table replied that it held the spirit of a seventeenth-century monk, who was buried in the east gallery of the cloisters, under a flagstone dated 1693. After the departure of the monk, who suddenly, for no apparent reason, refused to continue the interview, we thought that we would go, with a lamp, and look for the grave. We ended by discovering, in the far cloister on the eastern side, a tombstone in a very bad condition—broken, worn down, trodden into the ground and crumbling,—on which, by examining it very closely, we were able, with great difficulty, to decipher the inscription, "A. D. 1693." Now, at the moment of the monk's reply, there was no one in the drawing-room except my guests

and myself. None of them knew the abbey. They had arrived that very evening, a few minutes before dinner; after which, as it was quite dark, they had put off their visit to the cloisters and the ruins until the following day. Therefore, short of a belief in the "shells" or the "elementals" of the Theosophists, the revelation could only have come from me. Nevertheless, I believed myself to be absolutely ignorant of the existence of that particular tombstone, one of the least legible among a score of others, all belonging to the seventeenth century, which pave this part of the cloisters.

And this sort of thing is called "scientific spiritualism"! In the early ages of Christianity it was called dealing with the devil. It is nothing new, and none the better for being old, or known by a different name.

The London *Tablet* happily hits off the absurdity of the *Globe's* statement that Cardinal Vaughan was "a Catholic first and an Englishman after," by substituting the word "Christian" for "Catholic." "What would be thought if any one were to declare that—say—the Bishop of London was an Englishman first and a Christian afterward?" In the estimation of many Protestant persons, Catholics are not to be classed as Christians; though we have known a leading light of the Methodist persuasion in this country to declare publicly, and challenge any one to deny, that Catholics are entitled to be called Christians, and that the Catholic Church is in reality a Christian Church! One has to laugh at things like this, to refrain from saying anything.

The warmest friends of the workingmen, and the readiest sympathizers with the legitimate activities of the Labor Unions, must perforce acknowledge that, both theoretically and practically, these organizations occasionally make mistakes. When, for instance, railway employees applaud the action of the State in controlling the action of the railway's owners, yet denounce the State when it proceeds to control their own action, the employees are obviously inconsistent. The Governor



of Massachusetts recently made this reasonably plain to a Union of engineers and firemen who, in a letter addressed to him, assumed that they were "engaged in a private calling, and the State or nation will in some way trespass upon the rights and freedom of its members if it undertakes to regulate conditions of employment,"—a proposed strike of the employees being in prospect. In his reply, Governor Foss said:

This assumption is wholly inadmissible. The railroads are engaged in a public calling, and are therefore subject to public regulation. The same is true of employees of the railroads, and your organization has no more right to resent such regulation than have the railroads. . . . When your organization adopts a course of action which would disorganize business, throw laborers out of employment, and interfere with the supply of food and fuel, it is subject to control just as much as the railroad would be if, in a similar manner, it refused to operate its trains or otherwise perform its duties as a public carrier. Public regulation in the one case is as justified as it is in the other.

Quite apart from the nice points of law that may be involved in the reciprocal rights and duties of employers and employed, and the competency of the State to regulate the action of either or both, the man in the street in the exercise of his plain common-sense will probably be of opinion that the Governor's points are well taken.

A paper by the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke, entitled "The Collapse of the Catholic Revival," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, if it does not set our Anglican brethren right on any point, will at least serve to set them thinking about the present crisis in the Establishment's history. Mr. Clarke is an outspoken person, and believes in telling the truth on this subject, much as it may shame—the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here is his opening paragraph:

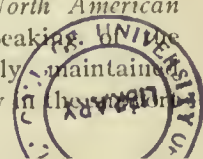
That the English Church is once more on her trial no reasonable man can any longer doubt. The enormous shrinkage of candidates for Holy Orders (some 6000 in twenty-five years); the depletion of funds for maintaining

our theological colleges, a fact which has roused the warning voice of both Archbishops; the loss of Confirmation candidates, which the *Church Times* rates at the alarming total of 27,000 in one year; the heavy strain upon all missionary societies, in order merely to maintain their *status quo* in foreign fields; the increasing antagonism between clergy and laity; the noticeably diminished intellectual power of the English pulpit,—are startling proofs to all but deaf ears that the Church of England is, in the forcible phrase of the Bishop of Hereford, "heading for disestablishment."

Others besides High Anglicans will question the truth of certain of Mr. Clarke's statements—without, however, accusing him of untruthfulness. He is what a French friend of ours used to call a "genius man"; and the impulsiveness of genius—"the curse of the artistic temperament"—is betrayed in these statements: "High Anglicanism is no more. . . . Its dogmas are being given up by the leaders themselves." Now let us hear from those gentlemen.

It can not be said that caution is a characteristic of scientists. The experts jeered at Stephenson's idea of running carriages on rails at the frightful speed of thirty miles an hour; and even Sir Humphry Davy attributed lunacy to the man who proposed to light London by sending gas through tubes into the houses. Now we have the declaration of so distinguished an engineer as Mr. Hiram Maxim that dirigible balloons are useless and practically impossible. He declares furthermore that "it is nothing short of madness" to sacrifice more lives and money in attempting an impossibility. Probably it is; but should any one ever succeed in producing a non-inflammable gas, what then?

One advantage of the parochial over the public school is pointed out by Leigh Mitchell Hodges in the *North American Educational Directory*. Speaking of the close connection invariably maintained between the clergy and laity in the



of our schools, he says: "While the services of the former are largely of an advisory nature, their active interest brings to bear a degree of learning not to be found among any other set of men, and this erudition can not but be reflected in the results obtained by the schools."

This is a point which, naturally enough, is not accentuated either by Catholic pastors or Catholic editors.

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Among the loving tributes paid to the late Canon Sheehan, not the least adequate was that of the Irish Jesuit, Father Robert Kane. Speaking in a London church on the dignity of the Catholic priesthood, he said:

Only the other day there died a great man whose life and work were typical of the true spirit which bound together in one most sacred brotherhood, whether priests or people, all who belonged to the spiritual body of Christ—the Church. The possessor of a great and noble mind, world-famed, yet in the simple village of Doneraile no child was unknown to him, and every little face brightened as it saw the parish priest coming along the road, or in the school-room, when each day he came to bid the children welcome. Nor were the poor unknown to him; for everyone came with his sorrows to Canon Sheehan as to a true priest, a wise and most generous friend. And when his great fame brought him money from his publishers, it disappeared in charity of which no one knew from what hand it came. I have heard from the late Canon's own bishop, how the deceased priest had arranged that the profits from his books should be sent to his Lordship to be distributed amongst the poor. . . . He gave to the world the true ideal of the Irish priest, so human and simple, yet withal vested with the great powers which marked him as the anointed of Christ.

A notable eulogy of the late priest-novelist, yet not an exaggerated one.

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In a recent issue of the *Living Church* appeared this unqualified statement:

Visitors to European countries are often struck by the apparent irreverence of the congregation: their constant talking, their negligent attitudes at certain portions of the services.

The statement having come to the notice of a Philadelphia gentleman, Mr. W. E.

Waters, he takes the offending periodical to task. Premising that the reference is presumably to the services in Catholic churches, he writes to the *Living Church* (we quote from the *Catholic Citizen*):

Now, having successive experience in visiting Catholic churches and cathedrals throughout Europe, I have not found your statement to be true, except by visitors, or tourists, who can not by any means be fairly charged as being a part of a worshipping congregation. When there is a mob of sight-seers at Notre Dame, The Madeleine, Milan, Florence, St. Peter's, Maria Maggiore, and others, of course there is confusion, negligence, etc.; but your words indicate that this is common at the church services. My experience shows me worshippers abroad are as orderly as here. Your Roman cathedral in Milwaukee will show that these worshippers are fairly reverent. I maintain that those in Europe are just as reverent, take them as a whole. Why do you seek to convey a wrong impression on distant and other Christians?

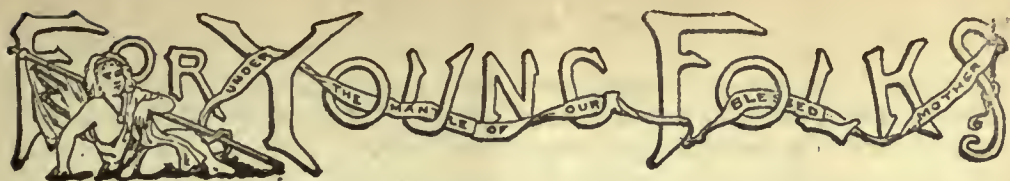
Catholic visitors to the great European cathedrals will corroborate this fair-minded non-Catholic's testimony. It is a commonplace among the *cognoscenti* that the ill-breeding or boorishness of foreigners (American globe-trotters among them) is often chronicled as irreverence on the part of native worshippers.

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Although the phrase has often been used, there is no such thing as an "Index Expurgatorius." According to the *Catholic Bulletin*, however, San Francisco possesses a rather effective *Index Crematorius*. Says our contemporary: "The Century Club, an exclusive women's organization of San Francisco, recently made a bonfire of a lot of vile books. The club's censors read the volumes, and immediately proposed that they should be banished from the library. It did not take long for other members of the club to decide that the books should be burned."

An excellent decision. Would it were more frequently arrived at by librarians, public and private! There is ample scope for an *Index Crematorius* in most of our cities and towns.





## A Schoolboy's Martyrdom.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

ONCE I told the tender story  
Of the martyr boys of Spain:  
How they won their crowns of glory  
By their patience in their pain;  
How they triumphed o'er the torment, and the  
tyrant's hate was vain.

These, I said, were wondrous graces  
Only for the favored few;  
Looking at the bright young faces  
On me bent, I little knew  
That among my merry schoolboys I should  
find a martyr too.

And of those bright boys, the brightest,  
Still one curly head I see;  
One light heart, of all the lightest,  
From all care and canker free.  
O my laughter-loving Eddy, what had mar-  
tyrdom with thee?

Yet full sudden came his calling:  
Scarcely started on his way,  
Wounded by the fateful falling,  
On his bed of pain he lay;  
And his lithesome limbs, to save him, all in vain  
were shorn away.

There I watched him faint and weary,  
By long hours of torment torn;  
Through sad days of darkness dreary,  
Fading from us weak and worn,—  
Saw my schoolboy martyr sinking 'neath the  
cross so bravely borne.

And as now the end drew nearer,  
And I felt the coming blow,  
Still his patience made him dearer,—  
Only now I seemed to know  
All his gentle worth, and vainly felt full loath  
to let him go.

Then, while loving hands enfold him,  
On his father's breast he lay;

Love, that sought in vain to hold him,  
Saw him softly pass away,  
And the night of pain and sorrow melted into  
endless day.

There is comfort while we mourn him:  
Ours the loss, but his the gain;  
Could we have the heart to keep him  
Stretched upon that bed of pain?  
He has asked his Lord to take him, and he has  
not asked in vain.

Let him sleep, for he was weary;  
Lay the cross upon his breast;  
From a life so dark and dreary  
Let him pass to heavenly rest,  
Where God crowns the martyr's patience, and  
His little ones are blest.

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XXI.—AN URGENT MESSAGE.

RATHER early one morning, the children received an urgent message, which was brought to the door by Taffy John himself. They had seen him approaching from the window; and had a wooden toy been detached from its stand and begun to walk toward them, they could hardly have been more surprised. For it had come to be almost an article of belief that he was practically immovable from the shop, in his white apron and cap. The note he brought was a brief epistle in pencil, notifying Fred and Alice that the dwarf was very ill and would like to see them.

"Yes," said Taffy John, who waited for their reply, "he is low,—very low. It is the lungs. My wife fears that he will die."

Die! The dwarf, whom so lately the children had seen wearing the laurels of

success upon his head, and strutting about the stage, with a firm and vigorous step! Even from that temporary defeat arising out of the interview with Forrester he had recovered himself, and regained much of his old-time swagger. And now? The very thought of death was to Fred and Alice, as it is to most children, an ever-fresh astonishment.

The taffy-vender, seeing their dismay, said encouragingly:

"It may not be perhaps so bad. But he is pretty sick. And my wife wants Selma to stop with her."

Mrs. Seymour had, in fact, been feeling not a little uneasy because Selma had, the previous day, left the house for her "afternoon out" and had not returned. Having begged them to tell their mother why Selma had not returned, and carrying with him the children's promise to go to see the invalid as soon as possible, Taffy John took his leave.

With their mother's permission, the children proceeded that very afternoon to the taffy emporium, to find its proprietor restored to his customary place behind the counter. They saw Selma, too, her face pale, haggard, and tear-stained, wearing her bonnet and shawl, as if about to leave the house. She took no notice of the children, but glided past them out into the street.

"She goes for the medicine," said Taffy John, looking after her.

Then, leading the children to that self-same stairway down which the dwarf had come, magnificent in his flowered dressing-gown, he bade them knock at the first doorway above. There was no need to knock, for the door stood open; and from the head of the stairs the children could perceive, not, without awe, the pale, emaciated face of the Prince of the Lilliputians. It looked out at them wistfully from the whiteness of the bed.

At his side sat a woman whom they had not seen before, but whom they surmised to be the wife of Taffy John. She was a large, solemn-looking woman,

with her hair confined in a net and secured by a wide velvet band. She was wielding two large wooden knitting-needles, with one of which she directed the children to places beside the bed. These latter could hardly find any word because of the emotion which seized upon them at sight of the little man thus shorn of all his splendors. On the walls of the room were a number of photographs representing the Prince in each of his characters; also some handbills, in large print, announcing his appearances. A few costumes truly lilliputian—absurdly small, in fact,—and a good deal faded, hung here and there about the room.

The dwarf's face brightened at the entrance of the visitors, and he began to talk excitedly of his plans for the future; sitting up in bed for the purpose, until the effort brought on a violent fit of coughing. When this had subsided, the woman, who watched him closely, put forth one of her large knitting-needles, temporarily released from its employment, and motioned the patient, gently but forcibly, down upon his pillow.

"No talk!" she said. "Too much cough. Too weak you."

"The doctors say," began the dwarf, turning his head toward the visitors, but without making any further attempt to rise, "that I can not stay here another winter. Even the autumn cold, they think, will be too much."

"But it is still a long way to autumn," said Fred.

"Yes," assented the dwarf; "but I have to make my arrangements. He will not let me appear any more this summer; and, unless I am stronger, he says I can not take my trip abroad."

A slow tear forced itself from the Prince's eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

"And if that is so," he said presently, "I can not make any money, and we are so poor."

The children guessed that by "we" he meant Selma and himself, but they did not know what to say.



"I will never be able to go away," he said.

"Away you must go," the woman replied, waving her needle toward the window, as though it were through there that he must take his flight,— "away, away!"

"But how?" the little man inquired. "I have but a few dollars in the bank—not enough to pay my board even here."

"No board," the woman said; and the children were not quite sure whether she was deploring the fact as regarded herself or reassuring the patient.

The dwarf was silent then, pressing his hand to his chest as though it hurt him to speak; and the children, who were not ready of speech in such an emergency, found the stillness of the room oppressive. Only a breeze coming in stirred gently the costumes on the wall; and the dwarf, turning wistful eyes from them to the children, said in a weak voice:

"I was going to see the crowned heads."

Alice could scarcely restrain the tears that rose to her eyes; even Fred felt a lump in his throat; while the woman made her needles fly faster than ever in and out of the crimson wool, as though she were weaving the thread of a life, and slowly shook her head from side to side.

The invalid, catching this gesture of dissent, cried petulantly:

"But I will go,—I *will* go when I am stronger!"

The woman's needles continued to fly, and the children's eyes fastened themselves upon her face, as though they read there the verdict of Fate. But she merely echoed the midget's own words:

"When stronger!"

Encouraged by this agreement, the little man again reverted to his plans, trying to tell the children what he would do, and describing the new costumes that he was going to get. Pitifully, in the midst of it all he was arrested by a sudden sense of his own weakness, and his inability either to earn money by carrying out that dazzling project, or

to get away where he might regain health and strength, at least to some degree, and escape the dangers that threatened him with the coming of the cold weather. His face became convulsed, and he hid it under the clothes as he murmured:

"But it is no use,—no use!"

Faster and faster the crimson wool was being woven into a tangible form; but the woman's face was sorrowful, and her lips were compressed as if holding back the mighty secret. Presently the dwarf began to cough again; and the woman, with an exclamation, arose and held to his lips a glass into which she had poured some drops.

"Perhaps we had better go, and come again when he is better," suggested Alice to the woman.

But the dwarf, hearing this remark, grew excited and tried to raise himself.

"Do not go till I have told you," he said.

So the children, patiently sitting down, waited; and, when the restorative had had its effect, the little man drew from under his pillow a small object which he thrust into Fred's hand.

"It is a book," he said, "and it belongs to that man" (his face grew dark and he clenched his tiny fists),—"that James Forrester. I picked it up a long time ago. It was the day that he made a fool of me, and set on the street boys to laugh."

He was interrupted again by the coughing, and once more a knitting-needle was withdrawn from the crimson wool, and the invalid was forced to lie back upon the pillow.

Fred looked at Alice, and simultaneously they rose to go; but the dwarf, with convulsive effort, detained them.

"There is only a word more," he said, "and you must not go till it is spoken. I showed that book to Selma, and she read it, and understood all that is written in there. She can explain to you. But she told me to say nothing at that time, for fear the big bully might kill me,—and for another reason which she would

not tell me. But now he is gone, so I will give you the book whether Selma likes it or not."

And his face settled into an obstinate expression.

"No more words now!" interposed the woman of the knitting-needles. "Yes," she added, "you go."

The children, having bade the dwarf good-bye, were escorted downstairs by the woman, who waited just long enough to whisper to her husband:

"You tell them what says the doctor. I am not large enough in English."

Then she hastened upward, filling all the stairs with her ample proportions, and waving to them the knitting-needles as well as the knitting, which bore some resemblance to a crimson flag.

"The doctor was here this afternoon," said Taffy John; "and he said it is very great cold, with danger of consumption after, even if he comes pretty well again,—but never well enough to live in this climate. If he wait here for the autumn, he will die very sure."

"And can't he go away?" asked Alice, a tear stealing down her cheek. "Is there no way at all?"

"There is no way for him to get hundreds of dollars," said the candy man. "Even if he were able to exhibit himself, the receipts are not very big."

It seemed to the children, as they walked out from the shop, subdued and depressed, that it was hard, indeed, to die for the want of money. Yet even to them, who had never felt the need of anything, money, when counted by hundreds of dollars, was absolutely prohibitive. As Fred and Alice passed homeward, they conversed in low tones, as though they were still in the sick room of the Prince as he appeared in the various photographs upon the wall. Alice had been most impressed, however, by the poor little costumes,—pathetic memorials of a past that, for the poor invalid, could never again return.

(To be continued.)

## A Story of Daniel Webster.

The saying of grown-ups, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is sometimes proved true in strange ways. They tell a story, for instance, of the great Daniel Webster's boyhood, which is likely to interest our young folk more deeply than many of the noted orator's achievements in manhood.

He was only a little fellow when, one day in school, his teacher called him up for punishment. Daniel had been playing out in the mud, and as a result his hands were not at all clean,—were, in fact, very dirty. Knowing that the teacher would be still more angry when he noticed this, the boy spat on the palm of his right hand and wiped it on his trousers. "Give me your hand," said the teacher sternly. Dannie thrust out his right hand, partially cleansed, but *only* partially. The schoolmaster looked at it for a moment, and said: "Daniel, if you can find another hand in this room as dirty as that, I'll let you off this time."—"Here it is, sir!" said Dannie, putting out his left hand.—"That will do for this time," said the teacher. "Go to your seat."

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### Candidate.

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Whenever any man in ancient Rome desired to secure an office, either by election or appointment, he let the fact be known by wearing a glittering white toga; and, by a quite natural process, was spoken of as a "white-robed" citizen. Now, "white-robed" in Latin is *candidatus*, and our English word "candidate" is the same word in a slightly changed form. It preserves the figurative meaning of the original,—that is, an applicant for office; but not the literal meaning, "white-robed." A first cousin of this word, candidate, is "candid," which used to mean "bright, white," but signifies nowadays honest, frank, open. All candidates should, of course, be candid; but some of them, we fear, are not.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New fiction includes "Sonnie-Boy's People," by James B. Connolly, to whom the reading public is already under many obligations.

—An important work of apologetics, "The Freedom of Science," by the Rev. Joseph Donat, S. J., rector of the University of Innsbruck, has been translated into English, and will shortly be published by Mr. Joseph F. Wagner.

—"Memories of Charles Dickens," is yet another new book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. As everyone knows, he was an intimate friend of the great English novelist, of whom and of whose work he has furnished valuable appreciations.

—The long-expected biography of Francis Thompson, upon which Mr. Everard Meynell has been at work for two or three years past, has just appeared in London. It will be issued in this country by Scribners' Sons. A number of interesting portraits are included.

—We welcome the announcement, by Longmans, Green & Co., of a new book by the author of "The Life of a Prig," etc., entitled "The Vices of Virtues and Other Vagaries." Any one who has read the delightful Prig Books will know the treat that has been provided for him.

—Li Hung Chang's "Memoirs" are not what would be classed as entertaining reading, still they are of great interest and not devoid of wit. He did not like New York, which he considered the worst of all the cities in the world. "The worst, least suited to the life of Li Hung Chang, I mean. Of course they did not think of me when they were building it." A reporter, having asked him how many wives he had, was told that he had as many as he needed. Nothing daunted, the reporter asked how many that was. Whereupon Li turned questioner, asking: "How many wives have you?" The reporter answered, "None."—"Good!" rejoined Li; "you look as if you might be able to take care of just that number."

—The Willard Word Book Series, by Agnes W. O'Brien (A. Flanagan Co.), consists of a manual for teachers of first, second, and third grades; Book One, for the use of students of fourth, fifth, and sixth grades; Book Two, for the use of students of seventh and eighth grades. While most of our teachers have a well-grounded dislike for the multiplication of text-books, very many of those who have to

do with the primary grades will find much to assist them in these useful volumes. The "little studies" in pronunciation and punctuation in Book Two are particularly happy. Paper and print are good, and the binding attractive and durable.

—Some striking historical evidence in refutation of the charge (lately repeated in a learned review) that the Pope granted a dispensation to King Henry IV., of Castile, to commit bigamy, is presented by Mr. Norman Evans Hardy, in an article contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review*, under the somewhat sensational title, "Papal Dispensations for Polygamy."

—Since the Holy Father issued his *Motu Proprio* on church music there seems to have been a revival among writers of ecclesiastical chant, and the number of new Masses is increasing in a remarkable degree. There is room for all good compositions that comply with the regulations of the Church. *Missa Solemnis* for chorus, with organ accompaniment, by J. Lewis Browne, satisfies the requirements, and we do not hesitate to recommend it. The Gilbert Music Co., Chicago.

—"Spiritual Progress," second part, "From Fervor to Perfection" (R. & T. Washbourne), is described by the title-page as complete in itself apart from Part I., "Lukewarmness to Fervor," noticed by us some months ago. This little manual has much in its content which many persons who lead the interior life need and will gladly welcome. It has two general divisions: I., Confession; and II., Direction. It is in the second part that the peculiar merit of the work consists: in the grasp of subject-matter—itsself a wide field of psychology—and the practical advice with which it follows up its unerring analysis. The book is translated from the French, is durably and not unattractively bound, and is provided with a silk marker.

—The title-page of "The Sisters of Bon-Secours," an abridged history of the Paris Congregation of Bon-Secours, though it bears the imprint of Burns & Oates, clearly shows that the book must have been printed on the Continent, as, in fact, it was—at Blois. On the Continent, too, more specifically in France, it was written and possibly there translated. The history itself is a novel one, an account of great undertakings made in a spirit of faith; and it abounds in pictures of holy souls, the

pioneers of the Bon-Secours. But the style, the manner of the telling, have that roundaboutness, that exclamatoriness, that apparent struggling for effect, which needs the pardon that, after all, this is French. Nor is the translation remarkably felicitous. For example, this phrase occurs: "The thought . . . made her heart of an apostle thrill with joy." There is a preface by the Very Rev. Francis M. Wyndham, M. A.

—Done with a touch of literary art and from a fresh point of view, "Christ's Cadets" (St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Stanislaus Kostka, St. John Berchmans) by C. C. Martindale, S. J., is a wholly likable little volume. How much more real is the blessed Aloysius, sword-girded, than with the traditional pot of paper-lilies by his side! This frontispiece gives the key to the work, of which it is not too high praise to say that it is done in much the same temper and with much the same success as the never-to-be-forgotten Life of the great father and captain of these young saints produced by a master of English song. These three brief but sufficient biographies in one compact little volume may profitably replace or displace some of the more ponderous and inept Lives of an earlier generation. Published in this country by Benziger Brothers.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "Spiritual Progress." Part II. 90 cts.  
 "The Sisters of Bon-Secours." \$1.15.  
 "Christ's Cadets." C. C. Martindale, S. J. 35 cts.  
 "Paradoxes of Catholicism." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.25, net.  
 "Our Lady Intercedes." Eleanor Frances Kelly. 75 cts.  
 "A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.  
 "The Honour of the House." Mrs. Hugh Fraser, J. I. Stahlmann. \$1.30.  
 "Psalmi Vesperarum." 50 cts.

- "The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." René Bazin. \$1.25.  
 "The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.  
 "Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways" J. Michael of Contances \$1.25  
 "Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.  
 "The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William Kenny, bishop of St. Augustine; Rev. August Stehle, archdiocese of New York; and Very Rev. David Fennesy, C. R. Sister M. Josephine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Charles Petersen, Mr. Richard Boyland, Mr. John Dallen, Mr. Redmond Prindiville, Mr. Patrick Buckley, Mr. Earl Hope, Mr. Henry Coughlin, Mr. George Vorsmith, Mr. Patrick Kehoe, Mr. Robert Dwyer, Mrs. Anna Phillips, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Mr. James Furlong, Mr. George Williamson, Mr. William J. Fisher, Mr. Michael Redmond, Mrs. Loretta Kearney, Mr. John Deskin, Mr. John F. Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Williamson, Mr. Richard Kelly, Mr. Henry Politte, Mrs. Mary Corrigan, Mr. John Reis, Mrs. Catherine Dougherty, Mr. Frank Stephens, Mrs. C. Foley, Miss Ida Tyler, Mr. James O'Brien, Mr. Arthur Ward, Mr. Peter Conlan, Mrs. Anne Lawler, Mr. Herman Wind, and Mr. John Wehrheim.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

- For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: Jubilee alms, \$10; B. J. M., \$3; Rev. J. B., \$25; A. B., \$1; Friend, \$25; Friend (Cincinnati), \$1; B. H., \$1; Misses L., \$1; A. K. B., \$3; M. E. McK., \$5; P. J. McS., \$1; D. J. K., \$2; Friend (Cleveland), \$5; an offering for the dead, \$50.  
 For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: An offering for the dead, \$100; Friend, \$25; Teresa W., \$2.50.  
 For the cyclone and famine sufferers in China: Friend, \$25, Mrs. P. L., \$2.  
 To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Mrs. W. H. K., \$5; Mrs. H.M. B., 25 cts.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Virgo Potens.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

IT was thy knowledge of the bridegroom's need  
That, at the marriage-feast of Cana, won  
The first of miracles from Christ, thy Son,  
When the shamed host dreamed not for help  
to plead.

But once alone hadst thou to intercede;  
Although not then His public life begun,  
Yet as thy heart desired, so was it done,—  
To wine the waters crimsoned, God-decreed.

Thus Mercy deigned His wonders to commence,  
Though Nature's laws He seem to set at naught,  
To show thy prayers to Him were still com-  
mands:

Who dare set limits, even though in thought,  
To power almighty put into thy hands?  
By prayer thou sharest His omnipotence.

## Croagh Patrick.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE UNDER OLDTIME  
CONDITIONS.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

**T**WENTIETH-CENTURY pilgrimages are losing their legitimate right to that title, inasmuch as, being undertaken with much of the modern luxuries of travel, the word "discomfort" is all but eliminated from the pilgrim's dictionary. A notable exception to this is the annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, the mountain sanctified by the forty days' fast and vigil of St. Patrick fifteen hun-

dred years ago. True, in recent years special trains have been run from all parts of Ireland to Westport, the nearest town; but, since this boasts of only a few hotels, and the pilgrims flock there in thousands, it may readily be guessed that little luxury is to be had.

On the occasion of the last pilgrimage, in which I had the happiness to take part, many of the pilgrims did not trouble at all about the comforts of the flesh; but, like the penitents of old, laden with staff and provisions, set out on foot for the Holy Mount long before sundown, to spend a vigil in meditation and prayer on the sacred spot. When the shadows of night were deepening, hundreds filed up the rocky, tortuous way leading to the Reek, as the cone of Croagh Patrick is named; and thousands reached the little oratory on the summit before the first glimmerings of dawn had dispelled the same shadows. A vast number—the aged and infirm as well as the young and strong—made the toilsome ascent fasting, in order to receive their God in the Holy Eucharist up there in that lonely, cloud-kissed height, where St. Patrick watched and fasted and prayed for Ireland; piously confident that, by so doing, and through the intercession of the saints, God will show them mercy on the last day, and piously covetous also to gain all the indulgences with which the successors of St. Peter have so generously endowed this pilgrimage, which has existed from the very beginning of Christian Ireland; for, although it was discontinued as a public and national event

during the troubles of the Penal Times, it remained always a pious practice with numbers of holy people, and was officially revived a decade ago by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam.

The ancient road by which the pilgrims crossed over to the Reek is still traceable, worn bare by the feet of countless generations of St. Patrick's, spiritual children. To-day, a wide, winding road—with the everlasting hills on one side, and the beautiful Bay of Clew, studded with a hundred gemlike islets, on the other—connects the town of Westport with the base of the mountain. Jaunting cars and char-a-bancs may be hired at the town to hurry the pilgrim, over its five-mile length. But a three-mile climb on foot up the mountain-side is inevitable, neither donkeys nor ponies being available. The track is exceedingly rough, and the gradient a decided trial of lung and heart power almost from the very beginning. Occasionally a patch of boggy surface or heather-covered slope relieves the discomfort of the pebble-strewn way; but these oases are few and far between, and are generally the prelude to a series of high steps hewn out of the track by pilgrims' feet and very difficult to mount.

After about two miles the first station is met, the performance of which affords a short breathing space. It consists of a mound of stone and mould, surmounted by a plain black cross, on which the instructions are painted in white—to wit: seven *Ave Marias* and *Credos* to be recited in a kneeling posture; the mound to be circumambulated seven times, praying the while, and the prayers as before repeated. From thence the climb would tax the physical resources of a trained athlete. It seems to be almost perpendicular, and is strewn with a deep layer of loose stones which slip downward to the tread, thereby retarding progress considerably, and blistering the feet until one almost believes that one's boots are in very truth lined with the peas of historic penitential pilgrims.

This state of things continues for quite a mile, when the second station is reached,—a mound surmounted by a cross as before; but the devotions attached to it are doubled, and pilgrims are informed that it was an ancient and pious custom to perform this station with unshod feet, and the peregrinations around the mound on bare knees. Close by this, an oblong depression in the masses of loose stones is said to have been St. Patrick's bed during his vigil on the Reek; and pilgrims struggle for a turn to stand therein, kiss the cold stone where his head was wont to rest, and bear away in triumph a fragment of stone with far greater eagerness than pleasure-loving mortals struggle for a seat at a theatre on a "first night." A few yards farther on, crowning the Holy Mount as it were, stands the little oratory which has been erected there in recent years,—a plain temple of stone and cement capable of holding no more than eighty or ninety people. The bare floor is of clay; the altars—three in number—of wood; the tabernacle of iron decorated with a white Celtic cross; a crucifix of brown wood resting above it, while a wooden screen painted in dark and light green does the double duty of forming a background for the altar and a small sacristy. Above the altar, the grey cement wall bears the words: *Ut Christiani ita et Romani Sitis.*

From two niches on either side, statues of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, in plaster-of-Paris, look with mild benignity on the kneeling pilgrims; and St. Patrick himself blesses them from a life-size and lifelike image above the altar. Almost from sunrise to midday, votive Masses in honor of the saint were celebrated unceasingly in this oratory,—five priests from the United States and one from South Africa being amongst the specially favored celebrants.

The scene was impressive in the extreme. Fifteen thousand people, including clergy and laity, gathered together on a mountain-top, 2510 feet above sea level,



for the pure purpose of worshipping Almighty God and showing honor to His saint, who established His Church within the four seas of Erin without shedding one drop of human blood. One almost saw with one's bodily eyes our Blessed Lord multiplying the loaves and fishes, and, in His divine compassion, feeding the multitude "lest they faint by the way." There, on the lonely height consecrated by Patrick's prayers and tears, a priest moved hither and thither, ciborium in hand and Host uplifted, feeding God's people with the Heavenly Bread which giveth life everlasting. At noon, a portable altar was brought to the door of the little oratory, and an open-air Mass celebrated before thousands of devout worshippers.

The scene was indeed inspiring, soul-elevating, beautiful beyond the power of words,—a scene which only those who have witnessed it in person can fully appreciate: God's anointed commemorating Calvary's Holocaust on the soaring summit of a mountain resting almost against the clouds, while many thousand heads were bent in prayer and adoration, and many thousand hearts uplifted in sincere devotion to Him who shed His blood to redeem them ages ago. The sun shone brilliantly on a wide and varied panorama of exceeding great beauty,—Clew Bay, with its hundred gemlike islets (in one of which Granuaile sleeps) stretching away to the west like a sheet of mirrored glass; mountain-top peeping over mountain-top until the farthest blended with the ether, and seemed but a cloud floating on the blue dome of heaven; smiling green plains, dotted with little white homesteads and lighted with sparkling lakelets of most picturesque shapes; narrow white roads meandering along the valleys and zigzagging as they climbed the steep hillside,—a feast of beauty lost on most of the worshippers whose eyes were on Calvary's Hill, and the thoughts from whose hearts went up to God.

Presently a soft, vaporous, white mist arose—out of nowhere, as it seemed; and, creeping upward and ever upward, it closed around that kneeling, adoring crowd,—the rude altar, the vested priest, and the eager, loving souls kneeling at his feet waiting for the absolution blessing to receive their God into their hearts. Like incense floating around a vast cathedral, it came up the mountain-side slowly and lingeringly, yet lovingly, tenderly, as if it would shield that fervent, faithful multitude from scoffing eyes if any were there. When the last soul was fed with the Heavenly Bread, the last blessing given, and the last prayer said, it melted away almost imperceptibly; and revealed once more the grand panorama of towering mountains and wide, restless ocean, emerald-clad valleys and silver lakelets, little whitewashed homes of faith and love and purity, and narrow winding roads leading as it were to heaven.

Meanwhile two open-air sermons were preached on the mountain-top,—one (in the tongue St. Patrick spoke during his missionary labors) by the distinguished preacher, the Very Rev. Father Augustine, O. S. F. C., who took for his text, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith."\* It was an edifying sight to see the learned Franciscan, in habit of brown and arms outstretched, telling the multitude there on the mountain-top the long, long story of their struggle for the Faith since St. Patrick planted the Cross in Ireland. But a few years since I heard him preaching in the same tongue to a crowded congregation in Westminster Cathedral, London; and I thought then, as I thought on St. Patrick's Holy Mountain, that wherever the tongue of the Gaël is spoken, fervent faith will never be wanting. The English sermon was by the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, who, after giving a brief history of the pilgrimage, spoke on hope,—hope for Ireland, spiritually and temporally, through her valiant stand for the right and her unwavering adher-

\* I. St. John, v., 4.

ence to the See of Peter. It was indeed a grand and inspiring thing to listen to those two doughty soldiers of Christ telling the old tale of love divine on that lofty peak, consecrated by the prayers and tears of the national Apostle and of millions of pilgrims adown the centuries.

The story of St. Patrick's having chosen the Reek for his Lenten fast 1500 years ago is full of human as well as divine interest. Seven years he had passed going up and down the land, founding convents and monasteries and building churches, when he crossed into Connaught to continue his Master's work. Here he was well received by some and rather ill by others, but nothing ever daunted the servant of God; and, as we read, he continued building four-cornered churches. In the Book of Armagh it is related that about this time "he went to the men of Umall, where bishops dwell,"—which testifies that Aghad Fobair, now corrupted to Aghagower, was even then an episcopal See with jurisdiction over the men of Umall. This place is beautifully situated on the margin of a clear stream surrounded by wooded country; and when the saint and his religious family encamped there, the first who sought him was a fair young maiden named Mathona, the daughter of a chieftain, who, after instruction and baptism, begged to receive the religious veil. Soon after, her father Senach, with his son Ængus and all his household, received instruction and baptism; and the saint finding Senach to be a holy man of gentle, patient disposition, consecrated him bishop of that place, giving him a new name—Agnus Dei (Lamb of God). He also with his own hands wrote a catechism of Christian Doctrine for the young Ængus, whom he ordained priest; so that, being instructed himself, he would be qualified to teach others.

It is supposed that Patrick spent the winter of 440-441 at Aghagower with this pious family, for whom he had great affection; and, being human withal and

much advanced in age, he wished to remain there if it were God's will. "I would choose," he said, "to remain here on a little spot of land. After faring round churches and waters, I am weary." During his ministry, the saint had lived for the most part in the open, often in great hardships and much suffering, and this pathetic plaint is very touching in its human appeal. But it was not God's will that he should rest there, within the shadow of those encircling hills, with the "Lamb of God" and his saintly household; for an angel came to him and said: "Thou shalt have everything round which thou shalt go,—

Every land,

Both mountains and churches,

Both glens and woods.

After faring round churches and waters,  
Though thou art weary, thou shalt go."

It is said that this message caused Patrick much grief; nevertheless, he arose in perfect obedience, and went westward toward the soaring summit, which he had often seen from Aghagower rising heavenward above the Western Sea. There he would commune alone with Almighty God like Moses on Sinai, or Elias on Carmel; there he would fortify his soul for the great work yet before him; there pray for the people whom, in his own words, 'the Lord had given him at the ends of the earth'; and not for them only, but for their children's children down to the last generation.

St. Patrick remained on the Reek from the Saturday before Ash-Wednesday until Easter Saturday; and it is presumed that the year of this vigil was A. D. 441. In this connection, it may interest those who contend that Ireland was not under the jurisdiction of Rome in the time of St. Patrick, to quote an important entry found in the Annals of Ulster under date A. D. 441: "Léo ordained 42d Bishop of the Church of Rome, and Patrick the Bishop was approved in the Catholic Faith," the explanation of which appears in the Tripartite Life of the saint: "when



Patrick was on Cruachan Aigle [i. e., on the Reek] he sent his nephew Munis to Rome with counsel for the abbot of Rome, and relics were given to him to carry home to Patrick." Now, history informs all who care to read that St. Leo the Great was consecrated Pope of Rome in September, 440; and, as Croagh Patrick was a long and difficult journey from the Holy City, news of his election could hardly reach the saint much within a year; but when it did reach him, he deemed it nothing more than his duty to send a messenger to congratulate the new Pope, give him an account of his own mission and preaching, and beg his blessing and authorization to continue his work. This authority was readily granted, and the new prelate sent many relics for the consecration of the altars of the churches which St. Patrick was building in Ireland.

During the time the saint spent on the Reek, he lived without either food or drink, exposed day and night to the fury of the elements, with the poor shelter of four stones around him and one for his pillow,—the five stones making the form of a rude cross. Ancient writers compare this Lenten penance of Ireland's Apostle with that of Moses on Sinai; and in other respects there is much affinity between him and the Jewish Patriarch. Both were bidden by God's angel to spend forty days on a holy hill; both fought with demons and idolaters; both lived out the mortal span of six-score years; and the exact burial-place of both no man knows. It is said that it was from the Reek St. Patrick banished the serpents into the deeps of the wide Atlantic. He was attacked there by Druidical demons in the shape of vicious blackbirds, who, when he cast his blessed bell amongst them, fled down the mountain-side and were swallowed in the sea, so that for seven years no evil thing was found within the holy shores of Ireland. It is also stated that all the men of Éirín then heard Patrick's bell sounding the triumph of the Cross, and it is said to be heard still

on a certain day of the year by those who have ears to hear (i. e., sincere faith within their hearts).

Having received great and wonderful favors from Almighty God, not only for himself, but for every child of the Gael throughout all the ages to follow, the saint descended the mountain on Holy Saturday and returned to Aghagower, where he celebrated the Easter Pasch with his beloved friends—Senach the Bishop, Mathona the nun, and Ængus the student, who was then learning his catechism and his psalms.

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### Brownie.

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BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

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#### I.



WAS staying at the inn of a country town in the North of England. It was rainy weather. Every morning as I looked from the coffee-room window, to see the rain again, and again to grumble, I was aware of a very odd sight. There danced past, close under my eyes and apparently quite by itself, a big broad umbrella, greenish gray with age, and with three ribs sticking out. I saw down on top of it. It was almost within the handle's length of the ground. It spread across the footway. And though it came, in a businesslike manner, at the same hour every day, it was an umbrella that was enjoying itself; and it jogged along in no hurry,—now at a walk, now at a dance. On three mornings I saw the umbrella just as I went to the window. On the fourth day a gust of wind caught it, and showed under it a poor little pair of pink heels peeping out of broken shoes and socks,—which heels, socks and shoes the umbrella carried off in triumph with a rapid run, whisking them all out of sight round the corner.

On the Saturday afternoon I was out in a heavy shower, and was close to the church. The rain was hissing and dancing

in a white steam on the street. I ran across the grassy churchyard, toward the side porch.

"Now, you two be dood. Sit straight up—there! Don't slither down—no! I'm going in to say my prayers and hear father play. So don't you two make a noise."

The little voice spoke in loud treble as I neared the porch, where the rain was shining on the ivy leaves. I looked round for the prattler: she had gone in. On one of the stone seats sat a toy 'Teddy bear that had been much hugged and loved, for it had hardly any fur remaining. Near to the 'Teddy bear, and leaning up against a corner, was an old doll, with staring eyes, and with two soiled calico feet, turning inward, thrust straight out in front of her.

Opposite these unlovely creatures I sat down, after shaking the rain off my coat. At the sound of my coming, a trot began on the tiles beyond the door, and there was a fumble at the iron ring to open it. Soft organ music came from within the church. I remembered that the little voice had said, in a boastful tone, something about hearing "father play." I expected to see a well-dressed, dainty little maiden. Instead, what a wonderful figure appeared! A very small bundle made up of a black oilskin hat, such as sailors call a "sou'wester," a round face almost hidden under it, and a boy's coat much too long in the sleeves and stretching down to a pair of country clogs.

"Always take off your hat when you go into church, my boy," said I, in a virtuous tone of reproach.

"Please, sir, I'm not a boy: I'm a girl."

It was the same voice that had been talking to the doll and the bear,—a clear, strong voice, but babyish too. And then, in a confusion of ideas as to whether the wearer of a boy's coat and hat ought not to behave as a boy, the "sou'wester" was timidly pulled off, disclosing the

wildest head of bronze-brown curls I ever looked upon, and the darkest pair of great, childlike, innocent eyes.

"What is your name?" I asked of this apparition, drawing her to my knee.

She looked shyly into the oilskin hat, as if she was trying to read a hat-maker's name in it. When I asked a second time, she said:

"Brownie."

"Brownie what?" I went on. "What is the other name?"

No answer.

"Or is it Polly Brown? What is it?"

"Brownie,"—solemnly, with downcast eyes.

In England, Brownies are fairy folk,—little brown men with tight spindle legs and pointed caps, who play tricks with the milk and butter, in the imaginations of old-fashioned, superstitious people. Or so it was long ago; for in the modern England the rustic has no imagination whatever, and he has forgotten all about fairies.

"So you are a fairy?" I said.

She looked up, and a smile answered mine. There was fun, a glimmer perhaps of inherited Celtic humor, in the depths of the dark eyes.

"I'm not a fairy," she replied. "I'm father's little girl."

But it was clear somebody had found time to tell her fairy-tales.

"Did father give you the doll and the bear?"

She shook her curls.

"Father hasn't got no dolls and no bears. I've had dem two always."

"Always" was a reach back into the depths of baby memory. There was no far-off day when she had not known the doll and the bear. They were the old toys that to loving children are the best toys; for from long association they have become almost alive.

"I sleep with the bear." She had brightened up and lost her shyness. "Rosabella," she said (and very proud she was of saying so long a name),—



"Rosabella could squeak once, but Harry squeeged her and she never squoke again."

She further informed me that Rosabella had "her second head," just as naturally as one might say that a child was getting her second teeth.

"Father got it in a shop. Father stitched it on all by hisself."

The play and sparkle went out of her eyes. There was just a touch of sadness in the little voice. Her babyish ways seemed all to be lost in a great love when she talked of father. She put a wistful tenderness into the very name.

"And where is mother?" I asked.

"God wanted her." She gave the answer without hesitation, with a full gaze from the beautiful eyes. "Father says if I'm dood I'll have mother again—some day. P'raps God will want *me*."

She said it without the slightest fear. Why should she fear, who was already "as a little child"?

I held her hands more tightly in mine, and listened—and learned—at the feet of Brownie.

"Any more little girls and boys at home?"

The curls shook.

"No brothers and sisters?"

Brownie considered.

"I's got Rosabella and the bear."

"And who has father got? Only you?"

"Father's got me, and I's got father. That's all."

She did not say this sadly, but with pearly teeth and sparkling eyes, smiling at the depths of delight that were in the word "father."

I wondered whose were the coat and hat. They suggested a brother. Who was Harry?

"Tell me now," I persisted, "who is Harry,—you know Harry that squeeged the doll and she never squoke again?"

"Harry!" said Brownie, as if I ought to understand. "He is a boy."

"Do the coat and hat belong to Harry?"

Brownie surveyed them, particularly the oilskin hat; and looked up, with a

toss of her head to shake away the tickling curls.

"Coat and hat b'longs to Harry."

"But who does Harry belong to?"

There was a silence and a reflective stare.

"Tell me, who does Harry belong to?"

She opened her mouth, and I thought the information was coming. She looked at the garments with a thoughtful corner of her eye.

"Harry b'longs to the coat and hat."

After that I gave it up.

"I must go in and hear this," I said; for the organ called me.

For some time I was in the church. The music was rolling and swelling. It was the end of a fugue of Bach. The notes followed with the precision of machinery; the phrases ran in and out of each other, and scampered away down into the depths, until the bass answered one thunder with another, as the mountains answer in a storm, and the floor shook under my feet.

It was better to kneel before the tranquil chancel and the one red lamp, a little later, when the organist changed to a pleading melody, practising a Benediction for to-morrow. This was a Gothic church, with stained windows having on them many figures. I had not yet studied the colored glass, as I always like to do—

That in chapel I may know

What the painted windows show.

But they were clearly illustrations of the New Testament. I could see Cana of Galilee and the six waterpots of stone, at the right hand behind Our Lady's altar.

When I rose to come out, Brownie was close behind me. She had come in unheard amid the storm of the fugue. After bending on one knee more or less toward the benches, in a hurry, she slipped a small fat hand into mine, and went a little in front, as if she was leading me.

"That was father—father and the man,—that music was," she said, looking back at me and nodding up toward the organ gallery.

Before I had time to recover from this statement—and it did puzzle me—she looked at the hat I carried in my hand.

"Muss I take off my hat?"

"No. Only boys take off their hats."

"But it's a boy's hat, it is."

"No."

"Yes, it is." She looked up at me with the awful gaze of truth independent of politeness.

"Oh, yes!" I said. "That's all right. But I meant you need not take it off. Now hush till we get outside."

Brownie trotted along with me, made a jump at the holy water font, and put a few drops on my fingers, as if she were quite used to doing that service for some one who walked with her.

When we were out in the porch, the doll and the bear had fallen up against each other. She observed that they once "fumbled down and made a noise"; so, as they could not be relied on to be "dood," they were better left outside.

"Father will come now," she said. "Can't he play booful? Can you?"

"I can't play at all," I said.

I could not understand this talk about the music. She was very poor,—no doubt there was a worn dress and perhaps a tattered pinafore under the boy's coat; and yet she talked of her father at the organ. And just now there had been music which created an atmosphere of devotion, obliterating itself, and becoming like a spiritual presence, when once it had wafted up the soul in prayer. And before that there had been an intricate fugue. The fingers of an artist had run riot; the pedals had caught up the musical figures from the hands; and stops had changed the same theme to fuller and fuller power, till the storm of sound was half a terror and half a joy, and the church shook through and through. I could not think the father of poor Brownie had let loose that glorious tempest of sound.

"Who was it that played the organ?" I said, and stooped to listen.

"Father and the man," said Brownie.

This puzzled me. It was impossible to believe the statement,—impossible to doubt the child. There must have been a mistake somewhere.

"Does father always play the organ in church?" I asked.

"Father and the man."

She treated "the man" as nobody. "Father was everybody. Was the man the blower?" Or no! A sudden light broke in upon me. Perhaps things in the organ-loft were the other way about.

"Father and the man plays the organ, they do," said Brownie, with the persistence of conviction.

"I suppose," said I, "one is at the front and the other at the back."

The music had begun again. "Father" was not coming yet. Brownie held the door a little open, and listened with love and pride; and looked up at me, as if to say, "*Now* can you hear my father playing? Do you hear *that*?" The innocent eyes, smiling as much as the baby lips, said this better than words.

"Father plays it at one side," she explained. "He plays it like this,"—she let go the door to swing the long sleeves of the coat up and down. "Father is strong. The man has only to do that,"—and she jerked the sleeves up from her hands and ran her little fat fingers about in the air.

"Oh, *now* I understand!" said I. "The man is the organist, and your father blows the bellows to send the air through the pipes."

Brownie looked hurt.

"There's no pipes and no bellowses assept what the music's in. Father's got a pipe. It's not pipes. And Harry's got a bellows: he comes to do our fire. It's not bellowses. There's no pipes and bellowses in church."

(To be continued.)

TRUE friends wait to be summoned in the time of prosperity, but in trouble they come and offer their help.

—*De Phalère.*



## St. Paul the Hermit.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

ST. PAUL THE HERMIT (long centuries in peace)

Had sought the desert for his soul's release;  
And there, intent on his Creator's praise,  
In mingled prayer and penance spent his days.  
Within his cave, beneath a lonely palm,  
His heart rose up in one unending psalm.

God gives His creatures every day their bread,  
So by a raven was this good man fed.  
With steadfast courage and unwavering trust,  
He blessed each day the water and the crust.

A roof of thatch, a garment of coarse stuff,  
A little bread and water were enough.  
Small were his wants. This was his humble  
creed:

Heaven gives the blessing that His creatures  
need.

And so he died,—when all his days were spent,  
Straight to its Maker that great spirit went.

I pray Thee, Lord, for meekness, be my guide.  
Within Thy shadow would my soul abide.  
Deep in my heart this promise I will keep:  
The Lord of Heaven, He will feed His sheep.

## The Last Days of St. Ambrose.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

GOD arranges things. Almost at the very time that St. Augustine was consecrated Bishop of Hippo, St. Ambrose of Milan came to die. Just as one great defender of the Church was called from the field, another entered. St. Ambrose was but fifty-seven years of age. He had been twenty-two years bishop; and these were years of ceaseless labor, so that he was worn out while still young. But never did his great talents so manifest themselves as when he drew near his end. His care of the churches and basilicas, and his insistence on their rights and privileges, were second only to his care of the mystical Body of Christ.

The Jewish law, by express command

of God, had ruled off certain places as sanctuary, or refuge, for those who had committed great crimes; and as soon as the Church got power under the Christian emperors, it at once sought to obtain this privilege for its altars,—a thing which was greatly needed in those lawless times. St. Ambrose was a strenuous advocate in getting this law universally acknowledged and observed. The Church was also in those days the banking establishments of the poor and of the widows and the orphans. Women had few rights, and those few they were not allowed to defend at law, in public; so the Church had to become their defender. And here again St. Ambrose took a leading part. An instance of his arbitration may be here cited.

A Bishop named Marcellus had made over to his widowed sister some land which he held by his family right. This, according to the Bishop's disposal, she was to hold for her personal use during her lifetime, but at her death it was to revert to the Church. Another brother, named Letus, stepped in and disputed the agreement. The state of the old pagan law, so opposed to Christianity, was such that the affair remained a long time in the courts, with considerable loss of money, not to speak of the injury to one side. Finally, it was agreed upon to leave it to the decision of St. Ambrose, who consented to act as friendly arbitrator between the parties. He decided that Letus should have the land in perpetuity; that he should give a certain annuity to his sister during her life; and that after her death neither Bishop nor Church could have any claim on Letus or on the land. "Thus," says the Archbishop's own letter (Epist. 83), "each of the complainants was satisfied by this decision,—Letus, that he had secured the family estate; his sister, that she had a sufficiency for her life; while the Church did not lose, but, on the contrary, gained a great deal by the good name its generosity brought it, and by the peace it established

in the bosom of a Christian family."

So far had the name of the Archbishop of Milan gone that two ambassadors came to him from Persia to treat about religion. In the Oriental fashion, we are told, they propounded riddles to him from six in the morning till nine at night. His mildness and his wisdom were so great that the two nobles left next day, saying in their enthusiasm, like Queen Sheba, of Solomon: "The report is true which we heard in our own country concerning thy words and concerning thy wisdom; and we did not believe them that told us. . . . But thy wisdom and thy works exceed the fame of which we heard."\*

Frigitella, a queen of the Marcomani tribe in Germany, had embraced Christianity, and she wrote to St. Ambrose to teach her by letter how to practise the new religion. He answered her; and she was so pleased with the sweetness and beauty of his teaching that she left her home to come and hear from his lips all those wise counsels that he had written down so touchingly. But she came late: he had already gone to his reward.

While suffering from his last illness, his zeal took him to Vercelli, Italy, in order to settle a long-standing dispute by consecrating its new bishop. The election of Honoratus was strenuously opposed. St. Ambrose had written in his favor; but, finding that his letters had not produced the desired effect, he went in person; for the consecrating hands of the holy Archbishop, it was said, made saints of bishops. He had already "imposed hands" on St. Gaudens of Brescia, and St. Felix of Coma. His two deacons, Venerius and Felix, are also counted among the saints. Formed by his guidance and under his own hands, they had come to the episcopate. His secretary, too, became a holy bishop, and worthily filled the See of Modena.

St. Ambrose had already worn himself out by labors and fasting. His ordinary

custom was to fast every day except Saturday and Sunday. At Milan, the faithful did not fast on Saturday,—not even during Lent. But when he was in any other city he always conformed to the custom of the place. He invited to dinner, and frequently had the leading men of Church and State at his table; but he himself invariably refused invitations, except when travelling.

When he fell ill, the great General, Stilico, recognizing what a loss so valuable a life would be to the State, called together the friends of the Archbishop and besought them to beg of the saint to pray to God that his life might be spared. Their tears and sighs, even more than their prayers, we are told, gave voice to their request. But St. Ambrose made answer: "My life and my death are in the hands of my kind Master. Let Him do with me as seems good to His mercy."

He began to lose strength and to decline before their eyes. His deacons thought that they ought to consult among themselves as to whom they would appoint his successor. They sat together at the end of the sick man's room, and spoke in whispers. Having mentioned a venerable ecclesiastic named Simplician, to their surprise the dying saint rose up in his bed and called out in a loud voice: "He may be old, as you say; but he is good." The consulting deacons hastened from the room. As a matter of fact, Simplician was the saint's successor.

There came to him in his illness the bishop of Vercelli, Honoratus, for whose sake he had undertaken his last journey. Night and day this holy Bishop remained by the bedside of his dying friend. Once he allowed himself to be persuaded to take some rest; but no sooner had he fallen asleep than he heard a voice three times call out: "Make haste,—make haste! He is going to depart!" The Bishop went at once to the altar for the Holy Viaticum; and scarcely had the venerable patient received the Adorable

\* III. Kings, x, 6, 7.



Body of our Saviour when the saint drew his last breath, and peacefully slept in the Lord on the night between Good Friday and Holy Saturday, April 4, 397. On that same day he appeared to several holy persons in the East. The letter stating this fact, and giving date and other particulars, came to his successor, Simplician, and was religiously preserved by him.

Immediately after his death, and while it was still dark, the sacred remains were brought to the church. During all that day up to evening the catechumens were being baptized, one after another, according to ancient usage, by immersion. They were of every age and of every rank, and in numbers they sometimes amounted to several thousands. Now, many of the children when taken from the font, especially those who were somewhat grown, pointed out the holy Archbishop, — at one time in the middle of the church, at another in the pulpit.

As soon as the dawn of Easter Sunday appeared, the coffin was taken to the Ambrosian Chapel, where the holy mysteries were offered and the body was entombed. A large multitude attended the obsequies. Pagans as well as Christians brought handkerchiefs to touch the sacred remains; but the newly baptized, above all, received striking marks of his heavenly power.

There were two Moors, sons of the King of Mauretania. The elder was named Gildon. Though a pagan, still, on account of his seeming attachment to the Roman Empire, he had been raised to the dignity of count and given the government of his country by the Emperor Theodosius. He rebelled soon after. The second brother, Macuzel, was a Christian. Refusing to join his brother in revolt, he had to fly the country; but, unfortunately, he was unable to take his two sons, who in revenge were put to death by their uncle, the elder brother.

Macuzel was sent by Theodosius, under whom he had served, to defend the Roman

power in Africa. Like his great master, Theodosius, Macuzel prepared himself and his army by sacraments and prayer to enter the field of battle. He, however, had but five thousand soldiers against seventy thousand; and on the eve of the battle he felt discouraged and doubtful, and was considering whether it would not be wiser to retire into the mountains. That night St. Ambrose, holding a tall cross, appeared to him. Striking the ground with the cross, he called out: "Here,—here,—here!" Macuzel had no doubt that, through the saint's intercession, victory was promised to him if he fought where he was. Next day, therefore, he led out his little army against the multitude of the enemy.

The Roman soldiers, forming the front rank of those opposed to him, had often been led by himself; and with them he was a favorite, — first, because of his invariable good fortune (a thing which the Roman soldiers always looked for in a general); then, because the bulk of them were Christians; and, finally, because when they were sick or wounded or in want he showed them every attention, and was always most generous. Now, desiring as far as possible to prevent bloodshed, he went in front of his army and appealed to those opposite. They hesitated; but a standard-bearer, intending to rally them, bore forward the flag. With one stroke of his sword Macuzel cut off the ensign's hand, and the flag fell to the ground. The rear ranks, seeing that the flag of the leading column had been lowered, thought that, with the old affection and loyalty for their former commander, they had already gone over to him, lowered their flags too, and, shouting out his name, declared their surrender. Immediately the barbarians, seeing themselves deserted by the heavy-armed men who formed the strength of their ranks, fled in confusion. Gildon was borne away in the route; and, making for the coast, had already put out to sea. But he was captured; and, having

been brought back, was cast into prison, where he strangled himself.

In life as in death, St. Ambrose was a great bishop. On one occasion a court messenger came to tell him that the Emperor Valentinian, undertaking of his own accord to settle a religious dispute, required his presence. Therefore, the holy prelate declined to go; answering respectfully but firmly that the young Emperor was departing far from the maxims of his father, Valentinian, who held that judges should be of a higher rank than those whom they judged. It was not, then, for the temporal powers to judge in ecclesiastical causes; for the spiritual order was far higher than the secular. "Who will deny," St. Ambrose goes on to say, "that, in matters of faith and of the Church, bishops, instead of being judged by the secular powers, have the right of judging them? It would ill become me, through fear of trouble or danger, to derogate from this arrangement of divine economy. My head is not to be bought by so cowardly a sacrilege. Ambrose is not of such value that by a base act of his the whole priesthood should be dishonored; for what is the life or death of a single bishop compared to the dignity of the episcopate?"

Having returned this reply, he went into the church to pray. In the meantime the people, having seen the armed messengers, and knowing the ill-will which the empress-mother, Justina, entertained for their Archbishop, ran to the church, filled it, surrounded it, and for several days and nights kept constant guard lest any attempt should be made upon his life. But the court was too terrified, and Justina tried to compass by treachery what she was afraid to insist upon through violence.

A court favorite, named Euthymius, desiring to win the patronage of the Empress, offered to obtain possession secretly of the person of the Archbishop. For this purpose, he bought a house adjoining the cathedral. There he kept

a carriage in readiness night and day, so that when opportunity put the saint into his hands, he would have him driven off at once. The matter, however, got wind, and the plot failed. But hear what happened. As in the case of Aman and Mardochai in the Book of Esther, a year from that very day, Euthymius was taken from that same house, put into that same carriage, and taken off to exile; and the only one to have compassion on him was the saintly Archbishop, who supplied him with money and with everything calculated to make his exile bearable.

Another favorite, Caligon, offered the Empress to force the Archbishop to yield. Under guise of a penitent, he came to him and threatened to strike off his head if he did not yield to the wishes of the court. "Would to God," replied the Archbishop, "that so happy a lot would be mine! You, of course, are doing your duty as servant of the Empress; I am trying to do my duty as servant of God. 'Thy servant am I, O my God!'" he went on, quoting from the Psalms. Caligon, having been condemned to death because of an infamous crime, had his own head cut off a short time afterward.

The persecution of the saint still continued, and his flock still continued to guard him. This went on for a long time. The prelate, seeing them sitting day and night in the church, instituted alternate singing of the Psalms, such as he knew it to be practised in the deserts by the hermits and throughout all the East. From Milan the pious custom spread throughout the West. St. Ambrose, moreover, wrote hymns and antiphons, which were interspersed among the Psalms, connecting them, as well as adapting them to the conditions of the time. These hymns became widely known, and were usually called, not hymns or antiphons, but Ambrosians.

While these things went on, St. Ambrose had a revelation as to the resting-place of the bones of the holy martyrs, Saints Gervase and Protase.



He sent to have the spot dug up, and two bodies of large stature were found. The heads, separated from the bodies, were lying beside them, and seemed as if bathed in fresh blood, although the martyrdom must have taken place at least two hundred years previously. The sacred relics were brought to the cathedral, accompanied by an immense procession. The miracles that were wrought on the possessed, the sick who were cured by the touch of the pall that covered the remains, as well as by the shadow cast on the street, were so great that the people were filled with a joy that could not be controlled, and they burst out into psalms and hymns of spiritual gladness.

All along the way the sick, or the friends of the sick, sought to touch the bier with their handkerchiefs. These they applied to sores and wounds, and the seats of diseases that had been pronounced incurable; and immediately, as in the Gospel, "they were healed from their infirmities." A poor blind man named Severus, hearing the multitude coming, asked to be permitted to touch the holy relics with a handkerchief. Applying this to his eyes, his sight was immediately restored, and the crowd broke out into wilder and more tumultuous joy. A young Manichean philosopher, named Augustine, studying rhetoric, was so struck by these manifestations of power that then and there he decided to inquire carefully into the claims of the Catholic Church. That young man, through the blessed mercy of God, was afterward known all over the world as St. Augustine, the great teacher of his own and of all ages.

The empress-mother and her courtiers endeavored to make light of, and even to throw ridicule on, those miracles. St. Ambrose entered the pulpit and answered them. Having pointed out the number of the miracles and their authenticity, he exclaimed: "Is it the power of the martyrs these people mean to dispute? If so, they dispute the power of Jesus Christ. But what, then, is the object of

their malice? Is it that they hate the sinner Ambrose? But it is not he who has wrought these miracles. It is the holy martyrs, the friends of God, who have wrought them; and in separating themselves from these, they show how far they have separated themselves from the belief of the true friends of God."

One of the most hardened of the saint's opponents rose up and cried that an angel was standing by the Archbishop in the pulpit, and was whispering into his ear. The man declared himself converted, and was soon joined by a vast crowd of unbelievers. The court, abashed by all these wonders, ceased to molest the holy Archbishop and his flock, in whose favor Heaven itself had worked so visibly.

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### The Curé's Bees.

BY B. D. L. F.

ABOUT the time of the Great Revolution, there lived in the Haute-Loire a gentle old priest who had won the affection of his parishioners by the kindness of his heart and the simplicity of his ways. They were wont to address him as "Monsieur le Prieur," for the quite inadequate reason that he lived in what had once been a priory, but at that time was a tumble-down old building propped up against the side of a cliff, yet commanding one of the finest views of the whole countryside.

For over thirty years the Curé had labored among his villagers, ministering to their needs, both temporal and spiritual. He was their peacemaker, their refuge in time of trouble; and, though of worldly goods the old priest had but a scant supply, it was seldom that he did not find some way of bringing help to those who required it. And when all other means failed, he would earn a few sous by selling the honey from his beehives. He had ten of them; and, next to his parishioners, perhaps his bees were the Curé's favorite companions.

Often of a summer evening, when he was walking in his little garden, reading his Breviary, they would circle round his head, humming a droning accompaniment to his footsteps. They seemed to enjoy his presence in the midst of them; for they even allowed him to take their honey, though they could not possibly understand his gently murmured apology for robbing them of their store.

Those were happy days for the good Curé. But he little dreamed, poor man, as he quietly pursued his daily round, of the ominous clouds that were lowering over unhappy France. Yet so sheltered was his village that, for many months after the storm broke, only faint rumors of the excesses committed in the Capital reached its inhabitants,—rumors of chateaux burned, of priests hunted like criminals, of men and women led to the guillotine.

One day when old Marian, the Curé's housekeeper, was shopping in the village she heard such terrible tales that, fearful for her master's life, she ran as fast as her legs would carry her back to the priory. But her suggestion of immediate flight fell on deaf ears: the obdurate Curé would not listen. And even when, in obedience to a decree from the National Committee, his church was closed and the bells melted down to be turned into coins, the old priest refused to leave. "When the gendarmes arrive, they shall find me at my post," was his repeated answer to Marian's well-meant expostulations.

Yet so great was the respect in which the Curé was held that for many months no attempt was made to arrest him; and although he could not openly perform his duties, he could still say Mass within the priory walls. Often, too, he would sally forth after dark to baptize some newborn infant, or unite two beings who but for him must have begun their married life without God's blessing.

The dreaded day, however, came at last. From an upper window of the priory, Marian was gazing idly out into

the lane, when she caught sight of a band of men, armed with sabres and pikes, coming toward the house. There could be no mistaking their object; so, with a cry of alarm, she rushed down the stairs and bolted the front door, as though its rusty lock and still rustier hinges could protect her master against the invaders.

Before long there came a loud rapping at the priory door, followed shortly by a sound of blows, as the first summons remained unanswered. Yet not a sound was heard within the house. The Curé was kneeling before his crucifix, praying that, if it were God's will, this chalice might be taken from him; while Marian, by the kitchen hearth, sobbed aloud with her face buried in her hands. Had a painter been present, he would have been struck by the vividness of the scene: the old priory picturesquely situated against the rock; the *sans-culottes*, with their Phrygian caps and red sashes, battering furiously against the door, forming a strange contrast to the peaceful valley beyond, lying bathed in the golden sunlight.

Outside the garden gate small groups of villagers stood watching the course of events, displaying a lack of courage not altogether to be wondered at, as the Republicans, excited by the wine they had drunk, grew more and more noisy. Oaths and yells rent the air; stones were hurled at the priory windows, and ill would it have fared with the priest had he ventured forth.

But help came from a most unexpected quarter. The bees, which resented the presence of so many strangers, and which at first had been flying excitedly about, suddenly formed into compact bodies, and, with a fierceness that left no time for defence, flew straight at the unsuspecting *sans-culottes*, stinging right and left wherever they could find an undefended spot. Never was victory more rapidly won, or defeat more easily accomplished. Each man thought only of



himself, and, driven almost mad with pain, sought safety in flight.

The *maire* of the village, who had thought it prudent to accompany the Republicans, threw himself head-foremost into a slimy pool. Some of the *sans-culottes* ran helter-skelter down to the mill stream; while others rushed madly through the village street, waving their arms like windmills as they did so. At a sight so utterly ludicrous, the villagers were unable to restrain their mirth. Peal after peal of laughter echoed down the street, increasing in volume as the *maire* issued from his muddy bath and tottered home, a crestfallen man indeed.

As soon as the last *sans-culotte* had disappeared from view, Marian again besought the Curé to effect his escape. But the old priest shook his head, while tears of gratitude coursed down his withered cheeks; and, with a prayer of thanksgiving on his lips, he went out to meet the returning bees. He felt so sure, in his simple, trusting mind, that Providence had wrought a miracle in his behalf that he never doubted the future.

Nor did he trust in vain. On the following day most of the *sans-culottes* left the village rather than face the ridicule which awaited them; while the *maire* and his Republican satellites preferred keeping quiet to attracting public notice by a fresh attempt to arrest the venerated old Curé.

When the Revolution was over and events resumed their normal course, the *maire* began again to call upon the Curé, as though nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of their relations. But it is said that whenever he entered the priory garden, he quickened his steps, and cast many a furtive glance at those harmless-looking little winged insects—the Curé's bees.

God does not ask us to know all things like Himself: that we should be thus was the tempter's lying promise.

—John Ayscough.

## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*November 23, Last Sunday after Pentecost.*

AFTER interpolating on the extra Sundays after Pentecost the Masses which were not used between Epiphany and Septuagesima, the Church returns to-day to that of the twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost, which is always reserved for the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year.

It is the Gospel which dominates the teaching of the formulas proper to the liturgy of this Sunday. It contains St. Matthew's long and detailed description of the dreadful Last Judgment. From time immemorial this subject formed the prominent teaching of the first Sunday of Advent. A few centuries ago, the Church thought well to select the account by another Evangelist of that all-important event, so that the thought of judgment should both begin and end the liturgical year.

In this Gospel two events are, in a way, blended together. The greater part is taken up with recounting the tribulation and anguish attendant upon the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army, and the consequent desecration of the temple, and sufferings of the Jews. This Our Lord shows to be the temporal judgment of Jerusalem and its faithless people. Then He passes on immediately to answer the question His disciples had put to Him as to the signs which were to precede the General Judgment. "And there shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven: and then shall all tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty."

Then follows the graphic description of details—the summoning angels, the assembly of all mankind; finally the solemn declaration of the certainty of the coming of that dread day; although, as

Our Lord has already clearly said, the time of its dawning is hidden in God's decrees. "For as lightning . . . so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." What He adds later, although it might seem at first sight to fix an approximate date, is found, on consideration, to be no contradiction to His first prophecy. "This generation," he says, "shall not pass, till all these things be done." If we regard these words as referring particularly to the destruction of Jerusalem, as many commentators do, they are easily explained; for it took place about thirty-six years later. But even with regard to the Judgment Day it is no contradiction to the many pronouncements of Our Lord as to its uncertain date; though He will come "as a thief in the night"; though "that day or hour no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven nor the Son" (in His quality of God's messenger to man), "but the Father," yet "this generation" (the Jewish race, which is to survive to the last) will not "pass away" before the fulfilment of the prophecy.

In the light of the certainty of the coming of the judgment—though its date is uncertain—and of our individual participation therein as actors and not mere spectators, the teaching of to-day's liturgy becomes still more impressive. St. Paul's earnest prayer for his Christian brethren of Colossa, contained in the Epistle, reminds us of our need of the virtues he recounts as necessary for them. "We cease not to pray . . . that you may be filled with the knowledge of the will of God, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that you may walk worthy of God, in all things pleasing, . . . fruitful in every good work, . . . strengthened with all might, . . . in all patience and long-suffering with joy; . . . giving thanks to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love." Thanksgiving for the benefit of

redemption, and for the privilege of being subjects of Christ's kingdom on earth, enjoying every help toward winning the eternal kingdom for which we were created, must be accompanied by constant prayer for grace to know and do the will of God. If we desire to share the lot of the saints, we must imitate their fidelity and never-failing trust in Him who has enabled them "to walk worthy of God" and win their crowns.

The Collect sums up in prayerful form the petitions suggested by the consideration of Gospel and Epistle. "Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the wills of Thy faithful; that, more earnestly seeking after the fruit of good works, they may receive more abundant helps from Thy mercy." God has bestowed upon us the mysterious gift of free-will, which is entirely in our own power. He has done this so that we may win reward if we will; for if we were not free, we should be machines, doing what we were set to do. Thus our will God asks us to submit to His. Therefore, we pray that He would deign to quicken our sluggish wills, to devote ourselves more resolutely to His service. The more earnestly we "seek after the fruit of good works," the more abundant the grace God will give us to work still more diligently at the cultivation of our souls in all virtues. The last day will show the result of our labors in the share we obtain of the blessed "lot of the saints," which we were destined from all eternity to work for, and—if we choose—to win.

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MARY was the choice of God Himself, and He chose her to be His Mother. She was the gate by which the Creator entered into His own creation. She ministered to Him in a way and for an end unlike those of any other creature whatsoever. What, then, must have been her beauty, what her holiness, what her privileges, what her exaltation! To depreciate them is to depreciate the wisdom and the goodness of God.—*Faber*.



## The Tree of Life.

*A homily, with a fable to the same, by Brother Nicholas Bozon (a Friar Minor who flourished in the first half of the fourteenth century).*

A TREE is found in the land of India of marvellous size, but of still more marvellous nature; for it is never found without fruit nor without foliage. In it dwell a kind of doves which are sustained by this fruit, and below is a spring of very sweet water. A dragon that dwells in this land so hates the virtue of this tree that it never dares to be at that part where the shade is, but always withdraws elsewhere. And while the doves keep themselves within the liberty of this tree, they care not for the dragon; but as soon as they pass out of the shade, they are at once snapped up by the dragon and devoured.

And why has God put such virtue into this tree? To show the virtue of this tree that God has planted in holy Church, of which Holy Scripture says: "God planted a garden eastward in Eden, . . . the Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden, bearing fruit."\* This tree is the Holy Cross by which we have life, that is planted in the midst to receive small and great, and the old and children. In this tree we find the fruit that fails not, of which St. John says: 'I saw a pure river of water of life, . . . and on either side of the river . . . the Tree of Life which bare twelve manner of fruits.'†

The river is the side of Jesus Christ, from which issue water and blood, that St. John himself saw, in which we are imbued to amend our sins. The Tree of Life is the Cross joining the river from those sides, that renders us fruit of sustenance and salvation. In the shadow of this tree dwell doves; for in the protection of Christ's Passion good men are saved from the evil one. . . . A dove may rest in this tree, — the others may not do so; the eagle for his arrogance, the crow for his thievishness, the sparrow

for his pugnacity, and many others that are not named; but only the dove dwells in this tree: this is the good man. Wherefore says St. Paul: "For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved" (that is, to us) "it is the power of God."\*

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The fox once said to the dove, "How many tricks do you know at need?" The dove said, "Only one."—"One only is as none," said the fox; "and, nevertheless, what is thy trick?"—"Surely," replied the dove, "when a storm arises, or an eagle or vulture comes attacking me, I have no other succor but a tree cross, where my refuge is day and night."—"That is nothing," said the fox; "but I am well stocked with tricks. I have a bag quite full that was never yet dipped into, and also a pocket."—"Forsooth!" said the other, "you may want them all one day." On that came a hunter blowing a horn, with a pack of hounds, and loosed them at the fox. And the hounds ran round him everywhere, and began to seize the fox. Then said the dove, mocking him: "Dip into thy pocket. I think that the bag may be tied up."—"Nay," said the other, "it is torn, and all my tricks have escaped."

Now let us bring this folly to sense. The dove signifies the simple folk that have no other refuge than in Jesus Christ, and that Cross on which He placed Himself for us, in each agony that seizes them. But the wise of this world rely on their wit, that deceives them at the parley when that trumpet shall sound of which St. Paul speaks and says: "For the trumpet shall sound," etc.†

In this storm the doves will take their flight and will fly on high to Jesus Christ, as says St. Paul, and the running hounds will run into the fox. That is to say, the devils will accuse from all sides felons and cheats that have deceived their neighbors through wiles and craft. Wherefore says Our Lord that those who shine

\* Gen., ii, 8, 9.

† Apoc., xii, 1, 2

\* I. Cor., i, 18.

† Ibid., xv, 52.

bright in the world through wit and craft, the devils will have in ward at the last day. "Beneath him will be the rays of the sun; he will strew his gold like mire."\*

Then the good will be able to say to the others, Take to your wit, and your relations, and to your wealth in which you trusted more than in God. "Let them rise up and help you, and be your protection."† Then one ruse will be worth more to the dove than a full bag of tricks to the fox.

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### A Biblical Thanksgiving Proclamation.

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CAREFUL students of English literature can not fail to notice the fact that present-day authors make far fewer Biblical allusions, quote far less copiously from Holy Writ, and wield a vocabulary much more free from Scriptural phraseology than did the writers of two hundred, a hundred, or even fifty years ago. The inference would seem to be that, notwithstanding the many editions of the Bible that are still being published, the people—at least the writing people—of to-day are not so familiar with Bible language as were their fathers and grandfathers. This inference is corroborated by a story told about the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation issued by Governor Chase, of Ohio.

To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible. He omitted quotation marks, however, as he presumed that everyone would recognize the Scriptural sentences, and would admire both the fitness of the words and his good taste in selecting them. The event did not justify the presumption. A Democratic editor pounced upon the proclamation at once, and declared that he had read it before—he couldn't say exactly where,—but he was willing to take his oath that 'the whole thing was downright plagiarism from

beginning to end.' That was bad enough; but the next day a Republican editor valiantly undertook the Governor's defence. He pronounced the Democratic charge libellous, and challenged any man living to show that any one single line of the proclamation had ever appeared in print before. Needless to say, the prestige of both journalists diminished considerably in consequence; but when Governor Chase had occasion thereafter to quote from the Book of books, he took good care to designate the non-originality of the passages by quotation marks.

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### An Easy Work of Reparation.

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IN these days when Holy Name Societies are being multiplied throughout the country, and when the periodical parades of thousands of their members in many of our large cities attract the attention, and very generally evoke the admiration, of multitudes of non-Catholic spectators, there is perhaps less need than was formerly the case of frequently inveighing in pulpit and press against the vice of profanity. Not that the practice of profane cursing and swearing has grown obsolete, or that even among Catholics the Second Commandment is no longer violated; but there is certainly a marked improvement noticeable of late years in the everyday discourse of the Catholic laborer, merchant, professional man, and man in the street.

There is one species of profanity, however, which is all the more likely to endure because those who are guilty of it are very often good, as differentiated from careless, people, and because they apparently do not take account of its sinfulness. To quote Spirago: "Many people have the habit of thoughtlessly exclaiming at every trifle that surprises them: 'Good Lord! My God!' and the like. It is a bad habit; correct yourselves of it, and endeavor to correct others also, as it shows a want of due reverence for the name of God. Those who truly love

\* Job, xli, 21.

† Deut., xxxii, 38.



God can not stand by unmoved and hear His holy name profaned. This careless, flippant use of the name of God is at least a venial sin. 'Let not the naming of God be usual in thy mouth [save in prayer]; for thou shalt not escape free from sin.' (Ecclus., xxiii, 10.)"

One sentence in the foregoing passage is worth repetition: "those who truly love God can not stand by unmoved and hear His holy name profaned." How should their emotion display itself? Occasionally, of course, by way of rebuke to the profaners, provided one's age, authority, position, or other circumstance renders it probable that the rebuke will prove effective, rather than provocative of additional profanity. In default of any other course, it is always practicable to manifest one's disapproval by facial expression or by moving away from the irreverent speakers. In the hundred and one cases, however, where a staunch Catholic, whether a member of a Holy Name Society or not, is forced by circumstances to become an unwilling listener to profane speech—on the street, at railway stations, in street cars, on ferryboats, in casual crowds caused by an accident or a blockade of traffic,—can he not do something more than merely give negative testimony of his disapprobation? Assuredly yes, and very easily. He can make positive reparation for the offence.

One of the series of ejaculatory prayers which are nowadays familiar to most Catholics, and which should be known by heart by all of them, is that called "The Divine Praises." Can there be anything easier than the mental recitation of some or all of these ejaculations by the involuntary listener to profanity which he is powerless to check? And is not such a recital an effective work of reparation? Very much of the cursing and swearing commonly heard is, after all, not informed with a vital, deliberate intention of either offending God or of wishing actual evil to one's neighbor. It is often enough the unpremeditated quasi-

spontaneous outcome of an acquired habit; and, sinful though it be, lacks the deep malignity with which full intent and deliberate purpose would clothe it. The reparation, on the other hand, is purposeful, studied, and proffered with devotion or reverence prepen-  
sation; and accordingly may be supposed to please our Heavenly Father at least as much as the thoughtless profanity displeases Him.

Habit is avowedly second nature, and habits of reverential treatment of God's name may be formed quite as readily by genuinely Catholic men and women, youths and maidens, as are habits of profane cursing and swearing by lax members within the fold, or by the careless multitudes without. All habits are formed by the repetition of single acts; and whenever our readers have their ears offended by the profane discourse that is still so common, they can scarcely do better than recite interiorly with real fervor: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name. Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. Blessed be the Name of Jesus. Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart. Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar. Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy. Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception. Blessed be the name of Mary, virgin and mother. Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints." Or, if this seems excessive, one can at least repeat the Scriptural words: "May the name of the Lord be blessed!"

As has been said, such reparation as this may well be made by any Catholic, irrespective of particular obligations incumbent upon him as a member of an organization specifically opposed to profanity; but evidently it is most congruous in those who belong to Holy Name Societies. To be reverent, themselves, is their principal duty; to promote reverence in others is a secondary one; to atone in some slight measure for the profanity they can not prevent is a privilege which should be considered a pleasure.

## Notes and Remarks.

Considering how often Catholics are the victims of persecution on the part of ultra-Protestants, it is not surprising that they should sympathize with the Jews over their hard lot in Russia, and protest against the accusations of "ritual-murder" lately brought against them there. Prominent Catholics, clerical and lay, on both sides of the Atlantic have been foremost in denouncing such calumnies, and in combating attempts to cast doubt upon the genuineness of Pontifical letters exonerating the Jews and condemning their accusers.

There is, of course, no denying that Jews have sometimes endured cruel persecution in Catholic countries, but the Church can not be accused of this. Indeed, Popes like Clement XIV. and saints like St. Bernard have been among the most devoted defenders of the Jews. It ought not to be necessary to remind them of this, or to suggest that they should be the last to oppose Catholics.

If it was the intention—it would seem so—of the powers-that-be in Portugal to outdo those of France in tyranny, injustice, and hypocrisy, they have fully succeeded. A more iniquitous government than the Portuguese Republic has probably not existed anywhere in modern times. The latest infamy of its rulers was to represent the recent attempt to throw off their yoke as a conspiracy on the part of Royalists, in order to incite public opinion against them at home, and to create the impression abroad that incarceration of those sympathizing with the Monarchy was not only justifiable, but necessary for the preservation of the peace of the country.

Two Madrid correspondents of leading journals of London, one of whom was arrested on the suspicion of being concerned in the revolt, declare that it was largely the work of discontented Repub-

licans, and the result of general disgust at the methods of the government. The truth is that anarchy is spreading in Portugal, and the overthrow of the Republic is only a question of time.

In a recent address before the foreign trade committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Hon. John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American Union, gave the nation a timely warning on the Mexican situation, in saying:

Secure in their feeling of national strength, the people of this nation do not appreciate that they are face to face with a crisis which may precipitate the country into a long, cruel non-patriotic and inglorious guerrilla warfare, which will require an army of at least 200,000 men, will cost \$1,000,000 a day for thousands of days, and will start a new pension list that will cost another million dollars a day for the next fifty years. . . . All the American lives and dollars that have been lost through this civil conflict are small, indeed, compared to the number of American men and soldiers and dollars of government funds which would be lost in military occupation of Mexico.

Mr. Barrett is in a position to know whereof he speaks, and it will be the part of wisdom to heed his warning against intervention by us in Mexico.

Habitual readers of these columns may recall our forecasting, at the time of the expulsion of the Congregations from France, a notable diminution of French prestige in the East, where French missionaries not only evangelized the peoples, but extended their country's influence. A paragraph from *Rome* justifies our prevision:

Recent events, like the Libyan and Balkan wars, have made the Powers more and more eager to increase their influence in the Orient. Eight years ago France occupied an unrivalled position there by reason of its protectorate of the Christians, given to it and assured to it by the Holy See. But since the day when an American religious, Father Dominick Reuter, as superior-general of the Minor Conventuals, transferred his communities from the protection of France to that of Italy, the French protectorate has been gradually disappearing. Nearly forty communities of religious have



transferred themselves from the protection of France to that of Italy. Others have passed to Austria and Germany. The diminution in the number of French religious (no longer recruited from France, by reason of the suppression of the religious Congregations) has been inevitably accompanied by a diminution in French influence and prestige in the Orient. Is it possible to arrest this decay by renewing relations with the Holy See? That is the question that the French press is now putting before its readers. Meanwhile time is passing, events are moving quickly, and before long it will be too late.

Not merely in this matter of Oriental prestige, but in that of education, as in the care of the poor and the conduct of hospitals, is France discovering that her expulsion of the religious Orders was a long step backward on the road to national progress and a better civilization. That she will eventually repair the blunder is inevitable,—repair it in part, for there has already resulted much mischief that is irreparable.

We venture to say that everyone who reads the reports of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's address on "The Church and the Modern World," at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, will hope to see it published in full. In proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, Sir Alexander Dempsey, M. D., declared that Mr. Belloc's powers as a publicist had never been more happily exercised than in this "delightful address"; and Cardinal Logue remarked that he never knew one of such length to be listened to with such attention. We quote a few passages, illustrating the speaker's grasp of subject, sound reasoning, and fine optimism. Referring to those Catholic countries where what is called "Anti-clericalism" would seem to be spreading, Mr. Belloc said:

You may safely take it that, in spite of phases of indifference, in spite of the most violent anti-Catholic legislation, the mass of the population set down in statistics as nominally Catholic will remain on the roll call of the Faith. The test that you are right in so doing is twofold: first, that the actual number of those

who rigorously practise their religion has been upon the increase for now more than a generation; secondly, by the test that the moment anti-Catholic forces appear to be winning, all national feeling begins to run again toward the Catholic side.

Mr. Belloc assured his hearers that the intellectual recognition of the Church was progressing rapidly amongst those whom anti-Catholic obscurantism had till recently blinded:

They had only to consider those who spoke and wrote to-day, and compare them with those who spoke and wrote fifty years ago in Protestant countries, to know what he meant; and if they turned to the atheist or indifferent middle classes in Catholic countries, they would find just the same thing. It was in practical culture, however, that the strength of the Catholic position was revealed.

"We Catholics," the speaker said, "are not only the heirs of all the arts: we are also the guardians of all tradition; and it is in the very nature of things that men setting out once again to solve upon their own account problems which are as old as the race, will come to regard, next to be moulded by, and at last to accept the old solutions which alone can determine the permanent happiness of mankind—in so far as happiness is possible to the wasted procession of men. Of these solutions we Catholics are the possessors. To take two fundamental institutions upon which all men's eyes are now turned—property and marriage.

"It is clearly apparent that the first negations have come at last to disappoint the first generation of sceptics. Only the old men, the valiant fathers of the cause, still preach the economic salvation of mankind through the despoiling of ownership and the placing of land and machinery into the hands of professional politicians. Collectivism has burst; and while generous minds of a younger generation are hurrying here and there to find a solution for our economic troubles, the Church will persistently present the normal institution of property widely established throughout the Christian State as the natural economic habitat of mankind;" and to that doctrine, by an inevitable process, sincere men, in revolt against that hideous capitalism which is a direct and demonstrable product of the sixteenth-century schism, must at last return.

"The same thing may be observed with the institution of marriage. In practice, every act, private or public, which wounds the family, so jars the human nerve that the toleration of such acts is very brief. And here again men

are brought back inevitably to the culture which we defend, and which happens also to be the only culture that has ever satisfied mankind. One may take higher instances, and show how the first perceptions of philosophy will, by a natural gravitation, return to the Catholic postulates of an intelligent and personal Creator of an immortal soul, of free-will, and of a consequence following upon good and evil."

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We are glad to see that the Catholic women of Bolivia are not less active and effective in the matter of preserving catechetical instruction for the young than are their sisters in Italy, to whose successful efforts in that direction we had occasion not long ago to refer. Owing to the machinations of international agitators, the Catholic Catechism has been eliminated from Bolivia's public schools. This action has stirred up the Catholic women, and their work is being prosecuted all through the republic. They themselves teach Catechism in volunteer schools, and distribute Catholic literature amongst the working people. They are also zealous and successful in removing bad reading from the hands of the young. This is as it should be, pending the not unlikely revocation of the governmental decree barring religious instruction from the schools.

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As an indication of the new spirit which is moving amongst French Catholics, the *London Tablet* instances an address made at a parochial meeting last month by Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, in which, referring to the attempts now being made to establish a State monopoly of education, though the necessary buildings are wanting, and the required number of teachers not to be had, his Lordship reminded the Government that a day might come when, if they pressed things too far, Catholics might find it necessary to stand with their backs to the wall. There were, he said, two policies which might be followed: Catholics might either continue, as heretofore, to make the best of a bad job, and to carry things on in the

hope of better days; or they might close all their schools on a given day. Those schools were absolutely their own; for they received not a sou of public money either for buildings or maintenance. Such a course could be carried out only under a general order proclaimed by all the bishops. But things might come to that. If they should, the French Government and the taxpayers would quickly learn what a State monopoly of education really means.

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The defence of Lourdes called forth by the remarks of a certain notorious American specialist and the flippancy of a certain metropolitan journal makes one rather glad the controversy was started, Lourdes has emerged with such overwhelming triumph. The following paragraphs from an article on "Lourdes and Its Miracles," by the Rev. M. Kenny, S. J., in *America*, will be sufficient to illustrate the appositeness and dispatch with which the Catholic case has been put. Father Kenny has been explaining how Protestants, "and the more numerous class that inherits from Protestantism only its denials," reject the miraculous:

Formerly the attested cases were Naturalized by the magic of "suggestion"; and the more religious-minded, especially among Episcopalians, stressed the sufferer's attitude of "expectancy" in Our Lord's day as well as ours; forgetting, in their haste to eliminate or lessen the supernatural, that at least the dead and demented could not be benefited by expectancy. But in Lourdes this theory has broken down. Expectancy was never known to cure a broken leg, or tuberculous limb, or blindness, or cancer, or leprosy, or deaf-mutism, or cerebral paralysis, or any disease that requires a re-formation of bone, cell, tissue and organs that nature takes years to furnish. Least of all, can it do so instantly; yet all this has happened at Lourdes, and much of it within the last few months.

The cures attested by the Lourdes medical Board and approved by over 3000 physicians, many of them of international repute, exceed 4000, and the number of real cures not submitted to the Board is reckoned still larger. Of these, less than one-twentieth were of nervous diseases, and from this fraction all



cases amenable to suggestion were excluded. At the Lourdes Bureau, as in the Church processes of canonization, no cures of purely nervous diseases are admitted. The remainder, classified in 175 sub-titles under 17 general headings, include nearly all the organic maladies known to humanity. And it must be remembered they are entered as cures in the Lourdes records only when, some eight or ten months after the event, the history of the disease and the permanency of the cure have been verified. It is freely admitted that no skeptic could be more cautious and insistent than Doctors Boissarie and Cox and their aides in ruling out any cures that might be attributed to natural agency.

There is something almost tragical in the way in which these facts destroy any amount of contrary theorizing.

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The editor of the *Bulletin of the Missionaries of La Salette* propounds five questions which many of the unfair sex would do well to put to themselves:

Why is it that at a ball game, a prize-fight, or the theatre, men look for the first seats, but at church pick out the last?

Why is it that men insist on representing the women in politics, but expect the women to represent them at religious services?

Why is it that when men live and act according to their political views they are consistent, but when they practise their religion to the letter they are narrow-minded?

Why do men disregard God in their prosperity, but blame Him in adversity?

Why do men acknowledge the right of a lodge or a fraternity to issue by-laws, but deny the Church the right to enact precepts?

These questions are searching, and will be found very embarrassing in many cases. The sex that is fair will doubtless refrain from proposing more than one of them at a time.

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Notably good among the many excellent addresses given at the second Missionary Congress in Boston was the discourse of Mr. Joseph Scott, premier Catholic layman of the Pacific slope. Said he, among other things:

I want to pay my respects, to the everlasting energy of the Puritan in letting the world know what it owes to the people of his race. If we

were equally industrious, all the people of the country would know that before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock the zealous missionary of the Catholic Church had baptized and evangelized the Indians, had acquired the use of their language, and printed the Bible in the mother tongue of the Indian,—all of which happened before the *Mayflower* crossed the Atlantic.

Long before the Puritans set foot on our shores, the Franciscan Father, Marcus de Niza, travelled 3000 miles into the confines of Arizona; and the standard of the Cross was erected in Kansas even before the Puritan had set foot in this Bay State of Massachusetts. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up in California in 1629. The State was discovered by Cabrillo fifty years after Columbus made his first voyage; and from that day to this the Catholic Faith has left its indelible mark of good upon the customs and civilization of the peoples who have come there.

Mr. Scott did well to recall these historic events, which conclusively prove, what too many Americans seem to ignore, that the Cross is not an alien, but is emphatically at home, in these United States.

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Carrying a vicious principle out to its logical conclusions has ever been a favorite way of showing just how absurd some principles are. In a letter to the *London Times*, Mr. Erskine Childers adopts this method to expose the absurdity of the proposed plan for excluding Ulster from the operation of Home Rule. He writes:

Belfast excluded, the number of Catholics and Protestants in Ulster is almost precisely equal—597,573 and 597,176,—a neat balance. Remedy clear. Make Belfast into a separate State. It has more inhabitants than five Canadian provinces, two Australian States, fourteen German States, and eleven Swiss cantons. But stay. Within Belfast there are 93,243 Catholics, mainly in one compact area: more than in six Swiss cantons and four German States, and the same as in Prince Edward Island. West Belfast, then, must be a State, too. And so on.

We do not apprehend that Belfast will be politically severed from Ulster, or Ulster from the rest of Ireland. The thing is unthinkably absurd.



## The King's Silversmith.

BY FRANCIS MAKEJOY.

ONE November morning in the year 1479 a galloping horse sped down the avenue, shaded by great trees, that led from the city of Tours to Plessis Castle, the residence of Louis XI., King of France. The horse's rider was a tall and gaunt old man, dressed in a ragged suit of clothes. His sinister countenance wore an air of preoccupation, and his heels kept drubbing the flanks of his steed in order to keep up its rapid gait. Notwithstanding his miserable appearance, this old man was, after the king, the wealthiest person in all France. His name was Cornelius Hoogworst. A native of Ghent, he had been invited by King Louis to move from Belgium to France; and he was at present the French monarch's silversmith.

Despite the sentinels stationed at the Castle's entrance, the horse flew over the drawbridge like a winged arrow; and, entering the courtyard, gave its rider considerable trouble in bringing it to a standstill. Having dismounted, Master Cornelius, as he was commonly called at the Castle, sought the apartments of the King, and was introduced to his Majesty's study by Oliver the Dwarf, the lowborn but shrewd adviser of his sovereign.

"Well, Master Cornelius," said the King, "what grave business brings you here so early as this?"

"The gravest sort of business, your Majesty. Last night I was robbed of a sapphire necklace."

The King started: he was just as avaricious and covetous as the silversmith. They understood each thoroughly, and this misfortune affected both of them equally.

"We'll have the robber hanged!" cried Louis.

"So much the better, Sire,—so much the better. I feared you might wish to show him some indulgence; for the robber is your protégé, that young apprentice whom you advised me to take into my service."

"Young Bothwell?"

"Yes, Sire."

"How do you know that he committed the robbery?"

"Sire, nobody lives in the house save him and me. Last night the necklace was in its place in my strong box; this morning it has disappeared. The lock of the box was not broken; there is no trace of the cover's being pried up. The rascal doubtless stole my key while I was asleep, and replaced it later; or else he opened the box with a key made by himself. In any case, he's the robber."

"Very well, my friend: he shall be hanged."

"And my necklace? Who will restore it? Already I've looked everywhere for it, but in vain."

"Before putting the young fellow to death, we'll have him tortured a little. That will help him to talk."

Master Cornelius went out, mounted his horse, and rode home at a smart pace; while the King dispatched after him his provost-marshal, Tristan, who filled also the office of executioner, with his assistants.

In his little bedroom Charles Bothwell, the young apprentice, was still sleeping as only boys can, when the lugubrious procession of the executioner and his companions entered the silversmith's house. This house, built of solid stone, looked more like a prison than a private dwelling. It had great, heavy doors secured by enormous locks, and its narrow



windows were protected by iron bars. There seemed to be small chance of any robber's being able to break into it from the outside.

"Come, up with you!" said Tristan, seizing Charles by the collar of his night-shirt.

The boy jumped up, with the exclamation:

"Holy Mother! What's the matter?" Then, recognizing the officer of justice, he said, fearfully: "O sir, I haven't done anything! Our Lady knows I haven't!"

"You may tell all that to the judges. Just now, get your clothes on and come with us."

The terrified boy did as he was told, and was shortly ready to accompany Tristan.

In the meanwhile the news had spread that something unusual was happening at the silversmith's, and a crowd had gathered. Cornelius was not liked by the citizens of Tours: his ill looks, rough manners, and the mystery that shrouded his way of life had made him very unpopular. In fact, he was accused of sorcery; and, had it not been for the King's protection, his prison-like house would have been demolished long before this November morning. As it was, there were some hostile cries raised when young Bothwell appeared, his hands tied behind his back.

Tristan, having mounted his steed, looked around at the crowd, and said:

"My good people, go back home and see whether your rashers of bacon are not burning."

His words failing to disperse the throng gathered in front of the house, Tristan gave a signal to his mounted guards, who at once pressed against the nearest citizens, driving them back. Then, when the executioner cried out, "Way for the justice of the King!" the crowd dissolved, and, breaking into groups, speedily disappeared.

Now, several hours after the arrival of the prisoner at Plessis, an artisan from

Tours came to the castle and begged to see his friend, Oliver the Dwarf. On being admitted, he told Oliver a strange story, — nothing less than that he had, the night before, seen a phantom walking on the roof of the house of his neighbor, Master Cornelius. Oliver reported the matter to the King, who sent for his physician, Dr. Coyetier, and then had the artisan brought in to repeat his story.

As a result, the examination and the incidental torture of young Bothwell were postponed. The poor apprentice's protestations of innocence and his prayers to the Blessed Virgin to help him in his extremity had been reported to Louis, who, moreover, felt loath to believe in the guilt of the boy whose father, an apothecary of Tours, was one of the King's best friends.

About twilight that same evening, a small troop left Plessis Castle and proceeded to Tours. It was made up of the King and his usual companions, Dr. Coyetier, Tristan, Oliver, and Cunningham, captain of the Scotch Guard, with a detachment of his men.

Arriving at the house of Master Cornelius, Oliver seized the iron knocker on the door, and, sounding it several times, cried:

"Hello, there! Open,—open!"

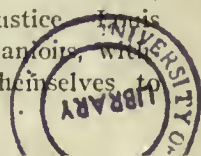
Cornelius looked out from an upper window, and, seeing that Louis was of the party, hurried down, undid the chains, and threw open the door.

"Comrade!" said the King, "I was afraid you might be robbed again; so we are going to spend the night with you."

"God forbid that I should be robbed a second time!" groaned the silversmith. "We haven't yet found the necklace stolen by that scapegrace of an apprentice. Has he spoken? Has he been put to the torture?"

"Not yet," replied the King.

Cornelius lifted his arms to Heaven, deploring the slowness of justice. XI., however, and his companions, with-  
out further ado, betook themselves to



different rooms for the night. The Scotch Guard were placed outside with a few of them upon the roof. When these dispositions had been made, the King said:

"Now, I must have a bag of flour. Master Cornelius, let me have some of the flour that serves you for bread-making."

The astonished silversmith had not the slightest idea as to what the King wanted with the flour, but he knew Louis XI. well enough to ask no questions. He accordingly furnished the flour, and with genuine grief saw it scattered over the floor, from the sleeping apartments all the way to the room which contained the strong box, and on the floor of that room also.

Everybody slept peacefully during the night; there was no alarm of any kind. In the morning, however, there was a loud cry of anger and despair.

"Sire, Sire, I've been robbed again!"

And Master Cornelius hurried from his treasure room, where he had been examining his hoard, to the apartment of the King.

Louis dressed himself quickly and went to examine the flour-strewn passage. Large footprints were seen here and there. Dr. Coyctier and the others marked the traces attentively.

"Here's a pretty large foot," said the King.

"How did a Colossus with such feet ever get into my house?" groaned Cornelius.

"Through your room, compeer," replied Louis.

"My room!" exclaimed the silversmith. "Impossible! I heard nothing whatever."

"He even got off your bed," persisted the King.

Cornelius was in a state of stupefaction. Louis sent for the silversmith's slippers. They were brought to him; he placed them on the footprints, and they fitted exactly.

"Are you convinced now?" asked the King.

"But — but — then 'tis myself who am the robber,—myself who have robbed myself! No, no! I remember nothing. You are hoaxing me, Sire."

The Scotch Guard, being examined, declared that in the course of the night the silversmith had appeared on the roof clad only in nightgown and slippers. They thought that he was the victim of insanity.

So the mystery was explained. Cornelius was a somnambulist, a sleep-walker. The scientists of that day had not studied the phenomena of somnambulism, and consequently had not invented the word; but some physicians, Dr. Coyctier among them, had already noticed that some persons were afflicted with a disease that caused them to act during their sleep without being conscious of doing so, and without remembering, on awaking, anything they had done.

Young Charlie Bothwell was at once freed, and went back home, refusing all overtures to renew his apprenticeship at the silversmith's.

"No, thank you!" he replied when the offer was made to him. "With Our Lady's help, I've got out of one pretty bad scrape, and I'm not in a hurry to get into another one."

As for Cornelius, his malady grew worse and worse, and his riches diminished very rapidly, — so rapidly, indeed, that he eventually died of a broken heart because he knew not where they went. He stole from himself while asleep, and hid the treasure so effectively that he could not find it when he awoke.

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IN Russia, where carrier pigeons are still very much in use, experiments are now being made in training falcons for the same purpose. It is claimed that the latter are swifter, capable of carrying greater weights, and are less exposed to attacks from other birds than the frailer pigeons, to whom birds of prey are a perpetual danger.



## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

### XXII.—THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

NOW, it was through the book which the dwarf had given to the children that the mystery which so closely concerned the Quaker Mansion was cleared up. And this notwithstanding the fact that when Fred had brought the book to his father, and he had seen it to be the "Journal of James Forrester," he had tied it up, to be returned, unread, to its owner.

Selma had, of course, seen the matter in a totally different light. When the dwarf had first brought the note-book to her, she had studied it intently; and such portions as she could not fully understand on account of her defective English, she had copied with great care. She had been at first very much vexed, and had displayed the greatest uneasiness, when she learned that the dwarf had allowed the book to pass out of his possession. But, presuming the family to be thenceforth acquainted with all that the Journal contained, she had brought a written confession of whatever had transpired, with copious extracts from James Forrester's own notes. These she had evidently employed to supplement her own imperfect knowledge of the language, in which she had contrived with much difficulty to write. As the story there told, with its various ramifications, would be too long to find place in a narrative like this, it will be possible to give only such a summary of its chief incidents as will provide a solution of the mystery.

Christina had been first brought to America by a lady who subsequently became the wife of David Spencer, older brother to Jerry. The match was undesirable from every point of view, and led to a complete breach between David and his family. Christina was passionately

devoted to this lady, who, in a free and open-handed way, had been her benefactress, and had brought Selma out from Sweden. After the death of an elder sister who had preceded them there by some years, and who was the mother of the dwarf, the two sisters had left domestic service, and, supporting themselves and their adopted child by their needle, had taken rooms, as before described, in Canal Street.

James Forrester, who in the meantime had kept Mrs. David aware of all that occurred in the Quaker Mansion, had also suggested a plan by which Christina, going into service in the Spencer household, could manage to possess herself, in the interests of her employer, of some or all of those family jewels which were quite celebrated, and which had early excited Mrs. David's cupidity. She persuaded herself, and found but little difficulty in persuading Christina—who had, of course, entirely espoused her cause,—that, as the wife of the older brother, she had the best right to the trinkets.

Now, since the elder Mrs. Spencer, in the severe simplicity of her attire, had forsworn jewelry, she was but little likely to miss them, if Christina could succeed in abstracting the jewels—not all at once, but in detachments—from their resting-place, which Mr. Forrester knew. This was a small corner cupboard in the library, which had been from the first an object of interest to the Seymour children. James Forrester had planned to secure (as he could easily do) the key of this receptacle for valuables, and at a fitting opportunity to give Christina access to the same; after which she was to take control of the matter, and deliver the booty to Mrs. David. The latter, as James Forrester pointed out, ran but little risk, in any case; for if the theft were discovered, she could boldly stand on her rights as the wife of the older son; and the Spencers were the last people in the world to cause a public scandal by bringing the matter into the courts. In

that way she could also (as, it must be owned, she desired to do) screen Christina from the consequences of her act. James Forrester was, of course, to obtain a considerable sum for his share in the transaction, with promise of complete secrecy if ever the affair were brought to light.

But an untoward incident came near to upsetting this well-laid plan. One fine afternoon Christina had taken a ring, a bracelet, and some other trinkets, from the safe in the library, and had carried them upstairs to an improvised hiding-place under one of the boards in the cockloft. While she was busy there, Jerry had, unknown to her, come up to the attic, and, though then a lad of seventeen or thereabouts, was reviewing those places where he had played, and recalling the mimic dramas that had there been enacted. He was on the point of visiting in this reminiscent mood the cupboard which he had dignified by the title of "Jerry's House," when all at once his attention was caught, as that of the Seymour children was later, by a movement in the cockloft. He distinctly heard steps, the creaking of boards, and without an instant's delay set himself to discover the meaning of those sounds. He flew up the stairs, to find Christina, pale and dismayed, kneeling beside a loosened board in the floor, while near her were two or three glittering articles. The boy demanded an explanation, and at once took possession of the trinkets; but Christina was easily able to touch his generous heart by her tears and pleadings, and her promise of amendment. Jerry finally agreed to say nothing to his parents, and to permit her to retain her place.

That, of course, put an end to James Forrester's fine scheme for the present, and even threatened to do so permanently. Christina continued to reside in the house, and became a valued and trusted servant; and might have so remained had not the marriage of Jerry, five years later, and [the bestowal upon

his wife (who was eminently agreeable to the family) of all the jewels excited Mrs. David's rage and malice. She longed in particular for a costly necklace, that was as rich in priceless gems as in a host of historic memories; for it had come from a remote ancestor beyond the seas, and had been handed down for more than a hundred years. James Forrester, who had come back from the West about that time, in very needy circumstances, so played upon Mrs. David's weaknesses that she had concurred in a newly laid plan to secure, if possible, all the jewels, but at least the necklace.

Christina had now become attached to the Spencers, retained a grateful memory of Jerry's forbearance, and had the best of good will to the young and gentle bride. She absolutely refused, at first, to have anything further to do with the matter, till James Forrester threatened to make known her former offence, and have her sent to jail. There was no one in whom the girl could confide. She was simple and ignorant, and easily frightened. He promised her complete immunity from harm if she managed to secure the jewels that were rightfully Mrs. David's. She yielded once more to temptation, and, soon after Jerry had gone to the war, succeeded in securing the necklace and several other objects of great value. On this occasion the loss was discovered at once. There was a hue and cry; detectives were set to work; no one was allowed to leave the house, and the closest sort of watch was kept.

James Forrester, who was then a constant visitor, made himself particularly active in endeavoring to recover the stolen property. Conferring with the detectives, and, in the character of family friend, learning from them as much as he could of their suspicions and plan of campaign, he was busy all the time with a new project of his own. It occurred to him that it would be easy for him to convey the jewelry out of the house, and much safer than to leave it in Christina's



keeping. He represented to the latter that if it once reached Mrs. David, for the reasons formerly adduced, all would be well; and even if discovery ensued, there could be no prosecution. From certain items in his Journal it was clear that at this very time he had begun to think of retaining the jewels for his own advantage, and of deceiving both Christina and Mrs. David, as he had deceived everybody else.

But, whether the girl had learned to mistrust him, or whether she had already determined that the jewels should not go out of the house, she took a firm attitude toward Forrester, and denied all knowledge of the theft. Full of rage and malice at being thus foiled with his own weapons, Forrester had so hounded the girl with threats that he would reveal her former crime and get Jerry to write an account thereof to the family, thus causing her arrest, that Christina fell ill of a fever and was removed to the hospital.

While there, by a curious turn of affairs, Christina was converted to the Church; and, under the advice of the priest, was quite willing to confess all, and to restore the missing articles to their rightful owners. She had declined, however, to make any statement to James Forrester (who, as a friend of the family, called every day at the hospital) unless some member of the family was present. He was, therefore, accompanied by old Mr. Spencer on that occasion when Christina had confessed to having taken the jewels and secreting them in the house. She gave no reason for her act. Willing to spare her former employer, she made no mention of her; and neither would she implicate Forrester. During the whole interview she was so nervous and agitated that the doctor and nurse had to remonstrate; and it was with a mixture of relief and disappointment that Forrester had seen her relapse into unconsciousness before she could mention where she had hid the articles.

From that time on it had been his one

desire to persuade Mr. Spencer—which it was not difficult to do—that Christina had been delirious when she charged herself with the crime, and that her whole illness had been superinduced by the fear of being suspected. Thus artfully did he leave open to himself what he believed to be a *suré* way of finding the jewels without fear of being suspected. For he argued that it would have been next to impossible for the girl to find a hiding-place which he would be unable to discover.

Selma had no knowledge whatever of what had been going on; and had never come into contact with James Forrester. Indeed, the man was not even aware of her existence, though he knew all about the dwarf. Now, Selma was not present at her sister's confession; but, after the visitors had departed from the hospital, she was left to watch beside the patient's bed. The latter, in a lucid interval, told as much of the story as her condition permitted, and as she deemed proper for Selma to hear; and exacted from her a promise that she would try to restore the jewels to their owners, but without implicating Mrs. David and without letting Forrester know. All might have been comparatively simple were it not that Christina, as on the former occasion, relapsed into unconsciousness while endeavoring to make clear the hiding-place, and left Selma with confused murmurs of: "I put it inside—inside! Mr. Forrester is a black heart. Do not trust him. Oh, the white, white face!" Her senses never returned; and when Mr. Spencer and James Forrester called next day at the hospital, they were told that she was dead.

Selma's one idea thenceforth was to keep secret all that she had learned—being, of course, unaware of her sister's confession,—and to hide her own identity from James Forrester. In his chagrin and disappointment—since he could not find the jewels,—that conspirator had never failed, when opportunity offered, to vent his malice upon the dwarf, whom he took

a fiendish delight in tormenting. He had some suspicion, though he had no means of making it a certainty, that the midget had picked up his Journal, the loss of which had for a time sent him into spasms of uneasiness.

Selma had in the meantime kept herself as quiet as possible till the affair had blown over, and the detectives had abated the ardor of their pursuit. She had sense enough to know that she must act warily against such an adversary as Mr. Forrester. Then had come the death of Jerry, — but not before his old chum had received from him a letter deploring his former forbearance, which had led Christina on to the commission of a graver crime. His heroic end had been followed by the death of his mother, and the departure of the family from the house.

With the coming of the Seymours to Quaker Mansion, Selma had seen her opportunity to take service therein, and pursue that search which had been necessarily impossible during the time that the house was closed. James Forrester, who had been meanwhile taking stern measures to prevent the house being occupied until he had thoroughly explored it, was filled with anger and disappointment when Mr. Seymour purchased it. These feelings were aggravated by that glimpse which he had caught of Selma, whom he believed to be Christina. He supposed that the statement made of her death by the hospital authorities had been either a deliberate or an involuntary mistake. He had immediately resolved to throw himself upon Mr. Seymour's pity, and obtain a foothold in the house, where he could keep watch upon the Swede, and countercheck all her efforts.

While Selma thus pursued, with dumb and dog-like fidelity, the mission with which she had been entrusted, the Spencer family had become quite convinced that the supposed confession of Christina had been the ravings of delirium, superinduced by the fear that she might have been suspected; and in this view both the

nurse and the doctor were disposed to coincide. It was believed that the robbery had been the work of professional burglars, who had contrived to get the plunder out of the country.

Selma, having now made the Seymours acquainted with all that had been winding itself like a chain of mystery about the dwelling they inhabited, and being almost entirely persuaded at last that Christina had been raving, asked permission to devote a certain portion of each day, and to remain overnight, in attendance upon the dwarf, while assisting with the work of the household during her leisure time. And this she was to continue until the family departed for the country.

And so matters stood when there occurred an event which may fittingly conclude this narrative.

(To be continued.)

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### St. Clement's Day.

The 23d of November is celebrated as St. Clement's Day, and is a day of special devotion with blacksmiths, since the saint is their chief patron; also that of farriers and horseshoers. St. Clement was converted to Christianity in the reign of Domitian, and martyred by that tyrant, A. D. 100, by being tied to an anchor and thrown into the Tiber. He is often represented in art with the anchor, symbol of his martyrdom; and legend tells us that he was the first person who ever shod a horse.

An old custom still prevails in some of the rural districts of England of going from house to house and demanding apples in honor of St. Clement. In old times this was always done by the village blacksmiths, who asked for apples and beer, singing this merry doggerel:

"Clemany! Clemany! Clemany mine!  
A good red apple and a pint of your wine!  
Pray, good mistress, send to us  
One for Peter, one for Paul,  
And one for Him who made us all!"



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The two collections of essays by Coventry Patmore, "Principle in Art" and "Religio Poetæ," are included in a new volume of the "Readers' Library," published by Duckworth & Co.

—We have received a revised edition of the Rev. Joseph J. Baierl's "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." The work is arranged and illustrated for school use, the Adorable Sacrifice being explained in the form of questions and answers. St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

—"Clark's General Science," by Bertha M. Clark, published by the American Book Co., is a work of about 250 pages, in which many of the commoner facts of science are dealt with in a simple manner; and, though primarily written for children, it may be found interesting also to grown-ups.

—Letouzey & Ané, Parisian publishers, announce a new manual of Christian archæology from the beginning up to the eighth century, the author being Dom H. Leclercq, O. S. B.; and a new edition of Dr. H. Vigoroux's "Traité Complet de Médecine Pratique." The same firm is publishing, in parts, a dictionary of Catholic theology, and a history of the Councils, from original documents.

—In an octavo brochure of one hundred and twenty-eight closely printed pages, "Father Smith Instructs Jackson," the Rev. John F. Noll reprints the series of catechetical instructions which originally appeared in *Our Sunday Visitor*. As a popular and somewhat novel exposition of Catholic doctrine, it is calculated to impress favorably both Catholic and non-Catholic readers; and its cheapness (\$7.00 per hundred copies) stamps it as one of the apologetic works of which the zealous parish priest usually keeps a supply for free distribution to prospective converts.

—Botanical and other students are indebted to the venerable Sir Clements Markham for a translation of Garcia da Orta's famous "Colloquios dos Simples e Drogas he Cousas Medicinaes da India" ("Colloquies on the Simples and Drugs of India"), the value of which may be judged by the many references to it in such great standard works as the "Pharmacographia" of Hanbury and Flückiger. It contains the first description of many Indian plants widely used in the practice of European physicians, and the first account of their employment in cases of cholera and dysentery. Orta was a devout Catholic and a friend of the immortal

Camoens. The *Athenæum* (No. 4487, Oct. 25) devotes four columns to a review of this first English translation of Orta's great work, "the outstanding merit of which is the scientific spirit which underlies its wonder and charm. Orta has 'no hatred except for errors, and no love except for the truth.'"

—The latest volume (V.) of the new translation, by Gaston de Vere, of Vasari's "Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," embraces the Lives of Andrea da Fiesole, Sansovino, Lorenzo di Credi, Andrea del Sarto, Franciabigio, Jacopo Palma, and Lorenzo Lotto.

—George Barton, the author of "In Quest of the Golden Chest," evidently believes that an essential ingredient of a story, and especially "a story of adventure," to quote his sub-title, is action, and plenty of it. Accordingly, the boy who is fortunate enough to receive this volume as a Christmas gift or otherwise will find the action continuous and vivid; in his own expressive vernacular, "there's something doing all the time." Benzigers.

—The Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L., whose "Virtues of Christ" series, we are pleased to see, has been honored with a translation into French, publishes, through Peter Reilly, Philadelphia, "A Divine Friend." The book, the preface of which is contributed by Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, consists of an introduction and eight studies of friends of Our Lord, beginning with St. John the Baptist and ending with the Beloved Disciple. Not less practical than uplifting, the volume is an excellent one for spiritual reading in Catholic families and religious communities.

—As against the Protestant principle that the people are supreme in the Church as in the State, and the contention of modern Rationalists that Catholic hierarchical jurisdiction is the effect of evolution and the growth of centuries, being unknown and unheard of in the early Church, the Rev. William Moran publishes "The Government of the Church in the First Century." (Benziger Brothers.) This essay on the beginnings of the Christian ministry was originally presented to the theological faculty of Maynooth as a thesis for the degree of Doctor, and it is redolent of the fine scholarship which one has learned to associate with that classic institution. In attempting to show that the constitution of the primitive Church was, in principle, the

same in the first century as it is in the twentieth, Dr. Moran has relied on original sources; and in his criticisms of Catholic as well as non-Catholic views he is laudably impartial. Attentive readers of his able thesis will fully agree with this statement in his preface: "Few serious students will now deny that the desire to upset received notions and establish new theories has been as fruitful of mental bias as the desire of orthodox writers to maintain older opinions."

—"Saints and Festivals," by Mother Salome, is altogether satisfactory. It is a book for boys and girls; it is designed to accompany, if not to supplant, the fairy-book in the nursery; with the ultimate object in view, as explained by the Bishop of Northampton in his preface, to raise up saints to England. The matter is arranged according to months, and an effort is everywhere made to get the freshest and most interesting stories, and to tell them in the most engaging way. Both efforts are highly successful. The illustrations are by Gabriel Pippet, whose work, in collaboration with Father Benson, we have already had occasion to admire and commend. We should like to see this book in every Catholic home. Published by Benziger Brothers.

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### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Government of the Church in the First Century." Rev. William Moran. \$1.65.
- "Saints and Festivals." Mother Salome. \$1.25.
- "In Quest of the Golden Chest." George Barton. \$1.15.
- "A Divine Friend." Rev. Henry Schuyler, S. T. L. \$1.
- "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Joseph Baierl. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Progress." Part II. 90 cts.
- "The Sisters of Bon-Secours." \$1.15.
- "Christ's Cadets." C. C. Martindale, S. J. 35 cts.

- "Paradoxes of Catholicism." Mgr. R. H. Benson. \$1.25, net.
- "Our Lady Intercedes." Eleanor Frances Kelly. 75 cts.
- "A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.
- "The Honour of the House." Mrs. Hugh Fraser, J. I. Stahlmann. \$1.30.
- "Psalmi Vesperarum." 50 cts.
- "The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." René Bazin. \$1.25.
- "The New France." W. S. Lilly. \$2.25.
- "Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways." J. Michael of Coutances. \$1.35.
- "Christian Social Reform." William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. \$1.50.
- "The Roman Curia as It Now Exists." Rev. Michael Martin, S. J. \$1.65.

### Obituary.

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*Remember them that are in bonds.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. M. Caruana, S. J.

Sister Mary Paul, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Mercedes, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Regina, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Agatha, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister Agnes Regina, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Edward Cable, Dr. Joseph Arnold, Mrs. R. P. Prendergast, Mr. Frederick Weber, Mrs. Catherine Kane, Mr. John L. Grant, Mrs. Rose Rogers, Mrs. Mary Kishner, Mr. Timothy Lenihan, Hon. James Cunningham, Mr. Andrew Middleburg, Mrs. Julia English, Mr. Michael Connellan, Mr. Joseph Fitzsimmons, Mr. Joseph Schmit, Mrs. Louise Schmit, Mr. John Vail, Mr. Timothy Gallagher, Mrs. Hannah Gallagher, Miss Catherine Gallagher, Miss Elizabeth Bates, Mr. Arthur Beiter, Mr. Thomas Fox, Sr., and Mr. John Woodside.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: M. A. D., \$2; Mrs. J. O. H., 50 cts.; Mrs. S. A. McL., \$5; L. A. S., \$2.

For the Negro missions:

Mrs. J. O. H., 50 cts.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Mrs. A. M., \$1; Friend, 25 cts.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 22

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## "Ave Maria."

BY MARY JENNER WHITING.

FLOWER blooming "full of grace,"  
Maiden wonderful of face,  
Woman born of royal race,—

Fair Maria!

Aching sorrow, petty care  
'Twas thy daily lot to bear,  
Heavy burdens were thy share,—

Sweet Maria!

Heart that always loved God's light  
Bore thee safely through earth's night,  
Raised thee high above sin's blight,—

Pure Maria!

In the land where falls no woe,  
Whither none but conquerors go,  
Pray for us who toil below,—

Queen Maria!

## Heroic Levites.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

**N**EXT year will be the centenary of the signing, at Ghent in Belgium, of a peace between the United States and Great Britain which happily has until now remained unbroken. Over this all English-speaking folk may well rejoice. But this year, in the same city of Ghent, a centenary of no small interest to Catholics was solemnly celebrated under the auspices of the bishops of Ghent and Bruges—that of the heroic seminarists of Ghent in the days of the First Napoleon.

Napoleon had just returned from his fatal campaign in Russia. He had brought Pius VII., his prisoner, from Savona to Fontainebleau; had forced the Pope to sign a fresh Concordat; and, concealing the fact that the Pope had retracted that concession forced from him when he was weak and defenceless, the Emperor used it to hold his Catholic subjects in subjection while he went to face his foes in Germany. Early in April, 1813, in virtue of that pretended Concordat, he appointed creatures of his own to fill certain Episcopal Sees, among them that of Ghent, to which Bruges was then joined.

Napoleon sent the Abbé de la Brue to take charge of the twofold diocese. He came to Ghent armed with a letter signed by Prince Maurice de Broglie, the staunch Bishop of Ghent, when he was lying ill in the prison into which Napoleon had cast him. Brue brought with him an Abbé de Pazzis, who for many years had thrown off his cassock to seek advancement in the service of the State, and had resumed it in 1809 to become vicar-general of a French diocese. The chapter of Ghent refused to receive Brue, chiefly on the ground that the See was not vacant. Nevertheless, he and Pazzis installed themselves in the choir of the cathedral, summoning the chapter and seminarists to attend the ceremony. Only three seminarists obeyed; while out of the four administrators whom Bishop de Broglie had left to carry on the work of his double diocese, but one weakly welcomed the intruding prelate.

The latter thereupon sent Pazzis to the

seminary to harangue the students. He told them that if they would not obey his patron, the seminary would be closed and its students drafted into the army. The administrator who had weakly joined the intruder also spoke in Latin; but so troubled was he when he faced the steadfast students that he made a solecism of which a boy in elements could not have been guilty, and which even at that critical moment aroused the mirth of all. That same evening the heads of the seminary determined to close it and to send the pupils to their homes. Meanwhile the clergy and people of the dioceses of Ghent and Bruges remained, almost without exception, faithful to their Bishop's lawful vicar-general. The cathedral where Brue officiated was left deserted. Threats, favors, even penalties were used by the intruder in vain, backed though he was by prefects, by the Minister of Public Worship, and even by the angry Emperor whom all men feared.

Orders were then given to draft into the local civic guards of their departments, or into the Emperor's *Gardes d'honneur*, such seminarists as had gone back to their homes rather than obey the schismatical intruder. But the Emperor, having received a report about the Ghent seminarists, deemed that they had been too leniently treated. Flushed with his victory at Lutzen, he had determined that, as soon as he returned victorious to Paris, he would force the Pope to be his lieutenant in all things regarding the Church. Therefore any resistance on the part of cleries must be crushed at the outset, and he gave orders that all the Ghent students should return forthwith to the seminary or be treated as insubordinate conscripts. All except four refused, and many were dragged from their homes to be incorporated in the army of the French despot.

Among these was a youth of small stature who appeared before the council of war at Bruges to have his case judged. One of his comrades at the seminary

weakly consented to return thither, on which the members of the council congratulated him with the word used often among Belgian cleries—"Proficiat!" Thereupon the small youth cried indignantly: "*Non proficiat!*" The council, to punish him, drafted him off at once to a neighboring barracks as a drummer-boy. He lived to beat to good purpose what Butler profanely calls the "drum ecclesiastic"; for, having entered the Society of Jesus, he became a famous preacher. His devotion to the Mother of God was intense. "Although one of the smallest of her servants," he would say, "I hope, however, that Mary will obtain for me the favor of dying on one of her feasts." God called the brave little soldier to Himself on Candlemas Day in 1871.

Of the two hundred and sixty-three seminarists who refused to recognize the intruding prelate, one hundred and eighty became priests; fifty escaped being made soldiers or being imprisoned; finally, forty-nine died during the persecution. The greater number of them were sent to the fortress of Wezel on the Rhine.\*

Several seminarists were incorporated in the French 85th regiment of the line, stationed at Lille. There the prefect demanded that they should acknowledge the authority of the schismatic M. La Brue and return to the seminary. This they refused to do, and were then confined to the barracks. Two days later they were called up at three in the morning, and marched silently out of the town under an escort of gendarmes and soldiers. On reaching Alost, they were put in the prison; but some of the leading inhabitants having given bail for them, the seminarists were allowed to lodge in town. At this the officer in command of their escort was angry with the director of the prison, thinking that

\* The story of the seminarists sent to Wezel has been told, in Flemish and in French, by J. Vander Moore, S. J., who was one of those sent to Wezel.



those committed to his custody would escape. But when next day they were all forthcoming, he was so delighted that wherever the column halted for the night the seminarists, instead of being lodged in prison, were allowed to find their own quarters. His kindness was such that the seminarists, after ten days' march, on reaching Wezel, presented the officer with a pair of gold epaulets.

At Wezel, the seminarists were joined by others from Bruges; all had to don uniform. They were lodged in damp, dirty casemates of the fort, over which they had to mount guard. Many fell ill, and were placed in an hospital so crowded and so wretchedly cared for that several died within its walls. Scanty food was provided, and even this had to be guarded against the rats that infested the fort. Morally they had to suffer from the jeers and coarse language of the soldiery. At last the approach of the armies allied against Napoleon allowed these heroic young levites to regain their liberty. On Napoleon's downfall in 1814, most of the hundred survivors of the Wezel seminarists returned to their beloved seminary at Ghent. And to this day, many a Flemish family is proud to remember that one of its members was among the brave band at Wezel.

In conclusion, one or two incidents of this deportation of the Ghent seminarists may be mentioned. Some of them, halting at the village of Maldeghem, thought well to pay their respects to the parish priest. The good man had resisted the schismatic whom Napoleon had placed over him; and, seeing the young seminarists no longer in clerical garb, thought that they were sent to arrest him, and fled, only half dressed, from his house into the woods. The seminarists were much distressed at having caused the good pastor such a fright.

It is pleasant to find the pious youths, being allowed a day's rest in Brussels, using it to pay a visit to Our Lady's shrine at Hal, to recite there a heart-

felt *Sub tuum præsidium* before her miraculous statue; or, during a halt at Tongres, joining in the people's devotions at Mary's shrine there.

All the seminarists were not sent to Wezel. Such as belonged to rich or noble families were favored by being sent to join Napoleon's *Gardes d'honneur*, a crack cavalry corps, with a smart uniform, which the Emperor had formed, and in which he placed noble or wealthy youths whom he wished to attach to his person. But he would not allow these seminarists to remain in it. He had them stripped of their uniforms and sent to a Paris prison, whence they were dispersed to serve in the regiments at the front, to provide food for powder. One so treated was brother to Father Hélias d'Huddeghem, S. J., the founder of the missions of central Missouri, who died at Taos on August 11, 1874.

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### Brownie.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

### II.

AFTER trying to explain to me that organ music had nothing to do with tobacco pipes and pairs of bellows, Brownie sat down—or rather jumped up to sit—on the stone seat in the porch, to nurse the doll and the bear, as if there were no use in talking any more to a person of such slow comprehension.

"Have you ever been up where the organ is?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Have you been up there when they were playing music? That *was* nice." I said this to appease her.

"Lots of times," replied Brownie, nodding, and rocking herself to and fro, with Teddy and Rosabella in her arms. "I go up Sattadays—not now," she truthfully added; "not now I don't—not since I got my boots. Did you see my new boots?" tilting them both for a moment

on a level with the seat, for my admiration. "Since I got my new boots, I mustn't go up there, 'cause my boots make a noise."

"I see," I put in. "Do you come every Saturday with father?"

"Ess, evwy Sattaday I bring father and take him home,—I do. I know my way kite well. I do like—oh! oh—h—h!"

She had rocked too much, and fallen forward. There was just time to save her, still clinging to the bear. But the old doll was picked up from the stone floor, with a chip off its nose. Poor Brownie wept aloud, with open mouth and streaming eyes, till I hinted that if that tune went on in the porch we could not hear "father's" beautiful music. That hushed her at once. There was only a catching of the breath and a little sniff of grief now and again.

The truth came to me like a flash. This child was the merest baby in all else; but in anything that touched her father, an intense love had developed her character beyond her age. What mystery was there? What was the secret?

The music ceased, and began again. This time it was the *Magnificat*. There was a connection afterward in my mind between that psalm and what happened next; but at the time, unless there was an angel's whisper, one can't imagine what put it into the curly head to go to see "the mizzicles."

"Come!" she said in so many words. "Let's see the mizzicles."

And the small hand came into mine to lead me. The doll and the bear were very much squeezed; for, after the severe fall of Rosabella, they could not be left outside, and they were both embraced by one arm.

We were back in the church again, and she marched me to the first stained-glass window, and then away from it.

"Not that. Father beinembers that. Do you know this one?" She led me to another, and away again. "No, not that. I know that one. Mrs. Wicks

told me that. There" (at another window). "What's that yellow man being done to?"

The windows had each two lights, and therefore two pictures. But there were so many figures in green, blue, red, violet, and brown, that I had to think well, not only of my Gospel miracles but of my window, before I ventured to answer Brownie's questions. It was a quaint little figure that stood beside me,—a figure whose simplicity was a passport to the holiest place. And as the poor child, with her armful of toys, looked up with eager eyes and parted lips, I saw that the mind of the baby knew quite well the central Figure that appeared again and again in this bright illuminated picture-book. Her poor father, whoever he was, had proved himself worthy of her love. He was teaching her; and perhaps sweet names and memories were with her from the mother whom "God wanted."

We walked about among the darkness of sombre pillars and carved oak. The child asked questions out loud with the recklessness of intense interest. I spoke or whispered the answers, and so told a little about one picture and another in easy words. All the time the swaying and rising and falling of the psalm went on. The organist was playing it through, perhaps, for his own soul's delight, as a song without words.

The rain was over, and sunlight shone through the colored windows. A series of the miracles went round the church, two in each window. Brownie began anywhere, but an older student would have begun with the Lady Chapel and the marriage at Cana of Galilee. I had only a few moments for each; and the little child trotted before me, holding my hand, regardless of the sound of the new boots when we moved. There in the radiant glass were the raising to life of the widow's son, the curing of the blind, the prayer of the lepers "afar off," the healing of the withered hand, the raising of Lazarus.



Over the altar of the Sacred Heart was the feeding of the multitude. Above the high altar there was a grand eastern window, where I traced too many mysteries for my little friend to follow.

Of course the dear blue mantle was there, and the motherless child knew that quite well. But when I saw in one of the lower spaces between the lines of tracery, brilliant as if wrought out in jewels, the Magdalen weeping upon the Master's feet, and when the child asked, "What's they bein' done to there?" I saw how all the miracle-windows fitted into one plan, and I could only say, "He is doing everything there,—all the miracles, and more." But of course that was not said to Brownie. She was gazing up at me as children do when their elders begin to talk among themselves.

"Let us go," I said. "Father will come directly." For the music was over at last, and there was a sound of closing up and putting away in the organ-loft.

We knelt for a moment, and then I allowed myself to be led down the church. Going out, we met the organist and a workingman, small, stooping, thin and gray. Brownie clasped the poor man's arm with an eager hand and leaned her head against his sleeve.

"Is that my darling?" he said.

And then I saw the mystery explained. She led him away, and looked back at me with pride and joy. But he never raised his head, and he felt the side of the porch and the ground with a stick as he went down the two steps. Yes, there was the secret out: Brownie's father was blind. She was the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart. The little one was all he had, and the love of the baby of five was a protecting tenderness. There was a tinge of unspoken compassion in it, a glow of reparation,—a little childlike dawn of all the most beautiful qualities that can glorify human love. She was a divine gift. I looked after them, wondering if the poor man would have exchanged Brownie for his eyesight. Of

course not. He was happier blind with her than if he could see and be childless, having known such a child.

"He makes the best of it," said the organist. "They get on very well, those two."

And a few words led to much information about Brownie.

"They are not unhappy certainly," the organist added. "He blows the organ for me, and he can make mats and baskets. He earns enough to pay their way, a very small way. They live in Brick Alley. It is off Little Paradise Street."

Then we talked of music, and made friends. And it was from the organist I afterward heard what happened to Brownie.

The Jeffs—the blind father and the little daughter—lodged at the top of a house over a chandler's shop in Brick Alley. Brick Alley was off Little Paradise Street. There was no vegetation except cabbage leaves in that poor Little Paradise. The hens pecked at these cabbage leaves, and meandered with spread claws and bobbing heads between their cellar henroosts and the cab-stand round the corner. Nothing grew in Little Paradise Street but the chicks and the children. The chicks had the advantage over the children, for nature patched their clothes with new feathers; and while the children came daily out of the side gutters black and torn, the chickens dabbled blissfully and went home with cleaner beaks and claws. Poor Brownie was one of the dabblers. The Wicks children kept her with them by order of "the blind gentleman upstairs." Mrs. Wicks was "the lady" of the chandler's shop. And as the Wicks children had straw-color hair and pale gray eyes, Brownie amongst them looked like a fine duckling among a hen's brood.

Brownie, who was a very human child, had plenty of small fights with the Wicks family, chiefly because they *would* borrow

the doll and the bear. Sometimes they borrowed them without asking, and forgot where they put them,—which was crushing to the heart of Brownie. And even if the Wicks children asked nicely for the bear and Rosabella, they treated the two old friends as toys. No one knew except Brownie that the bear did not like to be dressed up and taken out in a toy wheelbarrow. And as for Rosabella, the girls might have her, if Brownie was close by to keep an eye on them. But to give her to the smallest boy was madness and destruction. He had been seen holding her by the hair of the head; and a stray dog had once snatched her and drawn bran. There had been, on these occasions, slaps and screams on both sides; and Brownie had not been able to explain the aggravating circumstances. She had no eloquence except rage and tears, and was too shaken with sorrow to plead if she could. So the skirmishes always ended in her being carried off to the blind "Mr. Jeffs" at the top of the house.

"Squabbling again, sir!"

"Sorry to hear it," he would answer.

"She is only five years old, ma'am. Maybe she'll do better presently."

"She will, the darling!" Mrs. Wicks would say. "It's them toys. I wonder they're not pulled to pieces."

Brownie climbed onto her father's knees and clung to his neck, when she had been "in the wars."

"You should leave your luggage up here," he would say.

"What's luggage?"

"The doll and the bear."

"But, father, I'm kite dood now, and Rosabella and my bear *must* go out every day, or they won't sleep at night."

Harry, the oldest boy of the Wicks family, was like an older brother. Harry told her tales, while he helped her father a bit now and again to bind the books or to finish off the straw mats. But the boy had his own work to do to keep the shop going; and so it happened that

Brownie helped at times—she actually did—with those two tiny hands, that looked as awkward and helpless as a little pink pair of starfishes. There had been a week not long ago when the poor man had hurt his foot; and during that week the brave, little Brownie had helped to carry on the business by bringing his straw mats home,—a few every day. It was a wet week too, and she had to go out each morning carrying the big umbrella. Ah, that was the umbrella that I had seen going by! Brownie was under it.

The rooms at the top of the house had many pictures and cheap ornaments that had belonged to the Irish mother, and had been moved to the present home by the poor widower. He had felt the china all over, as he put it on the shelves; and Harry and Mrs. Wicks told him how the pictures looked when he hung them up. There was St. Patrick in green, turning out yellow snakes into a blue sea. There was the Mother and the Child Divine, hung low down, so that Brownie could stand on a chair and kiss it every night. There was St. Joseph, with a lily and a carpenter's square, and with just such a patient face as that of poor blind Jeffs, who worked beneath.

On the mantelpiece and on the shelves there were china dogs sitting up, with orange noses and brown spots, and imitation willow plates, and teapots without spouts; and there was also a picture of Red Riding-Hood; and another of a boy blowing bubbles, which Brownie believed was Harry when he was small. Harry told her about Red Riding-Hood,—a very primitive version of it. "She went to gather flowers, and she met a wolf, and she would talk to him, and she was gobbled up." Her father had one or two old tales, which were always ready if the child asked for them. He could go on, twisting his straws and willow wands into mats and baskets, while he told about the pig that would not go to market, and the little red hen that made a cake.



These stories had, of course, been brought from Ireland by his own mother, and were passed on as a tradition, word for word.

Michael Jeffs had been twice as old as his young wife, and for many a year they had been married before Brownie came. During those years the blindness gradually deepened, till the light went out. But poor Jeffs' wife had been a very holy young Irish girl, — one of the type that has kept the Faith alive in Ireland and spread it over the world. A very ordinary girl she was, for the type is as plentiful as the shamrock. She worked hard all her life, fell ill and died. There had been nothing noticeable about her, except her Irish gaiety of heart. But she had done her work unconsciously. The blind man who was now beyond middle age, had in his soul the light invisible. For him the darkness was peopled with saints and angels. He knew more and more of the meaning of the Gospel in some mysterious way, as he fingered his worn beads when he stopped work for a rest. At the great feasts he touched infinite things in his reveries; and yet he went on with his common work in the garret, and was, in his own opinion as well as in that of everybody else, nothing but a poor blind man.

Her parentage explained how Brownie knew more than fairy tales. Little children keep the angels and the fairies quite separate. The fairies are play, and the holy things are real. There was a mysterious attraction for her in the church, where "father" played the music with "the man." She had often been right up near the altar; the red lamp was burning; the mystery and the attraction centred there. From the corner of the front bench — or nearer, from the step — she gazed and gazed. With its shining pavement, its gold and flowers, the chancel was an unspeakable dream of beauty. Her lips parted, and her eyes lifted their dark fringes higher still. There was the perfume of incense in the holy place.

Brownie would not have been her father's child if she had not been told before now who lived there. *His* Mother's statue was surrounded by flowers not far off. Brownie had loved that corner ever since she could stand by herself and trot there on her two little feet. She had loved it even before that, in her earthly mother's arms. There was a bright window in that corner, with a colored picture on it, — "people having dinner," and big jars on the floor.

Those stained-glass windows were Brownie's picture-book. About some of the scenes she had not yet been told. In one, a man was holding up a finger of each hand to his eyes, which were closed. She could not think whether his cloak was green or blue; she would have said it was "greeny-blue" or "bluey-green." He reminded her of "father," because he was pointing to his eyes. He was sitting on the ground at the side of the picture; and there were crowds of figures in yellow and brown and violet. And there was One, a majestic figure in white and ruby red, that she knew quite well, and could have recognized and found on any of the beautiful windows.

(To be continued.)

### The Answer.

BY T. E. BURKE.

CAN prayer, she asked, departed spirits help?

For answer to her doubt there came a day  
When those that she had loved and labored for  
Were quickly snatched away.

The children's lips that she had taught to  
pray •

Were silent in the coldness of the tomb;  
And one whose smile was sunshine to her heart  
Was hidden in death's gloom.

This was the answer. Now at last she knew  
That all earth's fairest blooms were swept  
away;

She fell upon her knees in faith and hope:  
She prayed,—she *had* to pray.

## Leaves from an Old Priest's Diary.

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY.

FOR many years before the Church called me to her fold I had known and loved Father O'Connell, now with God. He moved among the Old-World colleges and throughout the buoyant life of the University with a dignity and reserve characteristic of another generation. There was something Continental in his whole character,—something that spoke of Paris and Salamanca; but to those who really knew him this outward aloofness merely hid a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, whose faith and intellect and manner could ill endure the self-satisfied materialism of the modern world. I met him first at an historical society's meeting, and I was almost instinctively drawn to him by a casual remark which he made,—offhand, it seemed, and careless, but it was evidently sincere: "Gentlemen, after all, history is alive, because the dead who made it are very real to us and we must be true to them."

This chance meeting ripened into friendship, and for many years I seldom missed dining with him on Sunday nights during the University session. Then the end was near. Sixty years of priestly life weighed heavily, lived as they were, in the stern light of unswerving duty. God was, indeed, good at the end. My old friend lay for almost a month slowly preparing to offer to his Maker the last sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart; and those days were radiant with joy culled from no human source, and transfigured by a resignation inspired by no human offering. To me they were days of revelation. Day after day I sat by his bedside. The feeble old hands dropped the Rosary beads. The great blue eyes, now sunk deep and shadowed black by death's coming, saw visions of future glory.

To me, outside the Church, it seemed as though some old picture in Rome or Florence or Milan had come to life, and that I saw some aged saint prepare for the victor's crown,—as yet I knew not a Catholic deathbed. Still more wonderful, I soon began to learn that the old man was in deep and constant contact with the Holy Dead. At first I tried to think that his talk on such a subject was merely the defect of coming dissolution; but I soon learned that my poor reason and my poor limited religious experiences were mere flotsam and jetsam before the living faith of a man already on the threshold of the Wider Life, and ripe with the years of consecrated work in the sacred priesthood.

Thus day after day we would talk—or rather *he* would talk—of the Holy Dead, just as familiarly as he would of living friends; and I began to know that something of intense reality marked every word, every phrase, every episode of his conversation about them. Then the end came, beautiful in its glad surrender. A month later I was received into the Church, and on the evening of my reception my old friend's curate brought me a letter and a small parcel. The writing was feeble, but I knew it: "The Holy Dead will bring you to the old Faith of your fathers, my friend; I know they will. . . . I leave you, too, an old diary which contains some experiences of my life,—things of which we have spoken lately. Each one is dated; so, if you care to make any use of them, you can be guided by the dates. I shall pray for you."

On examining the manuscript, I found that it contained some of the strangest things I had ever read. Just inside the Church, they almost staggered me in their mystery. To-day I know more fully their import, and the width of God's majesty; but at the moment I could not believe hand or eye. Lately, I have reread the old yellow pages, and from them I cull some stories. The dates and



names I hide, and I have done my best to destroy any chance of their being worked out into history. On the other hand, there is not the smallest doubt that each story is absolutely authentic, as my old friend not only signed each one himself, but other signatures appear as proof. I can answer no questions; I can give no closer details than those which I now write; so I beg my readers to respect these wishes, and just to pray for all the dead who lie awaiting their great Morn of Light in the twilight halls of Mary's Waiting World. I have edited the manuscript as little as possible, as I wished to preserve my old friend's words and quaint style.

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From 18— I was parish priest of St. M—, in the city of L—, near one of the great railway stations, where each day from nine to ten in the morning city business men arrived from their country residences. I usually said Mass at nine o'clock, as old age was beginning to tell upon my constitution. To this Mass every weekday came Mr. J—, who lived down in S...shire, some sixty miles from the city. Born of old Catholic stock, true through the Reformation, he was an admirable type of an oldtime Catholic, to whom daily Mass, monthly confession and Communion, and the Rosary were the intensest practical realities. By profession he was a stockbroker. (I wish to emphasize his profession in view of later facts.) A hard-headed, level-minded, eminently practical Englishman, with little romance in his make-up, small imagination, and entirely free from sentiment. There was nothing in his character either weak, impulsive, or mysterious. He was a plain, honest fellow, well read, cultivated and scholarly, and known in the financial circles of the city as a man of sterling honesty, real worth, and endowed with first-class business qualifications,—indeed, he died worth a million pounds. (I forgot to add he had lost his wife in childbirth in the first

year of their married life, and perhaps from this he had a great devotion to the Holy Souls.)

On the morning of November 2, 18—, I had finished Mass and was unvesting, when the vestry door was opened and Mr. J— entered, evidently in a state of great excitement, which was clear more from his face than his manner. His face seemed to be working; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes somewhat wild. I noticed these things at once, as I had often remarked Mr. J—'s passive and almost unreadable face. He wished an immediate interview. I was somewhat testy, for which God forgive me! But I was brought up in the old school which sought silence and meditation after the Holy Sacrifice, and I did not encourage any distractions save for the dying. I answered rather abruptly:

"Is the matter urgent? Is it a case of illness?"

Mr. J— replied equally curtly, but with some wavering passion in his voice:

"Father, I wish to see you at once. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Well, then, in a moment. Wait for me in the church," I answered.

Throwing my long cloak around me, I said the *De Profundis* before the Blessed Sacrament for the Holy Souls, and then hastened to my waiting friend. I took him through the old courtyard passage, where the children were playing before school, to the Presbytery. It was a typical November day in L—. The fog was gathering; the air cold, damp, and clammy. I turned up the gas in the study, stirred the fire, and we sat down.

"Well, my friend," I said, now in my usual humor toward him, "what is your trouble?"

He pulled his chair up to the fire, wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead and began,—I use his own words as far as I can remember them. Indeed they bit deep into my mind, and—\*

\* The MS. is broken here.—Ed.

"Father, you know that for many years I have had a special devotion to the Holy Souls, and that I have made a habit of offering special prayers in their behalf each day at Mass. To-day being All Souls' Day, I was intent on devotions for them during Mass, when suddenly" (his voice broke here into a whisper) "one of the Holy Souls appeared and spoke to me during the Elevation."

I saw that he was somewhat unstrung, and I ventured to encourage him.

"Calm yourself, my good friend!" I said.

"Yes, Father," he resumed—"spoke to me and—"

"And said?" I asked, merely to help him.

"Told me, Father, almost the story of a tragedy, but a tragedy of mercy, too. Ah, Father, are these things possible?"

I knew the best thing would be to encourage him to tell his story. I was sorry for him,—and indeed I must confess I was hungry, and my breakfast smelled good from the opposite breakfast room; so I said with firmness:

"Now, Mr. J——, pull yourself together. Finish your story, and we'll see what can be done. After all, our Faith is far beyond time and space. It will be best to leave discussions as to possibility to another time. Indeed, I do not know the facts yet,—if they are such."

He looked at me. I remained impassive, scarcely interested, almost bored, because experience has taught me certain methods in dealing with men and women in certain cases. I have found the attitude I now assumed wise under such circumstances.

"Father," he went on, "this soul I saw clear as daylight, though in a form thin and outlined. (Forgive my terms, but I use the best I can.) And I heard a strange and tragic and wonderful thing. I heard—yes, Father."

I was about to interrupt, in order to urge some measure of haste; but he went on:

"Well, this soul spoke to me and said: 'I am a soul in purgatory. I am absolutely alone. I believe another soul will be with me soon. I know your devotion to us, and I want you to help me.' The speaking ceased, as though waiting for my consent, which I must have given; for the history was quickly resumed: 'You remember last week reading of a boy's suicide at P—— College? I am that boy's soul. I turned to God just at the last moment, and His mercy is here. I want you at once to get into communication with John W——, who had determined to die with me. He only waits a chance now. His father is General W——, of The Manor, B——, L...shire. You must be quick; for he will be alone in the laboratory to-morrow.'

"I was trying to reply, when a terrible mixture of light and darkness swept over my vision—and there you were leaving the altar. What can be done? Is the thing real or possible or a dream or what?"

I have tried to reproduce his broken, short sentences. He spoke under intense spiritual and mental stress.

"My good friend," I said, "this may be of God or of the devil, or a mere delusion. I think we had better say a *Pater* and an *Ave*."

This we did.

"Have you," I asked, "read this case? But of course you have; you were interested in it specially?"

"No, indeed," he replied, "except that I noticed the verdict of 'temporary insanity under depression,' and that the boy was a Catholic."

"Well, now, we need not worry," I assured him. "We can soon test everything. Let me first ask you a few questions. Do you know the boy's family?"

"No, Father: I never met any of them. I only know his father, as every Englishman does, as a soldier."

"Did you ever hear that General W—— had a son at P—— College?"



"Never. I have, indeed, had no occasion to hear or inquire."

"Do you know that General W—— lives at B——, in L...shire?"

"No, Father. I thought the whole family were abroad since the last war."

"Well," I said, "we must now act."

I reached to my writing desk, took up a current copy of "Who's Who?" and looked up General W——'s name. He had no residence in L...shire. His addresses were given in two other shires: a London residence, and the United Service Club. I was annoyed and puzzled. I rang the bell.

"Will you send me Louis [the page boy]?" I said to my housekeeper.

I went to my desk and wrote two telegrams:

THE OFFICER COMMANDING,

P—— College, W——.

Have you a student named John W——? Urgent.

FATHER O'CONNELL,

The Presbytery...

GENERAL W——,

The Manor, B——, L...shire.

If you have a son at P—— College, could you come at once to see me? Most urgent. You can get train B—— to city at 11, reach here 1.15.

FATHER O'CONNELL...

I gave these to the boy, and said to my friend: "Now, sir, in an hour or so we'll solve the problem, I think. Meanwhile try to cheer up. If God has favored you, you must be grateful to Him; if the devil has been playing the part of an angel of light, your faith will triumph. The barriers between the seen and the unseen are slight; and who knows what mysteries close us round, and they as real as what we see? Now, then, I must eat. Will you wait?"

"No, Father," he said. "I'll run across the city to my office, and return in an hour."

I watched him, and he visited the church before he called a conveyance. I mention this fact specially, because it shows how level-headed the man was.

I was reading the morning paper—

listlessly indeed,—and my pipe was lying unsmoked on the table, when the boy brought two telegrams:

Yes, we have such a student. Please explain your urgent wire. Official regulations demand it.

I come by the eleven express. You ought to have been explicit. Wire myterious and worrying. Pray don't act so again.

"A 'red tape' message from the college," I said to myself; "and a crusty old soldier's the other."

My friend returned. I handed him the messages, and he appeared strangely moved.

His thoughts were far away. I did not wish to intrude into the sacred realm of his vision. I am old, and I think I know where his heart and soul were at that moment.

After lunch, General W—— came. A well-known figure, very much like the newspaper portraits. I interviewed him alone, and told him everything. At first he was sceptical, called it 'rotten nuisance on a morning like this to come to the city to hear a ghost story. Ought to have known better. Astonished, surprised.' I allowed him time to cool. I knew the ways of old officers. Wine and a cigar worked wonders. Finally he agreed to see my friend.\*

"Strange story, sir. I do not know you."

"Nor do I know you, but there are the facts."

"Facts! Why, sir—"

The General was beginning to lose his temper again, so I lost no time in interposing:

"Now, gentlemen, let us be calm. The General is a soldier and used to practical affairs; but he is, I think, a good Catholic." ("Hm!" from the General.) "Had we not better go down to P—— College and solve the problem?"

"Good idea, sir! My boy will be glad to see me, anyway."

Well, there remains little to be told. We

\* There is much crossed out here.

arrived—\* I saw the boy, John W——, alone, immediately after his father had said to me:

"The English army rotten now, sir. Why, I was as cheerful as a . . . in my day, sir."

The boy told me that all that we knew was quite true. He was depressed, and did not like the place nor the army. He feared to tell his father.

Later the old General broke down in the reception room and cried like a child. The boy came home with us, and is now—† The General made a retreat with the R—— Fathers, and became an exemplary Catholic. I note these facts as wonderful in the mercy of God to us poor sinners, and they are entirely true.

Signed: FRANCIS O'CONNELL, P. P.,  
All Souls' Day, 18—.

I have asked Mr. J—— to read this narration through, and he has signed his name as well.

Signed: WILLIAM H. J——,  
November 12, 18—.

There is a note added here of a later date:

"Poor J—— died suddenly to-day, just a year since above happened."

Now some people may say—‡

\* An entire page of the MS. is missing here.

† Blank here.

‡ The rest of the MS. is purely a meditation on the mercy of God to mankind, and on the mysteries of the unseen.

THE ancients said that the sage, amid the silence of the night, could hear the music of the celestial spheres accomplishing in space the harmonious laws of creation. Thus the heart of man, when its passions are silent, may hear in the midst of the world the eternal voice of truth. Religion is a lyre suspended in heaven, which, agitated at one and the same time by the divine breath and by that of men, gives forth sounds sad as those of a suffering soul and joyous as those of an angel, but always superior to humanity.—*Lacordaire.*

## The Stranger at Palombara.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was an afternoon late in the summer. From the Roman Campagna—that wild garden of wild flowers—the Alban Hills were like a cameo of amethyst upon a pale blue background; and over the Sabine range, like higher mountains, rose domed wind-clouds, casting purple shadows across the slopes of Tivoli.

On the plain, the poppies and asters, gladioli and thistles swayed sleepily in the warm haze; while in the greyish green tracts, where there were no flowers, the bronzed, lithe mowers plied their scythes leisurely, or loaded the hay that was already dry into primitive ox carts.

There it was intensely hot; but up through the forests of ilex and oak, far up in Palombara, the rays of the sun were tempered by white mists that half hid the village, as the maiden's veil of fleecy lace half conceals the beauty of a bride.

Before long, however, the alabaster wind-clouds changed to a dull slate-color; a storm broke over the mountains; the thunder re-echoed from hill to hill; the secrets of the darkest chasms were revealed by the lightning. A little stream, swelled to a torrent, deluged the small Square which constitutes the village of Palombara.

Beppo, the keeper of the *trottorio*, saw it coming, and rushed down the road thinking some traveller, overtaken by the tempest, might be in need of encouragement to reach the inn. Old Andrea, the sexton, made haste to close the door of the church and shut out the flood. Justina, Teresina and Cecilia, matrons of the village, caught in the first downpour, clattered about in pattens, gathering their children together, and collecting the bits of gaily-tinted clothing that, having been laundered at the fountain, had been spread out to dry on the near-by bushes. Elena, the young girl



who had strolled down the ravine to pluck wild flowers for the shrine of the Madonna at the crossroads, came hurrying home; and Vittoria, the village coquette, who had wandered over the path along which Seppi, Elena's betrothed would be coming back from the fields, suddenly resolved not to wait for him.

During half an hour the Storm King held sway over the Pass. Then the fury of his mood began to abate. And, when the clouds parted, what a marvel they revealed to the good folk of Palombara!

"Quick, Beppo! Look—in the heavens just above us!" cried Cecilia, the innkeeper's wife, and the presiding genius of the *trottorio*. "Can that bright ball be the sun?"

"The sun!" stammered Beppo, who, for all that he now lived in this mountain fastness, had once been a seafaring man and sailed in ships from Civita Vecchia. "Has the sun been washed from its moorings, that it goes floating around in the sky like a ship that has lost her rudder?"

"Yet, if it is not the sun, what else can it be?"

Slowly the luminous sphere drifted lower, until it hung just above the Square, where all the people of the village were by this time gathered to watch the strange apparition.

"It is like a fallen star!" exclaimed Justina the shrill-voiced.

"Perhaps it will unclothe anon, and show us a vision," suggested old Andrea, devoutly.

"What are we that we should be favored with a vision?" replied Cecilia, whose native good sense began to reassert itself.

Still lower came the so-called star. Now it was but a few yards higher than the heads of the villagers, and still it shone like a mass of silver.

"It will crush us. Let every man save himself!" shouted Beppo.

The crowd was composed chiefly of women, who were largely in the majority at Palombara. They did not wait to take

the innkeeper to task for his lack of chivalry, however; but promptly scattered to the right and left. Many ran far away; then, with courage bolstered up by curiosity, paused, at what they considered a safe distance, to see what would happen next. In another moment the strange object, apparently of many tons in weight, would reach the ground. The women and girls, and old Andrea as well, covered their ears to safeguard their hearing.

But the anticipated crash did not come. On the contrary, the gigantic ball touched the earth of the unpaved Square with the lightness of a feather, rebounded, swayed to and fro, like stout Beppo when he looks too long upon the redness of his own wines; and, wafted by a puff of wind, finally settled down against the wall of the *trottorio*.

This choice of a resting-place effectively shattered, in the estimation of the populace, old Andrea's presumptuous notion as to the character of the stranger.

The villagers, growing bolder, came nearer and began to inspect the great ball. Were the women really braver than the men, or was it only that their eagerness made them forget their fears, and caused them to press closer around the mysterious object than did their husbands, fathers, or sweethearts? So close did they venture at last that Vittoria, "who was always a forward chit," as Teresina whispered to Cecilia,—Vittoria dared to touch it with the tips of her pretty fingers.

"*Ché fortuna!*" \* It is made of silk," she exclaimed in astonishment.

Thereat every woman in Palombara must needs have the evidence of her sense of touch upon the matter. Yes, it was certainly made of silk.

"*Cielo!*" said Teresina, the mother of little Elena, "a kind Providence has sent it in order that the next bride in Palombara may wear a silken gown. Now you all know that my Elena and Seppi

\* What luck!

Botticelli are to be married at the new moon and—"

"*Non è vero*," interrupted Vittoria, with a scornful laugh. "Providence has not been kinder to Elena than to the rest of us. Here is silk enough to make a gown for every unmarried woman in Palombara."

"*Di grazia*, why should it be for the unmarried women?" disputed Cecilia, hostess of the *trottorio*. "A silken gown better befits a matron than a maid or even a bride."

"To be sure!" chimed in Justina.

"*Tacete!*\* Then, as mother of the next bride to be, I claim the first share of the silk," persisted Teresina.

As they quarrelled thus, pushing against the colossal ball, now on this side and again on that, it bounded hither and thither, and, presently, as though guided by some power peculiar to itself, began to rise slowly once more. Recoiling in terror, the disputants helplessly watched it. The men also stood by in dazed stupefaction. In another second the aerial visitant would be beyond rescue by even the tallest man in Palombara.

It was at this moment that Seppi Botticelli, Elena's betrothed, showed a rare presence of mind, and a daring that made him the hero of the hour. To secure a silken gown for his bride, or possibly for his future mother-in-law, would be to establish himself in the good grace of the two women forever. To insure a silken gown to Vittoria would win him her forgiveness for choosing Elena to be his wife instead of her charming self. He did not, indeed, take time to reason this all out. Had he done so, the primary cause of all the commotion, would, in the interval, have mounted to the clouds.

But is it not the emergency that proves the man? Just as the majestic ball was about to soar away, Seppi, the highest jumper among the young men of the mountain villages, sprang into the air,

\* Be quiet.

clutched madly at a rope that hung from the shimmering sphere like the trailing tail of a comet, caught it, and dragged the visitor from the skies back to earth and to the stern realities of the life of Palombara.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted Beppo, the innkeeper.

His cheer was taken up by the men and boys, and, more shrilly, by the women and girls, until the Square resounded with "*Bravo! Bravissimo!*" and the name of Seppi Botticelli. Little Elena's heart beat high with pride in her betrothed.

Although a dozen hands promptly laid hold of the rope, now that it was again within their reach, the ball thrashed itself about like some gigantic living creature angered at being restrained of its liberty. In this manner it cast off the vestige of a sort of framework that seemed to have been attached to its under side.

"No, it brings no good. Rather, there may be evil in it. 'Twere better for the peace of Palombara to let it go," quavered Andrea. "Who knows but, in a trice, it may again fly off over the mountains, carrying along those who seek to capture it, may bear them away, only to drop them over a precipice, down, down into an abyss?"

At this awful warning, Beppo, one or two other men, and several of the women, including Elena's mother, relaxed their hold.

"For even a silken gown may be bought too dear," gasped the conscientious Teresina.

But the more adventurous or the more reckless of those who struggled with the large rope tightened their grasp upon it, and clung also to the lighter cordage that hung from the ball, like a harness dangling from a golden chariot from which the fiery horses of the sun had broken loose.

"If there is evil in the ball, call the Padre that he may exorcise the demon!" cried Seppi, most valiant of the valiant, and chief abettor of those who were re-



solved to hold on while their strength endured.

The Padre! How, indeed, had all this happened without the parish priest having been appealed to for counsel or direction? So the villagers, surprised at their own, unwonted negligence, asked of one another.

"The Padre went to Tivoli this morning," replied the sexton, to whom they turned self-deprecatingly. "He will not be home until after sundown."

"If *il diavolo* has taken up his abode in this beautiful dwelling, it would be well to drive him out; for the silk is of most excellent quality," sighed the practical and light-hearted Vittoria.

Justina offered a solution of the difficulty.

"Many a knave has been separated from his possessions in a *trottorio*," she volunteered acridly. "Why not push the ball to the courtyard of the inn and tie it fast there? I'll venture to say, Beppo, your wines will call forth the demon, if such there be."

Uncertain whether a compliment or the reverse was intended, Beppo, nevertheless, did not demur when the suggestion was taken up by his neighbors. They were welcome to roll their prize to his hostelry, provided they themselves followed after it.

By dint of much dragging and squeezing, the men and boys at last succeeded in forcing the silken sphere through the inn gateway and into the courtyard, where they secured it by fastening the dangling ropes to the iron rings to be found in the walls, for the hitching of horses.

"*Parole d'onore*, there is *nothing* in it!" cried old Andrea, as he peeped through an almost imperceptible rent that had been made in the ball by the rough handling at the gateway.

"Be that as it may, though I possessed every bit of the silk, Elena should never wear a thread of it," declared Elena's mother. "'Tis plain enough that it comes from the Inferno. Do you not smell the brimstone?"

Having cautioned all who chose to listen, Teresina took the end of her thin, hooked nose between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand and held it thus for several seconds. Cecilia and Justina followed her example.

Assuredly, a peculiar, disagreeable odor pervaded the courtyard. Pretty Vittoria sneezed and coughed, and Elena grew so faint that Seppi had to support her with one arm. This he continued resolutely to do despite the mocking laughter in the eyes of Vittoria.

"If the coquette should choke with coughing, it would serve her right for ridiculing me," he said to himself; albeit, in truth, he was far from wishing any ill to the lively girl.

In the meantime Beppo, having thought himself that he had been long without a smoke, had stolen away to light his pipe at the coals that smouldered in the brasier of the inn kitchen. The pipe was drawing well when he stepped back into the courtyard, just as the old sexton repeated more positively:

"*Sia ben persuada*, there is nothing in the monstrous hulk at all." Then, his eyes falling upon the innkeeper, Andrea added in his eagerness to be corroborated: "Come hither, friend Beppo, and see for yourself."

Beppo came up close to the gigantic ball, and, with his glowing pipe still between his teeth, bent over and peered through the rent in the silk. The next moment a blue, sulphurous flame leaped from the heart of the ball and wrapped itself around the innkeeper like a mantle, while a terrific roar, as of ten thousand demons let loose, shook the walls of the *trottorio*. A miasmie odor filled the courtyard; and the villagers, screaming, shouting, falling over one another in their haste, rushed away, pausing not even to take breath until all the throng reached the farther end of the Square.

Pandemonium reigned. If the good parish priest of Palombara, now riding home on his mule, up through the ilex

groves, from Tivoli, could have beheld his people in that hour, he might well have feared that an evil spirit had taken advantage of his absence and invaded the village.

"Verily, what could it have been but *il diavolo*?" faltered Beppo, as he nursed his burns. "I have seen many strange forms in dead of night—serpents and creeping things and vampires,—but never so terrible a shape as this demon that came to us through the air."

"Peace, foolish one!" muttered Cecilia, his wife, in a vigorous aside. "Who will taste your wares if they are thought to breed such vipers? Brag not so much of your dreams and fancies. What all the village folk *think* they have seen to-day will suffice for a while."

"Such hoofs and horns!" exclaimed Teresina, raising her eyes and hands to the heavens.

"And such a fearsome tail!" sobbed gentle Elena, who still clung to her betrothed, as though confident that Seppi's love would shield her from all danger, even a supernatural menace of evil.

"But the *silk*!" cried Vittoria, who had been among the first to recover from the general terror. "*Il diavolo* escaped in such haste he must certainly have left the silk behind him?"

With these words, she again darted across the Square this time in the direction of the courtyard.

The sobbing Elena raised her head from the shoulder of her betrothed and gave him a very perceptible push. For a marvel, he understood, and set off after her rival. If *il diavolo* had abandoned the silk, then it would be good silk in every sense of the word; and if a gown made from it were ever to be worn in Palombara, either Elena herself or Elena's mother must wear such a gown upon the wedding day. Of course Seppi overtook Vittoria; for, like Atalanta, she paused a second to turn her head and throw him a smile.

In the courtyard, beyond the blackened appearance of the walls, there was no indication that anything unusual had occurred. The stranger that had come to Palombara enveloped in the silken sphere had, after his outburst of rage, evidently slunk away as quietly and shamefacedly as ever an unwelcome visitor could. But had he, after all, taken the silk with him?

Alas for the hopes of the expectant bridegroom and the village coquette, the aspirations of all the maids and matrons of the mountain hamlet! Of the lustrous fabric, which the women of Palombara had planned to fashion into fine raiment for themselves, only a charred and tattered fragment lay on the flagstones of the courtyard..

"Thus do riches come and go," said Seppi, philosophically.

"Who cares!" answered Vittoria, as she ran on toward her home.

And, as her gay laugh floated back to him, Seppi thought he must have been mistaken a moment earlier in fancying that he had seen tears of disappointment shining in her bright eyes.

The next day a disconsolate aviator from the Tivoli Fair Grounds came to Palombara seeking traces of a fine dirigible balloon that, during the storm, had been liberated by the wind, caught up among the clouds, and swept away over the mountains.

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### On a Bosom Sinne.

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*An anonymous epigram from a seventeenth-century MS. in the Bodleian Library. Transcribed for "The Ave Maria."*

THAT Sinne that findes more Credit than ye rest;

That is thy Darling, leanes upon thy Brest;  
That in the Chamber of thy heart doth lye;  
That dippes within thy Dish; sayes "Is it I?"  
That gives thee kisses: that's ye Sinne yt slayes thee:

O that, O that's ye Judas yt betrayes thee!



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

## • November 30, First Sunday of Advent.

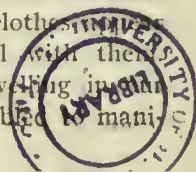
ON this Sunday we enter upon an entirely fresh round of liturgical teaching; for with this day begins the New Year of the Church's cycle.

The Collect sums up the spirit of the season: "Exert, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power and come; that, by Thy protection, we may be freed from the imminent dangers of our sins, and be saved by Thy mercy." We beg of Our Lord to "come"; this expresses the whole signification of the name "Advent," which means "coming-time." St. Bernard, in one of his Advent sermons, explains this coming of Christ as threefold. "In the first coming," he says, "He comes in the flesh and in weakness; in the second, He comes in spirit and in power; in the third, He comes in glory and in majesty. And the second coming is the means whereby we pass from the first to the third." It is easily to be perceived to what the saint refers: Christ came in weakness to the manger at Bethlehem; He comes in spirit by His grace; He will come in glory on the Day of Judgment. Advent, therefore, is a time of preparation for this threefold coming of Our Lord to His creatures. It is a period of penitential observance dating from a very early epoch of the Church's history. Formerly, it was kept in some countries for forty days, and with perpetual abstinence and much fasting; but for many centuries has been restricted to four weeks.

We shall find the spirit of expectation and preparation expressed in all the formulas of the season. The Introit for this first Sunday is a prayer of intense longing for the Redeemer; it is one which we should each make our own, since Our Lord will come to our souls in proportion to the earnestness of our personal desires.

"To Thee have I lifted up my soul; in Thee, O my God, I put my trust, let me not be ashamed. Neither let my enemies laugh at me: for none of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded." The psalm is the same which supplies the Introit: "Show me Thy ways, O Lord, and teach me Thy paths." The prayer of the Introit is repeated in the Offertory verse; and the latter portion, together with the words of the psalm, appears in the Gradual also.

The Epistle is strikingly appropriate. It is an exhortation of St. Paul addressed to the Romans. The Apostle uses the simile of the dawning of a new day, when, with the passing of darkness, men awaken from sleep and prepare for the duties which belong to the daytime. "Know that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. . . . Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. . . . Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Figuratively understood, it is an appeal to us to rouse ourselves from spiritual lethargy, and watch for the coming of Christ to our souls by His grace,—that second coming which St. Bernard speaks of, for which the prayers and penances of Advent are intended to prepare us. The "day is at hand" on which Our Lord will reveal Himself,—whether we understand the day of His birth into this world, which we are about to celebrate, or the great day on which He is to appear as our Judge. Sin and sloth are to be set aside, and the service of God is to be our first care. As a man takes to himself a dress suitable for the day, laying aside the garments proper to nighttime, so the servant of God is to clothe himself fittingly. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," says St. Paul; it is one of his favorite metaphors. He would have the Christian clothe himself with Christ, so that His virtues should alone appear in us as the clothes on the man who is vested with them. It is through His grace dwelling in our hearts that we are thus enabled to manifest



fest in our lives the sobriety, chastity and charity which are the virtues opposed to the vices he denounces as pertaining to darkness.

The Alleluia verse pleads for God's gracious help: "Show us, O Lord, Thy mercy, and grant us Thy salvation."

Once again the Church turns our thoughts by means of the Gospel of the day toward the Last Judgment. It is the thought of that dread "coming" of Christ which tinges the liturgy of the season with its mournful character. Yet hope must support us. If we call earnestly upon our Redeemer to visit us now in love and mercy, and enable us to prepare our souls for that last coming, He will hear us. May we by His grace be enabled to "look up and lift up" our "heads," as He bids His faithful disciples do, when "men are withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world." It is His protection which will free us "from the imminent dangers of our sins," and enable us to be saved by His mercy.

The Communion verse praises the sweetness of the divine "Fruit of the womb" of Mary — earth's daughter, — given to us, through the loving-kindness of God, both in His birth at Bethlehem and in His presence on the altar: "The Lord will give His goodness, and our earth shall yield her fruit."

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COULD Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again in holy meditation over the many happy hours during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in the Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our Blessed Lady. — *Wiseman*.

### Some Aspects of the Anglican Congress.

CHRISTIANS of all denominations must view with some astonishment the appalling chaos revealed in the late Congress of the Anglican body. The president of this remarkable assembly expressed his disappointment that there was nobody to give a clear lead on doctrinal and public questions. Yet there were distinguished divines and laymen whose discourses showed the keen interest they took in these matters. But interest does not suffice for principles; and these, at least in definite, authoritative form, were totally lacking. Each speaker delivered himself of the doubts, queries and opinions in his own mind, vaguely attempting to come in touch with the minds of others. Collectively, there was not a single precise pronouncement on any given subject, and never was the need of a paramount authority more strikingly evident.

The Church Congress opened with a debate on the Kingdom of God and the Sexes. Bishop Welldon, in a masterly discourse, showed that the long delay of the recent White Slave Trade Act proved that women's interests are not adequately cared for by men. "Connivance in the ruin of a human soul had been hitherto punished with less rigor than destruction of property by the law of this Christian land." So far, so good. But the Dean of Durham followed later in the day with a plea for divorce, blasphemously founded on the pretended teaching of Our Lord, in a sense which would make mothers and wives the playthings of men's passions. The women present at the debate realized this most thoroughly; for they declaimed hotly against Dean Henson's views. This extraordinary divine of a church which professes to be a branch of The Church considers that Christianity can not tolerate any marriage which violates the "self-respect" of either party, and that divorce is necessary and bene-



ficial! The marriage contract should be regulated by civil authority! According to this person, we may look forward to the day when a purely socialistic and atheistic State will decree polygamy, and the Church will obey; dutifully ranging itself behind secular legislation in its teaching.

"There is really no Christian law of marriage," said Dr. Henson, "any more than a Christian law of property or education." The prevailing idea of the Dean and his adherents seems to be the safeguarding of liberty for the individual even to the detriment of family life and society. They believe that the findings of the late Royal Commission on Divorce will soon become part of the legislative code, and that the teaching of the Anglican Church should and will conform to this code. In spite of the proven elasticity of the Establishment, it is very doubtful that it can give its sanction to this conception of what many within its fold term a sacrament.

The Bishops of Lewes and Southampton voiced opposite views. Marriage, according to them, is indissoluble. Quite the most lucid pronouncement, however, was given by a layman, Mr. J. Talbot, whose opinion on the marriage contract coincides with Catholic teaching. He said: "For a man and woman to live together so long as they wish to do so, is not marriage. It is a direct encouragement to misconduct. The use of a church service in such cases is a shocking profanity." Mr. Talbot's words were enthusiastically applauded by the women. The attendance of laymen at the Congress, by the way, was very sparse; whereas women showed by their presence the interest they took in problems so closely connected with the moral welfare of the community.

When the rôle of the sexes in modern life came up for discussion, several women of note were allowed to express their views. But, again, what a contrast here between these various exponents of

divergent principles and the admirably disciplined Congress of Catholic Women that had so lately met in London! The latter was, moreover, international, and had met to communicate experiences and ideas, to consult on a common line of action, and to compare ways and means. Yet there was more unity of thought and purpose in this assembly of women from different lands than the Anglican Congress could ever have hoped to attain. The League of Catholic Women is permeated with a confident assurance of success, because it rests on doctrinal certitude in the midst of social upheavals, and its members of various climes are subject to the same Head and united in the same spirit of allegiance.

Not that the women of the Church of England were as divided in opinion as their spiritual leaders. On the contrary, most of these ladies' views would not have been out of place in the Catholic Congress aforesaid. For example, while Bishop Welldon contended that the religion of Christ treated women as a weaker sex, Mrs. Paget replied that the Saviour drew them into complete spiritual and intellectual companionship. She deprecated the placing of woman upon a pedestal, and showed that her activities extend to wherever there is need to help the cause of religion or to alleviate suffering. Women were different from men, but their relegation to indirect methods of influence had resulted in a deterioration of character. Other excellent points made were that women who devoted their time to aviation, dress, play-going, were driven to these outlets for their energies because no serious pursuits were assigned to the pleasure-loving, idle classes. With deeper responsibilities, a better sense of duty would be developed, and women would be forced to take themselves more seriously.

With regard to the over-lauded qualities of the early Victorian woman, the results of the training she gave to her children had not been very successful,

to judge by the moral trend of to-day. Neither dolls nor mere housekeepers could make good mothers. A sound Christian education was of the first necessity. Example was useless, so long as a mother admitted to her boy that women were expected to be more virtuous than men. "Equality in morals was indispensable for the progress of Christianity, and the amiable Victorian woman had not realized this." The word "Victorian," of course, implies Protestantism.

In all the speeches there was an earnest appeal that women might be allowed to co-operate with men in order to check the forces of evil. Many allusions were made to the pre-Reformation abbesses who governed wisely and well, and even raised armies in time of necessity.

Very recently the Bishop of London had expressed his belief in the efficacy of invoking the saints, and Bishop Welldon has now retorted by the following uncompromising statement: "I am against the invocation of saints. I do not think we should approach any intermediary, but direct our prayers straight to God."

In the face of these antagonistic views, one reflects with amazement on the illogical pretension of the Anglican body to be a teacher of mankind. The gropings and inconsistencies that characterize its every deliberation are sufficient to prove to any sane and disinterested observer the utter folly of its position. The attitude of the bishops on the divorce problem is cautious and indeterminate, only a few risking the expression of a public opinion. Their appreciation of the rôle of the sexes is subject to vacillations in accordance with the Government's policy toward woman's suffrage, — now favorable, now hostile. Their dogma fluctuates, being mainly topographical. Manchester disagrees with Middlesex, and Durham with Sussex. The intellectual and spiritual character of this outwardly peaceful and eclectic gathering can be truthfully described only as "confusion worse confounded."

E. C.

### Of Paramount Importance.

A SPECIAL force may be expected in anything which Archbishop Ireland writes on the subject of the instruction of Catholics in their Faith. From the earliest days of his sacerdotal and episcopal ministry, the Archbishop of St. Paul has been known as a champion of the teaching of the Catechism. He has got results, too. It has been said, upon the authority of long and close observation, that the faithful of his great archdiocese are conspicuous for the knowledge of their religion. There is much weight to what, in the following paragraph, his Grace has to say about the religious instruction of present-day Catholics:

Let us be frank with ourselves: too many of us are poorly instructed in the Christian Faith. A little of the Catechism long ago when we were admitted to First Communion or to Confirmation; a sermon heard now and then, to which perhaps we listened distractedly, from which perhaps we gathered small fruit,—such often is the record of our religious training. No consecutive, attentive hearing of sermons; no studious reading of Catholic newspapers or of Catholic books,—what could we know, what do we know? And yet less than we now know will they in future years know who are more or less dependent upon us for their religious instruction, whom it behooves us to form by lesson and example into intelligent, stalwart soldiers of Holy Church. Matters on this score are ever growing worse. Time was, a generation or two ago, when books treating of religion were in every household, and were eagerly read; when no Catholic home was without its Catholic newspaper or magazine. It is a reading age, this age of ours; and Catholics as others are readers. But what do the large number read? The daily political newspaper, an agricultural or commercial weekly, novels, stories of travel. People of to-day read much, — much in bulk of form, little in profitable value. Not even serious works on history, philosophy, or general intellectual culture come to their shelves or to their hands. With all our boasting of scholarship, and of our love of reading, intellectually we are a superficial people. Fed upon mental food — the lightest kind when it is not positively pernicious, — we are weaklings in things of the mind: in that mental culture which makes for exalted manhood and endows the nation with citizens who think and reason.



Grave strictures, indeed; and who shall say they are not generally deserved? It is unquestionable that, so far as catechetical instruction is concerned, there is deplorable inadequacy. Children are not grounded in their religion as they should be, having, as a rule, only a smattering knowledge of Christian doctrine. The importance of the Catechism is not generally appreciated. Its teachings are so simple, plain, easy, and concise that the youthful mind is supposed to absorb them. But one is sometimes amazed to see how little understanding children of average intelligence show of what they have learned, and how quickly and completely the lessons of the Little Catechism are forgotten. These require constant repetition and reiterated explanation; otherwise they fade from the memory, and, as a consequence, cease to influence conduct as they should, if they do not cease to influence it at all.

It is singular to notice how thoroughly this fact was understood by many great men in past times who made shipwreck of their Faith. M. Bauzée, of the French Academy, relates that, calling one day on the famous—or infamous—Diderot, he found him teaching the Catechism to his little daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, Diderot laughed at M. Bauzée's surprise. "After all," he said, "what better foundation can there be for her education—to make her what she should be, a good daughter, and, later on, a worthy wife and mother? Is there any morality to compare with the morality inculcated by religion, any that rests on such powerful motives?"

But it is more to the purpose to recall a memorable saying of Pius IX. In one of his last audiences, granted to a number of parish priests, he exhorted them to redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to little ones, and said with deep impressiveness: "The child that grows up in ignorance of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of society."

## Notes and Remarks.

A little pamphlet on the "Revision of the Latin Version of the Bible," emanating from St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., succinctly states the object of the work on which the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet and his confrères of the Benedictine Order are engaged, gives an idea of the *modus operandi*, and makes a simple and intelligent appeal to the Catholics of America for co-operation in this great undertaking. We quote a noteworthy passage:

We are accustomed to speak of the Catholic Bible, the Protestant Bible, and the rest. There is and can be only one Bible; and any success in establishing the earliest, purest wording of it must necessarily be a great step toward that Christian Unity we all so devoutly hope and pray for. The establishment of the most correct possible text of the official and authentic Latin Bible will have the most far-reaching consequences in the Church's Liturgy, and in the clearness and exactness of all the versions into modern tongues in use to-day.

America, on account of its youth, has not been able until recently to take a leading part in intellectual and literary movements; but, conscious of its responsibility for the vast material resources given to it by Divine Providence, it has initiated, supported, and carried to successful conclusion, some of the grandest works for humanity and religion. Here is a work of which the Pope realizes the extraordinary importance, and declares that the whole Church entertains the greatest hopes from those who have undertaken it.

The undertaking must be carried through in accord with the best modern critical methods; for the Church's credit for learning and its reverence for the Sacred Book are on trial. The Holy Father feels confident that benefactors will not be wanting to assist in this imperishable work, and thus deserve well of the Sacred Scriptures and of religion. And, at his bidding and with his blessing, an appeal is now made to the American people.

It is our earnest hope that the noble appeal will not fall on deaf ears, hard hearts, and closed purses. If Catholic graveyards could give up their tombstones, how many thousands of dollars might be turned to useful and truly religious account! Of course, our thought is not for the marble and granite already

in place; but we suggest a monument "more lasting than bronze" to the future bereaved. It is to devote that money to this aim, not in the spirit of literary patronage, but for love of the Gospel.

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Yet again the question is asked, "In what way can old postage stamps possibly be used to promote the work of foreign missions?" We answer that the innumerable cancelled stamps of all countries and denominations which for a long time past have been collected through THE AVE MARIA are forwarded yearly to the head office of the Work of Mary Immaculate in Paris, where, after being carefully sorted, they are utilized in various ways. The more valuable specimens are sold to collectors, and in some cases they command a high price. Common stamps are cut into tiny pieces, out of which are made plaques, trays, etc.; these are sold at bazaars and otherwise for the benefit of foreign missions. We have seen really artistic objects, the only ornamentation of which was formed of these seemingly useless bits of colored paper. Cancelled stamps are also used as borders for wall-paper and other decorative purposes. The postage stamps of some countries are beautiful pictures in miniature, fine specimens of engraving and coloring, and are valued as such by collectors.

It will be seen that the millions of cancelled stamps collected every year must represent a considerable amount of money, and that the slight trouble and expense of saving them and sending collections to missionaries who can utilize them in any way is well worth while.

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In confirmation of its opinion that there is a great danger that imperfectly instructed Christians, in increasing numbers, will attempt to buttress their faith with arguments derived from psychical research, the *British Review* wisely observes: "The evidence, if evidence it be, is in large part gathered in an atmosphere of such fraud on one side and—we say

it boldly—of such credulity on the other side as to breed the gravest suspicion in the minds of reasonable men. But let us assume that the 'investigators' do sometimes establish communication with spiritual beings. Even so, there is not the shadow of a guarantee that those beings are the disembodied spirits of men and women. A Christian ought to reflect that far more probably they are devils masquerading, for the destruction of souls, as the spirits of the departed; and he would do well to remember the condemnation that Holy Writ pronounces on those that resort to such."

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There is no doubt that Mgr. Benson is at his best when writing with a free hand about The Church—The Church, let us say, in general,—what it is in essence, what it stands for, how it has stood through the ages, what lights play upon it, and its glory to come. In a recent sermon on "Belief in the Holy Eucharist" occurs one of the distinguished English convert's most typically eloquent passages. He says that the ordinary Christian

kneels at the altar rails and receives that which every common-sense person would say was a piece of bread, and he believes it to be the body and blood of Christ. You ask what is it that produces this extraordinary hallucination and belief, and to what sect those remarkable people belong; and you are told the Catholic Church. You ask what is the Catholic Church, where did it begin, and how long was it existing. Was it just a little fashionable school of thought started a few years ago across the Atlantic? And you receive the very astonishing answer that there is no religious society in the whole world whose history, age, or experience could compare for one single instant with this Church. Roughly speaking, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom number thirty-five millions; and, roughly speaking, the members of the Catholic Church number two hundred and fifty millions. Again, the United Kingdom was existing as a kingdom for about a thousand years; and, roughly speaking, the Catholic Church was existing for about two thousand years. It was not confined to people of one kind of temperament. It was Catholic not only in name but in fact.



There was not a single profession, not a single vocation, not a single kind of mind or heart or spirit that was not represented in it. The most eminent figures of every age were numbered amongst Catholics. And the greatest rulers the world had ever seen; the greatest scientists, the greatest philosophers, artists, poets, writers, novelists, and musicians professed the same Catholic doctrine. And you found that these people were members of a world-wide society, greater than any other religious society in the world, which had changed the whole course of Western civilization. There was not one single movement of any importance in human history in which Catholicism had not been a principal factor. There was not one single country in which Catholicism had not exercised its influence. And this doctrine of the Real Presence was at the very heart of the Catholic religion.

Some well-meaning unbeliever may find it in his heart to echo the lament of Ophelia, "Oh, what a mind is here o'erthrown!" But many another may exclaim with the inspired writer, "Verily this was the house of God, and we knew it not."

Reading the debate on Socialism that is being carried on in *Everybody's Magazine* by Morris Hillquit and the Rev. Dr. Ryan, one is tempted to quote from Sheridan's "Rivals": "The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it." Just as a specimen of their quality, however, let us quote a paragraph from the latest contribution of each. Says Mr. Hillquit: "Dr. Ryan and I start from the same premises—the realization of the need of radical social changes. The difference between us is the usual difference between the Socialist and the non-Socialist reformer. The former endeavors to follow the path of progress to the end; while the latter remains faltering and inconclusive, trying to accomplish the impossible—the task of establishing a terminal at an indefinite point in the middle of the road." Which apparently palpable thrust is thus parried by Dr. Ryan: "I do not attempt to fix a terminal anywhere, for the simple reason that facts

do not warrant such an attempt. My opponent does set a limit to industrial evolution—namely, the Socialist State. In so doing he abandons the position of the evolutionist for that of the Utopian. I am the more consistent evolutionist, because I do not attempt to forecast any final or fixed industrial system. The only Utopia of which I know anything is on the other side of the grave. My opponent contends that Socialism is the logical and necessary outcome and terminus of industrial progress. I do not see either the necessity or the logic; for I am unable to accept the *a priori* social philosophy which underlies Mr. Hillquit's social faith and hope."

As we remarked above, 'tis a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and our readers can see for themselves that the Catholic position is by no means incompetently upheld.

While we are glad to notice that the policy of appointing Catholic chaplains whose specific duty it is to attend to the religious training of Catholic students in non-Catholic universities, whether State institutions or sectarian ones, is being very generally adopted, we may be permitted to express the hope that the significance of such action on the part of ecclesiastical authority will not be misinterpreted by the Catholic laity. It would be distinctly unfortunate should Catholic parents draw therefrom the inference that such appointment of Catholic chaplains puts the non-Catholic on all fours with a Catholic university. The inference would be the reverse of correct. The ideal condition for Catholic students is to breathe habitually the religion-permeated atmosphere of a Catholic school; the appointment of priests to look after the religious interests of the Catholic students in non-Catholic schools is merely a plan to minimize as far as practicable the dangers inseparable from attendance at such schools. It is still a serious matter for a Catholic father or

guardian who can possibly forego such action to allow his son or ward to encounter the very genuine evils confronting the students of all too many of American non-Catholic universities.

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In the course of a post-election leader, the *Freeman's Journal* of New York says of that city's new Mayor-elect:

In religion Mr. Mitchel is a Catholic. We mention this for the purpose of adverting to the obligation incumbent upon Catholics holding public offices to prove by their conduct that they are loyal to the teachings of their spiritual mother, who enjoins upon them the profoundest reverence for God's laws. In the discharge of their official duties, they have an opportunity for convincing the public that Catholic training is the best of preparations for rendering honest and efficient service to the community that honors them with its confidence. If they do not avail themselves of that opportunity, they are guilty of a species of disloyalty to the Church.

The reminder is as judicious as it is timely. There is inevitably, at least in non-Catholic opinion, a certain solidarity among Catholics, which causes the honor or shame of one appreciably to affect all his coreligionists. The more reason then why Catholics in high places should be scrupulously careful in rendering the efficient service which their fellow-citizens have a right to expect from them.

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The great obligations which serious readers were under to Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge for translations of those two famous Syriac works, "The Paradise of the Fathers" and "The Book of the Governors," are now increased by a full transcription and translation of the "Book of the Dead," the oldest book in the world, its date being somewhere about 3300 B. C. The British Museum possesses a number of copies of it, including the Papyrus of Ani, the most splendid of all, and the one of which Dr. Budge has made use. The "Book of the Dead" is described as "the collection of spells and charms which the wealthy Egyptian had buried with him to assure his welfare in

the next world"; but the "hymns" added in the time of the Theban Empire are in effect prayers for the soul of the dead. One of them, expressed in language of rare beauty, concludes:

Let me not be held captive by the tomb, and let me not be turned back on my way. Let the members of my body be made new again when I contemplate thy beauties, even as are the members of all thy favored ones, because I am one of those who worshipped thee upon earth. Let me arrive at the Land of Eternity, let me enter into the Land of Everlastingness.

"Such prayers," remarks the *Athenæum* in its review of Dr. Budge's work, "show an ethical feeling which is certainly far removed from mere magic."

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The editor of the *Catholic News* quotes the following passage from a letter of Louis Veuillot, addressed to a friend who was grieving because his daughter had joined the Sisters of the Good Shepherd:

My dear friend, weep as much as you please, I congratulate you. Servant of the poor, that sounds good; but servant of poor sinful women, that sounds better still. Just think of it! To run through thorns and briars to find the lost and scabby sheep. I have five daughters: I would willingly distribute them among various religious families. And yet God knows how I love them. Our children do not belong to us any more than the fruits to the tree. Happy those who fall into the hands of God! Happy the virgin who follows the Lamb! Happy the father whose daughter is sheltered in the shadow of the cloister!

Many passages like this are to be found in the correspondence of the great French publicist whose centenary occurs this month.

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Twenty-seven years ago, in concluding the great speech which convinced all students of English history that Home Rule was merely a question of time, Prime Minister Gladstone said (in what Boyle O'Reilly characterized as "the noblest and most eloquent passage of his life"): "I ask that we should apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and in Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not



as a dream and a theory, but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and the convictions, and the will of man; and that it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that, far more than by any other method, we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the Empire."

Asquith reaps what Gladstone sowed; and that England's Prime Minister of to-day does not fall altogether below the standard of the "grand old man" of 1886 is evident from this ringing pronouncement in his recent address:

One thing is certain: we are not going to be false to the trust which the vast majority of the Irish people have reposed in us. We are not going to betray their cause. We are bound to prosecute their purpose and ours to a successful issue, not only by obligations of loyalty and honor, but by profound conviction that it has behind it the sympathies of the British democracy at home and throughout the Empire, that it carries with it the best and only enduring prospect of a happy and prosperous future for Ireland and Great Britain.

Speaking to the school of journalism of Columbia University the other day, Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, gave expression to some valuable suggestions as to "the need of art and conscience in newspaper-making to-day." While one may question the justice of the collocation that places "art" before "conscience" as the prime necessity in contemporary journalism, there will be few to deny the truth of the following statement concerning one important feature of the newspaper—or magazine—business:

The interests of honest advertisers will not suffer through the development of more restraint, more regard for decency, character and art, upon the part of the press. Indeed, they will be better served. The newspaper that makes the strongest appeal to the intelligent reader and most effectively holds his attention is obviously the most valuable to the respectable advertiser.

## Notable New Books.

**The Living Flame of Love.** By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. Thomas Baker; Benziger Brothers.

This fourth volume of the works of St. John of the Cross is uniform in size and binding with the three volumes that have already appeared: "The Ascent of Mt. Carmel," "The Dark [or Obscure] Night of the Soul," and "The Spiritual Canticle." In addition to the elaborate explanation of the poem which gives the book its title, the volume contains a collection of St. John's letters, poems, and minor writings. The work proper is prefaced by Cardinal Wiseman's illuminative essay on the saintly author; and Fr. Zimmerman, O. C. D., contributes "additions" and an Introduction.

The poem which forms the basis of this last of St. John's treatises on mystical theology—a treatise which many consider the most sublime of the four—consists of four six-line stanzas, which the translator renders in blank verse. The first runs thus:

O Living Flame of Love,  
That woundest tenderly  
My soul in its inmost depth!  
As thou art no longer grievous,  
Perfect thy work, if it be thy will,—  
Break the web of this sweet encounter.

While the body of the work will scarcely appeal to the ordinary reader, unversed in mystic theological lore, the everyday good Catholic will find in the letters, maxims, precautions, and poems, as also in the preface and Introduction, ample material to interest and edify him.

**The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible.**

By Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. The Old Testament. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Benziger Brothers.

A compact duodecimo of some five hundred pages, exceptionally well bound, this volume lends itself, to such easy handling as will delight its every possessor. Fr. Pope, whose titles—Doctor in Sacred Scripture, Member of the Society of Biblical Archæology, and Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Collegio Angelico at Rome—are a more than sufficient guarantee of his competency to deal authoritatively with his subject, has given us a book to which every Catholic who has read and taken to heart Leo XIII.'s remarkable Encyclical on "The Study of Holy Scripture" will give a cordial welcome.

Both Cardinal Bourne in his preface and the author in his Introduction to the present volume mention such non-Catholic "helps to

the study of the Bible" as the manuals published by the Oxford University Press; and, while admitting that in many respects these "helps" are admirable, they emphasize the insufficiency of such manuals for Catholic students. A glaring defect in all such books is their silence on the all-important question of the Catholic idea of Inspiration and the decisions of the Holy See on matters of Biblical criticism and interpretation. Perhaps an adequate characterization of the present work would be to say that it is a Catholic improvement on the best non-Catholic work of a similar character.

**The Scottish Monasteries of Old.** By Michael Barrett, O. S. B. Otto Schulze & Co.

This volume affords an interesting though brief account of the houses which existed in Scotland, before the Protestant Reformation, for monks following the rule of St. Benedict. Given any desire on the part of the general reading public for so informative an account, the work must be considered a needed as well as an interesting one; for, apart from the Latin cartularies, or leger-books, of some of the old abbeys and priories published by various Scotch antiquarian societies, and a few monographs of particular monasteries, the literature of the subject is not in a form available to the casual reader. Dom Barrett's volume comprises four parts, dealing with the Black Monks, the Cistercians, the Valiscaulians, and Supplementary Studies. While the history of the various abbeys, from the foundation of that of Dunfermline in the eleventh century, is replete with interest and charm, we could wish that the author had expanded Part IV. Its two chapters, "Fate of the Monks after the Reformation," and "What the Monasteries Did for Scotland," are all too brief to satisfy the appetite created by an attentive perusal of the preceding pages.

**A Loyal Life.** A Biography of Henry Livingston Richards. With Selections from His Letters and a Sketch of the Catholic Movement in America. By Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. B. Herder.

Arthur Christopher Benson, in one of his delightful volumes, laments the fact that there are not more biographies of comparatively obscure men. In the present volume he might find a biography much to his mind. Its subject was in his lifetime no "lime-light" figure, but a man whose life was a life, intense and deep. Nor was it lacking in wider relations, yet these never made its bent. In all soberness, this is a fascinating story. Recording as it does "the gradual progress of a sincere soul from Presby-

terianism and Low Church Episcopalianism through the intermediate stage of High Church Ritualism to the full light and truth of Catholic Faith," it becomes, furthermore, a human document of the first importance: the man, the husband, the father, the friend, here assume their clear proportions with those of the convert. Perhaps, in one whole, the picture becomes that of the ideal Catholic layman.

The life of Mr. Richards was a long span—from 1814 to 1903. It was coextensive with an interesting and important epoch of Catholic development in this country, the American counterpart of the Oxford Movement. In these great impulses Mr. Richards had no inconsiderable share. Throughout, the story is presented with a fulness of understanding, a sense of the importance of detail, a general co-ordination of matter, and a real distinction of literary style such as make this volume a fitting crown prepared by a filial hand to a noble life.

**A Short History of Art.** By Julia B. De Forest. Edited, Revised, and Largely Rewritten by Charles Henry Caffin. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Despite the epithet of the title, this is a fairly encyclopædic work, containing more than seven hundred and fifty pages, and presenting, besides the plates and cuts of the older work, some two hundred and eighty-nine new illustrations. The original volume has long been a standard of its kind; and the plan of the present editor has been to make only such changes as the fuller knowledge of the history of early art now renders imperative, and also to bring the book down to date. In this latter endeavor should rest his highest credit. Manuals innumerable are to be had treating of the settled deposit of great art, but a trustworthy guide among contemporary works has been up till now far to seek. It is the same with art as with literature. The valuable criticism is that which enables us to appraise current effort.

Though the present editor would seem to have appreciated this fact and aimed at this ideal, his labor leaves something yet to be desired. When he approaches the moderns, there is too much mere mentioning of names,—tabulation rather than appreciation. And, finally, we may be permitted to say that the work as a whole would be of more general service did it show a sympathetic insight into those deeper motives which have at all times been the inspiration of Christian art. But as a clear, unhaphsodical, chronological presentation of the forms of art product, this manual has the value of a convenient reference book. The plates are well printed, and the index is excellent.



# FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Laureen.

BY ALLEN FORD.

WHAT a time they had to give her a name  
That would suit such a baby girl!  
Some ventured to say they should christen her  
May,  
Or Ethna or Grace or Pearl.

But auntie spoke up: "There's a beautiful name  
Of all Irish names the queen;  
'Tis the pride of the West in the Isle of the Blest,  
And the symbol of peace—Laureen."

Sure 'tis only a month and a day or two  
Since the light of the sun she's seen;  
But after a year, if you walk along here,  
Take a look at the young Laureen.

Faith 'tis big you'll be then, so your mother's arms  
Will be tired from the weight of you;  
But she'll watch you and kiss, and see heaven's  
bliss  
In your child-eyes of Irish blue.

Yes, you're a wee one now, and your baby feet  
Can't race o'er the flowery green;  
But, please God, in a year, if they come around  
here,  
You'll be big for your age, Laureen!

## The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

### XXIII.—AN EVENTFUL DAY.

**D**URING the latter part of July the weather was so hot and sultry, that Mrs. Seymour and the children were eagerly looking forward to the salt breath of the sea. Fred and Alice, as was natural to their age, enjoyed, too, the hurry and the bustle of preparation. Katherine and Willie had come down from Harlem for a farewell visit to their cousins, and were keenly interested in the packing, the tying up of the furniture

in linen covers, and all those hundred and one preliminaries to moving.

Moreover, amongst the young people at least, there was a mysterious excitement,—a hope that perhaps, after all, Christina's story might have been true; and that in some corner of that big house the missing jewels might be found, Fred, like a young knight-errant, was all aglow with the desire to find and restore them to Mrs. Jerry, who was the object of his youthful devotion; and Katherine, in her vividly imaginative style, brought before their mental vision the picture of that beautiful young widow with the circlet of gems gleaming from her white neck. It certainly lent a strange zest and glow to their packing, to the emptying of every cupboard and other possible place of concealment. At last, however, they came to the conclusion, as the four were assembled under the trumpet vine, that no possible hiding-place had remained unexplored,—unless, indeed, the treasure were under some of the flooring, which their father had naturally objected to have torn up.

It was a very hot evening and almost the last time that they were to gather there. The scarlet cups of the trumpet vine drooped languidly, as if unable to support the heat; and scarcely a breath of air stirred the foliage.

"Do you remember," asked Katherine, "that first night we were sitting here, and how Uncle Jim appeared at the window?"

Their eyes all involuntarily turned toward that aperture, with an uneasy feeling that they might see there the pallid face, black beard, and deep-set eyes. But no: the window-shade moved only very slightly in the faint breeze, and the darkness was unbroken by any tangible form.

"And wasn't it strange," the girl went on, "how he mistook Selma for Christina, and said that he thought she had come back from the River Styx?"

"Oh, it was ghastly!" said Alice, with a sympathetic shiver.

"It wouldn't be so very hard," continued Katherine, "to imagine Christina coming back in search of those jewels she had hidden."

"Nonsense, Sis!" said Willie. "People don't come back to search for jewels or anything else; and you're only terrifying yourself and Alice for nothing. You're as bad as Uncle Jim."

"O Willie!" Katherine said, ignoring this accusation, and pursuing her train of thought. "I wonder—I wonder where she could have hidden the treasure?"

"I don't believe she hid it at all," answered Willie, stoutly; though he was not quite certain that he was sincere in this assertion. "For if it had been any place in the house, Selma, who was always poking round, and Uncle Jim, who was living here alone on purpose, would have found it."

"He nearly broke his neck trying to find it," put in Fred, who did not want to appear too credulous, though he had by no means given up hope. There was one spot in the house that, he believed, had not yet been explored.

"Wouldn't it be strange if it were lying somewhere in the house,—in some dark, neglected corner, the diamonds in it glowing like fire?" cried Katherine. "And perhaps it will stay there till each one of us here is old, wrinkled, and bent, with snow-white hair; and even after we are dead and others have come here—"

She broke off suddenly, her eyes looking out weirdly into the darkness, as if she saw there the transformation she had described,—the youthful faces grown old, their figures shrunken and emaciated.

"And I wonder," she said, "if those other children will be talking about it, or if it will be forgotten, and no one will know, until sometime, perhaps a

century from now, the house will be torn down, and a workman will see something glittering, and snatch it out of the ruins?"

The picture thus drawn of the possible fate of the lost articles was so vivid that all the children were silent; for a time the fancy of each, especially that of the impressionable Alice, being at work filling in details. Willie at last gave a short, uncomfortable laugh, and said:

"Much more likely the things have passed through the pawn-shops, either here or in the old country, and a band of thieves have long ago spent the proceeds."

Just then they were called to partake of ice-cream and cake, which Mr. Seymour had ordered from Mrs. Horton's; and the interruption, of course, gave another trend to their ideas.

All this time Selma had come over part of every day to help with the work, and perhaps to make a final search. But it seemed to the children that she had finally given up hope, and that her efforts were perfunctory and despairing. Possibly she had begun to believe, what the doctors and others had suggested, that Christina had been delirious, had fancied herself the thief, and had had in mind only an imaginary hiding-place when she strove to gasp out: "I put it inside—inside! . . . Oh, the white, white face!"

On the morning after their talk in the arbor, the four children sallied forth to visit the dwarf, who was very weak and languid, and of whose recovery the doctor gave little hope. The old woman with her knitting-needles was still on guard, using them as restrictive instruments when the patient became excited, and waving betimes the crimson scarf she was knitting, and which had now attained, as the children thought, enormous proportions.

The dwarf, elated by the presence of Katherine and Willie, besought his older friends who had been all along his frequent visitors, to show them the various photographs on the wall, and the costumes in their tawdry splendor.

"Show them. *I* can not!" he murmured



weakly. "Tell them what they are."

And so Alice, her heart fairly aching for the emaciated little figure on the bed, went around showing them to Katherine, who was also moved to the point of tears; while Fred performed the same office for Willie. The dwarf's eyes, unnaturally bright, followed them round, and watched for signs of wonder and admiration in their faces. Katherine's imagination served her in good stead, and cheered up the dwarf by the importance she attached to each costume or photograph.

That day the dwarf seemed, in fact, more possessed than ever with the longing for life and strength. Almost passionately he cried out that, in spite of all the doctors, who were 'ignoramuses and did not know what they were talking about,' he would go to Europe and see the crowned heads. Sitting up in bed, with a sudden access of strength that seemed abnormal, he described in detail, and even to the number and variety of spangles, the new costume he was to get for the occasion.

"Don't you think I shall be able to go?" he asked, looking from one to the other with piteous appeal.

Then a spasm of coughing seized him; he fell back among the pillows, and a thin stream of red flowed from his mouth.

"Oh, if I could only go away to the South and get well!" he murmured, when he was able to speak at all.

It was with these despairing words ringing in their ears that the children, awestricken and profoundly moved, stole out. Down in the shop, they found the taffy vender utterly hopeless.

"He can not get well here; he can not go away; and so he must die. Too bad,—too bad!"

"Oh, there must be something we can do!" cried Alice, as soon as the four had reached the sidewalk.

"I feel like going out to beg till I get enough to send him away," answered Katherine.

It seemed to those generous young

hearts as if there was nothing they would not do to save that life,—in so far, at least, as sending the invalid to the South would effect the purpose.

"Let's all go into the church and pray," suggested Alice. "I have been praying for a long time that something might happen."

The others made no objection; and many fervent petitions went up from those hearts, as yet tender and sympathetic for the woes of others.

Now, one of those last days they were to pass at Quaker Mansion proved singularly eventful. For Mrs. Jerry had been invited to come and say good-bye, as it were, to the house and its inmates, and to spend at least the afternoon. She and Mrs. Seymour sat together in the library,—the latter working at some bit of needlework, as was her custom. All at once there was an unpleasant interruption, and, like a baleful spectre, James Forrester stood upon the threshold. Mrs. Seymour started; and Mrs. Jerry, who had her back turned and did not at first perceive the intruder, noted only that the mistress of the house had suddenly stopped talking and was staring at the door. Then Mrs. Jerry heard her say:

"Why, James, is that you?"

Mrs. Jerry, turning quickly, confronted him, and the blood rushed to her face in a hot wave. She remembered in a flash all that she had lately heard of this man,—how he had been playing them all false, and deceiving her late husband, who, despite the differences between them, had been his frank and loyal friend.

James Forrester, who was visibly disturbed by her presence, muttered an excuse, and would have withdrawn had not Mrs. Seymour said:

"Won't you sit down, James? I hope you are quite recovered."

"Yes, yes, Margaret," was the nervous rejoinder.

"And you know—Mrs. Jerry?"

"I know Mr. Forrester quite well," said Mrs. Jerry, in an icy tone.

"I can't stop now, Margaret," the man observed, his pallid face paler than ever. "I wouldn't have come in here at all, I never meant to enter Henry's house, only that I left a penknife in the cellar, and with your permission I will get it."

"Certainly, James," said Mrs. Seymour, delighted that he was about to leave, especially since she saw that his appearance had created a very uncomfortable situation for Mrs. Jerry.

As he was going toward the kitchen stairs, he suddenly came face to face, almost in the same spot where he had met her on the first night, with Selma. He started back, his face full of malignant rage.

"You here — still in this house?" he cried furiously. "Why, Margaret, I thought I had convinced you that she was no fit person to be under your roof. The sister of Christina—"

At that Mrs. Jerry bent forward from her chair.

"The sister of Christina?" she said with interest. "O Mrs. Seymour, why did you not tell me? That poor Christina, whom I have always felt to be the victim of an hallucination!"

"She was the victim of something worse than that," Mrs. Seymour replied firmly, and looking James Forrester straight in the eyes. "Whatever her mental condition might have been at the time of her death, there is not a doubt that she was the victim and tool of unscrupulous persons."

James Forrester, reading in those calm and gentle eyes that the worst concerning him was known, moved quickly toward the stairs; while Selma, heartbroken and bispirited, stepped aside, without answering him a word. She had, in fact, seen earlier in the afternoon a gleam of hope flash through the darkness, only to be as shall be explained, dispelled; and, therefore, it mattered little what this traitor, long ago discovered, might say.

And as she stood there, white and despairing, and as James Forrester's hand

was on the door to go down, not in search of his penknife, but for one last desperate glance round, there came a wild yell from the cellar and presently the rush of feet upon the stairs. The sounds greeted Mr. Seymour, who had come home from the office an hour earlier that day, just as he was in the act of turning the silver handle of the white door.

(Conclusion next week.)

### St. Elmo's Fire.

St. Elmo, who was Bishop of Formiæ, in Italy, at the end of the third century, was the favorite patron of sailors, especially of those who navigated the Mediterranean Sea. Now, in Southern climates, during thunderstorms, a common electrical phenomenon is a ball, or brush, or star of light, playing about the decks and rigging of a ship, but particularly at the mastheads and yard-arms. When the Mediterranean sailors, on dark and tempestuous nights, saw such a light, or fire, at the top of their masts, they believed it was a sign from their patron that they had nothing to fear from the storm, and even thought that the luminous ball was the body of their saint. Hence, from the Italian *corpo santo* (holy body) comes the word "corposant," which is a synonym of St. Elmo's fire, or light; or, as it is often called, "corpse-light."

In that classic American narrative, "Two Years before the Mast," the author has this reference to the matter: "Upon the main topgallant masthead was a ball of light, which the sailors call a corposant (*corpus sancti*). . . . Sailors have a notion that if the corposant rises in the rigging, it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down there will be a storm."

ASTRONOMERS have said that if there were a building of the same size as St. Peter's in Rome on the moon, it could easily be seen with one of our modern telescopes.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A Life of the Viscount Llandaff, by Mr. W. S. Lilly, is announced for early publication in London.

—"Dante for the People" is the title of a new book by Mr. Gauntlett Chaplin, comprising selected passages from "The Divine Comedy." James Clarke, publisher.

—A new book, "Childhood," by Alice Meynell, has just appeared. Those who recall her volume entitled "The Children" will have a keen welcome for her latest treatment of this great theme.

—British exchanges chronicle the death of the Hon. Emily Lawless, whose volume of poems, "With the Wild Geese," is said to take rank among the best Irish poetry in the English tongue. She will be remembered as an occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA.

—Da Orta's "Colloquies," to which reference was made in these columns last week, was not, as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" states, the first book issued from the press in India. Sir Clements Markham, the translator, says that it had two predecessors: in 1557, a Catechism by St. Francis Xavier; and, in 1561, a "Compendio Espirituel," by Dr. Pereira, the first Archbishop of Goa.

—From the Bureau of the *Propagateur des Trois "Ave Maria"* we have received several brochures of exceptional interest. "Une Ame Séraphique" is a Life of Brother Jacques of Lanthenay, a Franciscan subdeacon who died in 1887 at the age of twenty-six. "Une Enfant de Marie, Modèle" is a briefer biography of Virginie Vignal, an exemplary child of Mary, called to her reward at the age of twenty-three. Other brochures and pamphlets from the same publishers include a new edition of the Life of Germaine Hémerly, almanacs for 1914, and a "Chemin de Croix des Petits Enfants."

—"Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is one more volume added to the lengthy list of excellent books with which that distinguished English nun, Madame Cecilia, has enriched our devotional literature. Part I. of the present work consists of twenty readings bearing upon some of the virtues inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount; Part II. contains eighteen brief essays on miscellaneous subjects, such as, The Choice of a Profession, The Higher Life, Our Lady's Fortitude, Redeeming the Time, and Our Catholic Foreign Missions. The mingled piety and

practicality that characterizes all this author's writings is evident in this latest volume, which we heartily commend to many more of our readers than are Marian Sodalists.

—Another Mgr. Benson book for children, with the trace of Mr. Pippett's delightful pencil running all through it, is "Old Testament Rhymes," just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The innumerable felicities of Mr. Pippett's drawings are not always met by equal happiness in Mgr. Benson's verses. None the less, this is a charming nursery book as a whole.

—A recent issue of the "Bulletin of American Federation of Catholic Societies" gives the text in full of Mr. Ambrose Willis' address on the Circulation of Catholic Literature. It is a most interesting exposition of the working of the Catholic Reading Guild, of England, an organization whose zeal for the Faith finds most admirable practical expression in the spread of Catholic literature.

—A "Catholic Calendar" for 1914, issued by the Mt. Carmel Guild, of Buffalo, has for its chief recommendation the charitable purpose to which the receipts from its sale are to be put. The Calendar is arranged in loose-leaf, with quotations, largely from Catholic authors, for each day in the year. The saint for each day is also given. Some poets whose lines have been appropriated for this calendar will regret that the compilers did not also take the punctuation they found.

—A new book that is safe to commend itself to very many readers on both sides of the Atlantic is "Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly," a handsome 16mo of one hundred and eighty-six pages, published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The one hundred and sixty-nine poems chosen for the volume have been selected with a discriminating sense of O'Reilly's genuinely poetic gift, his power and gentleness, the fine fervor of his patriotism, and his all-embracing spirit of human brotherhood.

—"The City and the World," by the Rev. Dr. Francis C. Kelley, is a collection of fourteen short stories, all of them well worth while, and several of them of exceptional interest and artistic workmanship. The author confesses, in his foreword, that the underlying motive in his writing most of these narratives was a desire to present in a new way a Catholic missionary appeal—a conclusion, by the way, at which the normally sapient reader of "A

Flaming Cross" and one or two others of the stories would probably arrive, even were the frank avowal not made. A thoroughly enjoyable book. We cordially recommend it. Published by the Catholic Extension Society.

—"Franciscan Tertiaries," by Father William, O. S. F. C. (Benziger Brothers), is one of those books whose titles are far more restrictive than are their contents. Its forty-four chapters—or "readings," as they are called by the Archbishop of Simla, Dr. Kenealy, who contributes a most interesting Introduction to the book,—make excellent reading for all lay Catholics, whether or not they be affiliated with the Third Order of St. Francis. As a series of sound, practical, and not infrequently eloquent, moral briefs treating of the manifold duties and congruities of the Christian life, these short essays should find a wide welcome.

—In "By the Blue River" (Benziger Brothers) I. Clarke has given us a somewhat original, exceptionally interesting, and thoroughly Catholic novel. While the basic element of the story is not new, its development is quite unhackneyed, and the co-ordinated sequence of events is handled with all the skill of a master. The setting of much of the narrative is Algeria; not a few of the subordinate personages are Arabs; and there is a wealth of local color in the descriptive treatment of still life and Arabian activities that argues first-hand knowledge. On the whole, "By the Blue River" is far better worth buying than any of the "best-sellers" that we have seen in a twelvemonth.

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### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"A Loyal Life." Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. \$2.

"The Living Flame of Love." St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95.

"The Catholic Student's 'Aids' to the Bible." The Old Testament. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. \$1.35.

"A Short History of Art." Julia B. De Forest—Charles Henry Caffin. \$3.

"The City and the World." Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D. \$1.50.

"Franciscan Tertiaries." Fr. William, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

"Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly." \$1.25.

"Old Testament Rhymes." Benson—Pippett. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

"Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

"By the Blue River." I. Clarke. \$1.35.

"The Government of the Church in the First Century." Rev. William Moran. \$1.65.

"Saints and Festivals." Mother Salome. \$1.25.

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### Obituary.

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*Remember them that are in bonds.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Gmeiner, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. William Brady, archdiocese of New York; Rev. P. A. L. Egan, archdiocese of Chicago.

Brother Innocent, C. S. C.; Brother Camille, S. J.; and Brother Nicholas, C. M.

Mr. John A. Betz, Mrs. Anna Parks, Mr. Timothy Nester, Mrs. Katherine Rivers, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Joseph Hogan, Mrs. Katherine Hogan, Mr. James Hogan, Mr. Nicholas Yungers, Mr. Edward Beandry, Mr. Daniel Mulholland, Mr. William Nagle, Mrs. Frances Inui, Mrs. Johanna Dillon, Mrs. Maria Collingwood, Mr. Hugh Heron, Miss Hannah Connors, Miss Mary Connors, Mr. James Compton, Mrs. Ellen Barrett Murray, Mrs. Jane McWhinnie, Mrs. Bernard Mitte, Miss Margaret Johnson, Mr. T. J. Slowey, Mrs. Mary Redmond, Mr. John Nolan, Mrs. Ellen Largey, Mr. George Zika, Mrs. Julia McCoy, Mr. Charles Schmidt, Mr. Joseph Barr, Mrs. Anna Madigan, Miss Phoebe Madigan, Mr. William Nenninger, Mr. Peter Mooney, Mr. John Berg, Mrs. Ellen Donahue, Mr. George Boland, Mr. James Fox, Mr. Michael Ryan, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Mr. Joseph Hayes, and Mr. M. C. Hertel.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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### Our Contribution Box.

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*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: M. J. K., \$1; Friend, \$5; Mrs. E. A. B., \$1.

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia:

Friend, an offering for the Souls in Purgatory, \$50.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL A.E BLESSED. ST. LUKE, l., 49.

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## Rosa Sine Spina.

(Abridged from a Manuscript in the British Museum.  
Supposed to be of the thirteenth century.)

SAD the earth was and forlorn,  
*Eva peccatrice,*  
 Until Christ our Lord was born  
*De te Genitrice.*  
 Gabriel's Ave chased away  
 Darksome night, and brought the day,  
*Salutis;*  
 Thou the Fount whence waters play  
*Virtutis.*  
 Ladye, flower of living thing,  
*Rosa sine spina,*  
 Mother of Jesu, heaven's King,  
*Gratia divina;*  
 'Tis thou in all dost bear the prize,  
 Ladye, Queen of Paradise,  
*Electa,*  
 Maiden meek and Mother wise,  
*Effecta.*  
 In care thou counselest the best,  
*Felix fecundata;*  
 To the weary thou art rest,  
*Mater honorata.*  
 Plead in thy love to Him who gave  
 His Precious Blood the world to save  
*In Cruce,*  
 That we our home with Him may have  
*In luce.*

MARY began where others end, whether in knowledge or in love. She was from the first clothed in sanctity, destined for perseverance, luminous and glorious in God's sight, and incessantly employed in meritorious acts.—*Newman.*

## Cities where Popes Have Been.

BY THE REV. F. KERR McCLEMENT, M. A.  
CANTAB.

ROME is the natural home of the Popes; and the Vicars of Christ have ever voyaged but little, even before the present iniquitous persecution of the Holy See by the Italian Government, begun some forty years ago, confined them to their Apostolic Palace of the Vatican. Yet up and down Europe, and even across the seas, traces of their temporary residences are to be found in many a town; and it may be of interest to collate the names of a few of but the best-known cities which can proudly claim to have given hospitality to a Vicar of Christ.

The vastness of our subject must be our excuse for a certain amount of exclusion. Rome itself we must eliminate; for, from St. Peter to Pius X., all have resided there except nine, whom the troubles of their times caused to live elsewhere; and the first five Popes of Avignon, who never came there. No fewer than two hundred and twenty-seven have died and have been buried in the Eternal City, whether within the walls or in the Catacombs beyond the gates.

Similarly, we can say little of Italy; for few are the towns of any importance which have not some souvenir of a Pope. Hardly one exists which has not given birth to a Vicar of Christ, or witnessed his election, sojourn, or his death. One hundred and fifty-one claim connection

with at least one Sovereign Pontiff; most with a long list of successors of St. Peter. Such are Assisi, to which love of St. Francis drew many a Pope; Monte Cassino, where fourteen Pontiffs have visited the body of St. Benedict; Loreto, to whose holy House of Nazareth ten rulers of the Church Universal have been on pilgrimage. So, too, Benevento, with its English memories,—the siege of Adrian IV. by William of Sicily, and the canonization of St. Edward the Confessor, King of England, and St. Bernard by Alexander III.; Bologna and Florence, which have each known fourteen Popes; Naples, which claims its ten; Orvieto, the fortified tableland to the north of Rome (embellished by the English Pope Adrian IV., who added to its arms the Keys of Peter), where as many as twenty-nine have been; Ostia, eleven of whose Cardinal Bishops have afterward been elected to the Throne of the Fisherman; Ravenna, the wonderful town of the marshes, beloved of eighteen Pontiffs; Sienna, the ever-mediæval city of as many, famous for its Piccolomini Popes, Pius II. and Pius III. Nor less important Perugia, of which Pope Leo XIII. was "Archbishop-Bishop," last of twelve Popes who have ruled its citizens; and Subiaco, at whose *Sacro Speco*, or Holy Cave of St. Benedict, eighteen at least have prayed, from Pope St. Gregory the Great, who consecrated the abbey church in 593, to Pius IX., who visited in 1847 the double abbey, of which the present Holy Father reserves to himself the title of abbot. Lastly, Foligno, visited, according to tradition, by St. Peter; Venice, Patriarchate of Pius X., city of ten of Christ's Vicars; and Viterbo, whose "Palace of the Popes," still standing, sheltered nineteen Popes,—a little town where Leo XIII. went to school and made his First Communion.

Confining ourselves thus to lands other than Italy, let us turn first to the Orient, which knew not only many of the Popes, but the first of them; St. Peter, and,

above all, Him of whom St. Peter and Pius X. are but the Vicars, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, God Himself. Many were the towns in the Holy Land which knew St. Peter. At Bethsaida he was born, at Cæsarea in Galilee Our Lord said to him: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." At Tiberias he was told, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." At Jerusalem, fatherland of Theodore and patriarchate of Urban IV., he preached his first sermon, converted three, and later five thousand, and held the first Council of the Church. At Cæsarea he baptized the centurion Cornelius and his family; and at Jaffa, or Joppa, in the house of Simon the Tanner, lived and beheld the vision which showed him that the Church was for Gentile as well as Jew. In Syria, as we are reminded by the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, on February 22, the Prince of the Apostles was Bishop of Antioch from about the year 34 to the year 41. Pope John V., Sisinnius, and Constantine were Syrians.

Turning to Greece, we find that Athens was the city of origin of Popes Saints Anacletus, Hyginus, and Sixtus. John VI. was also a Greek. To Berea, in Thrace, Pope Liberius was exiled by the Emperor Constantine in 355. Pope Vigilius fled from Justin to Chalcedon. Pope St. John I. passed by Corinth on his way to Constantinople, where he crowned Justin I. Here St. Agapitus died, and Pope Vigilius lived seven years, during which, as Legate of the Pope, he presided over the Fifth Ecumenical Council in 553. With him was Pope Pelagius I., then Archdeacon of the Church of Rome. In Constantinople also lived St. Gregory the Great when Apocrisarius, or Apostolic Nuncio. Later St. Martin I. was brought to the city and imprisoned by the Emperor Constantine. John V., in 680, was Legate of St. Agatho at the sixth Ecumenical Council, and Martin II. at the eighth. Several other Popes also



visited "New Rome" to confer with the emperors and act as legates or nuncios at various councils. To Pataros, in Lycea, was exiled Pope St. Sylvester in 537 by the Empress Theodora. The island of Crete gave birth to the beggar boy who afterward became Pope under the name of Alexander V.; and in the Crimea were martyred Popes Saints Clement I. and Martin I.

In treating of France, we are faced by the same difficulty as in considering Italy; for this "eldest daughter of the Church" has ever been known to the Popes almost as well as the more Southern country. No fewer than one hundred towns have souvenirs of Pontiffs who have belonged to the neighborhood or who have passed or stayed there. The chief is, of course, Avignon, to which the government of the Church was transferred from 1309 to 1362. Fourteen Popes (not to mention Antipopes) have been intimately connected with this city. Their famous fortress-palace still exists. Pope Adrian IV., the Englishman, was a lay-brother and afterward a choir monk and abbot of the Abbey of St. Rufus in the city. Julian II., the warrior Pope of the Della Rovere family, was a Bishop of Avignon; and Pius VII. received a most extraordinary ovation from the Avignoneses when led a prisoner to their city by Napoleon in 1809. At Chartres, Henry I. of England did homage to Pope Innocent II., to whom he proffered obedience on behalf of his subjects.

The great monasteries of Clairvaux, Cluny, and Cîteaux were frequent resorts of the Popes. Of Cluny, St. Gregory VII., Blessed Urban II., Paschal II., and Blessed Urban V. were monks. Gregory VI. and Gelasius II. died there. Fontainebleau, near Paris, is celebrated for two visits of Pope Pius VII.,—one to crown Napoleon in 1804, the other as his prisoner from 1812–1814. Pius VI. was a captive of the Directory at Grenoble at the close of the French Revolution in 1799; Pius VII. passed there in 1809. The same Pope

visited Lyons in 1804,—a city in which the thirteenth and fourteenth Ecumenical Councils were held in 1245 and 1275 by Popes Innocent IV. and Blessed Gregory X. The Blessed Innocent V. was its Archbishop in 1272. John VII., St. Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), Clement V., and John XII. also visited the city, the last two being crowned there. Benedict IX., Blessed Urban V., and Clement VII. were abbots of the Monastery of St. Victor at Marseilles. Of the University of Paris, Innocent III. was a student; Blessed Innocent V., successor of St. Thomas Aquinas as professor of theology; Alexander V., professor of philosophy and theology. Gregory XI. was a Canon of Paris. Leo XI. acted there as Papal Legate, and Urban VII. and Gregory XV. as Nuncios. Pius VII. held two consistories there, and lived in the city from 1804–8. He, like Leo XIII. later, visited with great devotion the Parisian Church of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The celebrated sanctuary of Notre Dame du Puy has been visited by six Popes; and several Pontiffs have studied at Rheims, where Leo III. was received by Charlemagne in 803, and Stephen V. crowned Louis le Débonnaire and the Empress Hermengarde thirteen years later. The Abbey of St. Denis, just outside the walls of Paris, the Westminster Abbey of France and tomb of her kings, has received several Popes. At Sens; St. Thomas of Canterbury came to the feet of Alexander III., by whom he was sent to the Abbey of Pontigny, where a hundred years later his successor, St. Edmund, the last canonized Archbishop of Canterbury, died in exile and is still enshrined.

Germany is less favored than France, yet many souvenirs of the Popes are to be found in its cities, notably traces of the journeyings of St. Leo IX., Count of Egisheim, who revisited his family castle several times as Pope, and consecrated churches at Metz, Strasburg and Sainte-Croix in Alsace-Lorraine, Cologne, Mainz,

Ratisbon, Treves, and Worms in Germany proper; in several of which places he encountered his cousin, the Emperor Henry III., surnamed the Black.

In Austria, Trent is famous for the great council at which Popes Julius III. and Marcellus II. were legates before their election to the See of Peter. Pius VI., in 1782, visited the Emperor Joseph II. at Vienna in an ineffectual attempt to put an end to the imperial persecution of the Church.

Belgium, small as it is, knew Leo XIII., who, as Apostolic Nuncio, lived in Brussels, 1843-1845; Innocent II., who visited King Lothair II. in 1151, in company with St. Bernard, and held a council at Liege, a city of which Urban IV. and Blessed Gregory X. were afterward archdeacons. Adrian VI. was educated at Louvain, became a doctor and chancellor of the University, and afterward, as Supreme Pontiff, founded a college which to this day goes by the name of "the Pope's College."

In Spain, several towns, noticeably Tortosa, Valencia, and Vict, had Popes as their bishops; and Pius IX. visited the Balearic Islands and Gibraltar on his way to and from America in 1823 and 1825.

Utrecht in Holland gave birth to Adrian VI. in 1459, the last Pope a foreigner to Italy.

In Portugal, John XXI. was born at Lisbon, and was Archbishop of Braga.

Even Sweden knew one Pope; for our own Adrian IV. was sent there as Legate Apostolic in 1148 by Eugene III., and worked with great zeal in the country.

Switzerland claims a visit of the Colonna Pope, Martin V., who did so much for the Pope's Cathedral in Rome—the Basilica of St. John Lateran, "mother of all churches of the City and of the World"; and Lausanne knew the Pope, Blessed Gregory X.

Even Africa has been visited by a Pope—St. Leo I., who, though but an acolyte, was sent by Pope Zosimus in 418 to carry to Carthage the condemna-

tion of the British monk and heretic, Pelagius. St. Victor, St. Melchiades, and St. Gelasius I. were Africans.

Only one Pope, Pius IX., has crossed the Atlantic Ocean to America. From March 6, 1824, to February 18, 1825, this Pontiff acted as auditor to Mgr. Muzi, Nuncio to Chili. He visited the missions of Chili, Peru, and Colombia, and endured hunger and even prison in voyages of zeal, which were to teach him how to be Supreme Pastor of the New World as well as of the Old.

Let us conclude with a word as to England's hospitality to the Vicars of Christ. We are apt to think that our only English Pope, Adrian IV., is our sole intimate link with the Holy See. It will, therefore, come as a surprise to learn that as many as five Popes have known the little island in the North Sea, and have each stayed there no little time. Among them are to be counted at least three of the most famous of the Popes.

We have said something above of Pope Adrian IV. We need not here trace his life; but it is interesting to gather together the details we have given of his voyages, and show how far-spreading was the influence of a Pope whose greatness was recognized more by historians of the Middle Ages than by us, who live at a distance from his time, and at a period when so many great Popes have succeeded him and perhaps eclipsed his memory.

Nicholas Breakspere was born at Abbots Langley, in the County of Hertford, not far from the ancient Roman town of Verulam, and its later successor, St. Albans. He was educated at the monastery of St. Albans, of which the ruins are still standing; the gateway serving now, as then, as a school. On reaching manhood, he became a monk; being admitted, as we have said, first as a lay-brother, later as a monk proper of the Abbey of St. Rufus at Avignon, in the South of France. He was eventually elected abbot in 1137. Ever vigorous, he attempted to reform the monks, who



made false complaints about him to Pope Eugenius III., who thereupon created him Bishop of Albano, and ordered his accusers to choose another ruler of their monastery. This was in 1144. Four years later the Bishop, now a Cardinal, was sent as Legate Apostolic to Sweden. There he put in order and regulated ecclesiastical affairs, and called together a council at Lincoping. On his return to Rome, he was elected Pope in 1154. He did much for the city of Rome and for Orvieto and other towns; and, while at war with William of Sicily, was besieged in Benevento, and compelled to conclude a treaty in 1156, by which the Sicilians, wishing to appeal to the Pope, were obliged to seek permission of the King, who also reserved to himself the right of receiving or not the pontifical legates. This treaty was afterward annulled by Innocent III., on the grounds that it had been extorted by violence. Adrian IV. died in 1159, while on a visit to Anagni.

The first Pope who visited England from abroad was Innocent III., under whom the Papacy reached perhaps the height of its glory. To him John of England offered his country, and received it back as a vassal kingdom. Innocent was, indeed, a Pontiff who knew what it was to have emperors and kings at his feet—one who was able to treat the monarchs of the nations of Europe as his servants. Like so many others, Innocent, then Lothair of the Counts of Segni, made his studies at the great University of Paris, the father of Oxford as a seat of learning. In his day, in France as in England, there was great devotion to St. Thomas the Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury,—a saint whose cult seems to have penetrated throughout all Europe; for even to this day devotion to him is practised, and relics of him are found, in cities of Italy, notably at Rome, where his tunic is preserved and exposed to veneration on the more important feasts, in the great Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, the most magnificent church of Our Lady in the

world. Just as it was the custom of English students (e. g., St. Edmund of Canterbury) to study in Paris, so, too, not a few of those who came from Italy and other countries to the great seat of learning profited by their nearness to England to cross the sea and pay a visit of devotion to the place of martyrdom and the shrine of the saint in Canterbury Cathedral. Among these young men was the student who afterward ascended the Throne of the Fisherman as Pope Innocent III.

Paris University sent a Pope to our shores. Later it gave us a university of our own (or indeed two, for Cambridge was founded from Oxford); and this first great English school of learning, in its turn, educated a Pope. For Alexander V. was what we should call to-day an "Oxford man," having made his studies as an undergraduate of that University. This Pope offers us a striking illustration of how wonderfully the Holy Ghost acts in the election of the Vicars of Christ. Just as the peasant boy of Riese now sits on the throne of St. Peter as Pope Pius X., and Nicholas Breakspere, the country lad of Hertfordshire, lived to reign over the Church of God as Adrian IV., so Alexander V. began life as a beggar boy abandoned by his parents in the island of Crete. Found by the Franciscans, he was taught the elements of Latin, and, when old enough, became a monk. He was sent to England, studied at Oxford, and became professor of philosophy and theology in the University of Paris. He later was nominated successively Bishop of Novara in Italy, Archbishop of Milan, and Cardinal. He was elected Pope by a Council at Pisa, reigned one year, and died in 1410 at Bologna.

Two other Popes have visited England. With them we conclude. One was Clement V., who was Nuncio to London prior to his election as Pope, 1342-1352. The other is of our own day—Leo XIII., immediate predecessor of the present Holy Father.

Brownie.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

## III.

**O**NE Saturday, when the practice was finished, the organist had to go in search of Brownie. Her father had come down from the organ-loft, and was kneeling at the end of the church; and the child was far away in one of the aisles, standing on a bench looking up at a stained-glass window. It was a sunny day, and she was in the midst of a rainbow of glorious colors. Mrs. Wicks, of the chandler's shop, had made her a little cloak, with a pointed hood to draw over her head. 'This cloak was now wrapped not only round herself but round the doll and the bear. The bronze curls peeped from under the hood. The eager eyes sparkled.

"Please," she said, seizing the organist by the coat when he came near the bench she was standing on (of course she knew the organist well), — "please what's that bluey-green man being done to?"

The child knew colors; for she had been taught by Harry to hand to her father the pieces of dyed straw or willow that he wanted for his mats and baskets.

The organist took a good look at the window.

"That must be the cure of the blind man."

"Is that greeny-blue man blind?"

"Yes."

"Like father?"

"Yes."

"Why is he putting his fingers in his eyes?"

"He is pointing to his eyes, Brownie. He said: 'Lord, that I may see!'"

"Tell me!" said Brownie, taking a tighter twist of his coat. Nor did the little hand let go till she had pleaded for and heard the whole of the story. The top button of his coat was in great danger; but he loved children, and risked the button.

This, he told her, was a blind man who sat by the wayside begging. And there was a crowd going by, and he asked what was all the noise.

"You know what a noise your boots make, Brownie, when I have to tell you to go down out of the organ-loft? Well, there were lots and lots of people—look at them there!—so they made a great noise. Then they told the beggar that Jesus was passing by,—Jesus, Our Lord," said the organist, with a reverent look toward the altar. "He is over there now, you know, behind the little gold curtain. The blind man began to call out to Our Lord; and they told him to stop, but he wouldn't stop, because he knew Jesus could do everything, and he wanted to call Him. So the more they told the poor blind man to be quiet, the more he called out: 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!' And Jesus stood still and told them to bring him—to lead him as you lead your father; and then Our Lord asked the poor fellow what he would like to have done for him. And the poor man said: 'Lord, that I may see!' And then Jesus made him see, and so he was not blind any more."

The little hand let go the coat, and in a moment, with a scrambling jump, the child was down off the bench, and making her way, toys and all, to the altar rail. The organist heard her small treble voice speaking in a beseeching whisper where she knelt beneath the red lamp, with all her little heart going out toward the golden curtain.

"Jesus, listen! Oh, please do make him see!"

Then Brownie got up from her knees with a swinging effort, for her arms were full; and, as she passed, the watcher saw that the eyes of the child were swimming with tears. She went away, almost trotting in her haste. Her father was waiting for her in the porch. The big tear did not fall on his hand; and he only wondered why her little breath came and went so fast, and why she did not



speak at once. But he did notice that she was excited when she began to talk; the words tumbled over each other.

"Father, He is going to do for you like—I've asked Him to do for you—like—like—it was—he told me—a mizzicle window—the bluey-green man."

"You shouldn't have asked the gentleman to do anything for me, my darling! What is it?"

"It's like for the blue man on the mizzicle window."

"I don't want to be a blue man," said the father, gleefully. "What's it all about, eh?"

"I want—you—to—see," said Brownie slowly, rubbing her loving little cheek to his hand.

"But I can't see, my darling! And we are getting on all right. Are we near the corner? I haven't touched the lamp-post."

"That's the lamp-post." She trotted briskly, looking up at him. "You will see, won't you, father? I asked Him to make you see—same as He did to the bluey-green beggy man on the mizzicle window."

"Oh, now I know!" said the poor man. "But, my darling, maybe I'm better left as I am."

"Oh, no, no, no!" Brownie held his hand and jumped with every denial. "You won't be blind. You must see same as everybody. Don't say you won't, father dear!"

"But, my pet, mother used to say if we pray for things like that, perhaps we don't get them, because it might not be good for us. But mother said our prayers are all heard; and if we don't get what we ask for, we are sure to get something better."

Brownie's baby wits could not take all this in. She had set her heart upon one thing. Could it be conceivable that she was not to get it?

"He will,—He *will*!" she said, with tears in her voice.

"But it would be a miracle," the poor man argued.

"Them's the mizzicle windows. You told me they was mizzicle windows." Brownie thought that settled it.

"People got cured like that when Our Lord was walking about in this world," said the father, patiently. "That was the cure of the blind man that sat by the wayside. The Lord was walking about then. It's not the same."

"I did ask Him,—I did," said Brownie. "And *He* is the same."

Then they turned the corner of Little Paradise Street, and they soon were in Brick Alley.

One can not imagine that Brownie ceased to "ask," for she did not forget. Who can follow the daydreams of little children? Who knows how often the baby thoughts went back to the "mizzicle window." And the love in her heart "cried out much more." No one knew why a sudden sadness came into her eyes and kept them dreamy, when she was humming her old doll to sleep; no one was there that could see. Even while the barrel-organ made its merry rowdy music far below, Brownie had a wistful look, as she sat on the top stairs listening, and drumming with her feet. She was very fond of the top stairs when she wanted to keep "father" company, and to be at hand to sort the straws for him. On the top stairs one heard the music of the court and the children dancing. Sometimes Brownie went down and danced, too. On the top stairs one saw the sky darken, and the stars came out at an infinite distance. One could see them through the landing window,—not through the skylight, for that was so dusty. Brownie had her dreams under the stars, and other dreams earlier in the glow of the firelight.

Her father always worked on, patiently. Daylight and twilight and darkness were the same to him. But, somehow, the place felt very cosy and homelike when the kettle was singing on the fire, and the shadows were dancing on the wall, and "the downstairs cat" had already

come up, as a sign that Mrs. Wicks would soon come with the toast and make the tea. Then Brownie must have been thinking of the "mizzicle window"; for she would sometimes go over to her father's corner, and draw down his bent head and begin to cover his thin cheek with kisses.

"Can you see me, father? Can you see me—just a little bit?"

"No, darling,—no!"

And then she would hold his old cheek against hers that was so soft, and keep him tightly with the fat hands about his neck. He was forced to wait and rest. She said no further word. When would it be? To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,—the days would go on. Would he some day say, "Yes, I see you, Brownie"? The kettle sang, and the clock ticked, and the red coals moved a little in the fire. The kisses went from his face to his rough, worn hand.

"There, there, my darling! I shall get no work done."

"Don't do any more,"—from the little pleader. "Pussy is come."

"Ah, that means tea! I hear Mrs. Wicks on the stairs. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Wicks!"

And then the teacups and plates began to clatter gaily out of the cupboard.

"Mrs. Wicks, I've been thinking the Teddy bear is up too late these times. Could you spare five minutes at seven o'clock to put the bear to bed? Brownie will have her prayers said, and then she will go straight to bed with the bear, and be better able to get up in the morning."

Mrs. Wicks was doing what she could to "mother" the child; and, as she had six children of her own and a small shop, the work was not easily done. Any one who has seen life in such places as Brick Alley and Little Paradise Street must have come to the conclusion that the active charity of the poor is far beyond the easy giving of the rich. Charles Dickens saw it long ago, and counted

it above all praise: "What the poor do for the poor is known only to themselves and God."

In this state of friendliness, almost being one of the Wicks family, Brownie sometimes sat on the counter in the chandler's shop, and gazed and listened. The little place was the "everything shop" of a poor neighborhood. One could buy not only soap and candles, but tea and mouse-traps, and of course sweets. Brownie sometimes had a sweet or two, or the broken biscuits out of the very cheap box. So had the other children. But it was one of Brownie's puzzles that some sweets and biscuits in the shop were called profits. She had gone all the way up to her father one day with her one sweet, and said:

"Father, I've got a profit for you."

He thought for a few confused moments of the Old Testament stories in a book of his boyhood,—Balaam and the ass, Daniel in the lions' den. Then his fingers felt something like a button with no stem—a sticky button,—ah, a sweet!

"Mrs. Wicks," explained the little girl, "gave us one each. Tommy got his hand in the bottle, he did! Mrs. Wicks said Tommy would eat up all the profits."

The father had to pretend to eat this "profit." He quietly hid it behind a spotted china dog on the mantelpiece, to be given some other time. It was wonderful to see how he touched the china without moving it. While he was reaching up to the china dog, he diverted the child's attention by asking how much she had in her money-box.

"Don't know," said Brownie; and she climbed up on a chair, and took her box from a shelf and shook it. "Did you like it?"

That sweet had been a real sacrifice. She could not have said so in words, but the only comfort was that the gift had left a blank, and that blank was the proof of her love.

"Thank you, my darling! And what



are you going to do with your money?"

"I's got a secret," replied Brownie.  
"I's got a secret!"

And, after dancing on the wooden chair with great risk of a tumble, she pushed the box back on the shelf again, and jumped down.

"Why do they call those red sweets profits, father? Do you like profits?"

"That's Greek. I don't understand that, Brownie," the blind man said. "You must remind me to-night when I finish this mat, and we can have a game of looking for a sweet; for I know there is one somewhere."

Poor Jeffs often said he was looking for a thing when he meant that he was "feeling" for it. Anything on the mantel piece was absolutely safe from Brownie. She might go for her money-box to the shelf in the corner, but she was never to stand on a chair to take anything off the mantelpiece. The first lesson that had ever been got into the curly head was that, if she loved her father, she was to keep his commandments. It was because she loved her father that she was safe from danger. It was all a parable. Later the meaning would expand, perhaps, to the vast horizon of life. At present the baby Brownie did as she was told out of love.

It was about this time that the child had begun to ask new questions. The first question was asked of Mrs. Wicks' eldest boy, after a customer had been talking in the shop. Brownie had been trying to play "house" down behind the counter among the boxes, with the bear and Rosabella and one or two fair little Wicks children.

"What is London, Harry?"

"Oh, London is a big place—streets and streets and streets!"

"Is it up?"—looking at the ceiling.

Harry began to dance from one foot to the other, with the old nursery rhyme:

"One foot up and one foot down  
And that is the way to London town!"

"Where does one go up?" Brownie asked, with the persistence of a child.

"Up where?"

"Up to London."

Brownie was imagining the little town, mostly Brick Alley and Little Paradise Street, away up in the air on vague, cloudy heights.

"Where is it up?" she repeated. "How does one go?"

"One goes by train. It takes a pot of money."

"Why must one have a pot?"

"Well, no: one needn't have a pot. A money-box full would do. But one must have the money."

"Would sixpence do?"

"Sixpence!" Harry whistled and then laughed aloud. The question was never answered.

Brownie asked her father another day:

"How do they go up to London? Where is it up? Would the train take one there for a whole sixpence, a whole shilling?"

It was soon after this period of asking questions that the organist waited in vain for the blind man to blow the organ one Saturday afternoon. He wondered if the poor man was ill; and, after waiting an hour, he made his way to Brick Alley. When he went into the shop and asked where was Mr. Jeffs, a small head appeared over the counter,—a head with the whitish hair common to the Wicks children.

"Brownie is got the tarlet feber," said the child, not without some pride in so important an event. "Brownie is gone to ze ospiddle."

(Conclusion next week.)

YOUR time admits of several divisions, but there is one invariable rule: no part of it should pass *uselessly*; for every hour concerns your salvation,—every hour has a duty appointed for it by God Himself, and of which He will demand account; for, from our first to our last moment, He has given us no instant in vain or to be lost.—*Fénelon*.

## A Thrilling Episode.

BY A. T. S.

**D**URING the autumn of this year a new and thrilling page was added to those annals of heroism which Canada—which Montreal—has supplied to the world. They had their beginnings when the first settlers landed upon the island, which stood directly in the warpath of the Iroquois, there to live out that epic of Christian chivalry which has elicited the admiration even of those most hostile to the Church.

Mgr. Merel, Bishop of Canton, China, finding the number of his missionary helpers inadequate, requested Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, to send him, if possible, some Canadian Sisters for the care of the lepers in China. How that zealous "Bishop of the Sacred Heart" must have rejoiced at being able to comply with the request,—the more especially as that particular class of the afflicted (and there are more than 25,000 of them in the Chinese Empire) were vividly brought before the minds of Canadians a few years ago by the visit to the various cities of the Dominion, as well as to the United States, of Father Conrardy, once the devoted assistant to Father Damien. The scene of his labors had been transferred to China; and, in his complete devotion to the cause, he had studied medicine and taken his degree as a doctor. The picture that he drew of the condition of his miserable charges was, in its every detail, appalling and revolting to human nature. If allowed to live at all, they were abandoned by relatives and friends, who desired only their death. Thrown together in pits or huddled in wretched huts, they were left to unspeakable misery.

Father Conrardy, who was of impressive and venerable aspect, with a countenance that bespoke an ardent soul, delivered an address in more than one of the

Montreal churches, where many were moved to tears and all were profoundly affected by the pictures which he placed before his auditory. The collection plate heaped high with bills was a most practical proof of the sympathy that had been evoked. Possibly amongst the congregation in one or other of those churches were those volunteers for the most sacred of contests, the story of whose heroism is about to be told.

Archbishop Bruchési, in compliance with the request of that far-away diocese, turned his attention to the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. They form the nucleus of an Order founded, in comparatively recent years, by the late Abbé Bourassa, professor of Laval and parish priest of St. Louis de France. The brother of Mr. Henri Bourassa, a picturesque figure in Canadian politics, and grandson of the celebrated Louis Joseph Papineau, the gifted Abbé had the ardent soul and the deep spirituality to which would forcibly appeal that vision of distant missions, where the voices of those sitting in darkness are crying for the light. This community seemed to be as the supplement to all those religious Congregations already in existence by which Montreal provides for every form of human misery, as well as for intellectual needs. To this community, then, the Archbishop turned his thoughts, and the result of his appeal is told in simple and graphic language. He wrote to Mgr. Merel as follows:

"I went to the convent. The nuns knew my object. I addressed forty of them, and I said: 'My children, the work I propose to you to-day is one that will involve abnegation and sacrifice. But beautiful and glorious as the charity taught and practised by the Divine Master is the care bestowed upon the leprous women. Will you undertake it? Any Sister who is willing to do so will please stand up.' My Lord Bishop, the forty nuns present at once stood up. The matter is, therefore, settled, and I am



glad that it is. Your lepers will be placed under the care of nuns from Montreal, and I am convinced that this will be a source of blessings and graces for our diocese."

Though all had volunteered, and though to all belonged the merit of that stupendous sacrifice, the choice fell upon three young religious: Sister St. Francis, Miss Clara Hebert; Sister St. Raphael, Miss Melvina Biran; and Sister Mary Bernadette, Miss Alma Leger. On the morning of their departure, Mass was celebrated at the Church of St. Viateur, near the convent at Outremont on the outskirts of Montreal. It was a solemn and deeply touching ceremony, at which were present the parents and friends of those about to depart. The heroic three sat in the front pew, and immediately behind them were their sorrowing relatives. The choir which sang the Mass was composed of twelve of those who regretted rather than rejoiced that they were to be left behind. So that there was something particularly solemn, thrilling, and affecting, especially the hymns which touched every heart. They were the *cantiques* of childhood and youth. How solemn their significance now!

Father Charbonneau, parish priest of Outremont, addressed a few words of farewell to those favored ones of his flock who had risen thus to the shining heights of self-immolation. "Your example," he declared, "will shine out to the world. Such devotion to the Faith has never been surpassed,—a devotion which prompts three young virgins to break asunder all human ties and give themselves entirely to the service of the Saviour. You, in truth, are bearing the light with you into the shadow of death. Yours is an example stronger than any words. And yet you are happy in your choice. You have been prepared for the call; and, though all are in wonderment at your self-sacrifice and obedience, it is a glad occasion,—an occasion for the joyful singing of a *Te Deum*. And when you reach that far-off land and begin

your life-work of tending those suffering ones, and leading them to the knowledge of their Saviour, think and pray for those whom you have left behind. Let your thoughts be with us, as ours will be with you, throughout the long years to come."

There were few dry eyes in the church at the conclusion of this address. Only the faces of the consecrated three who were about to leave forever native land, home, friends and kindred, were calm and serene. For beyond the blue sky that shone above their beloved Mount Royal they could already perceive, with the certainty of living faith, that other country which should know neither the tears of the exile nor the heartache of farewells.

It is not easy to imagine the sentiments of the sorrowing relatives—father, mother, or other near of kin—who assembled at the railway station later in that same August day, to bid their loved ones good-bye (in so far as this life is concerned) forever. Yet, despite the sensational accounts published in some of the daily papers, which in that respect lacked the element of truth, there were no faintings, no collapses. Sorrow there was, and it must have been deep and intense; but it was wonderfully restrained and dignified. Yet, humanly speaking, that was a heartrending moment when the three black-robed figures, heroic with the heroism which the world can not understand, stood upon the platform of the observation car belonging to the Imperial Limited, to catch a last glimpse, until eternity, of those whom they had so loved.

Even strangers were moved to tears as the warning bell rang and the train moved out from the station. The faces of the three Sisters, then as throughout, were inalterably calm and even cheerful, despite the human agony that must have been rending their hearts. For, apart from the trials, the privations, the vicissitudes, the dangers, of the 'missionary calling which

they had embraced,—apart from the fact that thousands of miles of land and water were to divide them from the people that they loved,—they were to be confronted with the horrors of the leper settlement on the bleak island of Sheeklung in China, with the grim possibility of death, long-lingering, to conclude the harrowing drama of their future existence. Moreover, there was the element of finality that had entered into every detail of that departure. Those who set out for other missions, however distant, might return; but those who bent their steps toward the leper settlements were to return no more, however long or however short might be the term of their lives.

"When will they return?" asked some one in the crowd.

"They will *never* return," answered a priest who was standing near. "They are going to live in a leper colony for the rest of their lives."

"For their lives!" exclaimed the questioner. "I did not think there was that much courage or heroism left in this age."

And the lepers to whom they are to minister are not even of their own race, nor of any white race, but yellow-skinned Mongolians, and in many instances pagans, to whom would have to be brought the healing of the spirit no less than the alleviation of bodily woes, and that light of faith which should illumine the darkness of their moral as well as physical misery. So that thrilling episode is altogether consonant with the history of Montreal,—that city which owed its birth to the courage and the generosity, to the faith and sublime charity of a handful of French Catholics. And in the gross materialism that has fallen like a blight on the cities of the world, and that threatens to engulf the twentieth century, examples such as these stand out like the "lamp on the holy candlestick," and point the way upward to the perfect day.

The train which bore away those high-hearted religious left a sorrowing phalanx behind them, and a wondering one as

well, with something of exultation and of pride in the common humanity. Secular papers through the length and breadth of the Dominion, those of every hue, including some that are usually yellow or even black, had a half column or at least a paragraph. In every one of them was sounded the note of wonder how in the twentieth century such a thing was possible, and that its motive was solely the love of God and of humankind.

But to those of the household of Faith it was the same old story,—rather the same old song of triumph that has sounded through the ages. For every day, in a greater or less degree, the children of the Church give examples of sublime heroism. Now it is a Sister of Charity in a hospital ward or on the field of battle; again, it is a secular priest (the papers are full of such instances every day) who, in the performance of his ordinary round of duty, rises to superhuman heights, ministering to the plague-stricken, standing at the post of duty when death of one kind or another is staring him in the face; or, once again, it is a member of a religious Order who girds himself for some supreme struggle in the remotest quarters of the world.

Meanwhile the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who have remained behind in their quiet convent at Outremont, with the certainty before them that one day they, too, shall be called to forsake home and friends for the spread of Christ's kingdom, may be congratulated. Felicitations are likewise in order to the Catholics of Montreal, who are honored thus in these courageous members of the Fold; and congratulations, too, may be offered to his Grace the Archbishop, who was the instrument in procuring such effective help for that distant and sadly-afflicted corner of the vineyard.

THE disposition to give a cup of cold water is far nobler property than the finest intellect.—*Howells*.



## God's Poet.\*

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

FOR him who smote the harp, the harp is smitten;

For him whose voice was gold, a song we raise,  
Who greater was and is than all that's written,  
Said or imagined in his boundless praise.

The man that is the style,

The soul that is the man,

Him whole we scan

With vision heaven-loaned a while.

In all his works a poet, he,

Chrism'd of Christ and Castaly,

Whose words enriched the treasure-board of time  
In lofty thought of prose and rime:

Poet, say I, in all his works, 'tis meet

We lay our laurels at the poet's feet.

Poet, the very word is kin of God,

Who made the quiring Cherubim and stars,

The seven-chorded harp of light,

Alternate chant of day and night;

Made lyric every wind and breeze,

Tonèd with tempest, or lulling low-strewn bars;

God wrought the surging epic of the seas.

Yea, and the murmuring sod,

All nature, joins into His harmonies.

He gave thee, poet, true and kind,

The poet's eye, the poet's mind;

The noise-disdaining, chastened ear

To catch what few men hear.

He made thy heart a symphony

Accord of fit diversity,

Wherein the valor of the valiant met

The meek, with eyelids wet.

The lion and the lamb thou wert,

With peace sword-girt.

Thou wert the eagle and the dove,

Strong-winged with love.

Thy bounds were Northern fiords and soft South  
shores of green,

With the glad, strong ocean of thy being slung  
between.

Thou wert, O poet, seer and sage,

And thou wert more.

He who had writ and folded many a page

In the dim-cloistered rock,

Who said, "Let there be light!"

Was He who came in weakness dight

And wore

The fool's own robe of white.

Who, dying, 'mid earth's shock,

Left thee, when that His head drooped down,

His purple and His crown.

And thou hast worn them all the years—

The poet's royalty of blood and tears,—

The poet who is priest and hierarch;

Who in the dark,

Aloft, away,

Learns secrets of the day;

Who dwells within the cloud,

Above the crowd,

And issues forth a space

With spirit wrung,

Jehovah's lightnings on his face,

And Sinai's thunders on his shaken tongue.

Poet, thy chasuble

Became thee well.

Thy singing robes were cloths of pride,

Who hadst thy vesture from God's side.

And thou didst weave a strain

Where earth and heaven twain

Grew one,

Till, mighty, lo,

In its full power,

Thy song was sudden done!

God made thee mute

As one might hush a lute.

Then art thou silent, so?

Ah, no!

This pregnant hour,

No land but owns the valor of thy voice,

While all who hear it wonder and rejoice;

Thy silence best of all

Is musical.

God, in the interval,

O poet of high grace,

Has left His music in thy face

As in a frozen waterfall!

In thy meek amity

And gentle childlikeness

Are tones the tempest never woke,

But which are spoke

At dusk-fall in the silver hush of heaven.

\* Read at the celebration of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Spalding, Peoria, Ill., Nov. 24.

For God has made—  
 Oh, let us tell it loud and free,  
 Yea, even  
 To every wind on every sea!  
 God's made a poem of thee,—  
 Struck thee, as one might strike a lyre,  
 Whose answer grows a strain  
 Of mingled love and pain  
 And infinite desire.

Thus, thus is silence fraught  
 With singing past all thought.  
 Thou art, O poet, great and strong,—  
 Thou art thy song!

### Mère Rivalot's Mental Prayer.

BY ALICE DEASE.\*

**D**URING the night the whole of the market-place had been covered inches deep with snow. But before day-break the white expanse was broken by stalls and booths; and in a couple of hours the beaten-down snow, especially where the schoolboys had been pounding it into slides, was almost as slippery as a surface of ice would have been.

Men and women pushing handcarts had to pick their steps warily, so as not to lose their footing altogether. And when Mère Rivalot came along, her barrow laden, in spite of the inclemency of the season, with carrots and turnips, onions, cabbages, and even cauliflowers, between keeping on her feet and proclaiming aloud the variety and excellence of her goods, she had little attention to spare for her surroundings.

For some time she pushed forward, her head bowed in line with her shoulders that were strapped down by the weight of her barrow. But all at once her eyes fell on the hem of an uplifted soutane, a pair of black woollen stockings, and buckled shoes that seemed familiar. Stopping her cart, she put up her hand, to shade from her eyes the rays of the sun, which was showing redly on the horizon;

and a look of satisfaction came over her face as a result of her investigation.

"I was right!" she murmured to herself. "I thought I knew those shoes. It is Père Tarderieu. Well, this is a surprise!"

And, turning her cart with deftness and celerity, she found herself face to face with an astonished priest, who suddenly saw his way blocked by a heap of potatoes and carrots.

"Good-morning, Father!" said the owner of the cart in quick, decisive tones. "Have you forgotten who I am?"

The priest paused and looked inquiringly at her before answering:

"Mère Rivalot, unless I am mistaken."

"That's it, Father,—Mère Rivalot and no one else. As soon as I saw your shoes coming along through the snow I said to myself: 'Here comes Père Tarderieu.' Then I remembered that you had gone away from St. Ignatius' here for good, and I looked at your face to make sure. You haven't changed a bit."

"Nor have you, Mère Rivalot."

"Oh, I! Old women don't change much. A few wrinkles, more or less, on an old face make very little difference."

"Well, that's all right, so far as it goes. But now how about yourself? How are you getting on? You know what I mean."

"You mean how long is it since I went to my duties, Father?" and the old woman shook her head knowingly. "Well, not too long,—I promised you that, you know. And if you are staying over Christmas—"

"Yes, yes, but my confessional is on the right of the church now."

"That's a comfort. M. le Curé is a very good man, but—well, Father, I want you to explain some things to me."

"For example?" questioned the priest.

"For one thing," began the old woman, "he says we must—we must practise mental prayer."

"Well, so we ought," replied Père Tarderieu, a smile lurking in the depths of his eyes; "and I am sure we do, only we call it by another name."

"So *you* do, I dare say," replied Mère

\* Adapted from the French.



Rivalot. "But how can you expect an old woman who can't do more than read and write to manage that kind of fancy thing?"

"Fancy thing! Whoever spoke of mental prayer as a fancy thing!" exclaimed the priest, smiling broadly now. "Come, Mère Rivalot! It's hardly a day for loitering about; but if you will walk along this way with me, we'll have a little talk. Christmas is coming — is it not? — in a week or ten days."

"Ten days, Father," replied the old woman, pushing her handcart along in front of her.

"And you know what this feast is that we shall celebrate in ten days?"

"To be sure I do. And why not? Didn't I myself give the curate the flour for making snow on the Crib last year?"

"Well then, you can imagine the Infant Jesus coming into a cold, snowy world like this. Remember, His parents were very poor, and they did not have many clothes for Him, and no bed at all but the manger where the ox and ass had been eating. The Blessed Virgin laid Him in the straw; and St. Joseph, you may be sure, put his cloak around the two of them to protect them as best he could; whilst the beasts drew near to do their part by breathing warm breath in the cold, dark cave. For it was only a cave, you know, — just a hole in the rocks by the roadside. And can you picture Mère Rivalot going into that cave, hardly daring to ask if she could do anything for the tender little newborn Baby, lying on His rough straw bed. There now! What do you think of that for mental prayer?"

"Father, you are making fun of me! That mental prayer! Well, I never!"

"Yes, that is mental prayer, if, when you have brought all these things before your mind, you make an act of the love of God, who has loved us so much that He was willing to come down into the cold and poverty and discomfort of the cave for our sakes. Do you understand what I mean?"

"To be sure I understand that."

"And, then, you know, if we want to keep clear of all the evil we meet with every day in the world, we must think of this kind of thing every morning for a few minutes, just to remind ourselves of the love of God; and to help us to be strong against His enemies."

"Yes, yes! That's only common-sense."

They had come to the corner of the market-place, where Mère Rivalot had to turn her cart; and, with a word of farewell, the priest went on his way, leaving the old woman to continue the sale of her vegetables, though her mind was not as usual concentrated on her work.

The ten days that went by before Christmas brought a great change in the weather; and a fortnight after their first meeting the priest and the old apple-woman met again, but this time in the depths of an almost impenetrable fog. Even with care, it was not easy to prevent the handbarrow being a danger to the passers-by; and this time the priest became aware of the old woman's presence as he felt the ends of the carrots and onions sweep his sleeve.

"Mère Rivalot, I suppose?"

"Why, it's Père Tardierieu!"

Their exclamations came together, and both paused where they could see each other's outlines in the fog. Again there were greetings, and then he began to question her on the result of their last talk.

"And the mental prayer?" he asked. "How is it getting on?"

"Couldn't be better, Father," was the reassuring answer.

And then she went on to tell how she had first tried it in the little chapel where she usually went to six-o'clock Mass, and how from the first it had been a success. She thought about Christmas — the first Christmas of long ago — as if something intimately her own; something that brought to her personally a feeling of joy, yet mingled with regret; and in so thinking she felt that the daily

worries of her life were being shared by some one infinitely tender, yet infinitely great and powerful.

"The straw was hard and rough," she said, as though telling of what had happened under her own eyes; "but I pulled it out and made it soft and smooth for Him, poor little Darling! Then there were draughts in the cave,—ugh, but it was cold! So, with what was over of the straw, I stuffed up as many holes as I could. That made it more comfortable for them all. But you would only laugh if I told you all the things this old head of mine thought of to do for Him."

"Laugh?" repeated the priest, "why should I laugh at what you have done to help Our Lord in His sufferings?"

The old woman gave her cart a push that set it in motion again.

"The snow is gone," she remarked; "but it is too cold for standing about, all the same."

They moved away together. But, before leaving her, the priest put yet another question.

"Shall I give you another subject for your mental prayer?" he asked.

"Another! Gracious no, Father! I haven't nearly done with that one yet, and I like it too much to think of another. It will last me for at least a fortnight yet. Why, only this morning I was saying to myself: 'My poor Mère Rivalot, I am afraid you are a discontented, tiresome old woman. Your life is a bit hard, to be sure; but, after all, when you come in at night you have a good roof over you, a comfortable bed, and something to light a fire with. You have enough to eat and a warm home for your hard old body, whilst He—a soft, tender, tiny Baby,—what had He? He comes of His own will into the world, and to what sort of home does He come? A hole by the roadside. What sort of bed? A bundle of straw.' Why, Father, you don't know how all that helps. And all day long, whilst I am pulling this old barrow about the streets, I think of Him dragging

His Cross. And if the strap hurts my shoulders—and it does sometimes when the cart is full,—I think of His shoulder under twenty times the weight I carry. No, no, I don't want another subject just yet,—thank you, Father!"

And the priest, going his way, felt something wet upon his eyelashes. It might have been the fog collecting there, but I think those drops were salt and warm.

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### A Pilgrimage to Saint Albans.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

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**N**EITHER professedly nor formally was it a pilgrimage, but rather a short train journey, on a glorious September Saturday afternoon. Still, even such an expedition can, it is hoped, be undertaken in something resembling a pilgrim spirit, evoked in no small measure by the associations of the place itself. For it was here that England's proto-martyr, a soldier and a layman, laid down his life, not merely for the Faith, but also to save that of another. And, if it be true that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," what shall we say of one who laid it down, as it would seem, for an unknown stranger?

In this way, and by this act of consecration, was the Roman town of Verulam dedicated to Saint Alban. The building of an abbey followed, as one may say, in due course. But this is not the place for its detailed history. We may note, however, that the abbey church was saved from destruction, at the time of the Great Pillage, by the civic patriotism of the citizens of Saint Albans, who bought it outright for their own use. To say that this church was Benedictine is to say that it was large, grand, magnificent. It has been generously, if not over-judiciously, restored of recent years by our separated brethren, its present possessors; the criticism as to judiciousness,



or fitness, applying rather to the western end than to the interior.

It is that interior which chiefly concerns the pilgrim. He notes first the faded frescoes (principally of the Crucifixion) on the Norman pillars of the nave,—on the north side, those on the south side being of a later style: fourteenth as compared with eleventh century architecture. But what he chiefly notes is the solid stone screen between the nave and the monks' choir, once crowned by the great Rood, or Calvary, but now used, *more Anglicano*, as an organ-loft. (When I say "Anglican" I mean "traditional Church of England.") There is a Communion table, of a very moderate-evangelical type, in front of this screen to-day, as there was once, doubtless, an altar for the people's Mass, when the monks ministered to the town-folk whose homes clustered round the abbey church and formed the town of Saint Albans.

Passing by way of the south ambulatory and a locked gate, we come to the choir and transepts, under the great red brick Norman tower. The stalls and bishop's throne (it is now a bishopric) are modern, and, so far as we are competent to judge, fairly consonant with their surroundings. A wooden statue of the church's patron stands, facing eastward, over the door leading from the choir into the space between it and the stone screen across the nave, already spoken of—the width of the old Rood and of the modern organ-loft.

But if this first screen attracts the pilgrim's notice, much more is it drawn to the lofty reredos over what was once the high altar. The present holders—we may not, even by the utmost stretch of Christian charity, call them the possessors—of the abbey have undone here, as in so many other places, reverently, devoutly, generously, and in all honesty and good faith, the destruction wrought by their spiritual ancestors (of whom they are rightly growing ashamed) in the evil days of the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries. The Crucified Christ once more dominates the whole of the great stone reredos, drawing all eyes and, let us hope and pray, all hearts unto Himself, even as He said He would do if He were lifted up from the earth.

We, at least, to whom the abbey still belongs by right divine,—we, whose fathers in the faith of Mary's Dowry, of Catholic England, first built this house of God, can not but pray that those who have gone so far, and given so liberally, to restore it to its ancient splendor, may be rewarded, as they surely deserve, by seeing it, themselves, and their country restored to that unity of Christendom which they (or so many of them) now earnestly desire to attain to.

Once more we pass into the ambulatory; and, treading carefully to avoid stepping on the consecrated altar-stone, with its five crosses, now let into the floor (as it was, blasphemously and of diabolical malice, at the time of the "glorious Reformation"), we come to, what I suppose, was the "feretory"—the place of the great relics,—between the high altar and the Lady Chapel. And here the Catholic pilgrim, if the place chance to be deserted at the moment, kneels reverently at the ruined shrine, and, kissing, if his devotion so move him (as it surely ought), the sacred stones, offers first a "Hail Mary" for the conversion of England, and then asks the intercession of "the blessed saint and martyr, Saint Alban," for the land wherein, and for whose Faith (in a very real sense), he shed his blood. *Sancte Albane, ora pro patria nostra, pro fratribus nostris.*

Thus it is that the spirit and the associations of this ancient shrine serve to change a Saturday expedition into an old-fashioned and, it may be, a spiritually profitable pilgrimage. Before leaving the "feretory," we note, on the rear wall of the great reredos, the statues of our Blessed Lady, Saint Peter, Saint John the Baptist, and other saints; just as we noted, round the Crucified Christ, the

noble company of saints, each in the niche that belonged, we may surely believe, to him or to her when the reredos was first set up.

From the feretory we come, in due ecclesiastical order, to the Lady Chapel, used until a few years ago as a school, but now restored (so far as we have any right to expect, under present circumstances) to the worship of God. Yet we can not help noting—not, we trust, in any captious spirit—that the modern window is a picture of Our Lord in glory, with no reference, if we remember rightly, to His Blessed Mother. It shows (again we can not help thinking) not so much a due and fitting reverence for Him to whom all reverence is supremely due, as the working of that strange, essentially heretical, and therefore devilish, spirit which has led, and still leads, devout and pious Protestants to manifest, as they believe, the honor which they owe Him by dishonoring her of whom, “for us men, and for our salvation,” He deigned to take flesh.

Yet, since they have set her statue up at the back of the reredos, close against the Cross of her Son; since they have restored her “Lady Chapel,” as they call it, to the only form of divine worship they have ever known, may we not hope and trust that she, the chiefest, and most powerful of all our intercessors with her Son, our Lord and God,—she who “alone hath overcome all heresies in all the world,” will “intercede for our separated brethren” (and for us); will overcome the heresy that has so long misled their souls, and heal the schism that has kept them for nearly four centuries outside the Fold of the Good Shepherd? If so, may we not hope that this present pilgrimage to the shrine of England’s first martyr, which, I trust and believe, my readers have made with me, will avail, through her merits and intercession, however unworthy in itself, toward the end which she, with her Son and all the saints, doubtless so earnestly desires?

## The American Catholic Novel.

BY RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER, O. S. A.

THE Great American Novel has been argued about, discovered, and denied so many times that it has nearly come to be a myth. We are almost amused when any book, forthcoming or printed, is hailed as the long-looked-for novel that is truly representative of American life. In the days when America was sectional it was out of the question to expect any book, laid in any section, to do more than show the way life was lived in that division of the country. New England was one land, one religion, one set of customs; Virginia was another; the growing West was a third; and the far South, centring to New Orleans, a fourth. There was no American life.

Now, however, when New England is but a convenient grouping of States on the map, when the West, to the Mississippi, calls itself the East, when the South has forgotten “Before the War,” it seems that it is time to look for a book that can really be subtitled “A Novel of America.” The story of America is here. It needs but the seer with eye clear enough and the novelist with soul and heart big enough to see our country as she is, to know where she suffers, and to love and understand her as she lives.

The growth of a great Catholic novel of American life is more complex than the building of the American novel itself. The field is narrower, it is true; but the things which must come in to make such a novel are so many and are so sharply varied that they require a depth of spiritual insight and a clarity of judgment found only in a seer and a genius. The author of such a book must be himself a mystic. He must be, at the same time, intensely human; and he must have lived intimately the life of American Catholicity during at least the last thirty years.



The religious life of the usual American Catholic is essentially mystical. Its outward expression is matter-of-course, avoiding the picturesque festal enthusiasm of the Latin Catholic and the wordy display of the proselytizer. You might work six days a week in shop or office by the side of the average Catholic, and, unless casually, you might never know his religion. Its wellsprings are so deep in his heart and its hold upon his soul so certain that it never even occurs to him to give it expression outside of the fixed practices of the Church. It is all so obvious and so sure to him that it does not occur to him that any one might ask him what is his religion. As well ask him whether he is in his right mind. This is the true mysticism, living a soul life in the inner shrine of perfect spiritual security. The author who shall be able to see deep into this soul life of the quiet, unspeaking Catholic, and reveal it to us in terms of a great, living, Catholic character, must be in truth a mystic.

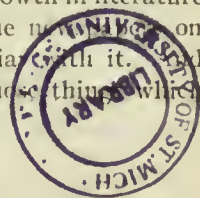
He must be human in a large and broad way. The Church herself is of and for humanity. Her business is with saint and sinner,—with the ninety-nine and with the one. And her effect upon the life and social thought of her children is to make them know the glowing, living, beating heart of humanity; to teach them, through her own treatment of them, that men are bad without being all bad, that men are great and good in spite of glaring faults. The reason of her own being is the need of men for sympathy, understanding, and forgiveness. A man, to know all this and express it in the people of his novel, must be very widely human.

To know how Catholics here really think, and what is truly typical of their attitude toward life and the things of to-day and to-morrow, an author must have lived the life of a Catholic in this country for at least the last two or three decades. During that period Catholic thought has changed in its attitude to

things around and not of it. Before that it was bound to be more or less apologetic. The press of prejudice, misunderstanding, and religious bigotry and ignorance which Catholics felt all about them determined their feelings and their way of meeting religious difference and discussion. Because they could rarely hope for a fair and sympathetic understanding of themselves and their religion they were reticent of argument in the public places. They were sensitive and easily hurt. To-day all this is changed. There is yet prejudice; bigotry and ignorance still live. But they are now known by their right names. And Catholic thought, Catholic truth, and Catholic ideals are coming to be recognized as the high and lasting standards of life. An author, to realize what the new conditions mean to thinking Catholics, the new and grave responsibility thus laid upon them, must have lived from the old into the new.

\* The commonest form of Catholic novel which we have known has been always the story of conversion. With its foregone happy conclusion and its sometimes very drastic means of grace, it has, of course, been much overdone and overdrawn. Many pretty and good stories have been worked over the theme. But while they, as narratives, are often almost literally true, and might be duplicated many times in real life, yet the making of them nearly always shows artificial. They are theses and arguments, beautiful and edifying, but they do not grip with the power of conviction.

The divorce problem—though, as Catholics, we do not call it a problem—has been made the basis of many Catholic stories. It has an appeal of the individual for pity which gives it strength and a possibility of dramatic power. It is a popular theme, because it is in the air about us. The feminist growth in literature on the one hand, and the naturalism on the other, keep us familiar with it. We do wish to read of those things which are about us.



"Mixed marriage," too, has afforded us many stories. These are apt to be less highly colored than those on one of the other two motives. There is less possibility in them of pathos, but they often come nearer to life and bring more of living truth than the others. The problem which they treat—if, indeed, it is the business of a novel to treat problems at all—comes far closer to the average Catholic life than do the other two questions.

But these things—conversion and divorce, and marriage with those outside the faith—touch only the outer surface of Catholic life. Conversion of one or of many is a beautiful working of grace, but it is not half so vital to the Church or to Catholics in their life as is the great and silent leakage out of the Church. Divorce as a possible road to happiness comes home to very few of the great body of Catholics. Even mixed marriage is incidental rather than general or typical to Catholics.

The real Catholic novel, the one alone that can be interpretive of Catholic life and action, is the one that is lived in the great heart of Catholicity itself. It is the story of the soul-life of Catholics as that life is fed and developed in their faith. Out of the thousands of stories that are on the stands, the only ones that deserve real consideration are those in which an earnest attempt is made to follow the growth of a soul through a crisis or through suffering and sacrifice. Or they are those that show the blasting of a soul in the terrible, hot breath of life and indulgence. For these, after all, are the only verities or the only tragedies of life.

So the Catholic novel, to be great and typical and lasting, must deal with the one great and lasting test of life—the fulfilment of the individual soul through character, or the blight of the soul in selfishness and sin. It must deal with the Catholic as a Catholic. It must realize that in him, as a man and as a Catholic,

the faith which is responsible for him is here, and just in this day, being given its test. That here, as nowhere ever in the world, is to be seen the effect of the untrammelled working of the truth of Christ upon the human character. The Catholic novelist must show us that working. Out of the great body and soul of Catholic life, he must show us types of Catholic men and women who are real to us, who live and love and act as they do because they are Catholics, and whose characters and souls are the direct product of their faith.

We sometimes have it said by reviewers and writers that the Catholic public is not a reading one, and that for this reason the time has not come for a great popular Catholic novel. It is not true that the Catholic public is not a reading one, nor is it true even that it is not a novel-reading public. But it is true that it has not been greatly led to Catholic novels and stories; and this is true because there has not yet appeared in this country the Catholic novel that has been able to appeal convincingly to this public. Catholics have not yet seen the beauty and the lustre of their everyday faith and works revealed to them in characters which they can know and love. When the book appears that shall do this, they will be found hungry and eager to read, and to make it great by popular support.

Again, the Catholic publishers have been blamed for ultra-conservatism in publishing only books which are assured of a certain fixed and very limited Catholic approval and support. To answer this we have only to remind ourselves that the publishers live by their judgment of what books can succeed. They can not afford prejudices nor quixotisms. They have been waiting in patient faith for years to see the great Catholic novel come to their desks. And when it does come, as it will, they will not be found backward in taking the trust and opportunity that will be theirs.



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*December 7, Second Sunday of Advent.*

**W**E have remarked more than once before how the particular "Station," or assemblage of the Roman clergy and people at some church of the City—designated at the head of the Mass for the day in the Roman Missal,—gives character to the liturgy of that day. It is the case on this Sunday. The appointed Station is the Church of the Holy Cross, known as the Basilica of "Holy Cross in Jerusalem." On account of the earth brought from the Holy Land for its foundations, and the precious relics of the Passion with which its foundress, St. Helena, enriched it, this church came to be regarded as a kind of Jerusalem in Rome. But although this is the primary explanation of the frequent allusions to Jerusalem in this day's liturgy, it must be borne in mind that there is a mystic reference to the Heavenly Jerusalem as well, and also, in a certain sense, to the soul of each Christian, which ought to be a holy city where God may dwell.

"People of Sion," says the Introit, "behold, the Lord will come to save the Gentiles; and the Lord will make the glory of His voice heard to the joy of your hearts." The psalm continues: "Give ear, O Thou that rulest Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep!" It is a song of joy, calling upon souls to listen for God's voice, so soon to be sounding in the ears of His faithful flock. We may notice the reference to Jerusalem under the title of Sion—the mountain of the House of the Lord.

Last Sunday the Collect bade us ask God to "exert His power"; to-day we are told to pray for grace to exert ourselves—for we can do nothing without God,—that we may prepare our hearts to receive the King who is coming: "Stir up, O Lord, our hearts to prepare the

ways of Thy only-begotten Son; that by His coming we may be enabled to serve Thee with pure minds." Our Lord is coming to us as our King; we have, therefore, to prepare His ways. When a monarch visits his subjects, the route by which he is to pass is levelled and beautified to render it fit for the sovereign's use. Our visitor is the King of kings and Lord of lords; no preparation that we can make could be worthy of Him, but He will not disregard our humble efforts.

St. Paul in the Epistle teaches us the manner of our preparation. We are to "abound in hope," to practise patience toward all men, and to cultivate that charity which is the mark of God's faithful children. "Receive one another as Christ also hath received you." These are some of the virtues which will attract the King to our souls.

The Collect mentions, as the gift we are to look for at the hand of our King, purity of heart,—“that we may . . . serve Thee with pure minds.” For purity is the special characteristic of the Infant Lord, for whose coming we are looking, and purity must reign where He is to dwell. The Gradual sings of the beauty of this all-holy God: "He shall come in His comeliness and beauty from Sion. God will come visibly." The Alleluia verse refers to the mystic "Jerusalem," where Christians are assembled on this day; and carries our thoughts onward to the Heavenly City, where we all hope to meet together one day. "I rejoiced at what was told me: we are to go up to the house of the Lord."

The Gospel shows us the austere Baptist, eager to prepare the way for the Messiah to the hearts of men, by bringing his own disciples into communication with Our Lord. From his prison he longs to bear witness to Him whose coming he has so faithfully preached. In return, Our Lord pronounces that splendid eulogy: "This is he of whom it is written: Behold, I send My angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee."

The purity of mind which is the grace petitioned for through Christ's coming had been bestowed in abundant measure on the holy Precursor. Cleansed from sin before his birth, his heart was ever turned toward God alone; in his prison he was awaiting the martyr's crown, which he was to win through his brave reproof of the impure life of a monarch. Truly his service of God was that of a mind wholly pure.

The Offertory prays for the true life which Christ alone can give,—the life of grace here, and of eternal blessedness hereafter. This is the life which brings with it real joyfulness, and it is by God's mercy alone that we are able to attain to it. "Thou wilt turn, O God, to us, and bring us to life!" *Ch.* the Church. Sin, perhaps, has turned away His face from His people; humble penance and true sorrow will win His smile. The Offertory continues: "And thy people shall rejoice in Thee. Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation!"

The Communion verse reminds us once more of Jerusalem. "Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high; and behold the joy that will come to thee from thy God." It is an exhortation to the Christian soul. What is meant by "stand on high" is explained by the prayer which follows: "Teach us to despise earthly things, and to love such as are heavenly." Those who strive to fashion their lives thus may hope to behold the "joy that will come" with the advent of the Redeemer.

IF we knew the secrets of the lives of those—alas! innumerable—who seem to have no real apprehension of anything, none of the light which it is said lighteth every man that cometh into the world, it would probably be found that they have not been born without it, but have forfeited their noblest human heritage by repeated practical denials of the things which they have seen.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

### Visiting One's Best Friend.

IT is no hardship to seek the presence of those we love. It is a joy rather to see and converse with them, to confide in them; 'tis a sensible pleasure even to breathe the sympathetic atmosphere that surrounds them. The friend of our heart is welcome to us at all times, and we rejoice in the conviction that our presence is also ever welcome to him. And no one is so poor that he may not, if he will, be intimate with the best of all possible friends. When Lord Kames wrote, "The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for," he was leaving out of consideration the One Supreme Friend who is not only worth dying for but who has actually died for us.

In the tabernacle of each of the thousands of Catholic churches, chapels, and oratories throughout the land, there dwells perennially, really present with His divinity and His humanity, the Friend of all friends—our Blessed Lord Himself. His presence there is incontestable evidence of our Saviour's love for us, is convincing proof that His delight is to be with the children of men. Do we give Him any love in return? Do we sometimes show that our delight is to be with the Eucharistic God? How often from Sunday to Sunday do we visit our best Friend? Of the thousands of Catholics who in city or large town daily pass by from two or three to half a dozen churches, how many turn in to the entrance to spend fifteen or ten or even five minutes in adoration of the Lord whom they unquestionably believe to be really there? And yet should not our urgent need, if not our gratitude and love, bring us frequently to His feet? Who among us is not burdened from day to day with crosses and cares, with trials and troubles in the spiritual or temporal order, or in both? Business anxieties, financial difficulties, unsuccessful projects, accumulating debts, household vexations,



family worries, exhausting physical or mental labor, coldness and indifference and neglect from those we love most fondly,—does not some such burden often leave us ailing in body, heavy at heart, depressed in spirit? Why not, then, accept the invitation lovingly proffered to us from every tabernacle around us, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you"?

Are we weak and fainting from interior struggles with our spiritual enemies, with the world, the flesh, or the devil, or, haply, with the combined forces of all three? Is the strength with which we have been keeping our latest good resolutions palpably waning? Have the stormwinds of passion lashed us until the waves of temptation threaten to engulf our souls? Why not seek the actual presence of that Divine Master who, now as of old, is ever ready at the cry of His disciples to calm the tempest and bid the waves be still?

Nor can the advice frequently to visit the Blessed Sacrament be justly styled the advocacy of a standard of piety too exalted for the ordinary, everyday Catholic, and suitable only for priests and monks and nuns. The practice, on the part of any Catholic, is only a natural, consistent outcome of a living faith, a genuine belief that the divine Occupant of the tabernacle is none other than He who, nineteen hundred years ago, wrought the redemption of mankind,—the identical Man-God, Jesus Christ, who healed the sick, gave sight to the blind and speech to the dumb.

To seek in our need this most loving of all friends is simply an exercise of our Catholic common-sense; and that He is thus sought by laity as well as clergy is proved by daily experience in Catholic cities, on both sides of the Atlantic, where thousands of men and women rise superior to human respect and display on this point the moral courage of acting upon their convictions. Do we always act on ours in this matter of frequently visiting our best Friend?

## Notes and Remarks.

Apropos of the election of a Catholic mayor in Manchester, the *London Catholic Times* gives expression to some advice, the timeliness of which transcends geographical boundaries, and renders it fully as pertinent to our readers as to its own. To quote:

Attention to such an example as that given by Alderman McCabe in Manchester is opportune, because there never was a time when social alertness was of greater importance to Catholics. There is little hope of progress for us if we are not taking stock of the problems that are presenting themselves in town and country, and properly equipping ourselves to deal with them. We are all conscious of the prevailing unrest. It is a sure symptom of great changes that are approaching. Others are making ready for them, are sharpening their intelligence and quickening their energies in order that they may be the better able to understand the reforms that are needed and to take a part in carrying them out. We must do likewise if we desire not to be left behind. . . .

He is not the less respected because he has been unswervingly true to the Church and the Nationalist cause. Many a young Catholic will, we trust, derive encouragement from his example. The path toward success is open to them as it was to him. The facilities for social and civic training are numerous. The literature of the subject is vast. Through its study clubs the Catholic Social Guild is imparting information which admirably fits the members for social action. Industrial difficulties continue to arise, and many are calling for light and leading. Let us hope that Catholics will make it clear that they are alive to the responsibilities created by the situation.

The recrudescence in this country, of not only the A. P. A. spirit, but that infamous organization itself, lends additional weight to the advice that Catholics should take their due part in public service, and especially that Catholic officials should so conduct themselves as to reflect honor on their religion.

As between those journals, happily few, that would welcome a war with Mexico and the Socialists who proclaim that under no circumstances should there

be armed intervention in Mexico by the United States, the American Federation of Labor, at its convention in Seattle, steered this eminently sensible course:

The American Federation of Labor condemns attempts by American and foreign corporations and certain jingo newspapers to force armed intervention by the United States Government in Mexico, and urges upon the President of the United States the continuance of a policy looking for a peaceful adjustment of the conflict among the Mexican people.

Genuine American patriots may well deprecate our engaging in hostilities with Mexico, without committing themselves to the statement that under no conceivable circumstances would such hostilities be justifiable.

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A good word for the "unspeakable Turk," or any other wastrel for that matter, is welcome; however, we think the editor of the London *Tablet* showed discretion in quoting "only for what they are worth" the following statements of a missionary in the Balkan States. Like all the rest of mankind, missionaries are sometimes swayed more by personal feelings than by positive facts; besides, this particular missionary (though doubtless one of the best of missionaries) now and then betrays a disposition to be pessimistic, and one should always make liberal allowance for that:

Putting the question whether Catholicism will be the gainer by the unexpected successes of the Allies, he declares that "the Catholic cause has nothing to gain, but, on the contrary, much to lose, by the victories of the Balkan States over Turkey." The mere name of Turkey is sufficient to excite horror, but only, he says, amongst those who do not know the Turkey of to-day. "She seeks only to live and develop in peace; she offers liberty of worship to all her people; she permits and respects religious demonstrations and processions much more than most of the European nations. . . . But it is especially the Catholic priest who is the object of respect and veneration among the Turks. Quite recently a Turkish paper declared in substance that Turks are proud of having sincere friends among the Catholic clergy, who are credited with being the only ministers of religion in the country who confine their pro-

gramme and conduct to spiritual things. . . . Whether it be because of capitulations or due to good will, the fact is that the Catholic Church in Turkey enjoys full and absolute liberty—to preach, to teach, to go in public procession, to establish religious associations. I have never heard of a Catholic priest who, as such, had received affronts from the Turks. All the missionaries agree on this. They all render homage to the Turks for their tolerance; . . . and most of them much prefer the Turks to the schismatic races."

Turning to the question of the future in the conquered territories, the missionary grants that the Crescent will be replaced by the Cross; but it is a Cross so much enslaved by the temporal power that religion and country are confounded. "The fanaticism of the Balkan peoples is well-known to all those who have had to live amongst them. In Servia there are only two Catholic priests, and their lot is not to be envied; for they can not move without being the object of intolerable espionage." The missionary adds that he can not entertain any good hopes of better things. It is true that the Servian Government is seeking to enter into relations with the Holy See, but this is merely a political move for the withdrawal of Catholics from the protection and influence of Austria. In Montenegro he declares that the priests are surrounded with all sorts of difficulties, and are, on the least suspicion, ordered to leave the country. In Greece, again, Catholics are regarded as opposed to the institutions of the country, and it is impossible for them to live in peace side by side with the Greek element. Of the four Balkan States, the missionary finally declares in favor of Bulgaria, where Catholicism lives in peace, and enjoys a large, though not perfect, liberty, thanks to the support given to tolerance by the Tsar Ferdinand.

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The disadvantage of many able refutations of current misstatements about the Church is that they are too long to command the attention of more than a few of those for whose benefit they were written, and that they generally come too late to be wholly effective. Mgr. Connelly, of Hove, England, believes in rejoinders that are brief and prompt, and he knows how to make them. A correspondent of the London *Times* having revived what he calls "one of the strangest paradoxes of history"—that old tale about the bishop who in a Council



of the Church contended that women have no soul,—Mgr. Connelly lost no time in showing that the story was absurd as well as untrue; doing this, as will be seen, without wasting his words or losing his temper. The correspondent had written:

It is recorded . . . that at a certain Council of the early Church a bishop got up and urged that a woman has no soul. And we are told that "after argument" the point was decided against him by the bishops. I can not forget that "after argument."

Mgr. Connelly replied in five telling sentences, as follows:

This venerable spent squib refers to the Council of Mâcon in 585, in which, it is alleged, the question whether a woman has a soul was discussed. The bishops who sat in this Council, it is supposed, did not know that there was a Woman called the Virgin Mary; that there were in their calendar almost as many women saints as men; that they were administering every day the sacraments of regeneration, requiring for their due reception the loftiest of dispositions, to these poor soulless creatures! The acts of this Council make no allusion to any such subject. St. Gregory of Tours (540-594), it is true, refers to a discussion that arose in regard to the masculine and feminine of the word *homo*; but it was wholly philological. The question at issue was whether the word *homo*, when it occurs in the Bible, includes both sexes; and the answer was that it does.

This strikes us as being admirably neat and complete. Any other kind of an answer would probably have been to little purpose in the circumstances.

An excellent and summary statement of the relations between Capital and Labor from the Catholic point of view was made in a recent sermon preached at a "labor celebration," in St. Louis, by the Rev. P. Dooley, P. R. The passage, as quoted by the editor of the *Church Progress*, is as follows:

According to Catholic teaching, there is no natural hostility or instinctive hatred between the various classes that go to make up the social body. The Church is opposed to the propagandism which declares that any agreement between the classes, and especially between Capital and Labor, can mean only a temporary truce between armed forces on the

field of battle. She believes that the wealthy and the poor bread-winners can be brought together in a friendly way; and that this union will work advantage to both, since one is not independent of the other. Both need each other. Capital will not fructify without Labor, and Labor will starve without Capital. And by showing their mutual interdependence, and preaching to each its God-given duties and responsibilities to the other, she hopes to bring these two opposing elements to a mutual understanding to-day, as she did through the preaching of the same Christian principles under the Guilds of the Middle Ages.

The hope is well founded, so long as there shall be "labor celebrations" at which such discourses as this are delivered. But one would like to hear of a similar celebration for Capital.

Inspired by the spirit of a new American Protective Association, lately organized in New York for the purpose of "saving this country from the blighting hand of the Roman Catholic Church," Protestant ministers of various denominations in Washington, D. C., united in a protest against President Wilson's acceptance of an invitation to attend Mass in St. Patrick's Church on Thanksgiving Day; they dreaded lest this should prove a favorable occasion for the "blighting hand" to be outstretched. The President, however, ignored the protest, and most other people seem to have done the same. There were football games on Thanksgiving Day, and their fears, if they had any, were that their favorite team might be defeated, rather than that the country might be blighted by the Catholic Church. The fact is, few people nowadays besides Protestant ministers of the class that are sure to lose no time in joining the reorganized A. P. A. have any great dislike or dread of Catholic influence. Those who do not wish that it were already stronger even than it is, have the good sense to realize that it is useless to oppose it,—“as well try to stop an automobile by placing a peanut in its path,” said one.

Mgr. Russell, the pastor of St. Patrick's

Church, seems to have been the only person who took any particular notice of the protest; he was patient and indulgent enough to explain that the Thanksgiving Day celebration in his church was entirely unofficial, a pan-American affair of his own planning, the object being to bring together prominent men of the various American republics in order to foster friendly sentiments among them:

The President has always been present to show courtesy to the representatives of our sister republics. They have cordially appreciated this gracious act of the head of our nation. They regard it as a mark of his kindly sentiments toward Latin America. Why should not the President show the same courtesy to them as he would in like circumstances manifest toward the representatives of other nations? . . .

I can not understand why exception should be taken to the President's attending services in a Catholic church, any more than to his attending services in any denomination to which he does not belong. He has attended services, as he has a perfect right to do, if he wishes, in other churches than his own, and I am not aware that any one presumed to find fault with his action. Because he is President of the United States, Mr. Wilson does not forfeit the right guaranteed him by the Constitution to worship God as he sees fit. I can not understand how men who profess to preach peace should go so far to stir up strife as to dictate even to the President of the United States his mode of worship, and try to prevent him from enjoying the right of the poorest American citizen.

All of which explanation will be lost, we fear, on the preachers, though it may be accepted by some of the unfortunates to whom they preach.

That to know evil is to avoid it is a fallacy disproved by the experience of all ages. Generation after generation of men have echoed the avowal of the old philosopher: "I know the better and approve thereof, but I follow the worse." And to imagine that mere intellectual apprehension of sexual evils will prove a sufficient deterrent to youthful passion is to confess one's self ignorant of the

human heart. As Father McCabe writes in the *Columbian and Western Catholic*:

Men have not been deterred, as the history of the world clearly proves, from practising the very vices which it is said these courses [eugenics, purity course, sex hygiene] will eliminate, by the manifest judgments of God, the Creator, upon individuals and upon nations. Men have not been deterred from a continuance in the practice of these vices by the thunders of God and the punishment threatened by Him. Men have not been deterred from going on in the practice of these vices, notwithstanding the fact that punishments here and hereafter have been threatened and carried out; and men will never be deterred from the practice of these vices by being more "enlightened," to use the expression of the advocates of these courses. It is ridiculously absurd on the part of advocates of these particular courses to contend that man will be deterred from the commission of vice by knowing the natural effects. He knows them, and every day round about us we have the living facts of those who know them, and still rush headlong into the commission of the vice producing the effects.

Since this is true of men, for a stronger reason is it true of the adolescent with stronger passion and weaker will.

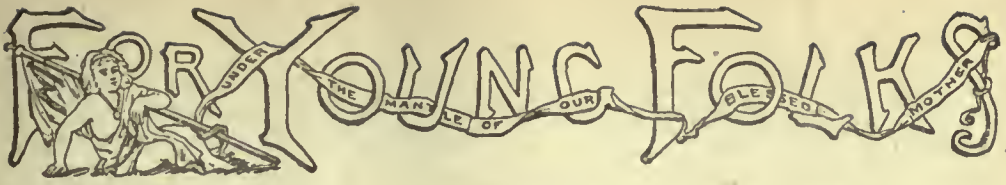
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Intelligent readers know how to regard dispatches from Rome (?) like this:


ROME, Nov. 20.—As a result of the bishops of many dioceses, including several in the United States, applying to the Vatican for instructions as to whether any action should be taken in connection with fashionable modern dancing, especially of the tango, the Pope has referred the question to the Congregation of the Sacraments, which is examining it. Before a decision is reached, detailed reports will be sought, and the bishops will be requested to explain their reasons for considering the tango immoral. The opinions of leading theologians and experienced confessors also will be sought. When the evidence has been weighed, the Pope will decide whether or not to condemn the tango formally.

A friend who claims to be informed on the subject tells us that there are two kinds of tango, one of which is quite proper. Of the other we venture to say that it can hardly be more objectionable than the language employed by some who object to it.





### A Song for a Feast.


 S white as yonder cloud that floats  
Across the azure sky,  
As spotless as the flakes of snow  
That in the garden lie;  
As pure as crystal streams that flow  
In mountain ways afar,  
As stainless as the dove's white breast,  
As pure as yon bright star,  
Was Mother Mary's virgin Heart,  
From all eternity  
Ordained immaculate, and born  
From every sin-stain free.  
A tabernacle was her Heart  
For Him, the Holy One;  
Of purest gold God fashioned it  
For His beloved Son.

C.

### The Story of "Quaker Mansion."

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

#### XXIV.—A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

 NOW it will be necessary to go back to the luncheon hour when the children had received permission from their father to explore the sub-cellar. The permission had been reluctantly given. The ladder leading thither was steep; the height to the ground considerable; the atmosphere more or less damp, possibly unwholesome, and, in view of what had already occurred, ill-starred. Mrs. Seymour, however, had urged that, if he did not consent to this, the children would be haunted all summer with the idea that they might have found something; whereas if that last remaining spot had been thoroughly explored their minds and Selma's would be set at rest. Mr. Seymour had yielded to the force of this argument, only stipulating that the

expressmen who had come for a portion of the luggage should open the trapdoor, and fasten it back in such manner that it could not possibly fall.

So was realized Fred's darling dream to search that spot which, as he reminded his parents, had never been thoroughly examined even by Jim or Selma. Willie was eager for the adventure, which to Katherine seemed a weird and thrilling experience; and even the timid Alice was full of the spirit of the occasion.

Mary Doyle hovered about until she had seen the children safely down, although she had very little idea of what their object was in going into such a hole. Selma, in a quiver of excitement, kept near the open door, pressing her hand to her heart, and muttering strange words in the Swedish tongue. Long after Mary Doyle had returned to the kitchen, where her blithe voice could be heard carolling an old Irish tune, Selma stood peering down into the gloom.

Meanwhile the four children found themselves in that square, cavernous apartment, with its cement floor, its air of darkness and mystery, which, as Katherine declared, was very "creepy"; with the damp oozing from the walls, and two or three giant spiders weaving webs there. But the walls were sound and in excellent condition, and there was neither hole nor cranny in which the smallest object could have been concealed. The wooden shelves that ran all around were coated with dust. And, save for the head that still occupied one corner, they were absolutely empty.

Katherine, reluctant to give up hope, was still peering into every corner; but Willie was already convinced of the futility of the search; and even the more sanguine Fred announced in a tone of heartrending disappointment:

"That is the last hope, then. There is nowhere else to look, and Christina must really have been crazy."

The words were heard by Selma, and struck like lead upon her heart, in which some flutterings of hope had made themselves felt. She covered her face with her hands, and shook with silent sobbing that was from the very depths of her being. And at that moment Mary Doyle called from the head of the stairs:

"Sure, Selma, the library bell is ringing and ringing! Maybe 'tis the mistress wanting tea. Only that the strange lady's in it, and meself not fit to be seen, I'd have answered the bell."

So Selma reluctantly went; though, indeed, she was convinced that there was nothing to wait for. She took her mistress' orders, and met James Forrester, as has been described, and heard the children's shout. For something had happened after she had gone up, while the children were standing and looking around them, unwilling to acknowledge defeat.

"And that horrid white face is grinning at us," said Katherine, spitefully, "as if it were laughing at our failure! I'd like to smash it into bits!"

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Alice, who was an enemy to destruction of any sort. "What good would that do?"

Fred, carrying out his cousin's idea, gave it a resounding slap, saying as he did so:

"Ah, it has that same horrible, clammy feeling it had the day it frightened me, and it makes me shiver just the same!"

His blow caused the head to reel and totter; and Alice, stretching out a protecting arm, tried to save it. But she complained that it felt very heavy; and, slipping from her grasp, it was dashed upon the floor and broken into fragments.

"Now, see what you've done!" cried Katherine; while Alice, with a strange look upon her face, was bending over the fragments. She had an extraordinarily keen sight, which enabled her to discern

objects even in that semi-darkness. To the amazement of the others, she sank down upon the floor and rummaged amongst those fragments.

"Oh, what's the good?" said Fred and Willie in a breath. "It can't be mended."

But eagerly and with trembling fingers she began to unloosen a string and soon held up to the others' astonished gaze something that gleamed like fire and that surpassed even the wildest of Katherine's imaginings. It was then that the children had sent up a shout that reached their mother and Mrs. Jerry in the library, paralyzing the former with terror, lest some accident had happened; that greeted Mr. Seymour as he entered the door; that made James Forrester stand still at the head of the kitchen stairs; and that caused Selma to sink back half fainting against the wall. For to her had first come the intuition of what that shouting meant. Before the elders had decided upon any move, before anything could be done, there had come that rush of feet upon the stairs, and all four children, brushing past Uncle Jim and Selma, burst into the library with a wild, joyous cry:

"O mother, O Aunt Margaret, O Mrs. Jerry, the jewelry is found!"

Then as Alice held aloft the necklace, and the other children picked up various glittering objects, Uncle Jim sank down in a crumpled heap upon the floor, and only after strenuous efforts, with the aid of the nearest doctor, could he be brought back to consciousness. It was feared, in fact, at first that the shock had proved fatal; but, in so far as his physical state was concerned, he was presently as well as ever. Rising up from the couch on which he had been placed, he poured forth a stream of curses on himself, on Fate, on the fortunate finders of the jewelry, on everything and everybody, and rushed from the Quaker Mansion—this time forever.

There is but little more to tell. It was evident that Christina had thought of the head, which was lying about in the



cellar, battered and discolored, as a safe hiding-place. She had concealed therein her booty, still encircled by the shammy bags, and had pasted strong brown paper over the neck, that the articles might not fall out. That done, she had managed—how would never be known—to carry the head down into the sub-cellar and leave it upon the shelf. And there it had awaited the advent of the Seymour children; and through their intervention, and, as they declared, through the prayers that had been said, was it brought to light.

Thus was Selma's mission accomplished, though not by her own act; thus was Uncle Jim's quest brought to deserved failure, and joy and satisfaction given to a number of persons. The whole Spencer family, even David, whose unworthy wife had deserted him and buried herself in Europe, were gratified beyond expression at the recovery of the beautiful jewels, and especially the necklace, with its history.

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and the children had ridiculed the idea of accepting the large reward that was still offered by the estate. They said that they were a thousandfold repaid for their efforts by being enabled to return the jewels to their rightful owners. But Mrs. Jerry had declared that it was their duty to take the reward because of the purpose to which it could be applied. Like a flash of sunlight had come upon them the realization that they now had it in their power to send the dwarf away where he might at least have a chance for life. Nor is it necessary to describe that joyful moment when the four children went in procession to announce the good tidings at the candy emporium.

The reception of that news by the dwarf himself, miserable and weak though he was that day; the delight of Taffy John and his wife, and the joy and gratitude of Selma, beggar all description. Selma, like the Seymours, felt that thus in the best manner possible the wishes of Christina had been accomplished. For

not only had the jewels been restored to their rightful owners, but the reward for their recovery had given to the dwarf the prospect of a new lease of life. Needless to say that, everything possible having been provided for the journey, the Seymours—father, mother, and children,—with their cousins, and of course Mrs. Jerry, were there to see Selma and the dwarf off. A day or two afterward came the departure for the seaside, following upon that climax of all the strange and startling events that had stirred the domestic calm of daily life. Out through the white door, with its silver handle, once more passed the Seymours, grown people and children; and so, for the time being, they left in its sombre garb of gray, enlivened only by silver, that house of many memories, that almost historic Quaker Mansion.

(The End.)

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### King Cole.

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IN the days of childhood most of us have sung or heard many old nursery rhymes that have come down from far-off days; and, along with mythical personages like old Mother Hubbard, and Lucy Locket; who lost her pocket, we have sung of old King Cole, who—

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he;

And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now, this King Cole—though his pipe must have been like the small pipes found yet among Roman remains, and not such as would hold tobacco, whose use was unknown till long after King Cole had passed away—was a veritable personage, who first built walls round the city of Colchester, in the English county of Essex, early in the third century. Whether he was really a British king or merely a governor of a district and appointed by the Romans is not clear; but Leland, in his account of the Impress<sup>ed</sup> Helena, says

that "her father held of the Romans his sovereignty."

In the neighborhood of Colchester, there is a legend current which says that King Cole was so generous and kind-hearted, so good to friends and strangers, that he became very popular. And as his power increased he gave offence to the Romans by assuming the title of King; and a legion was sent, by the Roman Emperor's orders, to reduce him and his town to submission. The leader of this army was Constantius. Yet, with all their skill and advantage in arms, the Romans found it hard to break through the thick walls erected by Cole. The siege had lasted some time, when Constantius, by chance, saw King Cole's lovely daughter, and soon he began to consider how best to make friends with his enemy. Negotiations were set on foot, and not long afterward Constantius was admitted into the town as a welcome guest, and a little later became the husband of Helena. When King Cole died, the young pair governed the district with great prudence for eight happy years.

According to this legend, Helena was at this period a Christian; but Constantius, as servant of the Emperor Diocletian, who succeeded to supreme authority in 284, was bound to persecute all Christians, and was obliged to leave his wife and their child (the latter was afterward to become Constantine the Great), and resume his old career as a warrior. When Diocletian abdicated, and Constantius became Emperor, he acknowledged himself a Christian, and rebuilt the churches destroyed in the previous reign. Helena founded in Colchester a church which yet bears her name.

Constantius died in 306, and his son Constantine succeeded him. Helena survived her husband many years; and had almost attained the age of eighty when she journeyed to Palestine and discovered the Cross on which the Saviour had died. On the spot where the Cross was found she erected a magnificent church; and on

her return to Rome died, with her son and grandchildren round her.

That King Cole lived in Colchester in the third century is proved by parchments still preserved in that city, in which are registered the birth of his daughter Helena, her marriage to Constantius, and the birth of Constantine.

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### A Knight of Mary.

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Amongst the host of gallant Crusaders of the thirteenth century, no two names are to be found in the roll of England's chivalry more illustrious or distinguished by martial deeds than those of William de Longespee, father and son, commonly known as Earls of Salisbury.

In the early part of the reign of Henry III., William the elder accompanied the Earl of Chester, and took part in the great battle of Damietta, where, though the Crescent was for a time triumphant, he distinguished himself by prodigies of valor. He served after this in the wars of Gascony; and on the return voyage homeward, Dugdale relates, "there arose at sea so great a tempest that, despairing of life, he threw his money and rich apparel overboard. But when all hopes were passed, they discerned a mighty taper of wax, burning bright at the prow of the ship; and standing by it was a beautiful woman, who preserved it from wind and rain, so that it gave a clear and bright lustre. Upon sight of which heavenly vision, both himself and the mariners concluded of their future security.

"But everyone on board was ignorant what this vision might portend except the Earl. He, however, attributed it to the benignity of the Blessed Virgin, by reason that upon the day when he was honored with the girdle of knighthood, he brought a taper to her altar, to be lighted every day at Mass, and to the intent that for this terrestrial light he might enjoy that which is eternal."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is gratifying to learn that Mgr. Benson's "Confessions of a Convert" is already in its sixth thousand. Few books published during the year are more deserving of success.

—In a list of new books by Messrs. George Allen & Co. we note "Life Lessons from Joan of Arc," by Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; and a new English version of "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

—It must be acknowledged that our English cousins manifest an admirable zeal for the promotion of Christian knowledge. In ten months as many as 43,687 C. T. S. pamphlets have been disposed of at the doors of Westminster Cathedral.

—In a tribute to that veteran naturalist, the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, W. H. K., writing in the *London Tablet*, remarks that "the attitude of men of science in regard to religious questions has undergone a gratifying change in recent years"; and says of Wallace in particular: "His writings contain not a little that will be helpful to the Christian apologist confronted by difficulties brought from the field of physical sciences."

—One of the papers read at the recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland was "The Rights of Man from the Catholic Standpoint," by Mr. George Milligan, the Liverpool trade-unionist, the author of a rather remarkable book noticed at some length in our columns at the time of its appearance. Mr. Milligan's paper was as notable as his book. Indeed, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, the head of the Society, paid a singularly high tribute to the paper, saying that he had never read anything so good in the press, had never heard anything like it from the pulpit, and did not believe that the synod of bishops could improve upon it.

—In a compact volume of one hundred and thirty crowded pages, "Lyrics of Faith and Hope" (Boston: The Angel Guardian Press), Mr. Henry Coyle proffers to his readers some two hundred poems on a wide variety of themes and in a pleasing diversity of metres. The author will probably be satisfied with the appellation of "minor poet," one characteristic that seems to relegate him to that category being the intelligibility of his lines. There is nothing of the cryptic about his utterances, no dim haziness of conception bodied forth in obscure expression that often passes current for poetic exaltation or the profundity of genins.

Mr. Coyle is "understanded of the people." And, on the whole, we are glad of it. His songs are wholesome and helpful, largely religious in tone, and notably free both from false sentiment and faulty technique.

—The editor of one of our leading magazines announces "Col. Roosevelt's account of his trip of adventure and research in the Paraguayan and Brazilian interiors which so few white men have ever traversed." How many readers, we wonder, are "taken in" by announcements like this?

—Acknowledging a vote of thanks for presiding at the recent half-yearly meeting of the English Catholic Truth Society, Cardinal Bourne, apropos of an excellent letter contributed to the *London Times* by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, complimented our distinguished contributor on "his great service to the accuracy of historical knowledge."

—From D. Appleton & Co. come two nursery books for the holidays, "The Tumble Man," by Hy. Mayer, with verses by Charles Hanson Towne; and "The Torn Book," by A. Z. Baker. The former is altogether delightful,—an excellent combination of drawings really artistic and verses artful and felicitous. Moreover, the book has a fresh originality which will make it welcome to the children everywhere. The note of originality is perhaps as strong in Mr. Baker's work, but not so pleasing in result. Another hand than the artist's should have done the verses. The drawings are so arranged, that, owing to a device by which the page is made to appear torn, one print fits into and completes another, often with ludicrous effect. Though in both books the plates are colored; the price (\$1.25) seems excessive.

—A modest foreword warns us to expect nothing "grandly great" in "Glimpses of Latin Europe," by the Rev. Thomas J. Kenny, A. M., S. T. B. (John Murphy Co.); and as great expectations are not aroused, they are not disappointed in the chapters which follow, on Spain, Southern France, Italy, and the supplementary treatment of Morocco. The writer gives an impression that he has dwelt long enough in the places which he describes to obtain more than a snap-shot view of them. Moreover, he is one who brought to the matter of travelling a mind trained by previous reading as the apt, and rather frequent, quotations from Byron attest. For the "stay-at-homes"

there should be much interesting and entertaining reading in this handsome volume of travel, the illustrations of which greatly enhance its value and interest. It is fittingly dedicated to the author's sisters.

—The author's single aim "to help" is sure to be realized, we believe, in "The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord," told in rhyme, story, and picture for little Catholic children, by Grace Keon. (B. Herder.) The book is designed to meet such difficulties as are commonly encountered in teaching the truths of religion to child minds, whether the instruction be given in the home or in the school. The plan of the work enlists all the aids of modern pedagogy to that end, in the adaptation of matter, in the appeal through eye and ear, and in the use of memory as a factor in the delicate process. Simplicity is the key-word throughout. Each lesson has its full-page illustration, usually well selected, but not always well printed. After the verses which embody the instruction, there follows a brief word to the teacher in the manner of direction for presenting the work. Remembering that this exercise is intended for very young children—from three to six years,—we accord it hearty approval, and bespeak for it the interest of all who have to do with sowing the seeds of Faith in the child mind.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord" (for little children). Grace Keon. '60 cts.  
 "Lyrics of Faith and Hope." Henry Coyle. \$1.  
 "Glimpses of Latin Europe." Rev. Thomas J. Kenney. \$1.75.  
 "A Loyal Life." Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. \$2.  
 "The Living Flame of Love." St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95.  
 "A Short History of Art." Julia B. De Forest—Charles Henry Caffin. \$3.  
 "The City and the World." Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D. \$1.50.

- "The Catholic Student's 'Aids' to the Bible." The Old Testament. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. \$1.35.  
 "Franciscan Tertiaries." Fr. William, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.  
 "Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly." \$1.25.  
 "Old Testament Rhymes." Benson—Pippett. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.  
 "Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists." Madame Cecilia. \$1.  
 "By the Blue River." J. Clarke. \$1.35.  
 "The Government of the Church in the First Century." Rev. William Moran. \$1.65.  
 "Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas W. Wallace, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. John G. Splinters, archdiocese of Santa Fé; Rev. Thomas Hennessy, diocese of Galveston; Rev. William O'Sullivan, diocese of Columbus; Rt. Rev. Joseph Mullen, diocese of Wheeling; Rev. Benno Standigl, O. S. B.; and Rev. A. C. Porta, S. J.

Sister M. Ethelburg, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Matilda, Sisters of Charity; Mother M. Catherine and Sister M. Flavia, Sisters of the Holy Child.

Mr. Byran Parker, Mr. Leo Harris, Miss M. McCann, Mrs. Adam Krug, Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, Mrs. Thomas Nash, Mr. James Whalen, Mrs. Minnie Sherman-Fitch, Mr. William Warren, Mr. Andrew J. Conlon, Mr. Joseph Montague, Mr. James P. McIntyre, Mr. John R. Adams, Mrs. James F. Hogan, Sr., Mr. Percy Judge, Mrs. Alice McKeever, Mr. George Deuther, Mr. Amos Newton, Mrs. Mary Higgins, Mrs. Catherine Murphy, Mrs. Anna Williamson, Miss Margaret Corby, Miss Mary T. Casey, Mr. Thomas Ferguson, Mr. Edward Parker, and Mr. Frederick Hoenighausen.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee,"*

For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China: Jubilee alms (Washington, D. C.) \$1.

For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: F. J. B., \$1.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Friend, 1\$ Friend, 52 cts.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. -ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Alma Redemptoris Mater.

BY W. H. K.

HAIL, gentle Mother of our Saviour! Hail,  
Heaven's Gate, that ever open dost remain!  
Star of the Sea, by thy sweet light we sail;  
Help us who fall and strive to rise again.  
Nature with wonder saw thy God thy Son,  
And thee a Virgin after as before;  
Hail, full of grace, undo what Eve hath done,  
And peace and mercy to thy sons restore!

## The Utility of the Contemplative Orders.

BY P. S. WILCOX.

**T**HE notable increase within the past few years of foundations of contemplative Orders in the United States has awakened a new interest among us in the monastic life of the Church. In this great country of ours there is almost a universal ignorance of the cloister. Among a few there is a deep reverence for it; but, on the other hand, there are far too many who scoff and jeer at these "wasted lives" as they scoffed and jeered and wagged their heads long ago at "the folly of the Cross." The world, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, is for the most part unaware of the utility of the contemplative's life, of the purpose of his existence, and the place which the contemplative Orders have in the Church. The present sketch aims to show that this life is not a useless one, but of immense value to the individual

himself and to the whole world. It endeavors likewise to answer a few of the everyday objections brought against these Orders by the unthinking world.

Let us first secure a clear idea of the term "contemplation," so as to understand better the meaning of the contemplative Orders. "Contemplation, in the accepted general notion of the word, signifies a clear, ready mental seeing and quiet regarding of an object."\* Again, in the particular sense, "contemplation, the object of the contemplative life, is defined as the complacent, loving gaze of the soul on divine truth already known and apprehended by the intellect, assisted and enlightened by divine grace."† By contemplative Orders, then, is meant those Orders whose rules afford their members every means useful and necessary to attain this degree of union with God,—such as, silence, solitude, enclosure, etc. For men, the most representative of these Orders are the Benedictines, Carthusians, Carmelites, and Trappists; and for women, the Poor Clares, Carmelites, and Visitandines.

At present, when the needs of Holy Church are so manifest, there exists apparently a great necessity of action; it is fully understood and valued. It is different with contemplation; for the fact that the contemplative is an apostle with a definite mission is lost sight of. Were this well understood we should not be forever hearing, in reference to his mode of life, What's the use of it? For

\* "Holy Wisdom," by Ven. Augustin Baker.

† "Catholic Encyclopedia."

what purpose? *Cui bono?* These queries are from the skeptic. The moralist inquires into the ethical value of such a life. What right, he asks, has an individual to shut himself up to a selfish pursuit of his own personal perfection? Is it not a sin against society? To answer these last questions let us draw a parallel between the contemplative and one who devotes his life to some other particular line of service.

This is an age of specialization. The human mind, no longer content with general knowledge, seeks to perfect itself in the particular. A century ago the same physician treated practically all our ills: to-day we have one doctor for our heart, another for our head, until it looks as if a general practitioner not many years hence will be a thing of the past. A man gives up his whole life to science, to a division or subdivision of it; and when he dies, after years of study, perhaps having discovered nothing, or accomplished little save benefit to his own mind, it is generally conceded that he had the right to live his life as best suited him in the environment most congenial to himself. Why, then, object to a person's devoting his whole life to the study of God? Is there any science higher than theology? And are not all contemplatives, in one sense of the word, theologians? The humble lay-Brother toiling within the "garden enclosed" of the cloister may have more knowledge of his science, God, than the most eminent biologist or chemist may have of his specialty. For the lay-Brother's knowledge of God, of His attributes and perfections, that *scientia sanctorum* gained by his continual communings with the Holy Spirit, may outweigh the biologist's knowledge of life or the chemist's of matter. So if it is lawful for one member of society to devote his life to science, it is likewise lawful for another to devote it to the study of the highest Good and Author of all knowledge, as is done in the cloistered Orders of the Church.

When a young person who has had

educational advantages chooses such an Order in preference to a teaching one, an outcry is heard. Think of his wasted education, of his mind becoming stagnant amid such surroundings! Should not the finest fruits of God's creation be offered to Him? And is not a brilliant mind one of His noblest works? Under usual conditions, the finer the mind, the deeper the penetration into the great truths of religion; and ordinarily the more knowledge possessed, the more influence may be exercised over souls. This is not absolute; but does not the great contemplative, St. Teresa, mention learning, together with holiness and experience, as the desired quality in a director of souls? A theologian of whatever attainment is more worthy of honor, all else being equal, than a scientist of eminent learning; for St. Augustine teaches that the value of our knowledge is to be judged not by the amount of learning possessed, but by the excellence of the object known. Hence it is of more real value to know even a very little about God than a great deal about His creatures.

The worldling may concede the use to be derived to the person himself from entering upon such a course in life, but he will inquire further into its altruistic value. How can any one forsaking the world possibly benefit it? In Genesis we read that the cities of the plain would have been spared from God's wrath for the sake of but ten just men; and, the number failing, the cities perished. From this instance we may justly believe that in our own time calamities are averted, and cities (whose iniquity perhaps excels that of Sodom and Gomorrah) are spared from the wrath of God. And why? Because of the prayer and penance of the just within the monastery walls. In the great day of judgment, when all will be made known, many an averted visitation of God's justice will doubtless be traced to the threshold of the cell of some humble, unknown religious.

All contemplatives are victims; and



the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, the fasts, vigils and disciplines, are the kindling fuel, immolating them as whole burnt offerings on the mystical altar of sacrifice, from whence ascends to God the purifying fragrance of frankincense and myrrh—unceasing prayer and constant penance. *Souffrir ou mourir!* ("To suffer or to die!") was the cry which burst forth from the transverberated heart of Teresa of Jesus, and it finds an echo in the hearts of her faithful children and of all contemplatives. Are these vows, then, these prayers and sufferings, all in vain? The great God is unchanging; and He who long ago heard the prayer of Moses and Elias will not be deaf to their followers who pray with outstretched arms upon the mountain of contemplation for the sinful, sinning world.

What place have the contemplative Orders in the Church of God? Time and again the various religious Orders have been compared to the different members of Christ's mystical body; and the contemplative is likened to the heart, whose action is unseen, but which is indispensable, empowering the other members to act. By its silent throbbings the very lifeblood is instilled into the rest of the Church. She depends upon the prayer of the contemplative, and has never been without it. In the earlier ages, there were the hermits and monks of the Thebaid; and, later, their life had development in the monasteries. These souls hidden away in the great bosom of the Church, Christ's own dear mystical body, by their silent pleadings give life to the active, visible members. The missionaries laboring amidst Arctic snows, or beneath the scorching sun of the tropics, are alike aided by the contemplative's prayers to touch the heart and instil the light of faith into the soul of pagan and barbarian.

Prayer and penance are the contemplative's twofold weapons. His greatest prayer, which occupies several hours a day, is the Divine Office, the official Canonical prayer of the Church. *Septies*

*in die laudem dixi tibi*, ("Seven times a day I have given praise to Thee"); and as many times a day, in imitation of King David, does the monastery choir resound with the solemn chanting of divine praise. This great work—*opus Dei*, as St. Benedict fittingly calls it—is their chief occupation, the most important "office," of the monastic Orders. By prayer the cloistered religious gives glory to God; and by penance he makes reparation for the sins of mankind, filling up in his own body those things "that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ." His twofold ministry reaches to the utmost bounds of the earth, embracing all the needs of mankind. There is no sphere of existence unreachd by him, for his range of influence is limited neither to time nor space.

The life of the cloistered religious is spent entirely united to God. His intellect, fixed upon Him, soars to heights unknown to us in the valley of the world; his heart and mind have full scope to know and love God, whereby he "no longer lives, but Christ liveth in him," fulfilling as nearly as possible here below the end of his existence. "We were made to know, love, and serve God in this world and to be happy with Him forever in heaven." This we learned by heart in childhood's days. Our usefulness in this world is determined by the degree in which we fulfil this our destined end. Each soul accomplishes the purpose of its creation by serving God in the manner in which He calls upon it to serve Him. Hence the contemplative works out his salvation in the most meritorious way possible; for it is higher to serve God directly, if called to such a vocation, than to be occupied in serving His creatures for His sake.

Our Lord during the thirty years of His hidden life at Nazareth is the contemplative's great Model. A writer on the subject has said: "It has entered into the designs of Christ that His hidden life should be perpetuated not only in His

Sacramental Presence in the Tabernacle, but also by a portion of the members of His mystical body, the Church. . . . The contemplative Orders are a perpetual memorial of the life of the Holy House at Nazareth. . . . Sublime indeed is the hidden life of those who have learned to imitate Him,—whose hearts, like His, are wholly occupied, as far as they can be in this life, with the interests of God and of souls. A life, indeed, which worldlings would despise, which materialists scorn as useless. But in the great day of revelation they will be forced to exclaim: 'We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honor; behold, now they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.'"\*

There will, however, always be many to whom the lesson of the hidden life of Our Lord is a sealed book, and who will likewise fail to see in it an incontestable proof of the utility of an imitation of that life. With them there is an absence of faith sufficient to enable them to pierce the veils of a commonplace exterior and perceive true greatness in the purity of intention of those whose one idea is to act and suffer in union with the Heart of Jesus of Nazareth.

Every monastery is another Nazareth, and the cloister may indeed be likened to heaven's antechamber. Within its rarefied atmosphere the soul begins that direct honor to God which it will continue throughout all eternity. Are these lives, then, of no value in His sight? Consider the divine favors accorded a few of such servants of God. Read the history of a St. Teresa, a Blessed Margaret Mary, a St. Peter of Alcantara, or a St. John of the Cross, and hosts of others whom the Church has declared blessed. Oh, may the contemplative life be better appreciated in the world of to-day, where God seems to be loved so little, and where materialism and utilitarianism hold high dominion!

## Brownie.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO

### IV.

THE organist gave a startled sigh. When the man did not come to blow the organ, it had never occurred to him that Michael Jeffs had no one to bring him,—that the little child was not there. He went upstairs to the blind man.

What a lonesome space! What a silence there seemed to be in the poor home! What a void was left by the small missing figure, that filled in the hospital so little a corner, so little a bed!

"Thank you, sir,—thank you kindly!" Brownie's father said. His voice, shook, and great drops quivered in his sightless eyes. "There's every care of my little girl,—I know that right enough. But the nurse told me it's the worst case in the ward. There's nothing to be done, and I can't do nothing. Ah, sir, my own little child did not know me to-day, and I had to give up and come away home! 'Tisn't home without her, sir. She was all I had. God's will be done!"

Michael Jeffs bowed his face down upon his arms. Heaven knows how much worse than ours are the griefs of the blind. They can see nothing to distract their attention. The soul and its misery are together imprisoned in the dark. The organist wondered what he could say; and then he understood that it was one of the sorrows that are beyond human comfort. There are moments when human friends have to stand back with uncovered head.

The organist went out of the room. The blind man was in the dark, face to face with his great sorrow. But he was not alone. His poor Brownie had been carried away days ago, a helpless bundle. He heard her calling good-bye from a very sore little throat, and he knew she was blowing kisses as they closed the ambulance door. When he went to her to-day—a long journey—she did not

\* "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth."



know him. They told him she was in a kind of sleep, and knew no one; and he went away heartbroken. He had listened to her breathing. They told him her eyes had opened twice and she had looked at him; but she made no sign when he came; and when he went she was lying quite still, and seemed to be asleep.

When Brownie awoke in the hospital, there was a sort of cloud making everything hazy. The nurse lifted away the piece of white muslin that had been keeping her safe from the summer flies. Brownie—looking such a very queer Brownie, with no hair—opened her eyes wide, and the nurse poured some cool drops between her lips. The doctor was standing there in his long, white coat. She knew the doctor.

"On the top s'elf!" she said.

"What is it, dearie?"

The nurse bent down. But it was at the doctor Brownie looked. She was so used to being with her father it seemed as if a man would understand her better.

"My money-box."

"She wants her money-box," said the nurse to the doctor, with the shadow of a smile.

"My money-box—on the top s'elf, please!"

The nurse touched her own forehead.

"No, I don't think so," replied the doctor. "I think the little girl wants to say something. We must get her a money-box if she wants it."

And he came nearer across the polished floor, and sat on the chair by the bed.

Then Brownie seized his white coat with the weak grip of a very hot little hand.

"It's for father," she went on.

"She is better," said the doctor, with a triumphant nod toward the nurse.

A second nurse came now, and they stood together beyond the foot of the bed.

"They brighten up like that mostly always just before the end," said one.

"Maybe—the flicker before the candle goes out," replied the other, in a low voice.

Some one heard in the next bed, but not

the child, who could not have understood.

The high windows were all open, the room vast and lofty. Great spaces made the little bed look very small and narrow, and the child—how small and weak!

"Please get my money-box for father!" she whispered to the doctor. "Father is blind. Harry must break the box,—he must. I put the key inside, not to spend the pennies."

"And what are we to do, my dear little child?" the doctor asked. "You can't buy anything with the pennies here. What would you like?"

"I don't want nuffin," said Brownie, huskily. "All the money is for father to go up to London. Please do!" (to the doctor.) "The lady that came into the shop—she said—she said—she couldn't see; and she went up to London—up to London, I always 'member that; and the doctor did something with her eyes and she could see—she could—when she came into the shop."

This was a great effort for Brownie. Hot and worn with sickness, she was sadly changed; but her consciousness had come back, perhaps only for a little while; and the heart of Brownie spoke unchanged. The doctor looked sadly at the wistful tears on the child's face. The ruling passion strong in death is a word that has many meanings. It may be the love that has been a lifelong devotion, beautiful and holy, and which breaks out and asserts itself before passing beyond the veil, almost as a promise that it shall last forever where all that is good has its fruition. These thoughts were in the doctor's mind as he told the little child solemnly that her father should have the money out of her money-box, and should go to "the very best man in London," if there was any hope for his sightless eyes. Somehow he understood the child, and the child understood him.

"Where is father?" she said.

"He is just gone. He will soon be here. Now don't talk any more."

The dark fringes of her eyes closed

down, each upon a tear of happiness; and she sank back in her little bed, and lay again quite still. She murmured something about the "greeny-blue man" and the "mizzicle window," but she was asleep; and soon, waking up in a fright, she could talk lucidly no more, and had to be assured that there was not "a drefful long bear" coming out from under the bed. They sent no message to Michael Jeffs to come. The time was past when she would have known him.

In the house in Brick Alley, Mrs. Wicks did all she could, as the poor do for one another; but the father's heart sickened with fear.

In the box on the shelf in the corner still reposed the money that had been put by for his journey to London,—one small silver coin and many coppers. Michael Jeffs tried to work a little, just to get tired enough to sleep. When it grew dark he needed no light. He rolled up the old doll and the toy bear in soft paper, and put them away in a trunk—all in the dark,—and then he knelt with his face in his hands. The moonlight came in from the window at last, and he did not know it was all round him. He prayed the longer, as all souls should in their agony; and the refrain of his prayer was "My little child! my little child!"

A few months after, in the springtime, I was again in that town. One Saturday afternoon I crossed the graveyard to the ivied church. I had heard nothing more about Brownie since the day I met her there in the porch; it seemed now so very long ago.

Beautiful and still the place looked in the first warm sunshine of a new year. The trees were green again; the birds were chirping, busy with their nests. The grass was full of daisies in the open space beyond the old tombstones, "where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap." I noticed one small mound, the grave of a little child; the daisies had almost snowed it over. That

made me think of children: how lightly they come and go,—

Fleeting guests in our earthly land,—  
Out of God's hand, into His hand!

And of course I thought again of Brownie, the quaint little figure in the boy's coat and hat. Here was the budding springtime, and there was the grave of a child whose little feet would run about no more. Somehow my heart beat fast.

Reaching the side porch, I found the door open, and heard the organ within. It was the music of a psalm such as one hears chaunted by one side of the choir answering the other at Vespers or Compline. My friend the organist was up there again.

I went in. The sunshine was radiant, throwing aslant yellow and violet and red through the stained-glass windows. The floor I trod was vibrating with the rolling music. And there, standing on a bench in the aisle close up to a window and glorious with its colors,—there was a little bundle with a hood on its head. O Brownie! Brownie! It really was you. I have heard all your story since, and how I rejoice that it was your own little self, all beautiful and alive! When I heard how nearly you had slipped away, I was glad indeed that there was work for you still to do in our poor world. Did not the psalmist say, "I shall not die, but live and show the works of the Lord"?

When I had knelt for a few minutes I made my way to my little friend, who was still perched on the bench, looking up at the glass picture.

"Well, Brownie, do you remember me?"

She was a little taller, and her bronze-brown curls were short, but they peeped in wild profusion from under the hood. She looked at me shyly for a long time. Then I smiled, and she smiled with pearly teeth.

"I haven't got Rosabella and the bear to-day," she said. "Father says they are so big they can stop at home by their selves. I am getting big, too."

When she spoke of the toys, I knew she remembered me.



"And I remember you, Brownie," I said. "You love the pictures on the windows, don't you? And your father helps with the music, and you bring him here and take him home?"

She shook her curls and her hood.

"No, we doesn't do that way. Father comes hisself."

"But you should take care of him like you used, Brownie. I remember you and your blind father."

"Father isn't blind," she said, looking straight up at me with those wonderful eyes. Her little hand had seized me by the buttonhole. "He did it for father like for the greeny-blue man up there on the window."

"What! Can your father see?"

"Ess," she said proudly, with a glimpse of the pearly teeth, and joy sparkling like diamonds in her eyes. "I asked Him to do for father like for the greeny-blue man on the mizzicle window. And father went up to London, and father sees kite well, — he does; only he has spees on."

Then, for me at least, the psalm was the *Magnificat*. I could not speak: I could only feel the trembling vibration of the music through my very soul. Afterward I heard all the story from the organist, who had pieced it together like a puzzle, as he learned it from Michael Jeffs, the Wicks family, and the doctor.

"Brownie thought we should have another miracle window," he said. "I think there might be a tablet on the wall here, under the picture of the bluey-green man, for us all to remember it by."

We knew that He who wrought miracles long ago in Palestine is working them in the twentieth century and in the modern world. Lourdes is the witness to that; and no unprejudiced man who knows the facts of Lourdes can disbelieve in miracles. But the favors that come through human means and ordinary ways are none the less the gifts of Him who can do all things. The marvels of medical science are from His wisdom, and the skill of the surgeon is guided by His hand.

So there was a tablet on the wall to encourage all who came to kneel there. It was under the window where one saw in colored glass the miracle wrought on the blind man. The words on the tablet were something about thanksgiving for an answer to the prayer of a little child. When Brownie first showed it to me, she put her small finger on it, and said, with great sweetness and no grammar:

"That was me!"

(The End.)

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### The Old Love.

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BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

'T WAS cloudy an' chill the mornin' I married  
my John,

In gray Knockanare;

But the sun was deep down in my heart when  
the priest made us one,

With promise an' blessin' an' prayer.

I promised I'd love an' obey;

An' John, that he'd love an' be true.

O we loved, we were true, an' the gray

Of an old love, like an old wine, is rarer than  
new!

The feet o' the rain were a-dance at the cross o'  
the road,

As I went by his side;

An' the heart in me danced out o' joy, like the  
rain, till there glowed

The blush that my heart couldn't hide.

For I'd promised I'd love an' obey;

An' John, that he'd love an' be true.

O we loved, we were true, an' the gray

Of an old love, like an old wine, is richer than  
new!

The sun was bright gold in the sky the mornin'  
I hurried my John,

In gray Knockanare;

But the rain was deep down in my heart, for  
I knew he was gone

When the priest said the blessin' an' prayer.

Then I promised my John where he lay,

That for all the long years I'd be true.

O I love, O I'm true; for the gray

Of an old love, like an old wine, is stronger  
than new!

## Some Soldiers of the Church's Vanguard.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

### I.

THE Paris Seminary of the Foreign Missions can claim the high honor of having, in the last hundred years, sent out to the mission field of the Far East more men destined for the crown of martyrdom than any other college in the Catholic world. China, Tonkin, and Corea have all witnessed their triumphs; and the blood thus generously shed has brought a rich blessing on the labors of their brethren. At the cost—gladly paid—of many a noble life, these French missionaries made their way into Corea when it was closed to the rest of the world. They rediscovered the remnant of the Christians of Japan, and were the second founders of its Church. They labored for years in Tonkin and Annam, under constant persecution. They have evangelized many of the provinces of China, and done wondrous work in India, Burma, and Siam.

From one of them, who honors me with his friendship, I received a few days ago the annual report of the Seminary for the year 1912. Its general summary of statistics contains some figures that will come as a surprise to the many Catholics who are unacquainted with the recent developments of our missions. The priests of the Paris Seminary are now in charge of 34 missionary dioceses. In these there were, in 1912, 44 bishops, 1350 European missionaries, and 889 native priests. As many as 2243 natives of China, Manchuria, Corea, Japan, Tonkin, Siam, India, and Burma were in the mission seminaries of the Far East preparing for the priesthood. There were 224 convents, with 4082 nuns, Europeans and natives. There were 5950 churches and chapels, and 4555 schools. The Catholics in these missions numbered 1,548,576. In the twelve months covered

by the report, 461 Protestants were received into the True Fold, 31,881 adult pagans were baptized, and the baptisms of children of pagans (received into the Church with their parents or baptized in orphan asylums and rescue institutions) numbered 133,122. No general total is given of the catechumens, but the reports of individual missions tell of many thousands under instruction and preparing for baptism.

So much for the general results obtained by one among the many religious Orders and institutes now supplying workers to the mission field. It would be easy to gather from the report (a volume of more than 500 pages) many interesting details as to this or that mission; but I propose here to make some gleanings from the last part of it only—that is from the pages that contain brief records of the lives of between thirty and forty missionaries who died during the period dealt with. These personal records are of singular interest, because they show us what manner of men are these soldiers of the vanguard of God's Kingdom, the pioneers who are extending its frontiers, and winning so many conquests of souls.

These life stories are very simply told. There is no posing for effect in the word portraits of the dead. Their brethren who write of them do so in the most matter-of-fact way. We feel as we read the story that, for these heralds of the Cross, self-sacrifice, danger, poverty, hardship are, to use a familiar phrase, "all in the day's work,"—things that are taken as a matter of course. We can not summarize all the narratives. Let us take a few of them, almost at haphazard. There are interest and edification to be found in them all.

First comes the life record of Jules Alphonse Cousin, born in the west of France, in the heroic Vendean country, in 1842, who died Bishop of Nagasaki—"the city of martyrs,"—in Japan, on September 18, 1911. His mother passed away before he could know her, and an



elder sister took her place. Little Jules gave her a good deal of trouble. When she sent him off to school on a fine day, he did not always arrive there. He would forget all about books and lessons, and go off to the woods with a comrade. He was "lively and lacking in seriousness," explains his biographer apologetically. No doubt serious people predicted that 'the boy would not come to any good.' Luckily, the curé of the country town where he lived saw that there was the making of a man in him. Perhaps little Jules was one of those quick-witted boys who can learn so easily when they care to work, that they think they can afford to be idle. He was certainly quick and ready with his answers at the Sunday catechism; and the curé, attracted by this, taught him to serve Mass, took him into his presbytery and gave him lessons in Latin; and, seeing hopes of a vocation, passed him on to the Petit Séminaire, the preparatory school for the diocesan seminary of Luçon.

If his teachers in the preparatory school and the Seminary had not been very clear-sighted and level-headed men, the missions might have lost a strenuous worker, and the Church of Japan a worthy bishop. For Jules Cousin was still lacking in "seriousness," and terribly lively and high-spirited. He liked music; he excelled in games of all kinds. He had an excellent memory, but he was not a plodding, hard-working student. His professors were sometimes anxious about him; but, like the good curé who had first taken him in hand, they were wise enough to see that there was nothing really wrong about him, and that he had qualities that outweighed any surface defects. Only his director fully knew the solid good that lurked under a playful exterior; and great was the surprise of everyone else at the Seminary of Luçon when the news went round that Cousin had asked leave of his bishop to go to the famous Seminary of Paris in order to devote his life to the missions of the Far East. The permission

was given. Cousin's aged father at first deplored his son's change of plans. He had looked forward to seeing him a priest in La Vendée. Jules did not trust himself to the trial of a farewell visit to his home. He wrote to his father that he would see him before his departure for the missions, and went direct to Paris.

He had found his place at last. At the Mission Seminary he was a hard worker, though as lively as ever. His letters home were characteristically full of bright sallies, side by side with news of his work and affectionate messages. His father became reconciled to his son's vocation. Cousin was ordained priest at Christmas, 1865; and on the 14th of the following February left Paris *en route* for Japan. He landed at Nagasaki on May 7, 1866.

The writer of the memoir in the *Missions Étrangères* report takes it for granted that his readers know all about the history of the time. A wonderful time it was. The great change from mediævalism to modern conditions in Japan was in progress, and in the midst of it had come the rebirth of Catholicity in the Empire. A little more than a year before Father Cousin landed at Nagasaki, the event had taken place which is commemorated each year in a solemn feast by the Catholics of Japan as the "Rediscovery of the Christians." In the seventeenth century the rising Christianity of Japan had been drowned in a sea of blood. The country had then been closed against Europeans. Only some Dutch traders were allowed to traffic at one port, and they had to prove they were not Catholics by each year trampling on a crucifix in the presence of the magistrates. But from time to time there came rumors that seemed to suggest that a remnant of the descendants of those whom St. Francis Xavier and his successors had converted still clung to the faith. It was said that the persecuting edicts were still engraved on tablets in the villages, and a Russian traveller early in the nineteenth century told of a story he had heard of some Christians being crucified.

The United States and the European powers forced the Japanese to open some of their ports to trade, though Europeans were still forbidden to go beyond these towns. At Nagasaki, soon after the canonization of the Japanese martyrs in 1862, the Abbé Petitjean, of the Paris Mission<sup>s</sup> Seminary, had built a church in their honor in the European reservation. He was praying in his church on March 17, 1865, when he saw some market women from the country enter it. He thought at first they were attracted by mere curiosity. But then something in their manner struck him, and he spoke to them. To his surprise and delight, they told him 'their hearts were like his.' Pointing to a statue, they said: "That represents Jesus and Mary." And then they went on to say that in the valley of Urakami, not far inland, there were hundreds like them in the villages. Without priest or church, these people had clung to the faith for two hundred years, baptizing their children, meeting in secret for prayer, and passing on the tradition of the faith from generation to generation. It is one of the most wonderful things in the history of the Church.

The Abbé made secret visits to the villages, brought some young men into Nagasaki to train them as catechists, and selected ten boys to be educated for the priesthood. But then the Government took alarm, and began a persecution of a new kind. Native Christians were flung into prison, where many died; and after this an attempt was made to paralyze the movement by deporting the Catholics to places where they would be isolated among pagans and out of the reach of their new friends. It was in the midst of this crisis that Père Cousin arrived at Nagasaki and began, under the Abbé Petitjean's direction, his study of the Japanese language. He was a rapid learner, and was soon able to get to work among the people. In such trying times his quick wit, his unvarying courage, good humor, and readiness

of resource were of the highest value.

The Abbé Petitjean had now become Mgr. Petitjean, first missionary Bishop of the rediscovered Church of Japan. He had few priests, and there was plenty of work for them. Cousin's first task was the education and Christian instruction of the boys and young men who were living secretly in the presbytery. Then came a message that there were Christians among the fishermen of the Goto Islands; and the young priest, disguised as a Japanese, set off to labor for a while among them. He lived there hidden in the daytime, leaving his hut only at night. Then he was sent to live in the same way in the Urakami valley; and when the rage of the persecution increased, he was given the task of taking from Nagasaki to the college of Pulo Penang, in the Malay Peninsula, the candidates for the priesthood who had so far studied secretly in the Bishop's house. Returning to Japan, he was sent to found a mission in the city of Osaka.

The Revolution had now been accomplished, and the foreign ambassadors persuaded the Government to withdraw the edicts of persecution. After four years of trials, the Church in Japan enjoyed a measure of toleration. After a while the exiled Christians were restored to their homes. Gradually freedom of worship was granted. In 1878, when Father Cousin replaced his temporary chapel at Osaka by a large church, the Japanese governor and the magistrates were present at the opening ceremony. In 1882 he had the joy of being present at the ordination of three native priests. They belonged to the little group he had taken away to Pulo Penang in 1867.

In 1884 Father Cousin was at Nagasaki when his teacher, the first Bishop of Japan, was dying. Mgr. Petitjean's successor lived for only a few months after his nomination; and in 1885 the Holy See named Jules Cousin missionary Bishop of the Vicariate of Southern Japan, with his residence at Osaka. He was



consecrated there on September 21. A year later he was transferred to Nagasaki; and when, in 1900, Leo XIII. restored the Japanese hierarchy, he became first Bishop of that city. As Bishop, the work dearest to his heart was the creation of a native clergy; and he directed at Nagasaki the seminary to which students were sent from all the four dioceses of Japan. In 1897 he marked the tercentenary of the first martyrdoms by erecting a church in their honor at the foot of the hill where so many of them were crucified or burned to death.

More could be told of his good works. His holy death in September, 1911, closed a fruitful career of forty-five years as a missionary, and twenty-six as a bishop. When his body was laid in the tomb in the Urakami valley, among scenes where he had labored in disguise and in the midst of persecution more than forty years before, the prelates of the new hierarchy were there, with numbers of their priests, European and Japanese, and a vast assembly of the Christians; and with them were the Consuls of all the foreign powers, Protestant as well as Catholic, and the Governor of Nagasaki, with his staff acting as the representative of the Emperor.

So closed with something like a triumph the career of Mgr. Cousin. And he was once the little boy who was "not serious," who was "too lively," and who preferred playing in the woods of La Vendée to learning his lessons at school.

## II.

Lest it should be rashly concluded that playing truant and robbing birds'-nests is the ideal preparation for a missionary career, let us turn to the next of our stories. When the future bishop landed at Nagasaki in 1866, there was a little boy growing up in Catholic Savoy, who was also to be a missionary bishop, and who seems to have been all that the ideal good little boy should be. François Belleville, born at Chavanod, near Annecy and named after its sainted Bishop, St.

Francis de Sales, came of a Catholic family, fairly wealthy and zealously devoted to the Faith. He grew up in an atmosphere of practical piety, and from his boyhood hoped to be a priest. As a young man he had a brilliant career at the Seminary of Annecy; and showed such marked talent that when he asked for leave to join the Society of the Foreign Missions, his bishop, who counted upon him to do good work in his own diocese, at first refused, and yielded only after long delay. In 1884 the young priest was sent to the mission of Tonkin.

Years of fierce persecution had made Tonkin famous as a land of martyrdom. In 1884 France had just established a "protectorate" in the country, and it was anticipated that a period of peace had begun. But just as Father Belleville reached the scene of his life work a great war blazed out; much of the country was still in the hands of its old princes; and in the districts occupied by the French, a rising began as soon as the native chiefs invaded them. Everywhere the "rebels" (as the French called them) proclaimed that the Christians must be put to the sword and their churches razed to the ground.

Having read so far, you will probably expect to hear that our missionary was martyred or put to death "in hatred of the Faith." But just as the truant school-boy of La Vendée falsified the forecasts of those who said he would "come to no good" by becoming a great missionary bishop, so, contrary to what would have been predicted for the pious Savoyard boy and the model seminarian, who seems never to have been "in a row" in his young life in France, François Belleville, in the midst of the storm of blood and fire in Tonkin, supplied the organizing brain for the armed defence of more than one Christian village menaced by the pagan raiders,—a defence that meant desperate fighting against odds.

In the earlier persecutions, the Christians of Tonkin and Annam had nowhere

offered the least opposition to the persecutors. These were acting in the name of the lawful government of the country. But the Vicars Apostolic decided that the situation was changed by the Treaty which made the country nominally a French protectorate, really a French province. The persecutors were rebel bands like the dacoits of Burma. It was lawful for the Christians, where resistance offered a reasonable prospect of success, to defend themselves from massacre at the hands of these brigands; and lawful, too, for the missionaries to use their superior knowledge to organize the defence. So, after the first massacres at the outlying stations, the raiders found the Christian villages roughly fortified with trenches and barricades, held mostly by men armed only with spears improvised out of sharpened bamboos and a few old firearms. Father Belleville was the amateur military engineer, and at the same time the chaplain to the forces in two sieges, both ending in the retreat of the raiders.

After the collapse of the movement, he labored in repairing the losses of the years of strife, which had involved the massacre of thousands of Christians and the burning of scores of churches. Later he was employed as professor and director in training native candidates for the priesthood in the seminary of Southern Tonkin. In January, 1911, he was raised to the episcopate as Vicar Apostolic of the mission. It seemed that he might still have several years of fruitful apostolate before him, but he was carried off by an attack of fever in July, 1912.

From Japan and Tonkin we pass to China. We have followed the career of two missionaries who rose to the episcopate. Now comes the story of one of the martyrs of our day. His aged father and mother, Monsieur and Madame Castanet, are still living at Bordeaux, where he was born in 1867, one of a family of four, — two sons and two daughters. Little Castanet learned his lessons at the school of the Christian Brothers, and

served Mass in the mornings at a convent near his home. The boy grew up under the shadow of the altar, and seemed from the first destined for it. Successful studies, a university degree, and entrance into the Seminary of Bordeaux make up the events of his youth. In 1888 he announced his intention of devoting himself to the Eastern missions, and entered the Paris Seminary. At first there was great grief in the home at Bordeaux. But his parents reconciled themselves to the sacrifice; and to the impressions of this time his brother traced his vocation to the priesthood; and one of his sisters, her call to the religious life.

The young missionary went to China in 1891. For some years he worked in the province of Sze-chuen, on the Upper Yang-tse. Those who knew him describe him as always cheerful, sanguine and optimistic in his views, and always ready for work of any kind. His good-humored tact saved his mission station from destruction in a local outbreak. From Sze-chuen he was sent to the scattered missions of the mountain district of Kien-chang, on the borders of Yunnan. He confessed that at first it was "a terror" to him to have to travel by rough mountain tracks, amid precipices and chasms; but a companion tells how after a while he got used to it, and was often seen riding a mule with the bridle loose on its neck, and his hands busy with his Rosary, though the track was the edge of a sheer descent of hundreds of feet. He made many converts among the Chinese and the wild Lolo tribesmen, and founded in one of the mountain valleys a purely Christian village.

A fellow-missionary tells that, before the news of the rising of 1911 reached Kien-chang, he was called back to Europe on the business of the missions, and before his departure bade farewell to Father Castanet. The traveller would pass through Bordeaux, and Castanet gave him messages for his parents. As he spoke of them, tears came into his eyes and he



nearly broke down. The incident shows how much the lifelong separation from home had cost him; how even after twenty years he still felt the sacrifice he had made with such outward cheerfulness. It was a last message. A few weeks later bands of rebels were hunting down the Christians, and Father Castanet was stabbed to death on the road near his mission station. Many of the Christians he had trained also died for their Faith; for, though the chief organizers of the Revolution of 1911 wished it to be directed only against the Manchus, and had no hostility either to Europeans or Christians, the old tradition of times of disorder in China led to attacks upon them in many districts.

### III.

Let us end with the story of Eugene Krempf. He was a Parisian by birth,—the son of an Alsatian, hence his German-sounding name. When he was three years old his mother died. At fifteen he lost his father. By that time he had finished his short school course, and was a boy-clerk in a Paris grocery store. He was a good practical Catholic, and it was noticed that he would never allow one of his fellow-employees to say a word against religion without answering him with a well-chosen reply. Perhaps it was because he was ready of speech that, as soon as he had learned the business, his employer sent him out as a commercial traveller. This occupation was interrupted by the call to the army.

So Krempf did his term of military service in the 148th Infantry, in garrison at Verdun. In his second year he was promoted to the rank of corporal, but rose no higher. His service done, Corporal Krempf might have gone back to his commercial travelling, but he was now thinking of longer and more adventurous journeys. In the barracks at Verdun there had come to him the call that had found so many others in the pious atmosphere of the diocesan seminaries. He made his way to the Rue du Bac in Paris, and

was accepted by the superiors of the Foreign Mission Seminary. In 1898 he went as a missionary to Siam; and, though the tropical climate soon affected, his health, he lived on till the spring of last year. All through his life he had had a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and it was the greatest trial of his last illness that its symptoms made it impossible for him to receive Holy Viaticum. But on the last day he asked to have his bed placed under a veranda close to the wall of the church, with his face turned toward the tabernacle; and so he died, as near as he could be to the Blessed Sacrament.

These are some glimpses of the lives of Catholic missionaries belonging to one institute among many, and recruited in this case from only one Catholic country. At this moment France has nearly 1400 of these soldiers of the Cross at the front, in India, Burma, Siam, Malaya, Cochin China, Tonkin, China, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Japan; and at home numbers of others preparing to take their places in these distant missions,—more than enough of them to fill the gaps made by death in the ranks as each year goes by. No man loves home and his native country more deeply and keenly than a Frenchman. It is often said that this is why he makes a bad colonist. But with the supernatural motive they break all home ties and make ideal missionaries.

But travellers—and non-Catholic travellers, too—tell the same tale of the French missionaries they have found here and there in the heart of China. They describe their poor surroundings, their scanty fare, their absolute devotion to the people among whom they labor, and with all this the cheerful spirit with which they make light of hardship. Surely there is no reason to be anything but hopeful of the future of religion in France, which produces men like these,—soldiers of the Church's vanguard in the Far East, reapers in fields that are now "white for the harvest."

"That Mrs. Fane."

BY MARY CROSS.

THE Misses Binton were very genteel. They "resided" where ordinary mortals merely "lived"; others "let apartments" to all and sundry; they "offered the advantages of a refined home and select society to a limited number of paying guests." Their establishment was patronized by "the better class"; and its reputation was heightened when wealthy James Darrell married the youngest and only really pretty Miss Binton, and bore her off to a fine mansion in London, as the event suggested the possibility of equally desirable matches being made under the same roof.

The house stood in spacious grounds; beds of brilliant flowers bordering a lawn like emerald velvet, to which on fine days cushioned chairs and small tables were carried; and gentlemen with roses in their coats handed tea and tempting cakes to ladies exquisitely clad; and at times a haughty smoke-colored cat deigned to join the party and partake of cream.

This summer there had arrived a little girl with a bevy of dolls and Teddy bears, and such accessories as parents, a tall, handsome uncle, to whom the younger ladies amongst the paying guests found much to say, and a consequential nurse. The little girl was Cissie Darrell, niece of the Misses Binton, on whose gentility the return of their sister in circumstances of dazzling affluence set the guinea stamp.

Not far from the gilded gates of the Binton domain was a small, 'drab old house, set in the midst of a shaggy, unkempt square of grass, shaded by a lime tree which grew in the Binton garden; as far as the occupants of the house were concerned, the pretty things of life always were in some one else's garden. The Misses Binton regarded the dingy dwelling as a blot on the landscape, and hoped that in the progress of civilization it would be swept away.

Meanwhile it sheltered Mrs. Fane, a young widow, and her little daughter, Mabel. Mrs. Fane did sewing for a few shops, and thus earned an income that left no margin for the simplest pleasures. In another town, not so long ago, the sad, careworn woman had been known as a happy, charming girl, courted and flattered, until she made the fatal mistake of marrying a plausible scamp to reform him. He, being one of those who stay at the foot of the ladder in order to pull others down, had soon squandered her substance and broken her spirit; and after his death she had been glad to hide where there was no one to tell her that she had brought her troubles upon herself, — the form which "sympathy" sometimes takes.

Little Mabel had no playmates and no toys, but she was an adept in the art of make-believe. A strip of earth marked off by cocklesheils was at times her garden, wherein she planted daisies and dandelions, and then a shop where mud pies of various shapes were offered to imaginary purchasers.

One morning she was busily engaged in manufacturing a supply of those dainties, when a plaintive voice broke the stillness with—

"Will you come and play with me? There aren't any little girls in my auntie's house; and papa and mamma and Uncle Frank are golfing, and I'm lonely."

Miss Cissie's pursuit of the Persian cat, which fled from a decorative scheme of ribbons and bells, had led her thus far, and she yearned for congenial companionship.

"I never play with any one," replied Mabel, feasting her eyes on the sunny-haired, white-robed fairy. "I think it is because my mamma doesn't like people to see how shabby my clothes are."

"But why doesn't she give you pretty, new ones?" asked Cissie, used from her cradle to dainty attire, and the gratifying of every wish.

"She is too poor," said Mabel, simply.



The other child stared. What was meant by poor?

"Never mind," she consoled. "I'll stay and play with you!"

That being settled, the fun grew fast and furious; and the children's merry laughter made music in the air, until there came on the scene an anxious, angry and excited nurse.

"Well, I never, Miss Cecilia!" she cried. "It's here you are, and I searching the whole house for you! How can you be so naughty?"

Cissie ignored the question.

"I'll come again to-morrow and play with you," she promised Mabel, as she allowed herself to be led away.

The Misses Binton were shocked when they heard of their niece's exploit, and absolutely forbade her even to speak to "that common child next door,"—a counsel of perfection she found herself unable to observe; and, as she was clever both in evading her nurse and in having her own way, she spent not a little time in Mabel's garden of delights. Her father, when appealed to, merely smiled and said:

"Oh, let her be happy! What is there to make a fuss about, anyhow? We are not going to stay here forever, and the acquaintance will end when we go."

Mrs. Fane, not being aware of the prohibition, rather encouraged Cissie's visits for the sake of her own little one, who revelled in the new delight of a youthful playmate.

But matters were coming to a climax. One evening Miss Binton remarked, in praise of her niece's having remained in docile attendance on her dolls all day:

"You have been a very good little girl to-day, Cissie. Now, why can't you be as good always, instead of running away to that objectionable child?"

"I stayed here only because Mabel can't come out until her shoes are mended," confessed Cissie, honestly. "She has only one pair, Auntie; and her mamma cried because she can't buy new ones until somebody has paid her for making some blouses."

"I do not understand how you can sanction your child's acquiring knowledge of such sordid matters, Cecilia," quoth Miss Binton reproachfully to her sister.

"James is responsible, not I," said Mrs. Darrell, tartly; but the placid James only nodded.

"Does it harm us to know that whilst we enjoy luxuries others are in want of necessities?" asked Uncle Frank. "In this case, can't we find a remedy?"

"The giving of parochial relief has not been abolished, I presume," replied Mrs. Darrell, impatiently. Her sisters wondered why she was so cross; but, in the presence of open-eared Cissie, they refrained from inquiring.

Presently that damsel danced away with her father; the others followed, excepting Mrs. Darrell and Frank, whom she detained by a gesture.

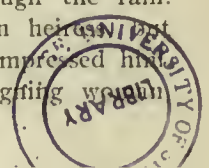
"I want to speak to you," said she. "Is it true that you escorted that Mrs. Fane home on Thursday evening?"

"Guilty, your worship! Grant me the option of a fine."

"I can't joke about it, Frank. It appears that she gives herself a great many airs, and is the sort of person whose head would be easily turned. You should not compromise yourself—or her."

"Well! Surely that awful word 'compromise' does not apply to an ordinary act of politeness? Mrs. Fane was caught in a heavy shower, far from shelter; so was I. She had no umbrella; I had one far-extending as our Empire. I asked her to accept a share of it; she did,—and that is all. She could scarcely have afforded to refuse, because, if she had survived the drenching, I am afraid her garments would not. In spite of circumstances, she is a lady. I hope you don't think that I failed to be a gentleman?"

Cecilia's lips tightened. From a romantic maid she had heard an exaggerated account of the walk through the rain. She destined Frank for an heiress; and evidently Mrs. Fane had impressed him. No doubt she was a designing woman.



who knew how to play on a man's feelings.

"If you think I should apologize to Mrs. Fane, I will," he said, rather wickedly, as Cecilia stood silent.

"Apologize to *her*! Frank, you are most provoking!"

"Quits! And now let me appeal to you to do something for that poor mite of a Mabel. When our spoiled Cissie talks about her, a knife goes into my heart. Just think of a little child who never had a doll or a pretty dress, whose mother cries when her shoes are worn out! And think of a mother who is killing herself by inches in the struggle to keep herself and her child alive!"

In Mrs. Darrell's breast maternal sympathy and womanly compassion struggled against the Binton traditions,—against worldliness and ambition, against a suspicion that Frank was being snared. But they struggled vainly; her temper gave way a trifle more, and she waxed sarcastic.

"You exaggerate, Frank. In any case, I don't see what I can do. Mrs. Fane might not accept the gift of a rainproof and an umbrella—whilst you are here."

"What a scratch! How catty women can be! I bless my stars I am a man!" declared Frank.

"And pray where would you be but for a woman?" demanded Cecilia, scathingly.

"In the Garden of Eden, I believe," he replied; with which the interview came to an end, and he was left to ponder the problem how he could smooth the path for Mabel's tiny feet, how bring a smile to her mother's pale, sad face, where care had dug caves for the loveliest eyes that ever haunted a man's sleeping and waking dreams with their mournful beauty.

Mrs. Darrell determined that, as Frank must not be further influenced by pity, which is proverbially akin to love, by fresh revelations of the Fanes' poverty, the intercourse between the two children must be stopped at once. The way seemed to open on the following afternoon, as

she was strolling with Cissie along a quiet road. On one side were fields where ripening ears of grain were swaying; on the other, a deep railway cutting, with wild flowers and feathery grasses growing down the slopes of the embankment. The whistle of a train echoed from the distance; overhead a lark was carolling. The road was a short cut from town to Mrs. Fane's house, and she was hastening homeward along it, when there came in view a "dimpled darling" who chased the butterflies and snatched at the flowers, and a stately lady whose attire expressed the last costly caprice of fashion. Mrs. Fane made a striking and touching contrast in her poor black gown and shabby widow's bonnet. But it was at the living gold of her hair and the length of her eyelashes that Mrs. Darrell looked; and, looking, hardened her heart.

"Mrs. Fane, I believe?" she said coldly. "Well, Mrs. Fane, I shall be so much obliged if you will not allow my little girl to play with yours. It is a liberty that should never have been tolerated. As my daughter is rather self-willed, and too young to understand the position, I am obliged to speak to you, and I hope you will attend to my request."

Mrs. Fane's first thought was of Mabel,—not of the slight, the insult, but of the child being deprived of her small share of pleasure. It had seemed so innocent, this playing with the other child, whose profuse toys and sweets and frocks she had seen without a trace of envy, whose tales of parties and presents she had heard with unselfish joy in another's joy. This was to be taken from her. Why? The red blood throbbed to the mother's face; then she bowed in acquiescence.

"Very well," she said gently, and passed on.

Mrs. Darrell would have been happier had she been insolent or resentful, but something in that meek "Very well" brought a lump to her throat. She told herself that she had been cruel only to



be kind; nevertheless, a sense of shame troubled her. It surrendered presently to more terrible emotions, which reduced her for the time to the condition of a screaming maniac. Her attention had been withdrawn from Cissie only for a few minutes; but in that brief space the child had been attracted by a cluster of scarlet poppies flickering on the edge of the embankment, and she scrambled under the wire fencing to secure them. Next instant she was gone without a sound: the tiny feet had slipped, the tiny form rolled helplessly down the slope, to lie still on the glittering lines of rail below.

Mrs. Fane was the first to realize what had happened, and made a wild rush to the treacherous brink. The descent was not easy, but it must be attempted at once; for already the ground vibrated,—already the air was rent with the roar of an approaching train. How she got down she neither knew nor cared. Stumbling over briars and brambles, breathless, quivering, she reached the level, and caught the child to her breast; next minute, she was leaning flat against the side as the train rattled by. With care and with difficulty, having only one hand free, she reached the summit again, and drew a long breath of relief and gratitude.

Mrs. Darrell lay face downward in the grass, convulsive sobs shaking her from head to foot. Like Hagar, she could not see her child die. Mrs. Fane uttered her name very gently, but she shrieked:

"Don't speak to me, don't tell me! I know that my baby is killed,—my only one, my darling! Leave me here to die, too!"

"She is only stunned; not even a bone is broken, I am sure," said Mrs. Fane; and the half-distracted mother raised herself, stretching out eager arms.

The child's blue eyes opened, looking round with wondering fear, until hidden on her mother's breast. Mrs. Darrell stood with the little thing strained to her heart for a minute or two; then, still clasping the child closely, turned silently

homeward. Mrs. Fane watched them until they disappeared round a bend in the road.

Mrs. Fane reached home, feeling exceptionally worn and weary. A pile of sewing awaited her, and it seemed to expand until it filled the whole room. She sank into a chair, not thinking that she had done a brave action, not asking what would have become of her child had she lost her life in saving the other. She was conscious only of being very tired, very depressed, very weak.

Her face and hands were wet with unwonted tears; she had no time for weeping, but now she was powerless to resist that outburst of emotion. All at once the burden seemed too heavy, the road too steep and thorny for her to endure longer. Yet for the child's sake she dared not give up.

"Oh, let me not lose my faith in Thy love and Thy providence, dear God!" she sobbed. "Mary Mother, help me to remember always that He who careth for the falling of a sparrow cares for me and mine!"

Perhaps the sleep of exhaustion overcame her, perhaps stupor. From one or the other the pressure of a hand on her shoulder roused her, and she met the eyes that had looked disdain upon her, now suffused with tears; felt the lips that had stabbed her with scornful words pressed to her cheek; heard the haughty, imperious voice, now soft and tender, say tremulously and brokenly to her:

"Mrs. Fane, you saved my little one's life. I was not able to thank you then, I am not able to thank you now; I can never—none of us can—hope to thank or repay you for what you did. You saved our darling's life."

"I thank God for it," said Mrs. Fane, huskily.

"I don't think that you, mother though you are, know what we feel," resumed Mrs. Darrell, less and less coherently. "Our whole lives are bound up in Cissie: she is our only one. There is a little grave

already. Oh, I shall never forget until my dying day my agony when I heard those dreadful wheels, and believed that they were crushing out my baby's life, as but for you, you heroine, they would have done! Oh, when I realized that, but for you, nothing would have remained of my lovely, laughing child but her—"She shuddered away from the thought. "Mrs. Fane, I was harsh to you. I am sorry. Will you—brave, generous, noble woman as you are—do one thing more for me? You gave my child back to me from the very jaws of death: let me give your child and you some happiness. There is a place in our home for you,—there will be always. My husband is here to tell you that, to bless you as I do; to implore you, as I do, to be our friend, beloved and honored always."

A year later two little girls were discussing in the sunny nursery of Darrell House what would be their mutual relationship after to-morrow, when Cissie's uncle would marry Mabel's mother.

"He will be your papa, at any rate," said Cissie, decisively; "and a good papa, because he is the bestest uncle in the world."

"He is the bestest man in the world," declared Mabel. "Mamma says so, and she knows."

### The Christian's Thanksgiving.

BY HENRY COYLE.

WE thank Thee, O God, for sorrow and pain  
For grief and affliction, trial and strain;  
For the struggle of life, trouble and loss,  
For toil and worry, and Calvary's cross;—  
For prayers denied, and every ill,  
For loving submission unto Thy will;  
For the boon of tears, for hunger and cold,  
For grace of poverty, and lack of gold;—  
For the mourner's breaking heart, and the peace  
Of the suffering soul in Death's release;  
For fire that purges our sins, and the rod  
That chastens, appeasing the wrath of God.

### The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*December 14, Third Sunday of Advent.*

FROM the first word of the Introit, *Gaudete*, which signifies "Rejoice," this is often styled "Gaudete Sunday." For not the Introit alone, but every portion of the liturgy of the day, breathes the spirit of holy joy. And the reason of this is to be found in the very meaning of Advent. The Church is looking eagerly for the coming of the Redeemer; and, now that the time of expectation is drawing to a close, she would have her children increase their longing for His presence. "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice. Let your modesty be known to all men, for the Lord is nigh. Be nothing solicitous; but in everything, by prayer, let your petitions be made known to God." These consoling words of St. Paul are repeated in the Epistle. Our prayers and our desires for closer union with Christ must grow in intensity as the day of His coming draws nearer. The psalm praises God for His mercies: "O Lord, Thou hast blessed Thy land! Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob." The advent of the Redeemer must free us from the chains of sin and evil habits. The Collect prays: "Bend Thine ear, O Lord, we beseech Thee, to our prayers; and enlighten the darkness of our minds by the grace of Thy visitation." We beg, by these words, the grace which is the subject of all the prayers of the Church during this season—the coming of Christ to take possession of our souls. We ask Him to enlighten our darkness by His presence. Darkness is symbolical of sadness, gloom, and sorrow; and this is a season of penance, and consequently of sorrow for sin. Light is a symbol of joy and gladness, and to-day we are bidden to rejoice at the nearness of Our Lord. The thought should give courage to the faint-hearted, and should cheer the gloom of Advent for all faithful children of God,



The Epistle repeats the consoling words of the Introit, and reminds us of the "peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding," which we may look for as the result of fidelity to His commands.

The Gradual, like so many of the formulas of this season, is an earnest prayer to the coming Redeemer: "O Lord, who sittest on the Cherubim, exert Thy power and come! Thou who rulest Israel, hearken. Thou who leadest Joseph as a sheep." The Lord we await is the mighty God, enthroned above the angels, who are but His messengers and servants; yet He is the God who stoops to our littleness,—to rule and guide us, as a shepherd leads his flock in security and peace.

The Alleluia verse is similar: "Exert, O Lord, Thy power, and come to save us. Alleluia."

It is worthy of note that on three out of the four Sundays of Advent the Gospel relates to the office and work of St. John the Baptist. To-day we have his self-effacing testimony to the truth of Our Lord's mission when asked by the Jews for credentials of his own right to preach. He proclaims himself but a "voice" giving warning of the coming of the Christ. His whole duty is to prepare the way. He is thus a type of the Church, which is ever pointing out to men their Divine Redeemer, and exhorting them to receive Him and render to Him the service which is His due. To how many in these days may that warning be addressed, "There hath stood one in the midst of you whom you know not"! The words are true in too many instances not only of the Church, which represents Christ, but even of Our Lord Himself. This is why we are continually bidden to pray: "Exert, O Lord, Thy power, and come to save us."

The Offertory speaks in prophetic voice of the blessings resulting from Christ's coming, as though they were already attained. It suggests to us a prayer for freedom from the captivity of sin which chains down so many of God's creatures: "Lord, Thou hast blessed Thy land; Thou hast

turned away the captivity of Jacob, Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people."

The Communion verse is a message of consolation in the words of the Prophet Isaias: "Say: Be comforted, O ye timid of heart, and fear not! Behold, our God will come and save us." The note of joy sounds here as it did in the Introit. We must take courage, and have patience, and all will be well if we truly desire to welcome the God of our salvation.

Perhaps it may seem to us a somewhat monotonous petition to cry again and again, "Exert Thy power, O Lord, and come!" as the Church does repeatedly during these Sundays of Advent. It is in the same spirit that the Collect of to-day cries: "Bend Thine ear to our prayers." God is everywhere present, and yet we beg Him to listen, as though He were preoccupied. But it is in obedience to His command that we reiterate our petitions. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him," says the Psalmist. "You shall pray to Me, and I will hear you. You shall seek Me, and shall find Me; when you shall seek Me with your whole heart," God has said through the mouth of His prophet. This is the reason of the constant repetition; it reminds us that, if we desire anything with our whole heart, we shall never cease to petition for it.

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### The O's of St. Bridget.

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Most of our readers are familiar with the O's of Advent, the great anthems beginning with: "O Wisdom," "O Adonai," "O Root of Jesse," etc. But they may be unaware of the significance of the "O's of St. Bridget," or the "Fifteen O's," as they were sometimes called. They were fifteen meditations on the Passion of Christ, composed by St. Bridget, and each beginning with *O Jesu*, or a similar invocation. They were to be found in English primers, or books of private devotion, years before the so-called Reformation.

### Madame Pasteur.

HAPPILY synchronizing with the Silver Jubilee of the Pasteur Institute, just celebrated at Paris, comes the publication by M. René Vallery-Radot, son-in-law and biographer of Pasteur, of an opuscule on the great French scientist's wife. Henry Bordeaux makes the little work the text for several interesting columns in *La Semaine Littéraire*. We make no apology for presenting to our readers a rough copy of the portrait which the foregoing sympathetic writers have sketched of a devoted wife and helpmeet.

"She was discreet in everything," says her son-in-law. "Never thinking of herself, she wished that no attention should be paid to her. The word 'I,' one of the first and last pronounced by human lips, was so foreign to her vocabulary that during the thirty years throughout which I had the happiness of living near her, of loving and venerating her, I never heard her use a phrase beginning with that pronoun. 'How simple and unaffected she is!' was the invariable comment, whether at a first interview or after long years of intimacy. And to that simplicity, which implies so rare a union of estimable qualities, were added the happy faculty of seeing men and things on their good and great sides, an unalterable benevolence, and an always indulgent goodness. To praise or to excuse,—that was her method of judging her neighbor."

"I saw Madame Pasteur only once," writes M. Bordeaux. "It was at Arbois, whither I went as a pilgrim to see the house where *he* had passed his boyhood. Pasteur was born at Dôle, but Arbois was his country, his home. Is not our true country that wherein our parents, before the awakening of our faculties, have definitely established themselves,—that which we associate with the joys and griefs of childhood, with the aspirations of youth, with all that characterization which renders our first fifteen

or twenty years the essential part of our life; that which will provide us with pictures and the joy of life and strength of soul? . . .

"Madame Pasteur, who welcomed me to the house, had gathered therein all that could interest the memory: the books which *he* used to read, daguerreotypes of him at twenty and twenty-five, and his first paintings,—for Pasteur could have been a famous artist. She spoke of him as if he were still there; and she effaced herself not only before him, but also before his parents, especially John Joseph, his father, who had foreseen and prepared the boy's glorious future. This refusal to place her own figure in the foreground or to make the slightest allusion to her own rôle was so complete and absolute that at first I did not remark it. Of herself she had nothing to say. There was, indeed, nothing to be said save that she had been the perfect companion who knew how to create around her genius-gifted husband the atmosphere most favorable to his development,—the companion who was never noticed but was always there, attentive, swift to comfort, ever-loving."

Marie Laurent, the future Madame Pasteur, belonged on her mother's side to an old Orleans family, the Huets, one of those families in which courage and good humor go hand in hand. Her father was a professor in a lyceum. Their home was a modest household; they were not wealthy, but radiated an exceptional probity of mind and manners. In the beginning of 1848 M. Laurent was named rector of the faculty at Strasburg. On Sunday evenings he held receptions for the professors, among whom was a young substitute professor of chemistry,—a new arrival, who scarcely went out at all. He was a timid, cold young man, with the eyes of an enthusiast; a work of his on crystals had given him the beginning of a reputation. And suddenly, without the slightest preparation, this new arrival, who had not dared to declare himself,



wrote to M. Laurent, asking his daughter's hand in marriage. "Just as Pasteur's prudence," says M. Vallery-Radot, "was, in the domain of science, great, circumspect, always fearful of leaving some point in obscurity, so, in the domain of morals, his sentiment was immediate, impetuous." He saw at once where his happiness lay, he was sure of it. The affair was not arranged with equal rapidity, but eventually Mademoiselle yielded to her parents' desire and consented to become the youthful professor's bride.

"Then began that home life which was to attain the ideal so often sought and so rarely realized,—a life of perfect union, of two in one." Madame Pasteur, her son-in-law says, was on all occasions her husband's confidential adviser and consoler; and took her share in his efforts, hopes, failures, and victories. One saying of hers reveals her outlook on life. She was asked to take part in an organized scheme, and her prompt refusal rather surprised the askers. "Oh; 'tis simple enough!" she explained. "It is not my custom to make any plans." Her whole duty apparently, apart from her religion, lay in making things easy and favorable for her husband's work.

"Daughter, wife, sister, mother," says her son-in-law, "Madame Pasteur knew how to live her life; but not in the modern sense, which has in it something hard, pitiless, and thoroughly egoistic. For her, to live her life was never to think of herself, to devote herself to the daily tasks she loved and desired; it was to propose to herself from day to day the ideal of the Gospel virtues. . . . Imagine the career of Pasteur married to a worldly, exacting woman, to one who at his first successes would have insisted on profiting by them to flatter her vanity, her social aspirations, her pleasures. He would either have excluded her from his career and continued alone and joylessly his laboratory work, or he would have submitted to her caprices and his work would have suffered [and deteriorated]. We

may thus measure the share of Madame Pasteur in the inventions of her world-renowned husband,—inventions which she knew how to facilitate by shrouding him in that atmosphere of tranquil happiness so propitious to the development of genius."

Madame Pasteur survived her husband fifteen years, dying in 1910. Her body lies with his in the crypt of the Pasteur Institute,—“a well-merited honor,” says M. Bordeaux; “for now in death, as always in life, she is where she wished to be—by his side.”

### The Theory of Continuity.

WE have been moved more than once to make citations from a series of articles on "Continuity" which John Ayscough has been contributing to the *London Universe*; but have refrained, owing to the somewhat restricted interest of the subject. If Continuity were to live an issue in the United States as it is in England, we should favor the official adoption and promulgation of these articles. As the last number of the *Universe* says of them editorially:

The remarkable series of articles on Continuity which John Ayscough brings to a close in this issue constitute, in our opinion, the most effective and convincing refutation of that astonishing Anglican theory which has yet been published. With the precision of thought and language for which he is famous, and with merciless logic and irrefutable historical facts, John Ayscough has dealt the Continuity advocates a series of blows from which they are not likely to recover. And he has concentrated his attention on an aspect of the subject which hitherto has either been ignored or treated inadequately. If our Anglican friends seriously accept this pulverized theory in future, we shall be forced to conclude that their desire to believe in it is stronger than their desire for the truth.

We can not forbear giving our readers a taste of this rarely rich dish:

For a long time it pleased those who had withdrawn themselves from Catholic unity and Catholic obedience to vilify and deride the name of Catholic. They justified their own change by a rancorous abuse of that which they had abandoned. They spared no condemnation of the Catholic teaching and of the Church that

taught it. Nothing would have been felt by them as a fouler insult than such an assertion (if any one had ventured on an assertion so preposterous) as that they had changed nothing, but were still bound by the old rule of faith; that the Reformation meant no more for England than the Council of Trent meant for the Catholics of the Continent. To be Catholic they held to be damnable, to be Protestant was their national glory. Englishman and Protestant meant the same thing. To be Catholic was to be foreign, un-English, a taint of disloyalty, a bend sinister on the escutcheon of patriotism.

And the Plea of Continuity is Time's reprisal. The vilified name of Catholic is envied, and, as far as may be, stolen. After all the black abuse of Catholicity, a campaign of calumny over three hundred years old, there is something so great and incommunicable in the name of Catholic that descendants of those who would fain have obliterated it are wistfully clutching at it, in spite of all evidence of fact and common-sense, as if the mere name were something to conjure Heaven with!

In connection with what John Ayscough tells them, our Anglican friends would do well to reflect on the reception Mr. Curzon got when, armed with a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Patriarch of Constantinople, he went to negotiate peace between the Greeks and the Anglicans. Mr. Curzon himself relates how he was received:

"And who," quoth the Patriarch, the supreme head and primate of the Greek Church in Asia,—"who is 'the Archbishop of Canterbury'?"—"What!" said I, a little astonished at the question.—"Who," repeated he, "is the Archbishop?"—"Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury."—"Archbishop of *what*?" exclaimed the Patriarch.—"Canterbury," said I.—"Oh!" said the Patriarch. "Ah, yes! And who is he?"

When another Englishman, Mr. Palmer, went to Russia on a similar mission, the Procurator of the Holy Synod said to him, rather dryly, it must be admitted:

Did not he [the Pope] send Augustine to convert you? . . . There are the Eastern Patriarchs who know you only through the Latin, through the Pope. If we had any communication with your Church, it must be through the Pope and the Church of Rome. Reconcile yourselves to your own Patriarch first, and then come and talk to us if you think you have anything to say to us.

## Notes and Remarks.

"The most lonely and the most miserable of men," was Bulwer-Lytton's description of himself; though few of the celebrities of the early half of the nineteenth century were more envied, at least by those unfamiliar with his trials and sufferings, than the first Lord Lytton. Most persons who read the recently published Life of him by his grandson will be surprised to learn how deeply religious he was. Witness the following passage, of evident sincerity, occurring in a letter to his son, written when old age was upon him, and suffering had sapped his strength:

Especially, I recommend the habit of thanking God for any little piece of comfort. It may be irrational to supplicate for trifles, but it can't be irrational to thank for any trifle. For three days I have been nailed in bed to one position by a kind of agonizing cramp in the muscles. And the other night, growing intolerably weary of the same position, I began to coax a corner of the pillow about three inches farther toward me, so that I could get the balance of the whole body relieved by a new position for the head. With great slowness and caution I at last contrived this. The sense of relief was instantaneous, and I felt I could then have a chance of sleep. With that relief there came a sudden joy, and in the sudden joy I thanked God. The moment I had so thanked God there settled upon me a train of thoughts, lulling, soothing,—a sense of security, a gratitude to think that in that dark, lonely night there was an ear I could address. I felt my soul!

The habit which Lord Lytton so forcefully recommended is too little cultivated. It was ever thus. Of the ten lepers who were cured, only one returned to give thanks to God.

The gratifying success which attended the recent celebration of Serra Day in California has quite naturally given rise to a desire to see the statue of that pioneer missionary adorn one of the Californian niches in the Hall of Fame at Washington. Thoroughly approving of the suggestion, the *Tidings* of Los Angeles foresees the inevitable objection which thinly dis-



guised bigotry will offer to its being carried out. "Serra's missions," it declares, "determined in many cases the location of cities which are now among the most beautiful in the land. In this sense he can be called their founder; and in this sense he deserves well of their people, whatever their religious opinions may be. Of course the very suggestion of another statue to a Catholic priest will raise a prolonged and dismal wail, even here in California; but let the wailers remember the words of our friend, Mr. Lummis, at San Gabriel last Sunday: 'One thing the Missions meant was that we should be here to-day. Had it not been for Fray Junipero Serra and his work, not one of us would be in California.'"

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"If 'the slightest faults are severely punished in the next world,' how do you explain the short purgatory of Cardinal Pitra's sister, of whose apparition to a fellow-religious in Chili, announcing his approaching death, an account was given in *THE AVE MARIA* last month? It is stated that 'she died in 1888,' yet her purgatory was ended on the Feast of the Holy Trinity, which occurs in the first half of the year. The strange incident is well authenticated, but is there not some discrepancy here?"

Considering that the pains of purgatory are like the pains of hell, the shortest possible stay in the Prison of the King must be a most severe punishment. In the case of the Cardinal's sister, purgatory was doubtless shortened by the special prayers for which she was permitted to implore. How long it would otherwise have been, trivial as her faults were, there is no telling. "In truth, this whole business is very uncertain, as being a secret locked up in the cabinet of God Himself, and letters sealed up, which our Saviour would not hitherto open to His spouse, the Church; so that, whilst it remains in the nature of a secret, we must not presume to define anything precisely. Only this we know, that many souls do but touch purgatory, as it were, with their finger, and away; others lie there whole hours, days, months, and

years. . . . It is the ordinary course of God's justice to proceed by degrees; and, therefore, there must be a competent time allotted for those punishments. And this is the general belief of the Church, that the souls are kept there for a time, — some more, some less, each one according to his desert; and though perhaps some choice souls do but, as it were, kiss the gates of purgatory, and rather feel the smoke than the fire, yet the greater part of them lie there for some considerable time, to satisfy the sweet rigor of divine justice."

We quote from that quaint old book so often recommended by us, "Purgatory Surveyed," the aim of which, the author tells us, "is not to canvass curious and impertinent questions of purgatory, but to move the reader to a solid devotion for the poor souls, — which I fear is not a little cooled since these fond opinions came to light."

Could anything be more quaint than the concluding words of this precious little treatise, now, alas! out of print?—

For though I must acknowledge I have deserved nothing but hell-fire, and have reason to take it for a high favor to be sent into purgatory, to lie there as many months and years as it shall please God, yet I confess ingenuously I have no great mind to either place, but only to heaven; which I beseech God, by the merits of my dear Saviour, and by the plenary indulgence of His most infinite mercy, to grant us all! Amen.

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Writing in the latest issue of the *Independent* on the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, delivers himself of some "straight talk" in discussing certain of our foreign relations. He writes:

Until the United States comes to some agreement with the Government of Colombia that will make acceptable reparation for the loss of Panama, the relations between the United States and Latin-American countries will continue to be in a state of unstable equilibrium. Until the Congress recedes from its wholly indefensible action in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls, we shall be without moral authority

to make appeal to any European nation to stand rigidly by its treaty obligations. With perfect light-heartedness, Congress undertakes either to amend or to abrogate at one stroke all our commercial treaties, many of them of long standing, for the purpose of enacting certain legislation that is supposed to be in aid of American shipping, or that is intended to improve the lot of sailors. These ends could all be accomplished in an orderly and courteous way by negotiation with the other parties in interest. It is simply bad manners to deal with them as we are increasingly in the habit of doing. Our methods give rise to quite unnecessary friction and dissatisfaction, and put us, as a nation, constantly in the wrong.

If that last word "constantly" were changed to "frequently," we fail to see wherein this indictment could be successfully challenged.

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While the ultra-guarded admissions made, concerning the Lourdes cures, in the following extract from the *Medical Record*, a reputable American journal, will impress our readers as being unduly timorous, the concluding sentence of the extract contains a statement to which we rejoice to give additional publicity:

Despite a large degree of scepticism, conscientious practitioners have been found who admit frankly the cure of actual disease. A list of prominent practitioners is on record as upholding the existence of a superterrestrial agency in some of these cures. Several university professors have gone on record with attestations to this effect—for example, Duret of Lille. "Suggestion" in the minds of men like himself may be quite left out of consideration in some severe cases. Among cases which yield to Lourdes treatment tuberculosis is well represented, including recoveries from lupus. Without going more deeply into the subject at present, we may conclude by noting the expressed determination that in future the fullest degree of publicity will be given to all cases of apparent cure occurring at Lourdes.

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Writing recently of the excessive work sometimes imposed upon Sisters in our parish schools, a Mother Superior mentioned that these Sisters were expected "to keep pace with the furious gallop of modern education." Judging from a good many signs of the times, the sooner

the said gallop is replaced by a moderate trot, or, still better, a quiet walk, the more effectively will the genuine purposes of parish and public schools be carried out. Provost Edgar F. Smith, head of the University of Pennsylvania, recently told the 'Teachers' Club of Philadelphia:

It is a deplorable fact that we have many students in the University who are unable to read a page from a text-book aloud to the class and read it correctly. Reading, writing, and arithmetic will furnish sufficient labor for any young student; and when he has once mastered those branches he is educated to a far greater extent than fifty per cent of the men who enter our University to-day.

A friend of ours, who graduated from a small college, being asked one day what was taught "in that one-horse institution," replied: "Well, for one thing we were taught how to study, an accomplishment of which not a few graduates of your big colleges and State universities appear to be entirely guiltless." The same thought is expressed by the *Inter Ocean*, in connection with the multiplication of subjects in the ordinary schoolroom: "Isn't it time we realized better that not 'learning things' but learning how to learn—how to use the mind—the getting of a disciplined mind—is the main object and really useful achievement of school work?"

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There is no accounting for the vagaries, not to say the idiocy, of the genuine bigot. One would have thought that the immortality of infamy with which Robert Louis Stevenson dowered the Rev. Dr. Hyde, the maligner of Father Damien, would have been a lesson to all future would-be calumniators of the Apostle of Molokai, and prevented their exposing themselves in public. Yet, according to the London *Catholic Times*, another libeller of the dead, Alfred A. Fowler, revives (in the congenial *Protestant Alliance Magazine*) the long-buried calumny. Says the *Times*:

Some of our readers will remember that after Father Damien's death a cowardly effort was



made to rob him of the fame for Christian heroism which he won by his noble self-sacrifice. A Protestant minister of Honolulu, named the Rev. Dr. Hyde, wrote a letter in every sentence of which jealousy of the admiration gained by the Catholic priest was manifest. He expressed surprise at the "extravagant newspaper laudations" Father Damien received, and said that he was "a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted"; that "he had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health," and — without the shadow of a proof — that he was not a pure man in his relations with women. Robert Louis Stevenson's fiercest indignation was aroused on reading the letter. He came before the public as the dead priest's champion, and never was a man scourged more mercilessly than he scourged Hyde. The minister was unable to make any defence. The whole English-speaking world condemned him. But now that Stevenson is no more, Alfred A. Fowler, another Protestant, animated no doubt by the same motives, seeks to revive the base libels.

Mr. Fowler may have heard — the assertion is often made in such circles as he probably frequents — that Stevenson afterward regretted and repudiated his defence of Father Damien; but had Mr. Fowler seen Mrs. Stevenson's vigorous statement to the contrary published in the latest edition of the famous Open Letter, we doubt very much whether he would have dared to repeat Dr. Hyde's infamous accusations.

An article by J. D. Whelpley, in the *Fortnightly Review*, "The Truth about the United States," contains this paragraph, which reflects the sentiments of not a few students of the times:

The troubles of America are more superficial than those of any other great nation; for America is sound at heart, spiritually, industrially, and financially. That these troubles, superficial though they may be when the state of the nation as a whole is considered, are serious, is undeniable. The effort of politicians to become great heroes of reform is not only doing away with acknowledged evils, but incidentally destroying much that has taken years of intelligent labor to construct. The situation resembles the state of a householder who, having sent for the fire department to extinguish a small blaze, finds the contents of

the entire house apparently ruined by the floods of water and the axes of the willing firemen. The damage is not so great as appearances indicate, but it is serious enough to cause dismay on the part of the owner and the onlooker.

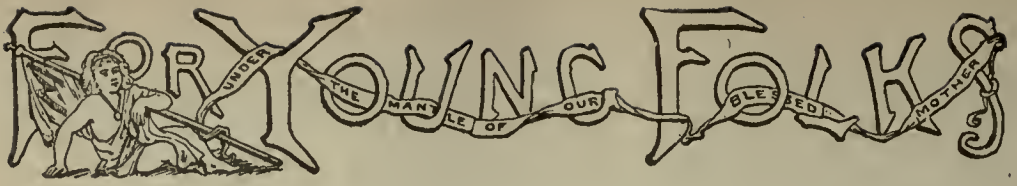
For our own part, we should be pleased to think that our country is spiritually as sound at heart as she is industrially and financially,—but our optimism has its limits.

Among the catchwords or shibboleths often bandied about by speakers and writers who possess a hazy rather than a precise notion of their meaning, there is one, "Social Justice," of which Archbishop Glennon recently said:

I am not sure that I know the definition of it — although I have oftentimes used the phrase. I am sure I never read a very succinct definition of it; but I fancy when it is subjected to critical analysis it is just what the old theologians called "commutative justice," which is the virtue as exercised between man and man, inclining the mind carefully to observe and maintain the rights and duties of each. But what I want to remark is that, while "Social Justice" is a most excellent and necessary thing, it never will of itself be able to cure all our social ills, or bring about a complete social reform. The world may abound with justice, yet some will be found starving and naked — outcasts from a just humanity. For these and such as these, your justice must be tempered with mercy; your social justice must be broad enough to include and be energized in charity.

And not merely the organized charity, with its investigations, examinations, and interminable red-tapeism, but the individual giving to the specific needy ones who come in our way.

A striking anomaly has recently come to light in Iceland, where, until recently, for three hundred years no Catholic priest had set his foot. The people are almost entirely Lutheran, yet they cherish a devotion to the Blessed Virgin, singing her hymns and honoring her images. It is a happy circumstance that the present missionaries there are of the Society of Mary.



## The Story of the Stone Axe.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

VERY learned men tell us that once upon a time, hundreds and thousands of years ago, the world was covered with forests and lakes. Mysterious and gigantic wild beasts, much bigger than our elephants and lions and tigers, roamed over great tracts of land that are now known as countries and continents. The men of those times were a good deal bigger and stronger than the biggest and strongest persons nowadays; but they were barbarians, only half covered with skins for clothing, and fighting among themselves or against the wild beasts with no other weapons than clubs and stones. Scattered here and there in small tribes, and scarcely knowing one another, they battled for the possession of a fountain or a clearing in the forest. For food they hunted and fished, and clubs and stones were their only means of killing either fish or animals. When they met great lions or bears they had to take refuge in flight.

The day came, however, when they procured a new instrument, or weapon, for both hunting and fighting,—a weapon that we would laugh at, but one which in their powerful hands gave them the victory over the monsters that used to devour them: the stone axe. Just how it was invented and the first use made of it by the inventor, a boy only eleven or twelve years old, is what this story is going to tell.

On the banks of a stream of limpid water, two tribes that had come from opposite directions established themselves on the same evening. One of the two would have to make way for the other:

that was ever the rule. The night spent itself; but while it was passing the people on both sides of the stream collected piles of great, heavy stones and clubs formed from broken branches. The women and children provided themselves with clubs, too; for women fought women, and children fought children, while the men were engaged with persons of their own size.

When the sun rose, the battle began. It was a long one, and a bloody one also; for those knotted clubs smashed many a skull. At last the tribe on the western side of the stream appeared to be having the better of the fight. Its chief, named Harrach, a great, big, fierce-looking man, was in the first rank. His wife fought near him, and his ten-year-old daughter Sique handed him large stones, which he hurled upon his enemies. Sique was laughing. Quite heedless of danger, she was enjoying the fight, and her big blue eyes were sparkling with joy. Yet Sique was a much milder little girl than were most of the daughters of those uncivilized people.

Finally the tribe on the eastern bank were beaten, and those of the survivors who were not too badly wounded took to flight. The conquerors shouted with joy and tramped over the dead bodies of their foes. Suddenly, just in front of Harrach, one of the wounded stood up. He was a boy, a year or two older than Sique. A stone had hit him on the knee and disabled him. He glared at Harrach defiantly, and the chief raised his arm to strike. If his big fist had fallen on the boy's head it would no doubt have killed him; but, happily for the lad, Sique felt some sympathy for him, though she did not know why. Anyway, she called to her father.

"I want him!" she said.



Harrach lowered his arm and passed on. The boy mattered nothing to him. His daughter might save him and make a plaything or pet of him, as she would of a squirrel or a young fox taken in a trap, for all he cared. And so Omdooh, though of a different tribe, had his life spared and became an inmate of Harrach's cave. He did not have much trouble in learning the language of his new companions, because, as a matter of fact, there was not very much language to learn. Simple words, gestures, and different sorts of cries were the means of communication; and boys and girls did not then have to study grammar and arithmetic, or indeed go to school at all.

Sique took care of Omdooh's knee. She gathered healing herbs that refreshed the wound and soon cured it altogether. The two grew very fond of each other, and shared their plays and sports.

"Let's go fishing," they would say; and, with long, flexible sticks in their hands, they would station themselves, one on each bank of the stream. Lying flat on the ground, they would remain perfectly still for a while until some big fish would swim into the shallow water to take a sun-bath. Then, "bang" would come one of the sticks on his head, and that would be the last of the fish,—or, at least, pretty near the last of him; for Omdooh and Sique would proceed to make a fire, then roast and eat him. Another day it would be, "Let's go hunting"; and there would be more silent waiting until a rabbit or a badger appeared and fell beneath their strokes.

One morning Harrach and his wife went off into the forest with the intention of killing a bear to replenish their food supply. Omdooh and Sique, seated on the ground before the cave that served the family for house, were playing. They had gathered some pretty large stones, which they tossed to each other. Then they struck stone against stone to produce sparks, and finally threw the stones

with all their might, to see which could throw the farther.

Suddenly Omdooh bent down to the ground and looked curiously at a strange stone. It was a large bit of rock of a queer shape, one part of it being pretty broad, but tapering away to a thin edge. The stone had not been chiselled or cut; men had not, so far, any tools with which to do such work. It was just a freak of nature that had given it that particular shape, and had, moreover, made a hole through the broad end of it. The children amused themselves with it for some time, shoving their fingers and their sticks into the hole. Then Omdooh took a notion to put the end of a stout rod through the hole, and he pounded on it so hard that he could not pull the rod out again. Lifting the stone by the other end of the rod, he discovered that by holding it tightly he could hit a heavy blow with the stone. He tried it on a small tree, and the tree broke in two at once.

The children were stupefied. They had never before seen anything so wonderful.

"Do it again," said Sique.

And Omdooh struck a branch of another tree: the branch fell to the ground.

"Now, let me try." And, taking the new instrument, Sique struck one of the roots of an oak. Much to her astonishment, the root broke in two.

Omdooh did not like to show his fear, but he was not at ease. It could not be natural that the stone and the rod, which, when held separately in one's hands, could hardly bend a small branch, should, when joined together, break quite a large one. He dropped the instrument on the ground and slowly moved away, walking backward and keeping his eye on the rod ready for flight if it should suddenly jump up to attack him. Sique followed her friend; and, as the rod did not budge from the spot where it had fallen, they sat down about twenty-five or thirty steps away. They still watched the rod, but were afraid to speak.

All at once a loud growling made them

thrill with terror. They turned round, and both grew "white as a sheet." And no wonder! A big gray bear, one of the kind that lived in the depths of the forest and killed and ate people, was coming toward them, eagerly sniffing the air. Swiftly Omdooh and Sique took counsel. Should they run? The bear could catch them in less than five minutes. And here he was, almost upon them. They were lost!

"The rod!" whispered Sique.

"The rod, sure!" replied Omdooh; and, quick as lightning, both made for the weapon which had broken the branches, and whose power had frightened them.

The bear, seeing them running, quickened his pace. When he reached them, however, there stood Omdooh pale, resolute, his eyes shining, with both hands holding the rod-stone above his head. The bear, with a fierce growl raised himself on his hind legs and made a grab at the boy with his fore paws. Sique let out a terrified yell; but there was no need of her terror. Down came the terrible new weapon straight on the bear's skull, and—oh, what a wonder!—there was a sound just like a cracking stone. The big beast staggered a little, growled still more furiously, and dashed at the boy again. A second blow from Omdooh sent the stone into the bear's head near the eye; and, beating the air with his paws, the monster sank to the ground just as Harrach and his wife, coming back from the woods, appeared in the clearing.

For a few days they looked upon the instrument of so great a victory almost with worship, scarcely daring to touch it. Then they picked it up and began to use it, accomplishing things they had never been able to do before. Finding another stone with a hole through it, they fixed another rod in it, and were astounded to see that it was just as powerful as the first one. In fact, they had discovered, or invented, the axe.

Its use soon spread among the other wandering tribes of these primitive men,

making them stronger against the wild beasts, enabling them to build huts to live in, and make many useful tools and utensils; so that the discovery made by the children at play was a big step toward better conditions. Sique and Omdooh, of course, got married when they grew up; and as long as he lived Omdooh was the greatest huntsman and warrior of the tribe.

### In Two Places at Once.

"Father Hugh, please!"

"Yes, Frankie; what is it now?"

"Here's a queer-lookin' word I never saw before,—b-i-l-o-c-a-t-i-o-n. Won't you tell me how to pronounce it, and what it means?"

"Why, Frankie, that's not much of a jawbreaker (as you call a hard word) for a boy in the eighth grade at the Brothers' school. Anyway, you ought to look in the dictionary for the unfamiliar words you come across in reading. The mere fact of looking them up yourself will make you remember both pronunciation and meaning much better than if you simply hear them from somebody else."

"I *did* look in my school dictionary and couldn't find the word at all, Uncle."

"In that case, I suppose I must help you out. Pronounce the first three vowels with their long sounds, and put the accent on the third syllable, this way: bi-lo-ca-tion. The word means the power of being in two places at the same time."

"Then I suppose you can say the word only about God, because He is everywhere. Of course no man or woman or boy or girl *can* be in two places at once."

"Not so fast, my boy! Some of the special friends of God, the saints, had that power. It is certain that St. Francis de Paul, St. Alphonsus, and your patron, St. Francis Xavier, were seen in different places at the same time."

"You might tell me about some of them, Uncle Hugh,—tell me about St. Francis Xavier. You promised me a



story, anyway, the last time you were at our house. Don't you remember—on my feast-day?"

"I did, did I? Then I suppose you must have one. Let me see—bilocation. Do you happen to know anything at all about St. Francis Xavier, Frankie, except that his feast falls on the 3d of this month?"

"Not much, Father, except that he was a missionary in Africa or Peru, or some out-of-the-way country, and converted ever so many millions of heathens, and—"

"Hold on,—hold on, Frankie! That's enough. Your information needs revising. The saint was the Apostle of the Indies, instead of Africa or Peru; and his converts, while very numerous—many hundreds of thousands, it is said,—didn't number 'ever so many millions.' To come to my story, however. About a year before St. Francis died—or in 1551,—he was a passenger on a vessel, the *San-Miguel*, in the China Sea. The Captain, Edward de Gama, had been struggling for five days against a frightful storm, and was doubtful whether he could save his ship. As for the passengers, they had about lost all hope of ever reaching land. To add to their dismay, the long-boat, or launch, manned by fifteen sailors who had been striving to ease the vessel's movements, lost her moorings and was swept away by the wind. Just then a tremendous wave tumbled down on the deck of the *San-Miguel*. St. Francis' voice could be heard at the same time crying: 'Jesus, Saviour of men, Love of my soul, preserve us! I conjure Thee by the adorable wounds with which Thou wert pierced for us on the Cross!' Even as he finished, the vessel righted herself, and pursued her course without any loss of life.

"Nothing, however, could be seen of the launch. It had completely disappeared, and nobody doubted that it had been engulfed with all on board. Captain de Gama deplored the loss of

his nephew, Alfonso de Calvo; while others mourned for friends or comrades. For his part, St. Francis regretted most the fate of two Mussulmans whom he had been endeavoring to convert, and who were among the crew in the lost boat. Suddenly, however, his face lit up, and he said to the Captain:

"Be comforted, my friend: the launch will come back,—the daughter will rejoin the mother."

"Excuse me, Uncle Hugh! But what were those women doing in the launch? You didn't say anything about them before."

"Figurative language, nephew mine. The launch was the daughter of the mother-ship. — Well, St. Francis' words cheered those on board a little; but as the day wore on, and the *San-Miguel* continued on her course, nothing could be seen on the horizon. Humanly speaking, the launch was lost. Despite the impatience of the other passengers, who protested against any further delay, the saint begged, prayed, and conjured the captain to furl the sails so as to give the launch time to overtake them. The Captain at last consented; but, when an hour passed and there was still no sign of the missing boat, passengers and crew insisted that the *San-Miguel* should proceed on her way.

"St. Francis burst into tears. 'Just a little patience, I pray you!' he cried. 'The launch is surely coming.' And, raising his eyes to Heaven, he went on: 'Jesus, my Lord and my God, I beseech Thee, by the sufferings of Thy holy Passion, to have pity on these poor sailors who are coming toward us through so many perils!' Then he closed his eyes, and leaned against one of the yards. He seemed to drop asleep. All at once a young sailor who was acting as lookout exclaimed: 'The launch,—the launch! A miracle! Here she is!' And, sure enough, there she was, nearing the *San-Miguel*, with no sign of any loss or damage done.

"The fifteen men were soon on board, receiving the congratulations of Captain, crew, and passengers,—of all the passengers, that is, save one. St. Francis had hurried down below decks to avoid the thanks and the veneration that all hands wished to proffer to him. But just imagine the astonishment of Captain de Gama and the others who had been witnesses of the saint's anxiety for the missing fifteen, when these very fifteen protested to a man that it was St. Francis himself who had come aboard their launch, and had personally guided them through all their dangers until they reached the ship. Their story was pooh-pooed as being utterly impossible; but young De Calvo declared that, impossible or not, it was strictly true. The two Mussulmans corroborated the account of their companions, and, vanquished by so wonderful an occurrence, they asked to be baptized at once. When asked whether he was really in the ship and in the launch, too, St. Francis blushed and said nothing.

"Now, Frankie my boy, one of two things must have happened. Either God sent an angel in the figure of St. Francis aboard the launch, or, a still greater miracle, perhaps the saint himself was really in the two different places at the same time,—and that, as I have told you, is what is called bilocation."

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### Short Words from the Latin.

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The impression that all those English words that have come into the language from the Latin are "long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*" is incorrect. If one should systematically examine all the English monosyllables to be found in a good dictionary and trace their lineage, a goodly number of them would be found to be words of Latin root. Here, for instance, is a list of some one-syllabled words of Latin descent: add, air, art, beast, blame, blanch, boast, boil, cape, case, cause, cease, chance, change, charm,

cheer, chief, clear, cook, cope, course, court, crime, crown, cure, dance, doubt, dress, ease, face, faith, fail, false, fume, feast, fierce, fool, force, form, fount, gay, grace, grant, grieve, guide, guile, haste, haunt, host, hour, join, joy, judge, large, meat, moist, name, nurse, pace, pain, paint, pair, pale, pass, peace, plain, please, point, pomp, poor, port, pound, pray, preach, pounce, prince, prize, prove, pure, quaint, quit, rent, robe, rose, rote, route, rude, saint, sauce, save, school, serve, siege, sign, sort, space, spend, squire, strait, taste, tent, term, turn, vain, vice.

All these and many more monosyllables have been in constant use since the time of Chaucer, six hundred years ago; and, notwithstanding their Latin lineage, are just as good English words as other monosyllables of Saxon origin. And so, you see, not all the big words in the English language are Latin, and not all the little ones are Saxon.

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### A Kindly Letter.

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THE letter K got lonesome quite,  
 And people called him queer,  
 And so he wrote to letter A:  
 "My friend and comrade dear,  
 I wish you'd come and live with me;  
 For you and I, 'tis plain,  
 Are made to rule o'er other folk  
 In this our great domain.  
 Our house shall have a roomy L,  
 Where we may take our E's,  
 With naught to do the livelong day  
 Except to tend the B's.  
 And all who live within our court  
 Shall wear their hair in Q's;  
 Sweet P's shall grow around our door,  
 And green T's shall we use.  
 Of course we'll travel o'er the C's  
 To every land we know,  
 From R's in France to Zuyder Z;  
 And no man shall we O.  
 Indeed we'll be so extra Y's,  
 We'll act as one, not two;  
 And when I'm twice as good as U,  
 They'll call me W."



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The correspondence of Verdi, in one large volume of 780 pages, has just been published at Milan.

—New books issued by Messrs. Hutchinson include "A Day in the Moon," by the Abbé Moreux, director of the observatory at Bruges.

—Vol. III. of Dr. P. W. Joyce's great work, "The Origin and History of Irish Names and Places," has just appeared. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—Mrs. Meynell's Collected Poems is to have a companion volume shortly in a selection of essays from her pen. The book of prose will be uniform with the poems.

—Yet another novel from the prolific pen of Katharine Tynan Hinkson is announced. Its title is "A Mesalliance." The American publishers are Duffield & Co.

—"Arlen's Chart of Irish History" is the most effective substitute for a compendious volume telling the story of 3600 years, of which we have any knowledge. The names, places, and events indexed number more than thirty-two hundred. A congruous ornament to the office or study of every Irish-American. Boston: Arlen & Co. Price, \$2.

—The "De La Salle Hymnal" for Catholic schools and choirs, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is the result of the revision of the old "Catholic Youth's Hymn Book," which for years was a favorite, and we had almost said standard, hymnal. This new book is up to date in every respect, and is sure to receive a cordial welcome wherever its predecessor was used. Improvement was the watchword of the editors, and they have done their work judiciously and thoroughly. Published by the La Salle Bureau, New York.

—The book committee of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia having refused to accept an objectionable novel of recent publication, the author in defence put forward the plea of high moral intent, and demanded that for this reason the committee's decision be reconsidered. To which Mr. Brander Matthews makes this very effective reply: "It is not solely by the author's intent that he is to be judged: it is only what he has actually done, despite his intents. There is nothing more sickeningly hypocritical than the blatant pretence of the writer of salacious stories and

of the writers of prurient plays, speculators in smut as they often are, that their novels and their dramas 'teach a great moral lesson.' This claim can be accepted only by the feeble-minded who are incapable of thinking straight. There is no moral lesson, great or small, in vulgarity and in indecency."

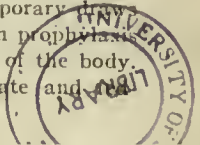
—It seems too good to be true that we are to have another book from the vanished hand of Charles Warren Stoddard; but his publisher, A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco, announces that a volume which he left unfinished has been completed by a friend, and is soon to be brought out. Its subject is the alluring one of the old California Missions.

—In a new volume of travel sketches, Mr. Arnold Bennett tells his readers that at Monte Carlo he was "as happy as though he had shot a reviewer without being found out." Whereupon the *Athenæum* remarks: "After reading this, we hesitate to hint at flaws; but we may suggest that 'Carcassonne' needs one more consonant. The 'Convent Garden' of English opera also looks wrong; and if we hunted we could find other things—all relatively unimportant." This is perhaps as near an approach to humor as our staid and learned contemporary ever permits itself.

—It is gratifying to note in the comments of the press the success which the lectures given by Dr. Wilfrid Ward, editor of the *Dublin Review*, are meeting with in this country. Dr. Ward is fortunate in having subjects upon which he can speak with singular authority. Referring to his own early admiration of Bossuet and Fénelon, he said:

Many in America are already in the same position as to the four great English Cardinals of the nineteenth century. When the story of the century is chronicled, Wiseman, Manning, and Newman will be at least as memorable and as interesting as the two great French prelates. Indeed, it would be hard to parallel so brilliant a constellation in the same part of the ecclesiastical firmament,—three such remarkable men engaged in the same work in one time and country,—the work of the Catholic Revival which these men inaugurated and promoted; the spread of Catholic ideals, as well as the development of the Church. To these a fourth name, that of Cardinal Vaughan, a prelate of heroic character and great capacity, must be added.

—"Book Hygiene" is a suggestive phrase, for which we are indebted to the *Catholic World*. In the department called "With our Readers," in the current number, our contemporary draws attention to the widespread modern preoccupation in all matters touching the health of the body. Our statute books, municipal, State and Fed-



eral, are writ large with laws of health. Hygiene is in the air. We are learned in germs and disinfectants. Now, says the *C. W.*, there are moral poisons at work upon the body social, and these are most often to be found in bad books. So our exchange argues for the study and prevention of this sort of moral contamination in the same manner as our numerous societies are studying and preventing, for instance, tuberculosis. It is questionable how far one may go along the lines indicated by the writer in the *Catholic World*. "Freedom of the press" is a shibboleth which the jingo regards as the corner-stone of American liberty, even though against his absolute interpretation of the phrase stands the fact that the Government yearly destroys tons of indecent printed matter. For the Catholic, however, the matter is more simple. He has Moses and the prophets. He has criteria safe and sure for judging the moral sanity of a book; and where the task is difficult, he has a specialist to do the judging for him. Outsiders who consider this state of affairs a remnant of the supposedly priest-ridden ignorance of a bygone age, ought, in order to be logical, to stand up and fiercely assert their rights to a common drinking cup in public places.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord" (for little children). Grace Keon. 60 cts.

"Lyrics of Faith and Hope." Henry Coyle. \$1.

"Glimpses of Latin Europe." Rev. Thomas J. Kenny. \$1.75.

"A Loyal Life." Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. \$2.

"The Living Flame of Love." St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95.

"A Short History of Art." Julia B. De Forest—Charles Henry Caffin. \$3.

"The City and the World." Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D. \$1.50.

"Franciscan Tertiaries." Fr. William, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

"The Catholic Student's 'Aids' to the Bible."

The Old Testament. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. \$1.35.

"Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly." \$1.25.

"Old Testament Rhymes." Benson—Pippett. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

"Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

"By the Blue River." I. Clarke. \$1.35.

"The Government of the Church in the First Century." Rev. William Moran. \$1.65.

"Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.

"In Quest of the Golden Chest." George Barton. \$1.15.

"A Divine Friend." Rev. Henry Schuyler, S. T. L. \$1.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Joseph Baierl. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Progress." Part II. 90 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—IIER., xiii, 3.

Rev. Peter Wallace, of the diocese of Detroit. Brothers Ephrem and Liguori, C. F. X.

Sister M. Bridgitta, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. John Patton, Mrs. Stanislaus Thibodeau, Dr. Patrick F. Gildea, Mr. Louis Rosier, Miss Julia Henebry, Mr. Robert Schiller, Mrs. Catherine B. Hughes, Mr. Felix Smith, Mrs. Mary Cassin, Mrs. Mary Patton, Mr. Timothy Collins, Mrs. Mary J. Smith, Mr. Michael Mennaugh, Miss Mary Brown, Mr. Joseph McCarthy, Mr. William Weadley, Mr. Samuel Wimer, Mrs. Anne Quinn, Mr. John Beller, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mr. John S. Campbell, Miss Bridget McHugh, Mr. William Martin, Mr. Arthur Frith, Mr. Thomas Noonan, Mr. George Hahn, Mr. Louis Nolte, Mr. Michael O'Brien, Mrs. Jeremiah Hurley, and Mr. Joseph Kroll.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei, China:

D. M. M., \$8; Friend (Monroe), \$2; Jubilee alms (M. O'L.), \$25.

For the missionaries in Papua:

Friend (Artesia), \$2.

For the famine and cyclone sufferers in China:

Family, Winona, \$3.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL THE BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 25

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“Puer Natus est Nobis.”

The Shepherds of Bethlehem.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

THE feast of Madonna and Child—  
Of Mary with Babe on arm!

Nor frost and snow, nor season mild,  
Can make or mar its charm.

I have kept it on Plata's shore,  
'Mid heats of Southern June;  
And where Pacific tides brim o'er  
Beneath a summer moon:

But the sense of strange would cease,  
For there it was Christmas still;  
And clear the song, “On earth be peace,  
Wherever reigns good-will.”

“To every people joy,”

For the Christ was born for all.  
If Shepherds found the wondrous Boy  
At herald angel's call,

A Star in the East shone forth,  
To glad the Gentiles' sight;  
While broke for West and South and North  
The promised dawn of light.

Dear God! What a gift is His!  
With Jesus our Baby-Brother,  
His Father in heaven our Father is,  
And Mary our own sweet Mother!

NEXT after God in our love is Mary; infinitely below God, because He alone is the uncreated; immensely above all other creatures, because she is the Mother of God. Being the Mother of Jesus, our Brother, she is our Mother also. Jesus loved her above all creatures, and we can not be like Him if we do not love her too.—*Cardinal Manning.*



RE-EMINENTLY sublime among all the narratives that have come down to us from other days is the Evangelistic record of the incidents accompanying the Redeemer's birth,—the simple story, replete with an interest that can never wane, of the first Christmas in Bethlehem of Juda. Chronicling the greatest event that had ever occurred since the creation of the world which witnessed it, St. Luke deals not in magniloquent phrases, in profuse descriptions, or epigrammatic phrases; but, with that admirable simplicity which always characterizes true sublimity, recounts the most stupendous wonders briefly, directly, vividly. Let us peruse once again a portion of that touching narrative:

“And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

“And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto

you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will.

"And it came to pass that, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem; and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child. And all they that heard wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen as it was told unto them."\*

Happy shepherds, thus admitted to the privilege of being among the very first to proffer the tribute of profoundest adoration to the newborn Saviour! Who among Christians that read the exquisite story now, does not envy their singularly blessed lot? Who is not interested in their personality, the reason of their presence on the starlit hilltops at midnight in the depth of winter; their number, their career subsequent to the signal favor vouchsafed them,—any details, in a word, relative to the first earthly adorers, apart from Mary and Joseph, of the transcendent mystery of the Nativity of Jesus Christ?

At the time of our Saviour's birth the pastures around Bethlehem were still as fertile as when, centuries before, David had tended his sheep thereon. Numerous flocks still covered the hillsides and lowlands; and to protect them from Arabian robbers, or from ferocious beasts, such as lions or bears, not unknown in that day in Palestine, sentinel shepherds

were placed on guard. Here and there throughout the pasture lands arose towers of varying strength and height, serving at once as a refuge for the guards and a retreat for the flocks during inclement weather. These towers, moreover, proved asylums against the attacks of enemies, whether brute or human; and observatories whence the movements of the whole flock might easily be discerned.

Oriental customs are as unchangeable as are Oriental costume and language; and scattered through Eastern fields and meadows may still be seen towers similar to those that surround Bethlehem. One of the most ancient of these structures was called the Tower of Ader, or Tower of the Flock, in the neighborhood of Bethlehem. Built ages before the birth of Christ, it had become monumental since the time when Jacob, as we learn from Genesis, fed his herds in its immediate vicinage. In this tower, not far from the Grotto of the Nativity, were the shepherds when the angels announced to them the "glad tidings of great joy."

In Palestine, as in many other Oriental countries, cattle and sheep not only spend the nights on the field: they even winter thereon. Nor is it necessary to go to the East to observe this custom. It is not unusual in the countries of Southern Europe. On the Roman Campagna herds may be seen all winter passing the days and nights also in the open air.

Vigilance was, of course, more necessary among the shepherds during the night than in broad daylight. Both wild beasts and robbers would naturally prefer the hours of darkness for depredations among the flocks: hence the necessity of sentinels. The Scriptural phrase, *vigilias noctis*, seems to imply that the shepherds relieved one another after watches of three hours each. The watches would thus run from six o'clock till nine, from nine till midnight, from midnight till three, and from three till six.

To the fortunate shepherds who held the second watch in or near the Tower

\* St. Luke, ii, 7-20.



of Ader on that first Christmas night, as to the Wise Men observing on the summit of Mt. Victory, the Archangel Gabriel, descending from heaven swifter than the lightning and more radiant than the sun, presented himself, announcing the word so ardently desired for four thousand years: "This day is born to you a Saviour." Thus in the majestic silence of an Oriental night was verified the magnificent poetry of Solomon: "For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word leaped down from heaven, from Thy royal throne, as a fierce conqueror into the midst of the land of destruction."

At a short distance from the Tower of Ader, on the way to Bethlehem, there still exists a little hamlet, called in Arabic Beth Saourd, or Village of the Shepherds. According to the constant tradition of the locality and of Palestine generally, this was the home of the lowly guests invited by angelic voices to the Crib of the Man-God. Flocks still crop the pasturage around the little village, and the boys who tend them are in all probability lineal descendants of the favored courtiers of the Infant Messias.

That there were many shepherds in and around Bethlehem is clear from the number of the flocks that pastured in its fertile valleys, plains, and hillsides. How many of them were called to adore the newborn King? Even before the answer given by tradition, says Mgr. Gaume, the analogies of faith determine the number. Already the angelic world surrounded His manger-cradle, exulting in His birth. There remained humanity to offer its homage. The three races sprung from the three sons of Noe should be represented in a mystery accomplished for all. The same signification that exists in the sacred number of the Magi holds good herein; hence there were three shepherds.

All tradition points to the same conclusion. The oldest chronicles, the graven stones of the Catacombs, the vignettes on

Oriental manuscripts of great antiquity, invariably attest it. "During the consulate of Lentulus and Messala," writes Lucius Dexter, "one year before the consulate of Augustus and Sylvanus, Christ was born, and showed Himself first to three shepherds, who were saints." Arringhi found three shepherds, and only three, represented on the ancient *sarcophagi* of the Christians in Rome. The paintings and the inscriptions relative to the birth of Christ, he says, clearly show that, in the belief of the first Christians, only three shepherds came to the Crib in Bethlehem to adore the Infant God. Their reverent hands took care to represent three, never a greater number. An Oriental manuscript of great value, preserved in the Grand Ducal Library of Florence, contains a "History of the Childhood of Our Lord," and among the illustrations is one depicting the Manger. Here, too, the shepherds are three in number. Their names, according to tradition, were Joseph, Jacob, and Isaac.

"In accordance with this and other testimony," observes Benedict XIV., "we affirm with assurance that there were three adoring shepherds, and that there were no more than three." Perpetuated from age to age by written or sculptured monuments, the tradition of the three shepherds was some years ago revived annually in Rome, the city of traditions. At the beginning of Advent, when the Eternal City was under Papal rule, the *pifferari*, or shepherds, of the Sabine Hills descended their mountains, and, marching through the streets in their simple yet picturesque costume, announced, to the strains of rustic music, the approaching birth of the Child of Bethlehem. Although in considerable numbers they ever walked three abreast—an old man, a middle-aged one, and a youth.

That these favored among all earth's children on that December night nineteen centuries ago were saints is the common opinion in both Eastern and Western Churches. And it is certainly a doctrine

presenting no difficulty to a fervent Christian. The virtues which won for them their magnificent privilege could not but have been augmented and enhanced by their contact with the Infant Son of Mary; and the memory of that midnight scene, extraordinary amidst all the occurrences that earth has ever witnessed, must have dwelt with them throughout their lives, a fountain of perennial joy, and a guerdon of final perseverance.

In Palestine there was formerly a magnificent church built by St. Helena in honor of the Holy Angels and the Three Shepherds. The remains of the latter reposed there until the middle of the ninth century, when the church fell into ruins. To-day nothing is to be seen of it but the crypt, which is reached by a descent of ten or twelve steps. Pilgrims who have the good fortune to be in Bethlehem during the solemnities of Christmas never fail to visit the spot, chanting the *Gloria* in the place where it was sung for the first time to the adoring shepherds.

After the fall of the church the bodies of the holy shepherds were transported to Jerusalem, where they remained until the year 960. Spanish historians affirm that at this epoch the precious relics were carried to Spain, and deposited in the city of Ledesma, in the neighborhood of Salamanca. No other city in the world honors with so much devotion the first adorers of the Infant Redeemer born at Bethlehem.

Simplicity, humility, candor, are the characteristics in them that serve as examples for us. To the meek and humble of heart does Jesus love to manifest Himself now as on the winter's midnight when celestial voices filled the air around the Tower of Ader.

THERE is time enough given us to do all that God means us to do each day, and to do it gloriously. How do we know but that the interruption we snarl at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days?—*Anon.*

## The Christmas Candle.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



THE dusk of Christmas Eve was falling when among the people passing in and out of the suburban church, where many were kneeling around the confessionals in preparation for the great feast near at hand, four persons met unexpectedly in the swinging door that led from the church into the vestibule. An elderly woman, with a typical Irish face, and a girl with dark-blue Irish eyes were in the act of going out just as a slender young woman in deep mourning, accompanied by a small child, was entering; and collision was averted only by the quick drawing back of the latter. There was a murmured word of apology on one side, and of thanks on the other, as she held the door open while the two passed out; and the girl's gaze was attracted for an instant by the child, who looked up at her with a smile. He was a handsome little fellow, of not more than four or five years, with a singularly winning expression; and she noticed that he was carrying a small bundle with great care beneath the cape of his coat.

A few minutes later, as her mother and herself were walking along the streets where electric lamps were gleaming through the frosty dusk, Mrs. Gilroy said abruptly:

"You'll likely be surprised, *alanna*, at the thought that came to me a little while ago in the church—that we haven't any Christmas candle; and it's the first Christmas I've ever been without one in my life."

"But, mother dear," the daughter remonstrated, "what would you be doing with a Christmas candle here? This isn't Ireland."

"I know well that it isn't," the other answered, with a sigh that seemed drawn from the depths of her heart; "but it's Christmas here as well as there, and



it's sorry I am to think of lacking a Christmas candle."

"But you haven't said anything about it before, and you know we always prepare the Christmas candle in time for Christmas Eve."

"I haven't thought of it," Mrs. Gilroy confessed, "everything being so strange here, and my mind so full of trouble about Dennis. It was only when I was saying my beads in the church before the altar of Our Lady that the remembrance came to me; and it seemed that I heard her whisper, reproachful-like, 'Where is your Christmas candle?' Then it flashed on me that I hadn't any, and I made up my mind that I'd try to get one, late as it is. But you must help me, Aileen; for I've hardly my wits about me at all in this strange place."

Aileen knew very well that this was true. Her mother, so capable and energetic in their Irish home, had, in a strange environment and amid unfamiliar conditions, developed a weakness of mind and body which was saddening. It seemed fresh proof of this weakness now, that she should insist on the observance of a custom which Aileen felt had no place or meaning in their present surroundings. But, with the instinct of humoring her, and giving any comfort possible to one in sore trouble, the girl said quickly:

"Why, to be sure I'll help you, mother, if you really want the candle. It's late to be getting one now, but I've a blessed candle still untouched from last Candlemas, and I'll make it ready for lighting as soon as we get home."

"It's the good girl you are, and always have been, Aileen!" her mother said gratefully. "I know you think it's foolish to do anything of the kind here; but the thought came to me so clear, back there in the church, that I couldn't feel easy to disregard it. For, you see, I'd just ended my novena, and begged the Blessed Mother, by the memory of the Son she laid in the manger of Bethlehem, to bring my son back to me; and how could I

expect such a blessing if I hadn't my candle lighted, as an invitation to any poor soul needing shelter, as Herself needed it on that night?"

"It would have to be a poor soul from Ireland, to understand what the candle means," Aileen said.

"And isn't that what I should like best—that she should be from Ireland?" the mother answered.

They hurried on, as they talked, along the streets of what had lately been a pleasant suburban town, but which the constantly encroaching strides of the great city near by had now overtaken; and where tall buildings were rising on the erstwhile green fields. The general aspect of a country town still remained, however, especially in the streets lined by detached residences of moderate size and modest pretensions. It was before one of a row of these cottages that the mother and daughter presently paused, went up the short walk leading to the front door and let themselves in; for Aileen had found that nothing would satisfy her mother but to live in her own house—the boarding-houses and tenements of the city were alike dreadful to her,—and, therefore, they had come to the suburbs, where it was still possible to possess and to live under their own roof-tree, even if it were a lowly one. The rent was no more than that of a "flat" in the city; the furnishings needed were few and simple. And here they settled, in the hope that time might bring them tidings of the son and brother whom they had crossed the ocean to seek.

For Dennis Gilroy was one of the many young Irishmen who see the lure of wider opportunities beckoning from the New World,—the promise of greater things than their Green Isle can offer, and who sail away in search of these things. When Dennis left home his father and an elder brother were living, but both were now dead,—the last by an accident; and when the bereaved mother and sister tried to communicate with the young

man, they found that all trace of him had been lost. At the address where he had last been heard from, there was no information to be had other than the brief, "Gone away: present whereabouts unknown"; and no amount of advertising or inquiry had brought further news of him. Against the advice of all her friends, including that of the parish priest, Mrs. Gilroy had finally insisted upon coming to America herself to seek her missing son. But, as was naturally to be expected, her efforts were as unavailing as any that had gone before. It had now been nearly a year since they left Ireland; and Christmas was once more at hand, and no word or sign of Dennis had come to them.

Their sadness and homesickness, accentuated by the season which was filling the air with the spirit of festivity and gladness, seemed more easily borne in the church than elsewhere; so they had lingered there long, and dusk had given place to night by the time they reached home. Then Mrs. Gilroy, with the thought of the Christmas candle firmly fixed in her mind, refused Aileen's help in preparing their supper, but urged her to bring the candle at once, that it might be decorated and lighted without delay.

So Aileen brought out the tall candle of Candlemas, and proceeded to dress it with the green leaves and crimson berries of the tree which from time immemorial the Celts have held as holy. And as her quick, deft fingers twined the holly, her tears fell fast in thinking of the many Christmas Eves when she had decorated such a candle, which when evening fell was lighted and placed in the window; while all night the door of the house was left ajar, so that if any poor woman and her infant came by and wanted shelter, the woman would see the light and might come in and welcome; "for was it not on that night that the Blessed Virgin Herself could find no shelter save in a stable? And God forbid that in Ireland

such a thing should ever happen, while there was a candle that could be lighted or a door to open!"

But this was not holy Ireland; and Aileen felt as if it were absurd to place the candle of such meaning and such association in the window of a house in materialized America, where none would understand or appreciate its tender and poetic significance, — unless indeed some poor soul, as her mother had said, exiled like themselves, and like themselves also pining for the old home across the sea, should see the candle shining like the faith of Ireland through the dark night, and be warmed and heartened thereby. And then a thought came that made her catch her breath. Why should such a passer-by not be Dennis himself? And if Dennis, going along the street, caught sight of such a candle, would he not understand, — would he not know that Irish hands had placed it there, and enter perhaps to ask who had done so? It did not seem impossible, in view of the novena just ended, and of the time and place where the remembrance of the candle had come to her mother. So, with a murmured prayer, Aileen put the last touch to her decoration, and called her mother for the lighting.

Mrs. Gilroy's eyes filled with a light of pleasure when she saw shining amid the green leaves and red berries, tinsel flowers such as they had always used, to give a touch of brightness to the decoration; and she turned to her daughter eagerly.

"Sure 'tis you that have the fairy fingers, Aileen!" she said. "How did you get the flowers?"

"They were left over from last Christmas, mother," the girl answered gently. "I remembered that I had put them in one of my boxes, and I knew you would be glad to see them on the candle."

"Oh, I'm glad, — I'm glad indeed!" her mother cried. "It's like a bit of Ireland the candle is now, and we'll light



it, and say a 'Hail Mary' that Herself may send me news of my boy."

Meanwhile the other two of the four who met so unexpectedly in the door of the church had, after the momentary encounter, passed on into the warmed and lighted building, filled with the fragrance of evergreens—cedar and holly and box—which were twined around the pillars, and hung in green wreaths about the sanctuary. The little boy drew in a deep breath.

"Smells like the woods, *muvver*," he whispered; and his mother answered softly:

"It's the cedar, darling! See, they've brought trees of it, to put around the stable where the Infant Jesus will be laid to-night."

"Isn't He there yet, *muvver*?"—in a tone of disappointment.

"Not yet, dearie! Don't you know I've told you that He won't be in the crib until midnight—the time when the angels brought the news of His birth to the shepherds?"

The little boy nodded, his eyes bright with interest.

"I 'member," he answered; "and you said I might go to the crib with the shepherds,—that I might be the littlest shepherd."

"And so you shall when we come to the early Mass. Now go and tell Our Lord that you'll be here to welcome Him; and keep very quiet while mother goes to make her confession."

The little boy nodded again; and, being well accustomed to going to church with his mother, and keeping quiet while she prayed, or withdrew into the mysterious box where so many persons went in and out, he turned his steps toward the chapel, which had been transformed into the stable of Bethlehem,—a stable fascinating in its realism, as it stood, with boughs of cedars drooping over the roof, where the star had not yet appeared. The little boy paused before it, and regarded eagerly the curtain which con-

cealed the interior, behind which he knew that the manger was ready for the Infant that was to come, and the ox and ass were waiting in their stalls. And there was anxiety as well as eagerness in his gaze; for he had on hand an enterprise, concerning which he had said nothing to his mother. Having seen a picture in which the shepherds were represented as bringing lambs from their flocks to offer to the Divine Infant, "the littlest shepherd" felt that it would not do for him to approach the crib empty-handed. And so, concealed under the cape of his coat, he had brought a lamb—small, but covered with real wool,—which was his favorite toy, and which he meant to offer as a plaything to the Infant Jesus.

But here were encountered disappointment and difficulty. The crib was concealed from sight; the Infant had not yet been laid in it; and how was the littlest shepherd to dispose of the lamb, which he did not wish to take away with him? He glanced around: there was no one near,—no one to notice the small figure in the obscurity; for the lights were at the other end of the church about the confessionals, where kneeling people were gathered, absorbed in their own affairs. And so, after some hesitation, he slipped behind the curtain and found himself alone in the stable, at the foot of the empty manger.

He did not intend to remain longer than a minute: he wanted only to put his lamb in the crib, where the Christ-Child might find it when He came. But something in the atmosphere of the place suddenly filled his little heart with a strange sense of awe; and after he had placed the woolly toy in the straw, an instinct made him kneel down. . . . The light which came through the curtain was dim, but not so dim that he could not see distinctly how everything was in readiness for the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem; and then—suddenly—it seemed to the child's wondering eyes that He was there. Had he been mistaken in

fancying that the crib was unoccupied? For surely there was a charming Infant in it,—an Infant who smiled at him, in acceptance (so he understood) of the lamb he had brought—the lamb it had cost him a sensible sacrifice to surrender,—and who held in His hand a decorated, lighted candle! . . . It was only for a moment that the wide, delighted eyes took in this lovely vision—and then they saw again only an empty manger filled with straw, where no Infant yet lay.

When the little boy's mother presently came in search of him, she found the small figure curled in the corner of a seat opposite the crib, watching with a bright, intent gaze the curtain which hung before it. She touched him, smiling.

"Come, dearie!" she said. "There's no good in watching the crib now, you know. As I told you, it isn't time yet for the Infant Jesus to come."

"But He did come, *muvver*," the little boy whispered eagerly in reply. "He came and smiled at me—for I gave Him my lamb,—and then He went away. But I've been thinking He might come back, and I'd like to see Him again."

"Dennis!" his mother gasped.

She was shocked to the inmost fibre of her being; for he had never been, like some children, given to imaginative romancing, to relating things which had never happened; and that he should begin now and here,—that he should tell what was untrue on such a subject, seemed to her dreadful beyond expression. She seized his arm and led him from the church without another word; but, once outside, she stopped and looked at him with an expression such as he had never seen on her face before.

"Dennis," she said gravely, "what is the meaning of this? What possessed you to say what was untrue about our Lord Himself, in His own church? Were you asleep and did you dream? I can't think you meant to tell a falsehood, yet you must know that you didn't see Him."

"But truly I did, *muvver*!" the little fellow answered earnestly. "I wasn't asleep and I wasn't dreaming; I couldn't have been for I was in the crib—"

"You were in the crib! O Dennis, I wouldn't have believed it!" What made you do such a thing?"

"I went," Dennis explained with the same earnestness, "to put my lamb in the manger, so the Infant Jesus would find it there when He came."

"Your lamb!" His mother regarded him as if she feared he were losing his mind. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about my lamb—my own lamb, with the white wool—that Mrs. Riordan gave me," Dennis answered patiently. "I thought if I was to be the littlest shepherd, I ought to carry a lamb, like the other shepherds, to the Infant Jesus,—only of course mine wouldn't be a real lamb like theirs. But I knew He'd know I'm only a little boy, and it was all the lamb I had; and I liked it very much, so I thought He might like it too. And He did, *muvver*! You ought to have seen how pleased He looked!"

"Dennis!" his mother exclaimed once more.

And then she paused, her heart beating fast, and not knowing what to say; for she was quite sure now that the boy was not speaking falsely. There is a convincing power in truth, and there was a convincing light also in the eyes of the child lifted to meet hers. Clearly he had seen something, or fancied that he had seen something—it was most likely to have been fancy—in the dim light of the curtain-shrouded crib, and she decided that the best thing was to say nothing more about it.

"You must have fallen asleep while you were waiting for me, and dreamed it all," she said, as they turned to walk on; "and so we won't talk about it."

"But I didn't dream about leaving my lamb," Dennis urged. "I putted it in the straw, and then I knelt down and



said my prayers; and then I saw the Infant Jesus, holding a candle, and He smiled at me,—truly He did, *muvver!*”

“But the Infant Jesus never holds a candle. You’ll see, when we go back for the Mass, that He’s just a little baby, with His arms wide open.”

“He had a candle in one hand,” the boy persisted, “and it was such a pretty candle, with silver flowers and green leaves and red berries all round it.”

“Dennis!” his mother gasped again; for she knew at once that what he was describing was the Christmas candle of Ireland; and he had not only never seen anything of the kind, but it was not likely that he had ever heard of the custom of lighting such a candle. Had the child really the Celtic “second-sight”—though he had never exhibited any sign of it before,—and had he truly seen a vision? The deep-rooted mysticism of the Celt made her more ready to believe this than one of another race would have been. For was it not Christmas Eve? And were not candles such as he described burning in many windows in distant Ireland, in gracious invitation to any poor wandering woman and child to enter and find shelter? But the Green Isle of faithful hearts and tender customs was far away, and why should a vision of its symbolic light have been showed to one for whom no door stood open, in memory of Bethlehem, in this cold, material land? The mother, whose heart was heavy with care, with a great fear of the future, and a haunting dread of the necessity to separate from her child in order to find work and bread for both of them, asked herself this question with a sense of deepening wonder and awe, while she walked on, hardly noticing the direction her steps were taking.

And so it was that presently, looking around with a start, she found that, in her preoccupation of thought, she had taken a wrong turn, and was on an unfamiliar street, instead of on that which led to her place of lodging. She paused,

with the intention of going back; but as she turned, Dennis caught her hand quickly.

“*Muvver!*” he cried in a tone of excitement, — “*muvver, there’s the candle!*”

She glanced down at him with amazement and startled fear. Was he really losing his senses?

“My boy, what’s the matter with you?” she asked tremulously. “There’s no candle anywhere in sight.”

“Oh, yes, there is!” he said, with growing excitement. “Don’t you see it yonder, in that window? Come, *muvver*,—come!”

He seized her dress now with both hands; and, yielding to his insistence, she let him draw her across the street. And then—it was almost unbelievable—there before her eyes, burning in the window of a small cottage somewhat withdrawn from the street, was a Christmas candle, dressed with holly leaves and berries and tinsel flowers,—such a candle as she had never seen since she was a small child in Ireland.

As she stood staring at it, wondering if she, too, were seeing visions, the little boy was talking eagerly.

“It’s the very candle I saw!” he said. “There’s the silver flowers and the leaves and the berries! But that one was in the church, and the Infant Jesus had it—” He paused, as a sudden sense of mystery touched even his young spirit. “How did it come here, *muvver*,—how did it come?” he asked in an awestruck voice.

“God only knows,” his mother answered, speaking as much to herself as to him. “But it must have a meaning. It couldn’t be for nothing that it was showed to a little child, as a sign to be followed. Dennis” (the boy started at her tone), “if that light is put there for us, and it seems faithless to think anything else, that door will be open, and it’s meant that we shall enter. Come, dear, let us try it, in the name of the Infant Jesus!”

Her voice was so grave that Dennis felt as if she were summoning him to his prayers. But he slipped his hand into hers with a great sense of trust, and together they went up the short path which led to the door of the house.

The evening meal over, Mrs. Gilroy and her daughter were sitting together, their minds full of the thought of other and different Christmas Eves, and of those who were gone out of their lives—the dead and the missing,—so that conversation was difficult, and they had fallen into a sad silence, which was presently broken by the mother saying, with a deep sigh:

"It's clear to me at last, Aileen, that I would have done better to stay at home in Ireland, as Father Phelan told me, than to come to this heart-breaking country in the hope of finding Dennis. Sure I'm not a bit nearer to finding him here than I was there. So I've made up my mind to go back, and just wait God's good time for the news that may or may not come."

Aileen looked up from the needlework in her hands, with a flash of joy in her eyes.

"And it's myself that's glad to hear you say so, mother!" she exclaimed. "I'll be thankful indeed when we're once more safe at home; for I feel as if my heart would break with the strangeness and loneliness here, and I'm thinking of you even more than of myself. You want to be back under your own roof, and leave Dennis in the hands of God."

"It's where I must leave him," the mother said, with sorrowful decision. "I've been feeling it for some time, but I couldn't make up my mind until I finished my novena that ends to-day. I begged the Blessed Mother, by all her joy of Bethlehem, to bring my boy to me, or, if that's not according to the holy will of God, to show me what to do,—whether to stay here or go back home; and the answer has seemed to be, 'Go home.'"

"I believe it's what Herself would bid you do," Aileen said confidently. "And

I'm thankful,—thankful!" she repeated fervently. "To hear you say that we are going back to Ireland is the best Christmas gift that you could give me."

"My poor girl!" her mother said, in a tone of mingled tenderness and self-reproach. "I know you've been homesick and heartsick, and yet so patient and cheerful always that I haven't thought of you as I should. But you shall have your wish now: we'll take our passage on the first ship that's sailing after Christmas, so we'll be in Ireland for the New Year; and I'll just trust Dennis with God."

"He's safe with Him, mother."

"Oh, yes, yes! But my poor old heart's aching and breaking for him, *alanna!*"

It was a very bitter cry—the cry, as ancient as humanity, of the mother mourning for her children, and "refusing to be comforted because they are not"—and even as it trembled on the air, and brought tears to Aileen's eyes, there was a touch on the door, which stood slightly ajar, it was pushed gently open, and a soft voice uttered the familiar Irish salutation:

"God save all here!"

As the two rose to answer instinctively, they fancied that some Irish neighbor, pitying their loneliness, had come in. But the next moment their startled glance recognized that it was a stranger who stood before them,—a pale young woman in mourning, to whose hand a little boy clung.

"I won't ask you to pardon me," she said, seeing the surprise in their faces; "for it was the candle brought me in. I haven't seen one of the kind since I was a little child in Ireland, but I haven't forgotten what it means. And, though I'm not in need of shelter, I thought I'd look in and say 'God save and bless you!' on this Christmas night."

"God save and bless *you!*" mother and daughter answered simultaneously. "And it's welcome you are—many times welcome, whether needing shelter or not!" Mrs. Gilroy added. "But sometimes



there's other shelter needed than that for the body. Sometimes it's a word with our own that we're longing for; and glad I am if the candle led you to come in for that. So sit down and tell us what part of Ireland you come from."

"Tell me first what made you think of putting the candle in the window—here where no one would be likely to know what it meant?" the stranger asked earnestly.

"We've always done it in Ireland," Aileen replied; "and my mother wasn't satisfied that Christmas Eve should pass without it even here. So when we came back from church a little while ago, nothing would do but I must dress a candle for the lighting—and now I remember," she broke off suddenly, "that we met you in the door of the church, you and your little boy. You were going in as we came out, and you held the door open for us. I was struck by the little boy; for he has a lovely face, and a look in it like—like—"

"Like my Dennis," the mother said, with her eyes upon the child, and a quick clutch at the heart. "Just such a little boy he was, God bless him!"

"My name is Dennis, too," the child said suddenly.

"Is it?" She looked at him with a new interest. "And what is your other name, my little man? Dennis what?"

"Dennis Gilroy," the clear, childish tones answered.

"Dennis Gilroy!" She echoed the name like one who can not believe the testimony of her ears, while her eyes opened wide. "Dennis Gilroy! And you come, with my son's face, to my door on this Christmas Eve, when I begged the Holy Mother to send me news of him! In the name of God" (she turned to the young woman who was gazing at her in startled wonder), "who is this child and who are you?"

"He is Dennis Gilroy's son," the other answered, "and I am his widow."

"His widow! Then my Dennis is dead?"

"He has been dead for more than a year, and if you are his mother—"

"Oh, I am, — I am his mother, who has come from Ireland to seek him!"

"Then when he was dying he bade me tell you that he was grieved to the heart to remember how he had neglected to let you hear from him; that he sent you his love, and prayed your pardon. And I wrote, but I've never had any answer."

"You couldn't, for we have been in America nearly a year," Aileen interrupted breathlessly. "And we didn't even know that my brother had been married. But we could find no trace of him, and my mother had given up hope at last; and just before you came in she told me that she would go back to Ireland in a few days. And to think—to think that but for the Christmas candle which—God forgive me—I thought it was foolishness to light here, we should have gone away and never found you!"

"I told you," Mrs. Gilroy said in an awed whisper, "that I felt bidden to light the candle when I was in church. There's more in it than chance."

"Far more," the young widow said, in a tone as awed as her own.

Then she drew the little boy, who was listening to all the excited talk with a wondering face, into the midst of their circle.

"Dennis," she bade him gravely, "tell us exactly what it was that you saw in church when you went behind the curtain of the crib."

"I saw," said Dennis, looking fearlessly up into the agitated face of his newly-found grandmother, "the Infant Jesus in the manger, and He had a candle in His hand just like yours, and" (the little voice grew proud) "He smiled at me."

And when at the early Christmas Mass four happy people knelt in thanksgiving before the Crib, it seemed to them that the Infant Jesus smiled once more.

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WHAT must be the feelings of an atheist on Christmas Day?

## A Little Office for Christ's Nativity.

BY ENID DINNIS.

THIS at Matins, "Christ is nigh!  
Glory be to God on high!"

And to Mary *Aves* three  
For her dear virginity.

This at Lauds, ere night departs,  
"Peace on earth for simple hearts!  
And to Mary *Aves* three  
For her sweet humility.

"*Sanctus! Sanctus!*" This at Prime;  
"God Eternal born in time!"  
And to Mary *Aves* three  
For her meek maternity.

Terce, their song whose feast is spread  
"Sumptuous in the House of Bread;  
Then to Mary *Aves* three  
For her hospitality.

"*Miserere!*"—this at Sext,  
That no hearts by sin be vex;  
And to Mary *Aves* three  
That she bless hilarity.

None, the shout of babes at play,—  
He at None must die one day;  
Then to Mary *Aves* three  
That His Birthday bright may be.

This at Vespers—loving prayer  
That all men our joy may share;  
And to Mary *Aves* three  
That be ours Saint Charity.

"Lullaby" at Compline sing  
O'er the cradle of the King;  
And to Mary *Aves* three  
That our rest in Christ may be.

HONOR, reverence, and respect with a special love the holy and glorious Virgin Mary. Let us have recourse to her, and, like little children, throw ourselves on her protection, with perfect confidence, at all times and on all occasions. Let us invoke this sweet Mother with filial love, and try to imitate her virtues.

—St. Francis of Sales

## The Christmas Light.

BY S. WALDRON CARNEY.

ATHER DWYER was plainly disturbed. When the contract for the electrical work in St. Paul's Church was awarded to the Brady-Travis Company, there had been much dissatisfaction among those of the parishioners whose belief in the protection of home industries led them to consider as alien all those persons who lived outside the circumscribed limits of the township line. St. Paul's was in the village of Whitford, and the Brady-Travis Company lived and conducted their business in the adjacent city of Walton. As one of the malcontents explained:

"Sure, we wouldn't mind the city men getting it, had we none of our own to do it. But here's John Brennan, as good an electrician as you'll meet with; and himself and his family in the pew every Sunday, and never a collection that isn't much the better for his being amongst us. Yet Tom Brady, who doesn't go to church at all, he, as should be a Catholic, gets the work. And, indeed, we have our doubts whether such a man can do honest work. We may find 'twas a poor bargain Father Dwyer made in taking it from one of his own people just because Brennan's price was a little high."

That Brennan's price had been high because he was so sure of the work had not been taken into consideration.

For years the little church had been lighted by oil lamps that swung from the ceiling; but, now that electricity had been brought, some months earlier, to the village, it had seemed best to install the more modern illuminant; and, as it was so near Christmas, it had been decided to have some additional ornamental lights arranged for that occasion.

The pastor would have been glad to give the work to one of his own congre-



gation; but when the bids were submitted, it was found that the Brady-Travis price was lowest. So, with results not foreseen, to the city firm, whose senior partner was not a church attendant, had been given the work; and Father Dwyer, whose decision had been made in the interests of the parish, accepted the criticism as one of the lesser trials of a priest's life. At the same time, however, it produced an anxious expectancy. He feared that the least avoidable defect would apparently justify the undercurrent of hostile disapproval,—a disapproval which, after all, seemed not unreasonable, since the progress of the work had been unaccountably delayed. It should have been completed the week before Christmas. It was now Christmas Eve and there were still many details lacking.

When Mr. Brady hurriedly entered the church that afternoon, he found the pastor pacing restlessly up and down in the sacristy.

"I'm glad you've come, Mr. Brady. Perhaps you can rush the work a little. I'll admit I'm getting a bit uneasy. It is nearly four o'clock; and while your foreman, Mr. Hughes, tells me it will be done in four or five hours, he's the same man who told me it would be done four or five days ago. And you know," he added earnestly, "it will never, never do if it isn't finished by—"

"It will be finished, Father," respectfully interrupted Mr. Brady,—*"finished by early evening, if I myself have to help,—which, in fact, is just what I came here to do. I have been away for more than a week. I am convinced, however, that the men are not to blame. There seems to have been a series of disappointments, misdirected invoices, and delayed shipments,—an unusual condition of affairs, and one for which I can assign no tangible reason. It has never so happened before. We have many times, as you can well believe, had wiring to do for special Christmas decorations,*

*but the men have invariably been out of the church by noon. The women seem to need the afternoon and evening to arrange their greens. I had intended, of course, to run down here and test it all out for you this noon, supposing it to have been done. But when I got in from the West last night, I learned that there had been another delay. So I finished up my work in the city this morning, and have come out here to stay until this is completed."*

His glance had been following the workmen in the sanctuary.

"They haven't so much more to do there, Father; and the little work at the Crib will take less than an hour."

"Well, I hope it may be done as soon as you think," replied the pastor. "Perhaps I had set my heart too much on its success, and that my disappointment is not pleasing to God. He knows best, and He must have, for some good reason, permitted—"

"Now, Father, you don't really believe it was the intervention of God that held up this work, do you? Held it up until Christmas Eve? Were I asked about it, I should say the interference came from a totally different quarter. Here are the workmen distracting the attention of your parishioners; you, on tenter-hooks of suspense; and as for myself, well—I just cancelled an appointment I had with a theatre party for to-night. Good play, too. No, Father, your reason for this doesn't seem a plausible one, to me."

"Well, well!" returned the priest, greatly relieved by the presence of the capable head of the firm. "It's too bad, to be sure; but if everything went smoothly here below, we'd forget what we had been placed here for. I had hoped that the sanctuary illuminations, and the more attractive Crib, would lead to increased devotion among my people. Perhaps for this result I should have depended, instead, wholly upon the grace of God, so abundant at this time."

"Oh, you'll have the illumination,

Father! I'll see to that," laughed the contractor. "But that's as far as I can go in securing your hoped-for results. The rest of it is in your hands—"

"And in those of Almighty God," reverently interposed the priest.

"If you'll excuse me, Father," said Mr. Brady, still smiling as if he had not heard the priest's last sentence, "I'll get at my work; and" (looking out at the line of penitents waiting near the confessional) "I suppose you are impatient to get at yours."

"Yes," assented Father Dwyer. "There will be more time to talk when we each have finished our afternoon's work."

As Mr. Brady entered the sanctuary to join his men, the spasmodic jerk of his knee resembled more a misstep than a genuflection. This lack of practice rather than lack of reverence was not unnoticed by Father Dwyer as he crossed the aisle to his confessional.

"How regrettable," thought he, "that temporal success should so crowd out spiritual growth! And the pity of it all is," he reflected, "that he thinks he is still a Catholic. I wonder if the man, who is admittedly outside of the Church and openly rejecting the invitation to Christ's banquet, does not stand a better chance of seeing the error of his ways than does the man who, like Brady, satisfies his spiritual appetite at the Barmecidal feast he serves to himself?"

Father Dwyer was recalling a conversation repeated to him by a relative of Mr. Brady's, who had remonstrated with him on his defection from the Church.

"You are mistaken," Brady had assured her: "I am a Catholic,—a Catholic at heart. I never permit any one to attack the Church in my presence. I always defend the Catholic religion if the need arises. It is true, I have not been to confession in some years, and—no, I do not go to church very often. But," he had hastily added, "I go to church every Christmas and every Easter morning. The music is always beautiful on those

occasions; and that, with the flowers and all the rest, is well worth the little sacrifice entailed by early rising—oh, and of course, I didn't mean to omit the value of the Mass!" The last-named came as an after-thought. "But," he had concluded, "I'm living as good a life as hundreds of church-goers,—at least I think I am. I try to do what I believe is right in my dealings with others. I give to charity. I owe no man anything. I send my children to the parochial school. What more do you do?"

"I hope they are praying for your soul, Tom," his mentor had replied; "for you have mentioned only worldly dealings. Why deprive yourself of the additional merit of doing all this from higher motives? You speak only of duties to others. Have you no duty to yourself? None to God? You could do all that you are now doing and still go to church and receive the sacraments. Thousands of Catholics are doing all this and more every day, and—"

"But," had been the reiteration of the fallacy, "I tell you I am a Catholic at heart. You don't seem to understand that."

"I confess I do not," had been the rejoinder. "It would, however, be within my understanding if you were a Catholic in soul; for then would your profession of faith be more in evidence than you seem to think is necessary now."

But Tom, it was said, had laughed at the earnestness displayed, and had changed the subject. And now, Father Dwyer, placing the stole about his neck, dismissed all thoughts both of Tom Brady's opinions on spiritual matters and his own on the uncompleted decorations.

Through the rest of the afternoon and through the early dusk, Tom Brady, at work in the sanctuary, heard, subconsciously, the intermittent rhythm of the wooden slide moving back and forth on the confessional screen, as penitent succeeded penitent in the curtained recess near the side altar. And after a time,



when the shadows had deepened in the church, and the confused noises of the street rose louder in contrast to the increasing stillness within, a wave of loneliness swept over the silent worker,—the loneliness of a soul who has discarded that soul's birthright. One might regret the deprivation of material comforts; his was a deeper regret. It was tinged with remorse as he realized that, through his own fault, the spiritual phase of the Christmas season no longer appealed to him as it once had done; and he fervently wished that the old interest could be renewed.

He remembered the indescribable happiness of his boyhood's Christmas Eves, when, after a day spent in unusual preparations and visits to shops, he had, after supper, sat in one of the darkened pews, watching the members of the Altar Society as they hung wreaths of balsam and holly, and draped in festoons the ropes of ground pine. He was remembering with less satisfaction the Christmas Eves of his manhood, which, until this one, had been passed among the pleasure-seekers in theatres, hotels, or in the drawing-rooms of the socially elect. In any and all of which places Christmas Eve was a night of mirth, of music,—of everything, in fact, save that which in the least degree indicated its real significance,—which he himself had, in truth, almost forgotten.

And now, by a peculiar chain of circumstances, he was spending Christmas Eve in a Catholic church, held there, paradoxically enough, by a worldly motive—the success of a business enterprise. In the poignant regret that he no longer cared to share in the spirit of the Christmastide, he failed to recognize the faint sign of a sincere repentance; nor in the feeling that something precious had been almost irretrievably lost, did he discern an awakening faith; for "divine discontent" holds more hope than contented indifference.

His own work<sup>was</sup> now done. He

went over to the Crib. Everything was satisfactory there. He was much pleased with the unique effect secured. The source of the light was, of course, hidden; but through a small window in the rude stable streamed a flood of silver moonlight. There was suggested none of the comfort that the usual ruddy lamps give, none of the warmth implied by the sun-like whiteness of the illumination sometimes used. The clear cold light that could come, seemingly, only from a midnight moon, illumined the cheerless interior where the holy group had found shelter. Tom Brady stood long in contemplation before it. Was he studying the electrical effect, or the spiritual import of the scene so skilfully arranged?

Father Dwyer wondered just what that expression on the man's face meant, and offered a silent prayer for him, as Mr. Brady came up the aisle to meet him.

"Beautiful!—beautiful!" whispered the priest. "I had no idea it would be so beautiful. I am more pleased than I can say. If we keep that side chapel darkened, the moonlight effect will be heightened. And now I am more anxious than ever to see the sanctuary lights. As there will be no one in, likely, for some time, this being the supper hour here, we can have the church in complete darkness before you turn on the lights. We will get a better idea of the illumination."

An assistant workman was sent to the sacristy to manipulate the levers as directed, while Father Dwyer and Mr. Brady remained in the rear of the centre aisle. At a given signal, a star flashed over the tabernacle. A something gripped the heart of the man who stood beside the priest. His thoughts instinctively reverted to the Magi, as his eyes involuntarily sought out the Babe lying in the manger at his right.

The silence was unbroken until the priest said:

"That is just what I wanted. The effect is excellent. Let us have the other now."

Almost mechanically Tom Brady gave the signal, when *Gloria in excelsis Deo* flamed across the space between the altar and the nave of the church. These letters of fire, burning a little lower than the star, carried their message to the watchers—in particular to that one who stood with bowed head as the priest was repeating the words in a strangely exultant tone, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*" adding, like a benediction, what was echoing in the hearts of both, "*Et in terra pax hominibus bona voluntatis.*"

So absorbed was the priest in the satisfactory completion of the work that the change in his companion, from scoffing indifference to reverent attention, passed unnoticed.

"Nothing more could be desired," said the pastor, as the regular and permanent lighting arrangement was displayed for his approval.

He turned to Mr. Brady, observing for the first time his abstraction of mind, and recalling the expression on the man's face as he had left the Crib.

"Evidently not used to hard work, Mr. Brady. I am sorry that it was necessary; for you appear quite fatigued. Perhaps some day we shall find out just why this happened. But if you will come into the house now and rest a while, and then have dinner with us, although" (and he smiled deprecatingly) "it is a fast-day, and you may not find all that you—"

"I thank you, Father, for your great kindness! But I can not accept the invitation, much as I should like to do so. There are some things to which I must attend before I leave, and I want to get the first train out of here." (He spoke slowly.) "It is just possible that I shall have to take the later one. I am not tired, — that is, not tired of the work to-day. Instead, I shall always be glad that I came here, and grateful, too, for the circumstances that brought me. Perhaps you are right in believing that some otherwise inexplicable conditions are due to the intervention of a higher Power.

I no longer discredit it. In fact—I do not quite know," he said, as if still perplexed, "but what that is the solution of this whole affair. Yet I can not understand why a special effort should be made to reclaim one who—"

"Some one's prayers for you, probably," suggested the priest.

"I wonder," mused the man. "For I am convinced, at least, that—well—that nothing else matters but this—here" (as, with a sweep of his arm, he vaguely indicated the altar). "But" (several persons had entered the church and taken places near the confessional) "I am detaining you, Father, from your dinner. And, as your evening duties are already in evidence" (nodding toward the lengthening line of penitents), "I shall bid you good-night and wish you a very merry Christmas. You will, perhaps, permit me to be the first contributor to your Christmas collection." And he thrust a sealed envelope into the priest's hand.

"Many thanks, Mr. Brady, for your good wishes and for your generosity! Good-night! A merry Christmas to you and yours, and may God bless you!"

The men shook hands and parted, — the priest going through the sacristy and into his house; the other walking slowly back to the Crib and, after a seemingly long time, making his way to the door of the church.

When Father Dwyer returned to the church later in the evening, he did not see a man who was humbly kneeling in the shadows that enveloped the rear pew. But when it was late, very late, and the last penitent of what had seemed an endless line was leaving the confessional, the man arose and looked about, as if feeling unworthy to take precedence over any one else. He saw no one, and he diffidently drew aside the curtain to kneel on that bench to which he had been so long a stranger. A dim light, under which he passed, shone upon his face. It was Tom Brady.



## The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

*December 21, Fourth Sunday of Advent.*

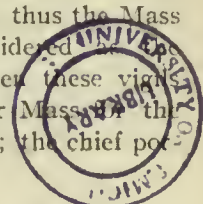
THE Introit for this the nearest Sunday to Christmas is a passage from Isaias which is continually sounding throughout the Offices of these days of expectation: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One. Let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." The power of the God of Heaven is to render fruitful the purest of earth's daughters in the person of the Virgin of Nazareth. The Church seems almost to count the hours until the coming of the Saviour is accomplished. Thus does she teach her children to increase their fervent longings for His advent to their souls. "The heavens show forth the glory of God," cries the psalm; "and the firmament declareth the works of His hands"—in the Incarnation of God the Son.

Once again the Collect implores 'Our Lord to hasten the day of His coming. Sin renders man unworthy of so great a grace; and, therefore, we are taught to pray for merciful forgiveness, that all obstacles that might hinder His approach may be removed. "Exert, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy might, and come and succor us with great power; that, by the help of Thy grace, the indulgence of Thy mercy may hasten what our sins impede." At the very eve of the appearance of our Redeemer in the form of tender weakness—a Babe in a manger—the Church bids us ask Him to "succor us with great power." That Babe is indeed the mighty Lord for whose coming we are preparing. He will come in love and tenderness, but will fortify us by His divine power if we will but give Him entrance into our souls. Those who wilfully resist His gentle appeal must be prepared to meet Him as a just Judge.

Liturgical authorities see in the choice of the Epistle a reference to the Ember Saturday ordinations, which have taken place on that day. For St. Paul speaks in this passage of his First Epistle to the Corinthians of the dignity and obligations of the sacred ministers of the altar. He exhorts the flock to refrain from passing judgment upon the pastor; since both priest and people must be mindful of the final coming of Christ as their Judge, as well as that merciful coming as a Redeemer, for which Christians are now preparing.

In both Gradual and Alleluia verse we have the note of joyful longing. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; to all that call upon Him in truth. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless His holy name." "Alleluia! Come, O Lord, and delay not! Forgive the sins of Thy people Israel." The name Israel signifies "Soldier of God"; the title is, therefore, most appropriate to designate the children of the Church, who are fighting God's battles.

The Gospel again brings forward the holy Baptist as preaching the need of preparation for the Christ who is to come. The accurate announcement of the date of Our Lord's appearance on earth is a reminder of the nearness of His advent, and of the necessity of greater fervor in preparing to receive Him. This Gospel is the same as that read on Ember Saturday; for it was not until the eleventh century that a special Mass was arranged for this Sunday, and the Gospel was then taken from the Saturday's Mass. The same arrangement will be found on the second Sunday of Lent, which also follows on the Ember Days. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that, according to primitive custom, ordinations took place toward midnight, and thus the Mass which followed was considered *Mass of the Sunday*. When these vigils were discontinued a proper Mass for the Sunday had to be drawn up; the chief por-



tions, not considering Epistle and Gospel, are the same as those of the common Mass of the Blessed Virgin for Advent.

The Offertory verse is the familiar *Ave Maria*. The Church thus salutes her who has become the Mother of the Incarnate Word: "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb." The salutation of the Archangel is joined to that of Elizabeth; it is the primitive form of the *Ave*, which continued unchanged until Pope Urban IV. in 1261 added the Holy Name—Jesus. By the beginning of the sixteenth century, popular devotion had further added the invocation of Our Lady which now form part of the prayer, and which was authoritatively adopted by the Church in that century.

The Communion verse also refers to the Virgin Mother. "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." The interpretation of Emmanuel is "God with us." The verse has a threefold signification: it is applied, in the first place, to the actual birth of the Redeemer; but it is a reference to the visit of Our Lord in Holy Mass as well as to the individual soul in Holy Communion,—the verse being originally the antiphon to a psalm sung during the Communion of the faithful.

St. Bernard in one of his Advent sermons suggests the best means of preparation for the coming of Our Lord: "It is not required of thee, O man! to pass the seas or ascend the clouds or cross the Alps. The way that is shown unto thee is not a long one. Go as far as thine own self, and there meet thy God. . . . Meet Him at least at thy heart's compunction, and thy mouth's confession, that thou mayest go out of the filth of thy guilty conscience; for into that thou surely never wouldst make the Author of purity enter."

### The Sign of the Saviour.

SOME beautiful ideas are expressed in the following extract from St. Aelred, or Ethelred, Abbot of the Cistercian monastery at Rievaulx, who flourished in the fourteenth century. His epitaph told how, "under Christ's leading, he came from Jericho to Jerusalem; how he was comparable to St. Benedict or to St. Bernard; how, as St. Jerome had preferred one sentence of St. Paul to all the wealth of Cræsus, the same thing might be said of the Cistercian abbot: how he was peaceful as Solomon and gentle as a lamb."

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"What was the sign that the Shepherds received? 'You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.' And this was to be the sign that He was the Saviour, the Christ, the Lord. But what great thing is it to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and to be in a stable?

"It is a great thing, if we only understand it. And we shall understand it, if we not only hear the message, but also have in our heart that light which shone around the Shepherds when the angel spoke.

"He appeared in the midst of splendor, when first he told of the birth of Christ, that we may know that none may hear aright but those whose souls are illuminated by God.

"I could say many things about this sign, but one must suffice. Bethlehem means 'The House of Bread.' It represents the Church, in which the true Bread, the Body of Christ, is ministered. The manger in Bethlehem is the altar. . . . In this manger is Jesus, wrapped in swaddling clothes—the sacramental veils.

"In this manger, under the appearances of bread and wine, are the true Body and Blood of Christ. There Christ Himself is believed to be, but wrapped in swaddling clothes,—that is to say, invisible in the sacrament."

IN the Crib or on the Mount, Jesus Christ teaches the same lessons.—*Alban Butler*.



## Parental Remissness.

## Notes and Remarks.

ADMITTING even the probable truth of a statement recently made at Minneapolis by Chief Justice Olsen, of the Municipal Court, it should awaken fathers and mothers to a realizing sense of their responsibility for their daughters. Said the Justice: "The fact, verified by ample investigation, is that the great majority of immoral women become so before they are seventeen."

In none of our States, so far as we know, does a girl become of age, and hence independent of parental control, before the age of eighteen. Accordingly, "the great majority of immoral women" fall from virtue while they are still subject to the authority of their parents; and it is difficult to see how the latter can be excused from at least partial responsibility for such falling. If the advice and influence of a mother are insufficient to keep a girl of sixteen or less off the streets at night, and away from questionable theatres and promiscuous dance-halls, then the authority of the father should be judiciously exerted. Granted that, the working-girl whose wages contribute to the family's support needs recreation, and that the evening hours are the only ones at her disposal for that purpose, it is still the plain duty of her parents to see to it that her recreation be innocent; and that, unless properly escorted, she be not permitted to visit scenes or rooms where her very presence is a quasi-invitation to the vicious to assail her virtue.

The freedom allowed to most young American girls, and the smug conviction that Katie or Annie is quite competent "to take care of herself," are responsible for more family tragedies than are ever heard of in the police courts, and for more broken hearts than will be known until Judgment Day. That awful day will have woeful surprises for many a father and mother.

That the importance of principles in the matter of political theory may be made edifying sermon material is evident from a discourse recently delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Vaughan, in St. Patrick's Church, Manchester, England, and published in our English exchanges. Its subject is "Authority and Freedom." The Catholic position is thus ably and succinctly stated:

To the Church it matters nothing whether a country be ruled by (a) a king and parliament, by (b) an absolute monarchy, whether hereditary or elected, or by (c) a republic. But here we must be very careful to explain that though the nation—*i. e.*, the people—are free to choose their own system of government, yet it is not the people who confer authority upon their rulers, once they are chosen; but it is Almighty God.

Certain modern writers, such as Hobbs, Rousseau, and others, have falsely taught that kings and presidents and parliaments have no authority but what has been conceded to them by the electorate, and that the relation between governing and governed is merely that of a contract. This theory is condemned by the Church, and, indeed, by sound reason as well. For reason itself proclaims that society is not the outcome of a voluntary pact, but that it springs from nature itself, as fruit springs from a tree; it must, therefore, be attributed to the Author of Nature Himself.

Society is superior to individuals. Obedience rendered to it is obedience rendered to God; for it is invested with the power of God. "By Him kings reign and the princes of the earth exercise their power," says the infallible oracle of God. To resist this legitimate authority is to be guilty of actual sin. For we declare, in the inspired words of St. Paul, that "there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. . . . For the prince is God's minister."

Even outsiders, in this day of blatant demagogues, should, we think, find doctrine like this refreshingly sane and strong. And throughout the entire sermon the Bishop keeps the practical duty of Catholics in mind, as witness his concluding words: "With Catholics, loyalty and patriotism are not matters

of mere sentiment nor of feeling nor of poetry, but a solemn and sacred duty. If we are commanded to render to God the things that are God's, we are equally commanded to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

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If Governor Dunne, of Illinois, were not a practical Catholic, we should have been surprised as well as gratified to read his letter of recent date addressed to the President of the State University. As it is, we are gratified without being at all surprised. The heads of the big school at Urbana having resolved to add Sex-hygiene to the curriculum, President James wrote to Governor Dunne (who is ex-officio a member of the board of trustees) to ascertain his attitude in the matter. It was made as plain as possible. We quote that portion of the reply to President James' communication:

With reference to the second resolution—to wit: "Resolved, further, that such instruction in Sex-hygiene should be given in the school of education and in the college of medicine of the University of Illinois as may enable teachers in the public and private schools of the State to acquire the information necessary to enable them to give suitable instruction and guidance in this delicate and important subject,"—you may record me as voting "No."

Modesty is the chief charm of womanhood. The moral teachings of the Christian religion, if impressed upon the youth of the country in the home, are the surest guarantee of the preservation of chastity and moral cleanliness in the minds of the young.

I honestly fear that if Sex-hygiene be taught in the schools, and young boys and young girls in the open classroom are made aware of things, which may be taught in the line of Sex-hygiene it may create, and probably will create, in their young minds a prurient curiosity, which will induce rather than suppress immorality and unchastity. . . .

I think you can trust the mothers and fathers of the land to guard their children much better at home. I will vote emphatically "No" upon this proposition.

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Writing of "The Heart of New York," in the *Independent*, Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells some intimate city-family secrets

which reveal how great and good that heart really is. The more welcome are his facts because of the plethora of other exposé matter in this day of innumerable and malodorous investigations. Here is a typical incident, showing how goodwill prevails in Gotham. An appeal from the Free Dispensary had been inserted in the paper for a baby carriage big enough for twins, and the simple annals of Mrs. Sweeney's needs therein stated. We give Mr. Riis' words:

"But who do you suppose has such a baby carriage to give away?" and our head-worker drummed moodily upon the pane with her pencil. Even as she said it, the pencil paused abruptly on its way, and she looked down the street with a fixed stare, in which amazed wonder grew and grew. Following her look, I saw turning into our street from the direction of Chatham Square a procession of baby carriages propelled by men and messenger boys, who scanned the numbers of the houses as they went. Three were in sight; and as we looked, four more turned the corner and made straight for our door. As they came nearer, we saw that it was not a travelling baby show: all the carriages were empty, and all of them were of double girth—seven twin perambulators, all labelled and consigned to No. 48. It was New York's reply to our appeal. The Mrs. Sweeney of all days were provided for. It is a long time since, but, unless I am mistaken, there is yet one of those baby carriages in our house awaiting its tenants.

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To the ever-lengthening list of non-Catholic eulogists of our Catholic Sisters must be added Lord Gray, late Governor-General of Canada. In the course of an address delivered not long ago at a cornerstone laying in Bulawayo, Africa, he recalled his experience as Administrator, in 1896, during the Matabele Rebellion, and said of the hospital nuns:

Many a brave, rough pioneer, with a heart of gold, blessed, as he died, those gentle Dominican Sisters, who appeared to him, in his dreams, to be as the angels of heaven. I am, indeed, glad to have the opportunity now, fifteen or sixteen years after they have left, of paying a tribute to the devotion which they showed in the treatment of the sick and suffering during the early days of the history of this



hospital. No one can ever disparage the Dominican Sisters without being called upon, by every true Rhodesian pioneer, to give a direct and an immediate account of his words. They have left a precious memory behind them, and Bulawayo and the whole of Rhodesia are the richer for this heritage. I confess that by those who, like myself, are lovers of the picturesque and the beautiful, of the atmosphere engendered by disciplined obedience to authority, of devoted self-sacrifice, and of absolute disregard for self-interest in concern for the welfare of others, the passing away of the Dominican Sisters was witnessed with deep regret.

Just another voice added to the multitude which in every clime are perennially singing the praises of the gentle heroines of everyday life—the women who “take the veil.”

The Brooklyn Academy of Music, which has a seating capacity of 2200, was the scene one day last week of a “grand patriotic rally” of the newly reorganized American Protective Association. Fewer than two hundred persons were present, including all the Protestant ministers, four of whom made speeches, the burden of which was denunciation of the Catholic Church. It was blamed for almost everything except the high price of eggs. President Wilson was criticised for attending Mass on Thanksgiving Day,—“for doing the very thing for which Moses was prevented from going into the promised land.” Ex-President Taft was referred to as a political corpse because he held communications with the Pope of Rome. Secretary of State Bryan was censured for sending his son to a Catholic college,—“a mystery to me,” declared the Rev. A. E. Barnett. Brother Barnett also protested against the large number of Catholic policemen. To his mind, this constitutes a grave danger to the American Republic.

Much as one may pity the invincible ignorance of these preachers, one can not help smiling at their foolishness. Who can believe that they are capable of doing any real injury to the Church?

On the contrary, they probably influence some who could not otherwise be influenced to “hear the other side.” In a letter to a Protestant friend, published almost a century ago, Prince Gallitzin wrote: “If I had any favor to ask of the Protestant minister, it would be that he would please to continue to write against the Catholic Church. . . . I promise to make a good use of his writings for the conversion of all sorts of Protestants to the Catholic faith.”

Expediency, not justice, is apparently the standard by which the treatment of our parish school system should be regulated. So, at least, seems to think a Philadelphia journal of some repute. The *Public Ledger* of that city having advocated the abolition of tax exemptions, or the imposition of taxes on parish schools, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDevitt sent its editor a letter containing excellent reasons against such imposition. In the course of a singularly illogical reply to that letter, the *Ledger* has this paragraph:

It is, of course, true that an enormous burden would fall upon the city were it obliged to undertake the work now done by private charities, religious and secular; but it by no means follows that such a condition would arise should the existing exemptions be done away with. In the case of the parochial schools, for example, for which Mgr. McDevitt speaks, there is not the slightest probability that were the city to impose a tax on their real estate they would abandon the position which they, for conscience' sake, have assumed.

So might a burglar, meditating the robbery of a citizen's dwelling, comment: “True, the citizen has a good weapon; but he has conscientious scruples about using it, even in self-defence.”

There is no commotion worth speaking of in the neighboring city of South Bend over the accession to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Rev. Victor Kubinyi—or Von Kubinyi,—an excommunicated Hungarian priest residing there; nor has the announcement that “hundreds of his former parishioners”

will follow his leading caused any excitement that we know of. It is hard to say just how many of these deluded people there are. It is certain, however, that only a few of them could find room in the Protestant Episcopal church of South Bend, which is a small one, though quite large enough to accommodate all who attend it. Of course there is rejoicing over Father Kubinyi's "conversion" among the Episcopalians, some of whom are confidently expecting a general "away-from-Rome" movement amongst Hungarian Catholics in the United States. It is a way Protestants have of consoling themselves for the loss of so many clerical and lay members of their denomination who join The Church. Bishop White, of South Bend, we hear, is particularly happy over the event; though he must be well aware of the difference between those who leave his communion to become Catholics and those Catholics who attach themselves to the P. E. C. or any other of the sects.

It may be worth while to state that Father Kubinyi was not the founder of the parish in South Bend of which he was formerly pastor, that a worthy successor is in charge of it, and that the flock to which he ministers are devotedly attached to their religion. Of the "National Catholic Church of America," which Father Kubinyi founded and of which he posed as bishop, we know nothing; nor do we know the name of the "widow with some means" who, learning that he was financially embarrassed, is said to have induced him to apply for admission to the P. E. C., assuring him that relief and consolation would be his for the asking.

Moralizing upon the statement of a Catholic editor, that he was asked by a man with whom he was talking on a train, "Why are you Catholics on the opposite side of everything?" the *Casket* says:

No greater compliment could be paid to the Catholic religion than this — that whenever a

false theory is started in a matter involving right and wrong, the Catholic who knows his religion can refer at once to the unshakable, unchangeable principle that applies to the case. The questioner did not quite say what he meant. His surprise was due to the fact that, while others doubt and waver on such matters as Eugenics, Sex-hygiene, Socialism, Euthanasia (the killing of the incurably sick), and all the other mental acrobatics of the day, Catholics are never in doubt. Beside the long road down which the Church has travelled, there are many dusty ruins in which are buried the schemes and plans and theories which she condemned as contrary to God's law. Sometimes millions of her children have left her to follow a Will-o'-the-wisp; and, with wet eyes and a sore heart, she saw them go, but she offered them no compromise.

And precisely because she did not — nay, could not — other millions, recognizing the divinity of her mission, have left the City of Confusion to swell the ranks of the multitude within her orderly fold.

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The Brooklyn *Tablet* lately took issue with a reverend critic who bade the editor remember that he is writing for a Catholic, not a Protestant, reading public; implying that less editorial defence, and more matter explanatory of the Church and her practices, is advisable. Says our contemporary:

Together with the editors of all Catholic papers, we heartily disagree with this sentiment. The Catholic press is a defender of the Faith. It is part of its plan of action to take up the various insincerities and downright stupid attacks made upon the Church and present "the other side." The man who reads ten secular papers a week and only one Catholic paper on Sunday needs all the help he can get in the latter to offset the errors and insinuations in the daily press.

Clear exposition of Catholic doctrine is, no doubt, desirable; but to contend that the Catholic press should eschew apologetics is to attribute to the Catholic man in the street a fuller knowledge than is warranted by the facts. To present a judicious admixture of explanation and defence is perhaps the best plan that any of our papers can follow.





### A Christmas Prayer.

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

**W**HEN fires are lit on Christmas morn,  
And gifts the Christmas Tree adorn,  
And church bells ring with sounds of joy,  
O little girl and little boy,  
Kneel down with me a while and pray  
For other children far away,

Whose eyes no pretty gifts shall greet,  
Who hear no loving lips repeat  
Good wishes for a merry day;  
So we may hope they find the way  
To Mary and to Joseph mild,  
Who watch beside the Holy Child.

For Christmas there is always glad,  
And there is comfort for the sad,  
And there the happiest carols ring,  
And choicest gifts the angels bring  
To those whom Jesus' love has drawn,  
To holy joy of Christmas dawn.

Best of all gifts are these to find,—  
Our Infant Saviour, sweet and kind;  
His Mother's love, all fears to still;  
An angel song of peace, good-will;  
And holy friends whose love is near  
To guide and aid us all the year.

We with the Holy Child may live  
If we ourselves to others give  
With grateful heart and cheerful mind,  
In loving thought and action kind,—  
May we in Bethlehem's joy have share  
In answer to our Christmas prayer!

At the hour of Our Lord's birth, according to an old legend, the cock crowed, "Christ is born!" The raven croaked, "When?" The crow cawed, "This night." The ox bellowed, "Where?" The sheep bleated, "At Bethlehem." And the ass brayed, "Let us find Him."

### The Bambino vs. Mr. Santa Claus.

BY L. W. RILLY.

**B**EPPO was seven years old. When his face was clean, he was a fairly pretty boy. He had a dark complexion, regular features, large brown eyes, and curling black hair. His clothes were shabby, and he had neither overcoat nor sweater; but activity kept him warm. He was full of energy. His movements were quick, and his tongue—well, his tongue went at the rate of a mile a minute.

Beppo, which is "short" for Joseph, was born in Sicily, and had been in this country only eight months. He liked the bustle of life in the big American city to which his father and mother had migrated. It was late in May when he arrived, and the weather was beautiful. He enjoyed the sunshine. But when the winter set in, early in December, bringing snow and ice and bitter winds, he regretted that his parents had brought him hither; for he hated the cold. Still, the New World was so wonderful that he wanted to get used to its ways.

In their native land, his father had been employed as a laborer in a lemon grove; and his mother had worked in the fields, cultivating vegetables, picking berries, and gathering grapes. They had a hard time to make ends meet. Their fare was bread, macaroni, polenta, onions, and sometimes a little cheese or a few grapes or nuts. And did not the spring near their cottage produce water in abundance, clear, cold, and sweet to drink?

Aided by a relative who had ventured to this country and prospered as the keeper of a fruit store, Beppo's parents had come

to America to make their fortune. They did not find it easy, however, to get rich. The father sold bananas and oranges from a push-cart; and his wife, when she could get away from household cares, vended bunches of celery from a basket on the sidewalk. Sometimes, of an evening, when they were at home in their two hired rooms in a tenement, exhausted with the toil of the day, they refreshed themselves with daydreams, and talked of the happiness in store for them when they returned to Sicily some day after they had made enough money to buy an orange grove.

The most pleasant memory that Beppo carried from the home of his childhood was the Christmas Crib in the village church. There was the stable, with the animals, the star, the angels, St. Joseph, the Madonna, and the dear Infant who was God made man. The Bambino, Beppo called the figure of the heavenly Child. Never would he forget that scene in the chapel, or the impression that the glad tidings of the birth of the Saviour had made on him there.

But here he was in America, his parents' only hope; for they had lost his little sister Teresa and the baby Pietro. And he must grow up soon, to go to work to earn money. He thought that he would like to stay in this country, if only it were not so cold in winter; and that he would like to have a fruit and candy store of his own, if only it did not take so much money.

"Money, money, money," he said to himself one day,—"always money. What is money, anyway? Where does it come from? Why do we always have need of it?" But no one answered the whimsical thought, and it passed out of his head.

On Christmas Eve, early in the afternoon, Luigi Allegretti, aged nine, who lived in the same tenement and whose father was a maker of plaster-of-Paris art, and Luigi's eleven-year-old sister Lucia, invited Beppo to go to see the Christmas things in the store windows.

They sauntered through the shopping district, lingering before the jewelry, toy, and musical instrument stores. They jabbered Italian like magpies. As they were passing a large department store, one of Lucia's school chums was just coming out, and when she espied them she exclaimed:

"Oh, you ought to go inside upstairs and see Santa Claus!"

"Is it fine?" asked Lucia.

"Fine? It is like—heaven," was the answer.

"Come, let us go in," said Lucia to the two boys.

The store was jammed with shoppers. The children did not dare go into the crowded elevator, but nobody minded their walking up the stairs. They ascended to the third floor, and made their way to the toy department.

There they saw a scene that to them was one of ravishing splendor. Toys were there of all sorts,—dolls, drums, skates, blocks, trains of cars, wagons, sleighs, and a million others. There was an immense Christmas Tree, lighted with electric bulbs and loaded with glittering balls, and cornucopias, and other decorations. There, too, was Santa Claus, dressed in all his glory of cotton-batting ermine, big boots, and a gigantic fur cap. The place was brilliantly illuminated, although it was then only a quarter-past three o'clock; and there were throngs of people, especially women and children.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked Lucia, in Italian.

"Yes, it is grand. But who is that man?" inquired Beppo, pointing at Santa Claus, away from whom he drew in fear.

"That is Santa Claus."

"And who is Santa Claus?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, "only he is said to bring things after midnight to American children on Christmas Eve."

"And where is the Bambino?" queried Beppo.

"Oh, for that you must go to the church," answered the girl. "The Amer-



icans do not have the Bambino: they have Santa Claus instead."

"I like the Bambino best," said Beppo,—"better than Mr. Santa Claus."

Then they looked at the toys more carefully, and soon Beppo was absorbed in the contemplation of a flexible "flier," painted a bright red. He had seen an American boy with just such a sled. The boy had given him a ride of a block last week, when the first snow fell. My, but it was nice to ride! If he could only have this one!

They looked at everything—at the toys and at the crowds of women buying them.

"Let us go," said Lucia, taking hold of her brother's hand and calling Beppo.

"Oh, no: wait a little longer!" the latter exclaimed, with his covetous eyes still on the sled, delighted even to look at it and be near it.

The little girl waited a while. Then she called Beppo again. But he was still unwilling to go. And when she would not linger longer, but took Luigi's hand and started to move away from the toy counter, Beppo began to cry—not out loud, but with the quiet grief of the poor,—while tears flowed from his big brown eyes.

"You had better stop crying," scolded Lucia, impatiently, "or Mr. Santa Claus will see you."

"Well, what then?" asked the boy, through his tears.

"Then he'll be angry with you; for he does not like children who cry, and he brings them no presents."

"But he'll not bring me the sled, any way," whimpered Beppo.

"Oh, you can never tell!" replied the young diplomat, wishing to get him out quietly. "Besides, you can go to church and ask the Bambino for it."

"O *Gesu Bambino*," the boy prayed in his mind, "do please give me a sled like that!"

Then, comforted in his heart, he turned away and gave his hand to Lucia.

They started to go out, and pushed

their way to the head of the stairs.

"What is he crying for?" asked a lady, in rich garments, with a fur scarf and muff, who, with a companion, was near the elevator.

"He wants a sled and he has no money," answered Lucia, who could speak English fairly well; for she had been in this country three years and went to school.

"Oh, do come on, Edith!" called the lady's companion. "Don't waste time on a strange boy just because he's crying. Come on! We have so much to buy!"

"I really can not help it, Laura," was the gentle answer. "Something makes me do it. Besides, look closely: he has Percy's eyes.—O my dear lost darling!" she said to herself, without words.—"Wait just a whole minute for me, dear!"

Then the lady took Lucia aside and questioned her minutely, asking about her home and parents, about Beppo and his people,—where they lived and what they did to earn their daily bread. Then she said:

"My dear, I had a little boy once, almost as big as Beppo, who loved Christmas and the Christ-Child, and who believed in Santa Claus. But he went to heaven three years ago. Now I have no one of my very own. Still," she added cheerily, "I have little friends, and I love to see the toys for their sake."

As the lady said good-bye, she put a quarter of a dollar in the little girl's hand and whispered:

"Buy some candy for yourself and the boys to eat on the way home."

When Lucia was telling her mother about the lovely lady who had given them the candy, the child said:

"She asked me everything, mamma,—just everything! But, oh, she was so nice, so sweet, so full of love in the look of her beautiful eyes, just like the Madonna, that I gladly told her all she wanted to know!"

The next morning, when Beppo awoke, there at his bedside was the red sled. On it was a note:

"With wishes for a merry Christmas from the Christ-Child and the stranger lady."

There was a doll, a lace collar, and a bright ribbon for Lucia, and a pair of skates and warm mittens for Luigi.


"I like America," said Beppo, "and I will grow up to be an American. The people have kind hearts. But I like the Bambino for Christmas better than Mr. Santa Claus."

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### A Cloud with a Silver Lining.

BY AUNT ANNA.

#### I.

 O Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Christmas was a veritable festival, because they knew that their wholesome, healthy houseful of children would be made glad with that mysterious gladness which, in Catholic households, is not all of earth. Always there is the suggestion in it of that far-away night when the hilltops of that Eastern land became suddenly radiant with the Light that was for evermore to illumine the earth. Always there are the echoes of the Christmas songs; and above all, sounding loud and clear, with deepest pathos and the tenderest of memories, that hymn of hymns:

With hearts truly grateful,  
Come all ye faithful,  
To Jesus, to Jesus,  
In Bethlehem!

Everyone of the children who could read at all had spelled that out for himself or herself in the first prayer-book. And the words and the music were always uppermost at Christmas, when the mother played it on the piano, the father sang it, and the children joined in the chorus. Christmas without that canticle of joy would have been incomplete. So that, although the myth of Santa Claus was maintained as long as possible, always behind it in the minds of these Catholic children, as in that of most others, was the

gracious figure of the Infant Saviour lying upon the straw of the Crib, in the poverty of the Manger, or standing with outstretched hands and an aureole round the head. Although the older children were well aware that Santa Claus was no other than papa, they never sought by word or gesture to shake the blind faith of their younger sisters and brother.

This particular year, however, there was a cloud over the house; for it had become necessary, with the generous and expansive hospitality for which that dwelling was famous, to invite a certain connection of the family who, after many years' absence, had lately returned from foreign parts. Being a widower without children, he was altogether alone in the big metropolis of Manhattan at the time when, of all others, loneliness is most depressing. To the Wallace children he was quite unknown, and they somehow felt that his presence would disturb the sacred intimacy of Christmas. They would not have minded if it had been Uncle Robert or Aunt Julia, or any other of their kinsfolk, who were dear and familiar. But this stranger!

They kept this expression of opinion pretty much to themselves, until one day their mother chanced to overhear them talking. She suddenly appeared among them, and took them gravely to task, saying that selfishness was a most unamiable quality, which should find no place at Christmas. She also reminded them that their father and she had always made it a point, in honor of the homeless Ones of Bethlehem, to invite to the Christmas dinner, or at least to some of the festivities, a guest who had no home or who was friendless in the great city.

The children admitted that they knew of the existence of this custom; but, though they felt ashamed of their ungracious grumbling, they could not help arguing, in their justification, that this particular case would be different. For the expected guest, Mr. Philip Austen, would be in the house for some days



before Christmas; and on Christmas Eve, when expectancy was at its height; and in short, all the time. They feared that his presence would make everything so stiff and formal. And the older ones were of opinion that the newcomer would probably be inclined to laugh at the prevailing enthusiasm, and at all the talk about Santa Claus, in whom the little ones still believed; and even at the mystery which was maintained for everyone concerned. Therefore, though they no longer put into words their feeling "that it wouldn't be like Christmas at all," they were full of that depressing consciousness. Even the oldest of the boys could understand the shyness, with which the little ones looked forward to the coming of a "strange gentleman."

Before going further, it may be well to introduce to the reader the Wallace children in the order of their birth. First, there was John, the oldest boy, with his long, serious face, dark hair, and quiet manner; Frank, with his Blue eyes, fair hair, direct upward glance, and frankness of speech. Two girls, Agnes and Mary, came next; they were rosy-cheeked and rotund; they rejoiced in the friendship and confidence of their brothers, and were the best of good comrades. After that with a sharp division of age, came the three little ones — Lucy and Helen and Baby Charles. The latter, who had chanced to be born on St. Charles Borromeo's Day, had something in his look of the wisdom and gravity of his great name-saint. People used to say that he would surely become a bishop.

But, indeed, it was a far cry to the time when the future destiny, or calling, of any of these little folk would have to be settled. So far, they were just happy, healthy children; and upon the domestic horizon the coming of Christmas was then the principal event. It, in fact, engaged the exclusive attention of everyone, from John, aged fourteen, to Charles, who could count only three winters.

About a week preceding the great

festival came the day of the stranger's arrival. A subdued excitement prevailed through all that household. The children, big and small, ran in and out of the spare room, which had been under the personal superintendence of Mrs. Wallace. She wanted to be sure that the housemaid had done her duty; that the newly washed curtains hung straight, and that the cushions were fresh in all the chairs. She arranged the embroidered toilet cover upon the bureau, and brought thither the pincushion and mats which were kept in reserve for such occasions. These in themselves were sources of interest, particularly to the girls. They liked to unwrap them from the many folds of silk paper, and to see revealed in all its glory the purple velvet, worked with pearls and white glistening beads by the skilful hands of some friendly nun.

When all these preparations had been completed, and the afternoon was wearing to evening, the children awaited with mingled expectation and heaviness of heart the cloud that was to obscure, as they feared, the glory of Christmas. Mr. Wallace had gone down to the station to meet the expected guest, and it was his hearty voice that ushered him into the library and introduced him to the children.

"These are all the boys and girls," said the father, with a wave of his hand. "You will find out their names for yourself before you have been long in the house."

The stranger surveyed the group thus presented, with a smile and a laconic—

"How do you do, children!"

They, in turn, regarded him with a confused murmur:

"Very well, thank you, sir!"

They saw a small man, somewhat bronzed and weather-beaten (since he had but lately come off the sea), with a fair mustache, and no particular expression in his blue eyes. Yet a brief scrutiny convinced them all that he was not so very formidable; and even the youngest felt no fear in his presence. Still he was there, and there he was going to

stay until Christmas was a thing of the past. Quite untroubled by any such considerations, Mrs. Wallace gave him a very cordial welcome; and Mr. Wallace hurried him off to his room to make ready for the evening meal.

For the first two or three days things went on altogether as usual. There was a little heaviness in the atmosphere for the children,—just sufficient to mark the presence of the "cloud"; though, without, there was the brightest of Christmas weather. Even the snow, not so common in New York as it would have been farther North, had obligingly come down. The father and mother gave a good deal of attention to the stranger, and the children found it difficult to get as many opportunities as usual of discussing the great affairs of Christmas Day. Then things began to adjust themselves to the ordinary routine.

Mr. Wallace hurried off, as was his wont, to the office; and one day his wife went out alone, the children making no inquiry as to where she was going. It was well understood by the four older ones that her shopping expeditions at that season were part of the mystery of Christmas. No questions were permissible. On the second day after that, she was accompanied by the "cloud." In fact, it soon became evident that he had got well inside the veil of secrecy, and had there established, as it were, his headquarters. For, though the children knew it not, he had boldly suggested to his host and hostess an innovation. Hitherto the children had always hung up their stockings around the hearth in the back drawing-room. It was a time-honored custom. Yet Philip Austen was not afraid to propose a departure from this precedent, in the form of a Christmas Tree.

Mrs. Wallace, to whom he had spoken first, hesitated. The children had always been accustomed to hang up their stockings. Mr. Austen replied that they could hang them still on Christmas morning, and receive a portion of their gifts, and

that the surprise would be all the greater on Christmas afternoon. There was only one other objection to be urged—namely, that Mr. Wallace was particularly busy at that time of year, and that she would find it difficult to carry out all the details. Mr. Austen begged to be allowed entire charge of the undertaking. At least, he would do all such work as could best be done by a man, and make himself useful in every possible way. From that moment Mrs. Wallace entered eagerly into the scheme, which also won instant approval from her husband. As it was resolved to keep this new project an absolute secret, the chief difficulty seemed to be in smuggling the tree itself into the house. It was, therefore, agreed that the children, one and all, should be sent to spend a whole afternoon with an aunt on the other side of the town. The plan worked perfectly.

The tree duly arrived that afternoon, having been driven to the door in a prosaic cart, and brought into the house by a bluff-visaged boy from the market, who received a generous "tip" from Mr. Austen.

In the Wallace residence there was a suite of three drawing-rooms, divided from each other by folding-doors of half-frosted glass. Now, the back drawing-room had been from time immemorial, in the children's lives, the scene of the hanging of the Christmas stockings, and the distribution, after breakfast, of the Christmas gifts. Mr. Austen, therefore, chose the front drawing-room as the theatre of his operations; and, lest the frosted glass might not be sufficient protection against curious eyes, he hung before the folding-door a curtain. So well was the secrecy maintained that even the older children suspected nothing. They were quite content with the explanation that Mr. Austen needed temporary possession of the front drawing-room for some work that he was doing. Nor did the children inquire too closely. Perhaps they were glad of the fact that



the "cloud" was thus kept out of the way. They got an impression, too, from their father's solemn face, that the work in which the guest was engaged was something very important, in which he could not possibly be disturbed.

Meantime, whenever Mr. Philip Austen was free from his engrossing occupation, the children began to find him very companionable indeed. He seemed most anxious that the mystery of Christmas should be as profound as possible. He was consulted by John and Frank, Agnes and Mary, as to the best sort of presents to bestow upon father and mother. Such presents were, of course, to be purchased from the contents of savings banks; and this friendly adviser was quite willing to go forth with the buyers and help them to make the best choice. He wondered, with the little ones, what on earth Santa Claus was going to bring them; and urged them to be very good, because he had heard a terrible tale of a boy who, having misbehaved, found a potato in his stocking on the holiday morning. With a grave face, which belied the twinkle in his eye, he warned the elder ones against disbelief in that august personage who distributes the Christmas favors.

He had many interesting stories to tell of the doings of Santa Claus in far-off lands. He told, for instance, how he himself had been in Paris one Christmas night, and had seen the great city transformed into a realm of enchantment. It was all aglow, with the shining of thousands of lights; the shops showed marvellous things, and in the streets were displayed the varied wares of the venders,—toys and candies and oranges. At midnight Santa Claus, all glittering with finely powdered snow, had come driving over the roofs, his sleigh laden with wonderful toys and presents of all sorts for the elder folk. The jingling of his tiny bells had mingled with the bells of the great churches ringing for Midnight Mass; and the children, rich and

poor, had strained their eager eyes for his coming.

The guest had also to tell how the Feast of the Christ-Child was kept in Germany; and how far away in the depths of the Black Forest the poorest peasants had their cakes, decorated with colored icing and nuts, and their Christmas candles; and the children awaited the coming of Knight Rupert, the messenger of Santa Claus. Having no roofs to drive over, he always came through the trees to each door, and, rapping loudly, left there his bundle of gifts for all good children.

Mr. Austen had much to tell of good St. Nicholas, that holy Bishop, himself patron of children, who had performed so many miracles while upon earth. He declared that he had never in his life been better pleased than when, in the great church of Notre Dame in Montreal, he had seen hundreds of children assembled to celebrate their patron's feast. It was also a preparation for Christmas; and with one voice those hundreds of little ones sang a hymn to that holy servant of God,

... the Confessor of Christ, known from shore  
to shore,  
Who went to his blessed seat in light, his labors  
o'er.

In fact, Mr. Austen had many delightful stories of all sorts; though naturally, at that time of year, he gave to them all a Christmas flavor. It was good to see the children clustering round him for these recitals. Even Baby Charles was eager and intent to catch all he could of what was being said; while the narrator good-naturedly turned to him with whatever he could be made to understand.

And, far from being a cloud, the guest, as the days went on, continued to increase the brightness of the holiday atmosphere, and to make the younger members of the household understand what it all meant. He ever kept before their minds the thought that the joys of Christmas came from the Saviour, who wished that little

children should come unto Him; so that, after all these hundreds of years, Christian children everywhere, wherever Christ's Name is known, and even poor little Jewish children, are glad for His sake. And that gladness is not only for that day, greatest of all in the year, but for many other days before and after, over which its brightness is extended.

(Conclusion next week.)

### Saved by a Christmas Carol.

IT was Christmas Eve in a beautiful village of what had once been Merry England; but the people talked softly behind closed doors; curtains were drawn, and not a sound of joy was heard. Word had been received that the Puritans were coming to tear down everything that savored of the holy season.

Children ran weeping to the arms of their mothers—all but one little boy, who had been so busy with one thing and another that he had not heard the tidings; or, if he had heard, perhaps had not comprehended. He was a little choir boy, and put his toys away early; for the choristers had been told to repair that night—the vigil of the Nativity—to the cathedral to practise the Christmas carols which were to greet the blessed morning. So the boy went as usual to his place in the choir stalls of the old cathedral, lighting the candles himself, and wondering why the sacristan had failed to do so.

Up the road marched the Roundhead host, silent, stern, and determined to make havoc with those they called idol-loving heathens. As they came in sight of the cathedral, its lights flashed out over the snow and stirred them to fresh wrath.

"Death to these Papists!" cried the leader, rushing to the cathedral door. But there was no enemy to slay—only a little fair-haired lad, who was singing:

Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men:  
Unto us is born a Saviour,  
Christ the Lord. Amen!

When he ended there was a strange sight: every armed man had bared his head and fallen upon his knees. Then all departed, and the lad had not even seen them.

But soon he grew tired of waiting for the other singers, and picked his way home, wondering if the Christ-Child would know that he had tried to sing his best; wondering why the others had not come; and wondering also why the snow was tramped down, and why there were so many footprints near the cathedral door.

So the carol of one of God's little singers saved the good old town of Eldore on Christmas Eve long years ago.

### The Christ-Child and the Evergreen.

PRETTY German legend is that of the Christ-Child and the evergreen, told on Christmas Eve around the Yule log fires. On Christmas Eve, so runs the story, a little child wanders from door to door,—to the home of high and lowly, rich and poor alike. Upon his shoulder he carries a branch of evergreen, and at each house where he is welcomed he leaves a bit of the fragrant green; and those who receive it with loving hearts are happy all through the year. Smiles are on their faces and joy in their breasts. For the wanderer is the Christ-Child, and wherever He is welcomed there are happiness and peace.

The good people of the German forests set a candle in their windows on Christmas Eve, that the Little Christ may not lose His way if travelling thither with His bunch of evergreens. And if any poor person comes to them on that Holy Eve, they take him in and make him welcome; for they say, "Who knows? This poor one may really be the Holy Child in human form, and whoever gives to the poor gives to the Lord Christ Himself." So their hearts are filled with the true joy of Christmas, and it abides with them throughout the year till Christmas comes again.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century," by C. L. Kingsford, is a new issue of the Oxford University Press.

—A new volume of the Westminster Library, just issued, is "The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. S. Barnes.

—In a small pamphlet of a score and a half of pages, the Rev. Ambrose Reger, O. S. B., of Corbin, Kentucky, discusses "Our Catholic Sisterhoods." He has much to say that deserved well to be said.

—Benziger Brothers have brought out in exceptionally handsome form Part I., comprising forty pages, of "Roma," an account of ancient, subterranean, and modern Rome, in word and picture, by the Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. The work will be complete in eighteen parts, published bimonthly; and will contain, in addition to 938 illustrations in the text, forty full-page inserts and three plans of the Eternal City. Cardinal Gibbons contributes to Part I. an interesting and laudatory preface.

—Belles-lettres for the young could hardly reach them in more fitting form than in "The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth," a volume of the nursery-book order, with pictures by Lindsay D. Symington, and a talk, with tales and texts, by Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. The slight bulk of this charming collection is made up of six beautiful poems, one by each of the following authors: Francis Thompson, S. Baring-Gould, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and Wilfrid Meynell, with two by Father Tabb. The illustrations, poems, texts, tales, and talks, all show an unpretending love and reverence that seem to look beyond children to the Child. "The Children's Hour" may be had in this country of Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

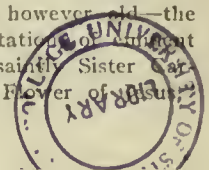
—Parents, priests, teachers, and pupils, we feel certain, will be pleased with the "Illustrated Catechism for First Communion," prepared by the Rev. Prosper Libert, S. T. B., of St. Bernard's Seminary, and issued by the John P. Smith Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y. We like this work very much ourselves, and we are not easily pleased with children's books. The text is that of the Baltimore Catechism, but Fr. Libert has adapted it to suit his purpose (which will be seen at first glance), and accompanied it with several full-page pictures. The type—various kinds are employed,—paper, and

binding leave nothing to be desired. The half-tones, however, should have been more carefully printed. There will be no fault to find with the price of this Catechism, for which there should be a general demand.

—A new edition of "The Life of Blessed Henry Suso by Himself," translated by Thomas Francis Knox, with an Introduction by Dr. Inge sketching the history of the times in which the great German mystic lived, is issued by Methuen. The work was first published by Burns & Oates in 1865.

—Reviewing the Collected Works of Francis Thompson, the *Athenæum* truly says that "his scraps of sportive verse, many of them addressed to children and young people, have an interest of their own apart from their literary merit or lack of merit. They suggest the homely, merry, everyday side of that delight in the young which the 'Poems on Children' and 'Sister Songs' attest with so astonishing an outpouring of imagery and solemn music. Occupied with children, he seems to have been roused and exhilarated, and to have shown himself a different man from what he commonly appeared to the 'grown-ups' he knew. It may be hoped," adds the reviewer, "that if there is anything left among his papers illustrating this aspect of him which could well be published, we may be allowed to have it."

—By the time one has read the forty-eight pages introductory to "The Praise of Glory,"—pages devoted to an Introduction by the Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D., approbations of the present Bishop of Dijon and his predecessor, and no fewer than six introductory letters from an archbishop, a bishop, and Benedictine, Sulpician, Jesuit, and Dominican Fathers,—one is inclined to think that this same volume, "The 'Praise of Glory': Reminiscences of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity" must be an exceptionally interesting book. Truth to say, one is disposed to discount just a little some of the perfervid Gallic eulogies with which these letters overflow. Perusal of the book itself, however, fully explains the language of panegyric applied to its subject. Elizabeth Catez, born in 1880, entered the Carmelite convent at Dijon in 1901, made her profession in 1903, and died in 1906. In her brief earthly span of twenty-six years she achieved the fullest success that can come to any one however old—the reality, as well as the reputation, of saintly holiness. Like that of her saintly Sister Carmelite, Teresa, the "Little Flower of Lisieux,"



her life was a spiritual poem with love, love, and ever greater love, for its refrain; and something of celestial melody is interwoven with the transcript of that life presented in these admirable pages. Contemporary France that gives birth to even one such soul is sounder at the core than she appears to the superficial onlooker. The book is published by R. & T. Washbourne of London, and for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—The fact that Tanqueray was assisted by two specialists in the preparation of the synopsis of his Dogmatic Theology indicates both the care bestowed on the undertaking and the importance attached to it. This compendium will be fully appreciated by earnest students and by busy priests who studied the great work of Tanqueray, as well as by others in search of concise and precise statements of theological questions. For reviewing Theology in preparation for examination the book will also be of great value. To answer a question in brief form with dogmatic completeness and correctness presupposes great care and thorough investigation. The authors of the "Brevior Synopsis Theologiæ Dogmaticæ" have done their part well; and the book, of 680 pages, neatly and durably bound, deserves a place in every clerical library. Benziger Brothers, publishers. Price, \$1.50.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

- "The Praise of Glory." \$1.25, net.  
 "The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth." 45 cts.  
 "The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord" (for little children). Grace Keon. 60 cts.  
 "Lyrics of Faith and Hope." Henry Coyle. \$1.  
 "Glimpses of Latin Europe." Rev. Thomas J. Kenny. \$1.75.  
 "A Loyal Life." Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. \$2.  
 "The Living Flame of Love." St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95.

- "A Short History of Art." Julia B. De Forest—Charles Henry Caffin. \$3.  
 "The City and the World." Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D. \$1.50.  
 "Franciscan Tertiaries." Fr. William, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.  
 "The Catholic Student's 'Aids' to the Bible." The Old Testament. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. \$1.35.  
 "Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly." \$1.25.  
 "Old Testament Rhymes." Benson—Pippett. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.  
 "Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists." Madame Cecilia. \$1.  
 "By the Blue River." I. Clarke. \$1.35.  
 "The Government of the Church in the First Century." Rev. William Moran. \$1.65.  
 "Woman in Science." H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. \$2.50, net.  
 "In Quest of the Golden Chest." George Barton. \$1.15.  
 "Alleged Socialism of the Church Fathers." Rev. John Ryan, D. D. 50 cts.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bands.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. S. Beck, of the archdiocese of Portland; and Rev. John Costello, diocese of Indianapolis.

Mother M. Catherine, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Placida and Sister M. Margaret, O. S. B.

Mr. C. G. Weld, Mr. William Schwink, Miss Mary Halenan, Mr. Joseph Uelk, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Celia Gray, Mr. William Roth, Mrs. J. P. Flynn, Mr. P. E. C. Lally, Mr. Frank Leech, Mr. Thomas Sullivan, Mr. James Duffy, Mrs. N. J. Francis, Mr. Henry Husmann, Mrs. Margaret Morrissey, Mr. James E. Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Dwyer, Mr. Thomas Hayes, Mrs. Ellen Callahan, Mr. Thomas Quigley, Mr. John H. James, Mr. Ambrose Pigott, Miss Madeline Holland, Mr. John Duffie, Miss Elizabeth Stanton, Mr. William Masterson, Mrs. Catherine Murray, Mr. Joseph Roeder, and Mr. John J. Fisher.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

### Our Contribution Box.

*"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."*

For St. Joseph's Mission, Wei-Hai-Wei:

Three friends, \$14; Mrs. J. A. T., \$1; friend (Cincinnati), \$2; Friend (Salem) \$1.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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## Watchers at Yule.

BY MARION MUIR.

FROM what strange worlds of joy and light  
Sprang that young star that guided them,—  
That glittered from the glacier's height  
To the brown desert's drifting hem?

It brings us promise of a song  
Too faint for all to understand,  
But telling those who waited long,  
His goodness shall possess the land.

A blessed boon it were to pass  
With waning of the weary year,  
And learn how Heaven's blooms surpass  
The fairest we have cherished here.

## Christmas Voices.

**I**N the beginning of the world  
God made man to His image  
and likeness. To-day the re-  
verse takes place: God takes  
to Himself the image and likeness of man.  
In order to partake of the forbidden fruit,  
the first man, imprudently weak, and  
urged on by an unfortunate ambition,  
sought to appropriate the divinity of the  
Lord, hearkening to the serpent: "You  
will be like gods." Let us acknowledge  
the wonderful goodness of God, our tender  
Father. Man in his pride wished to be  
God: God in His mercy is made man.

The Virgin brings forth Him who is to  
raise up children to God, who is to efface  
the sentence decreed after the fall, who  
is to triumph over death, and give eternal

life to those who believe in Him. The  
Mother brings forth her Son, who should  
nourish her rather than be nourished by  
her. In her mortal bosom she receives the  
immortal Guest, and in her earthly dwell-  
ing she receives the King of Heaven.

Let all anxiety cease; for Christ, our  
true security, has come. Let all weakness  
be at an end, to-day the Saviour has  
appeared. Let wars and dissensions be  
no more, for to-day the Prince of Peace  
has come down from heaven. Let all  
bitterness be removed, to-day the  
heavens shed their sweetness over the  
earth. Let death fly, for life to-day is  
given us from on high. To-day angels  
sing upon earth, archangels are glad,  
prophets are glorified, the saints are  
called, the wicked tremble, the good  
rejoice, the blind see, the deaf hear, the  
lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the  
sorrowful are made glad, the sick are  
restored to health, and the dead rise  
again. Satan alone, and all his demons  
with him, tremble, because the human  
race is restored by his defeat.

Let my lips proclaim the praises of the  
Lord, by whom all things were made, and  
who is Himself made Flesh in the midst  
of His creatures. The Word of God before  
all time, the Word made Flesh in time.  
The mysterious figures of the past are  
now realized, the oracles of the prophets  
are fulfilled, the wonders of nature are  
revealed, the torrents of graces flow afresh,  
because Jesus Christ, the Son of the living  
God, is born in Bethlehem of Juda. We  
see the bush burning without being con-  
sumed, the rod of Aaron blossoming and

bearing its fruit. We see the King of kings, the invisible bread under the form of visible bread, the heavenly food, the blessed nourishment, the bread of eternal life, the pledge of our redemption, the saving Victim whom we receive with all love into our souls. This is the bread and the food prefigured by that given to the people of Israel—the manna, having in it all that is delicious and the sweetness of every taste. This is the bread given to Elias, in the strength of which he walked forty days and forty nights, and was enabled to ascend unto the mountain of God. This is the bread with which angels are nourished, Apostles supported, martyrs strengthened, confessors sustained, virgins nurtured, and all the elect satiated. He who eateth worthily of this bread shall never die, because it is the Spirit of life, and life itself. This bread which hath come down from heaven the Virgin Mother offers us to-day.

Oh, how great the wonders our good God has wrought for our sakes! How great has been His love for us! For it is God Himself who is made man, the Creator who is made a creature. He has loved us to take us to Himself; He has humbled Himself to raise us up to Him; He has annihilated Himself to give us His power.

The Son of God is made man for the redemption of man—that from Him as man might come the price of the redemption of the human race,—that the remedy might be found where the malady had been contracted. But as man was to be delivered from corruption, the remedy and the price of redemption should be incorruptible. Mary was chosen as Mother, predestined before all creatures, filled with all grace, all virtue, all holiness, to the end that of a Mother most pure might be born the Son infinitely pure. And as in heaven the Son has a Father immortal and eternal, so on earth He has a Mother exempt from all corruption. As in heaven the Son is like the Father, so on earth the Son, according to the flesh, is like

the Mother. In heaven He is eternal and immense with the Father; on earth, like the Mother, He is in time and full of all meekness. In heaven with the Father He is supreme and eternal; on earth with the Mother, as He lies in His Crib, He appears humble and mortal. In heaven He is the image of the Father, on earth He is the Son of Mary.

Mary, the Virgin Mother, brings forth to-day the Author of grace. She is the Mother and Sovereign of the universe; she remains a virgin as she gives birth to-day to her Son. The sun begets the Sun; the creature gives birth to the Creator. She is His child and she is His Mother.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

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God is born of man in order that man may be born of God. The first nativity of Christ, the Son of God, is of God; the second is of man. Our first birth is of man, the second is of God. And because God is made man He has given us, in our birth through baptism, the spirit of adoption. In His first nativity He belongs not to human nature; by His second nativity, being man through love for us, we become through grace what we were not by nature. For God in becoming man has brought us grace, that we may be made partakers of the divine nature through the Word made Flesh. And the Son of God becomes the Son of man that He may give, as the Evangelist St. John says, 'to as many as receive Him the power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His name; who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.'

But if the only-begotten Son, born of the Father by a birth eternal, had not in His infinite goodness undergone a second nativity for the sanctification of humanity, man, conceived in iniquity, would never have been delivered from the chains of his first nativity. Now, because, according to the words of St. John, "the Son of God hath appeared that He might destroy the works of the devil," He who had



no beginning in His first nativity, because of the same nature and eternal life as the Father, took in time, from a Virgin, the beginning of a second nativity. Thus the living Word of God, His eternal life with the Father remaining unchanged, is born according to the flesh, in order to die for the good of mortals. For if the God of truth and life eternal had not become true man, He could not have suffered death; and if the same Man who suffered death were not true God and life eternal, He could not have conquered death. He alone who is both God and man can destroy death by His own death.

ST. FULGENTIUS.

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On this day our Saviour is born; let us rejoice, for there should be no sadness where life appears. This life removes all fear and gives us the joy of a promised eternity. This day should be a day of joy to all, because Our Lord, the destroyer of sin and death, has come to deliver us. Let saints rejoice, because grace and perseverance are secured to them; let sinners rejoice, because pardon has been purchased for them; let the Gentiles be filled with confidence, for they are called to eternal life. The Son of God—in the fulness of time, which He Himself in the inscrutable designs of His infinite wisdom had determined—took human nature to reconcile man with his Creator, in order that the demon, the author of death, might be vanquished by that which he had caused.

Therefore, let men return thanks to God the Father, through His Son, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, who, in His great mercy and love for us, hath taken pity upon us, and caused us, when we were dead in sin, to be born again in Jesus Christ, that we might become in Him a new creature. Let us, then, put off the old man and his works, and, having been admitted to a participation in the generation of Jesus Christ, let us renounce the works of the flesh. Realize, O Christian, thy dignity!

ST. LEO.

God is upon earth; God converses with men. He does not make known His presence by fire or thunder or burning mountain, or by wind or cloud, terrifying man by His power; but He is in the midst of them really and corporeally, speaking and conversing with them. The Divinity is in the flesh in the same manner as fire is in the heated iron, by participation. For the fire does not follow the iron, but, remaining in its place, it communicates its power to the iron; and though it communicates itself entirely, it does not thereby lose anything of its nature or strength. So, too, the Divine Word suffered no change when He took our humanity. The Word was made Flesh, but He did not leave heaven, which had been His abode, though the earth received Him to its bosom.

ST. BASIL.

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The nativity of Jesus Christ is threefold: the first is divine, from the Eternal Father; the second is human, of the Virgin Mary; the third is spiritual, by grace in the soul. His generation of the Father is from eternity and knows no end; He was born once of the Mother; He is born many times in the soul. "He who doth the will of My Father who is in heaven, he is My brother and My sister and My mother."

His nativity was gratuitous, for it was not due to our merits; it was glorious, for it was the birth of God, our Saviour; it was abundant, for He was born for all; it was fruitful, for it gives faith to the soul. The fruits of the Nativity are of a twofold nature: they refer to the present and to the future. With regard to the present time its fruits are: separation from evil and the practice of good; with regard to the future the fruits are: the hope of the resurrection and the joys of eternal glory.

The birth of Christ was useful, pure and joyful. What can be of greater utility and interest than the salvation of man? Now, He is born to save man—to remove

the terrible fear that oppressed him, to free him from prison, and to break the chains of the enemy that had held him in bondage. What could be more pure than His birth from a Virgin, since it is a God who is born, and a Virgin who has brought Him forth, and since this wonderful mystery was accomplished through the operation of the Holy Ghost? What could be more joyful than the nativity of the God-Man? Those who went before rejoiced, as Abraham, who saw the day of Christ and was glad. So, too, those who have come after; according to the words of the Apostle: "Rejoice in the Lord always." And those who were then present were filled with joy—the angels who sang around His Crib, the Shepherds who came to adore Him, but especially the happy Mother who had given Him to the world.

In His birth the Blessed Virgin has given us the Fruit which was offered in the Presentation, immolated upon the Cross, and glorified in the Resurrection; which forms the food and nourishment of the Christian soul in the Holy Eucharist, and reigns glorious and triumphant in the celestial kingdom. Hence it is that the Blessed Virgin has made heaven to rain down the Just One. She is the cloud that has given Christ; she is the earth that has germinated its Saviour.

BL. ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

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The Divine Child, He who is the splendor of heaven, lay in a Crib. A little straw formed a bed for Him to whom the earth and all it contains belong. And she who is Queen of heaven and earth is near that Crib. There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her Divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him, and holds Him, knowing Him to be her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her bosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender

care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the least in the fulfilment of any duty toward Him.

Our Heavenly Queen has her station near the Crib: let us also place ourselves there; and let it be our joy to be often near the Infant Jesus, for virtue doth go forth from Him. From the Feast of the Nativity to the Feast of the Presentation each faithful Christian soul should visit at least once a day Mary at the Crib, to adore the Infant Jesus, and meditate upon their poverty, their humility, their charity. There will be found Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, to comfort, instruct, and bless all those who visit them.

ST. BONAVENTURE.

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O Virgin most holy, obtain for me, through the merits of thy sacred and virginal maternity, the strength to resist all my enemies. Blessed art thou, O Mary, who hast borne the Lord of all things, the Creator of ages! Thou hast given birth to Him who made thee, and thou remainest a virgin for eternity. Blessed is the womb that has borne the Son of the Eternal Father; blessed are the paps that have given suck to Christ the Lord.—*Beata viscera quæ portaverunt æterni Patris Filium; beatæ ubera quæ lactaverunt Christum Dominum.* Thou art blessed amongst women, O Virgin Mary, because Jesus Christ, our God, born of thee, purchases pardon for the fault of the first man, and bestows the sweet benediction of new grace and eternal salvation. O Virgin Mother of Peace, as the birth of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, put an end to the frightful gloom that had o'erspread the earth, and gave universal joy, so let it be for me the beginning of a pious life, a salutary continence, the destruction of all false sadness, the spiritual birth of joy, and the love of my heavenly home. Holy Mother of God, come to my aid; intercede for me with thy Son, who is now born. Amen.

ST. ANSELM.



## Caught in a Blizzard.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

A WINTRY sky shut down nearer and nearer upon a wintry earth. A cold wind, with a strong indication of snow in it, began to blow directly out of the north. In the small frame schoolhouse, huddled low upon the wide face of the prairie—apparently the only human habitation within miles,—the change in the weather went unobserved.

It was the day before Christmas. The room was gay with paper lanterns, paper flowers, sheaves of cornstalks, and the faces of happy children; and all this brightness was of Mary Murray's making,—worth to her every moment she had spent in planning, and every penny she had put into it. For once in their uneventful, unbeautiful lives, these children knew something of what a real Christmas meant. Mary Murray was showing them.

Suddenly the room turned dark. Mary glanced up from the story she had been reading—a Christmas story—to note that the color had faded from the bright decorations, and that the children's faces, in the back part of the room, could hardly be seen, while the snow was beating fiercely against the window-panes. It was just two o'clock.

"There is going to be a bad storm, children," she said, closing her book, "and you must get home as soon as you can. School is dismissed."

She assisted the little ones into their wraps, and hurried the big ones. In a moment they were all gone, taking almost as many different directions across the wide expanse of prairie as there were children; each one of them carrying, in spite of her insistence on haste, the promised bit of Christmas decoration—a Chinese lantern, a string of paper flowers, or a strip of black cat-and-witch

silhouettes,—all to be treasured for years as the chief ornaments of lonely prairie cabins.

The children safely on their way home, Mary no longer thought of the dangers that surrounded her; although she stood long at the open door of the schoolhouse looking after the departing children. "Poor little children!" she thought; "dear, dear little children!" How much, after all, these children meant to her! Wouldn't they laugh at her "back East," if they only knew the truth—that she, Dr. John Murray's proud Mary, was exiling herself in the wilds of a Western prairie because she could not bring herself to break away from the clinging hold of fourteen stupid school-children?

How many things those children knew that were not nice, and what parentage they came from! What offences must not these men have committed, to choose this spot of dreary waste out of all the fertile country open to them! A man to do such a thing had certainly fallen very low in his estate; and from such were these children bred. Their speech, their thought, their ways of life showed it. And yet an angel in every one of them glimpsed, oftenest when least expected. How eagerly they took in the good she fed them! And how she loved ministering to them, and all the more because its hardships were so many!

She sighed and smiled, shut the door in the face of the wind, and went to fetch her hat and coat. Before she left the schoolhouse, however, she read Tom's letter again; it would be easier to do it now than at her boarding place, at the Leonards'. Between Mother Leonard's understanding so well and Father Leonard's understanding so little, she could hardly find time in which to consider her strictly personal affairs.

Tom's letter was short,—the shortest of the many short ones she had been getting from him during the past year. It was the final break between her and this really generous but headstrong

brother—between her and everything that stood in her mind for “home” and “back East,”—and kept Prairie Creek in its proper relation as a merely temporary expedient. So she read the letter again in the cold schoolroom, the gray light of evening over everything, and wind-driven snow sifting through the rickety walls of the shaking building. The missive ran as follows:

DEAR SIS:—Judge Sommers has consented at last, and Margaret and I are to be married this evening. Life has been a good deal like a scenic railway with us lately,—all jolts and jars. But, thank goodness, that is now all over with, and I am happy as a bird!

Yours,

TOM.

That was all. But it was quite enough to pass judgment on Tom. And yet there was a remnant of sentiment still in her heart that defended him. Tom no longer thought of her,—that was evident. But if he had turned selfish, and considered nothing outside of his own happiness, what had brought about the change?

Ever since their father's death, she had been in the West seeking health; and, finding an opportunity for usefulness, had remained to work and to earn her own livelihood. She had never told him all the truth about herself,—how the doctor had forbidden her teaching in town, and had sent her to the prairie to teach, if she must work at all. She remembered everything she had ever written Tom about Prairie Creek, and contrasted it miserably with things as they really were, as she locked the school-house door and went to the nearby shed that housed her shivering pony.

Prairie Creek! At first it meant only that highly important fifty dollars a month that she could share with Tom, almost no expenses, and the certainty of recovered health. Tom would not have consented to this sacrifice, had he known; but she took good care he never knew. “You must take,” she had written, “what father left and go right on, just

as he wished you to do. His heart was set on the completion of your course at Harvard,—you know it was. Every Murray for three generations has been a Harvard man.” Then she had written him a wonderful story of the golden West, where one had only to reach out a hand and money dropped into it, like ripened fruit from a wind-shaken tree.

And Tom had believed. He took the modest fortune his father left and with it finished his last year in school, later securing a partnership in Judge Sommers' New York office; and he had found the monthly draft for thirty dollars that Mary had sent very helpful to him. The lonely first year at Prairie Creek had grown into three without any change—not even a vacation. Now Tom had passed out of her life forever, without so much as a thought of good-bye, or a word of thanks for her years of unwavering loyalty. Her musings were in keeping with her surroundings—gray and desolate.

Leading the little pony—which had already been saddled by one of the older schoolboys—into the open, she mounted him as best she could in the storm's violence, and, with a tight hand on the bridle rein, headed him straight into the teeth of the wind, which was now blowing a gale exactly from the direction of the Leonard ranch house. The pony, glad of the chance to be moving, started off on a run, and Mary's spirits rose with the pace of the horse. The sting of the wind-driven snow on her face awakened new life in her.

After all, those first days on the prairie were funny to look back upon,—old Mrs. Fremont particularly, in the big, deserted road-house where she had first boarded; its glories had departed with the early emigrant trains. Mrs. Fremont had finally set fire to it and it was burned to the ground, thus removing the condition that compelled all teachers in “District 40” to board with her, because she paid the largest taxes in the district.

Then she had found the Leonards, to



whose ranch the pony was now taking her as fast as the storm and the rapidly drifting snow would let him. "A little house, great peace." How often Daudet's cynical phrase in "Jack" had been applied by her, in its true meaning, to the Leonards' 'prairie shack,' a rude thing of logs and lumber and mud, stuck against one of the land waves of the prairie!

Mother Leonard was the "Leonards." "Pa" Leonard did not count, except when he drove a rattling old milk wagon, as his rheumatism permitted; thus eking out the family living, with a margin too slight to name. He was a kindly, shiftless man, was "Pa" Leonard, — all the more shiftless, thought Mary, because kindly. It was Mother Leonard who made life in the shack not only possible but even comfortable. She reflected pleasantness and good cheer as persistently as the reflector of the oil lamp in the wall bracket in the kitchen of the shack at night.

What boarding the teacher meant to the Leonards no one knew quite so well as Mary. "They need me fully as much as the school does," Mary said as she rode, and was comforted,—the unspoken remainder of the thought in her mind was, "Even if Tom doesn't any more."

But concerns nearer at hand here interrupted her thoughts. The pony had stumbled against something, she did not know what; and she realized that she had been pulling hard on one rein of the bridle only, and the pony was floundering knee-deep in a snowdrift, his further progress cut off by a barbed wire fence. She could see nothing ahead of her. The snow was blinding. The air was thick with it, and seemed to be coming from every point of the compass.

A sudden fear seized her, but she resisted it with all the power of her mind. She was lost—there could be no doubt of that,—and in a blizzard. She had often heard of the awful toll of human life taken by these storms. It was growing colder; the snow was coming to be like

fine hail, and the pony was trembling like a leaf. She gathered up the reins, touched him sharply with the quirk, backing him clear of the drift and away from the fence; then, leaning over, she patted him encouragingly on the shoulder, saying as she did so: "Home, Dick,—home!" The pony responded at once, lowering his head and breasting the onrush of the storm.

As long as her half-frozen fingers would permit her to do so, she patted the pony's shoulder, talking to him softly as she did so. The wind came with a rush, first from one quarter and then from another; swirling about them like a maelstrom, until both girl and pony were as white as the snow-laden air through which they were fighting their way.

At times the wind seemed to gather force underneath the very body of the pinto, and fairly lift him off his feet; but he bravely struggled on, and as long as he did this Mary did not give up hope. By and by, she ceased talking to the pony; she didn't seem to feel the cold any longer, and an overpowering desire to sleep took possession of her. She seemed to have been riding for hours and hours; and then the pony stopped, and she drifted off into unconsciousness, and knew no more until she opened her eyes in the kitchen of the Leonard ranch house, and saw bending over her the kind but strangely agitated face of Mrs. Leonard.

"Tom! I heard Tom! I am sure I heard him!" cried Mary, as she vainly tried to get to her feet.

"So you did, sis,—so you did!" said that young man, as he came from behind the rocking-chair into which they had put Mary when they brought her in from out of the blizzard. "It won't frighten you to see me now; will it, sis?" And Tom picked up Mary, blankets and all, and hugged her to his heart.

With Tom came some one else from behind the chair, and hugged them both, and laughed and cried, and kissed Mary and Tom and Mrs. Leonard, and even

"Pa" Leonard, to that gentleman's unspeakable astonishment.

"It's Margaret!" said Mary, with that acceptance of a strange fact without astonishment common to those who have come through some terrible crisis, either of illness or sorrow.

A rancher whom Tom and his bride had met at Prairie Creek station consented to drive them to the Leonards' place, to surprise Mary. They found the pony, himself looking like a snowdrift, standing patiently before the stable door. Their call had brought stout-hearted Mrs. Leonard running through the snow and storm. And it was she who had taken in the situation at a glance; and, in less time than it takes to tell about it, had found Mary lying at the feet of the pony, where she had fallen when she slipped from the saddle as her numbed hands loosened their hold upon the pommel to which she had been clinging so long.

The rest—it began with Mrs. Leonard setting to work, then and there, to cook the Christmas dinner intended for the morrow; while Mary smiled weakly but cheerfully from the depth of the rocking-chair, with Tom holding her hand on one side, and Margaret sitting very close to her on the other side, telling her what a "sister's love and loyalty meant to Tom during the past few years."

"It is a strange, sad story I have to tell, Mary; and yet I think you ought to know. Tom married me simply to make a home for you."

"Come, now, Margaret!" protested Tom, grinning.

"Worse than that: his only thought on our wedding trip was how fast he could get West to see another girl. My heart was nearly broken."

"Fairy!" said Tom, reaching around and pinching her cheek fondly. "She planned as much as I did, and is just as crazy about your coming back with us as I am, Mary. You'll forget about all this when you get back to New York. Honest, now, how could you ever do it?

You used to be painfully truthful when we were children together at home, but you have done nothing but lie to me for the three years just passed. At that I had sense enough to question some things you told me. I never dreamed anything, however, like Prairie Creek. O Mary—"

Whatever Tom's comments on Prairie Creek were going to be, Mother Leonard's Christmas dinner was beyond reproach. There was chicken, roasted to a delightful brown, plum pudding and pie, and all the other good things that usually go to the making of the ordinary Christmas dinner; and, better still, there was "great peace in the little house" that day,—a peace that was never lost, to those who felt it, in all the long years that followed.

And when Mary and Tom returned to New York, it was with the understanding that Mother Leonard and "Pa" Leonard would soon follow. And they did. Mother Leonard keeps house for all of them, and is not happy unless she is busy every moment of the day.

Now and then, when the best side of Mary is in the ascendant, and the fighting, liberty-loving blood of her ancestors is stirred, and New York gets on her nerves, "because no matter how you strive for the betterment of things, you just can't seem to accomplish anything or get anywhere," Mary wishes a wish. She would not like Tom or Margaret to suspect what it is; and she does not dare let Mother Leonard know, for she would understand only too well. If she could only go back some day to Prairie Creek, where she had seen her efforts tell for good, and where everybody was natural and open, though sometimes tumultuous, like the great, wide plains where they dwelt!

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UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.—*Thoreau*.



## A Fair Country.

BY M. R.

THE world is fair when the skylarks soar  
 With a burst of triumph song,  
 When the merle and thrush from brake and hush  
 Are singing the live day long;  
 When the daisies dance, and the violets shed  
 Their fragrance on the breeze,  
 And the scented buds of white and red  
 Break forth on the orchard trees.  
 But though fair the world God made for man  
 With wood and glen and hill,  
 His own land afar, beyond sun and star,  
 Is fairer, fairer still.

When the morning hues of pearl and rose,  
 Of jasper and amber pale,  
 Are fitly matched at the long day's close  
 When the clouds of sunset sail;  
 When the lilies tall in their robes of snow  
 Are scenting the summer air,  
 And the roses are gay in their rich array,  
 There is beauty everywhere.  
 But where angels praise in unending song,  
 One God in Persons Three,  
 Where the saints of many a nation throng,  
 There's a fairer far country.

When the bounteous earth its harvest yields,  
 And the purple heath-flowers blaze,  
 And the poppies nod in the meads and fields,  
 Where the ripe grain bends and sways;  
 When the forests old their garb of gold  
 And of flaming crimson show,  
 The hearts of the toilers, young or old,  
 A meed of rapture know.  
 But a fuller meed of joy, indeed,  
 Is theirs whose work is done,  
 Who are paid full well where the angels dwell  
 For their toil in shade and sun.

Oh, fair is the earth in its mantle white  
 Of snow upon hills and leas,  
 When the frost and rime of the winter time  
 Bejewel the shrubs and trees;  
 When the stars are bright at the dead of  
 night,  
 And bells in the bellfries ring.

And with grateful hearts all men rejoice  
 For the birth of the Saviour King.  
 But 'tis in heaven and in heaven alone,  
 Where the angels' chansons flow,  
 In the sight of God's great glorious throne  
 Men shall peace and gladness know.

## Leaves from an Old Priest's Diary.

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY.

## II.—A MEMORY OF CHRISTMAS.

DURING the middle course of his priestly life, Father O'Connell was recalled to his own diocese in Ireland (he had been lent to an English diocese, to which he finally returned), and he settled down to parish work in one of those large, thinly populated parishes which are characteristic of the South of Ireland,—lonely mountain land, little agriculture, small, unproductive fields, stone walls, few trees, and a general air of that sad melancholy which, alas! too often hangs over parts of the Isle of Saints. Indeed, I have made inquiries, and I find that his parish was some forty miles by sixteen; and that his parishioners in this wide area numbered a few thousand souls. The parish church and presbytery I know well. They lie in a desolate village, characteristically poor, but sheltered from the bleakness of the dismal winter by the long range of the Knockmealdown Mountains, amid whose lonely fastnesses cottages rise here and there and the faith of holy Ireland lives undimmed.

Among these homes much of his pastoral work lay; and many of them were, "Mass Stations," where on various days he would offer the Sacrifice of Ireland's undying devotion,—a custom, which he once told me recalled Penal Days in the tragic history of the Irish race. No Catholic could be present at the Holy Mass offered amid such scenes without finding there the most eloquent commentary on the age-long faith of the Irish people. The mystery of that faith

has bitten deep into their moral fibre. The bridge between the seen and the unseen has for them, in the providence of God, been always very short. Among such a people Father O'Connell's memory is still an inspiration.

As I knew well that he always looked back on his work in Ireland with feelings of happiness and joy, I naturally was anxious to find out if his manuscript contained any records of these days. I knew also that it is one of the best-known facts in Irish piety that the Irish race has a deep devotion to the Holy Souls, and I was naturally curious to know if Father O'Connell had set down any personal experiences in this connection. I found, to my intense satisfaction, that pages 60-150 of the old diary dealt with the subject, and contained some wonderful facts in regard to his work in the Southern Irish hills. In selecting one of these episodes I have been compelled to labor under some difficulties. First, the ink in this part of the manuscript has faded (the ink of an Irish mountain presbytery half a century ago was not good); and I have been "pulled up," as it were, several times at the most interesting places, where even a strong magnifying-glass has failed me. Again, several of the records here are marked "confidential" or "secret," and this in another ink and in a later handwriting. I could not decide if these notes were written for my guidance; but I have thought it best, wanting any adequate decision on the point, to respect the privacy. Finally, many of the events related seemed to me too overwhelming in their sacred mystery for general publication. In addition, they contain much that would be understood only by an Irish public, as well as much Gaelic which, alas! I can not read.

I have, therefore, selected the following record as one of the most legible, as making a wider appeal than several of those already referred to, and because it is headed by no warning of secrecy or

confidence. As before, I adhere largely to the manuscript, and I have reproduced the style and expressions almost exactly. The reader will notice that Father O'Connell has made no attempt to reproduce the "Irish brogue," nor have I ventured to change his manuscript in order to attempt it. I think I can account for his not doing so from one of two facts. Either he eliminated it, because he used to say that the written word could no more convey any idea of it than the stage Irishman could represent the race; or (and this seems to be the true reason) I believe that the conversations related here were carried out entirely in Gaelic, as the parish is even to-day a Gaelic-speaking one. Indeed, there is a Gaelic sermon preached in it every Sunday at the present time, and a large percentage of the confessions are made in that language. I feel that some readers may consider that the absence of the "brogue" is a defect in local coloring; but I am not a novelist, and I can only adhere to the manuscript as it lies before me.

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I was parish priest of D——, in the County of W——, at the time when the events which I now pen took place. The night was the 21st of December, 18—: the night previous to the great Christmas fair, when the farmers bought and sold, as a rule went to confession, and prepared for Christmas. I had just returned from an eighteen-mile drive in snow and frost, rendered more unpleasant by the fact that my old mare went lame seven miles from home, which I did not reach till nearly ten o'clock. A warm fire, a hearty supper, and my housekeeper's relief in seeing me safe and sound, soon put me in good cheer. I drew my chair up to the fire, finished my Breviary, and then, being tired, dropped off into a drowsy sleep,—a bad habit, which I must, God helping, avoid in future. I always recall that sleep with a kind of dread. I woke up to find it past twelve o'clock. The fire was



out; the lamp burned dim and uncertain; and, although the study was cold, and a howling snowstorm raged outside, I felt uncomfortably warm, and conscious of some inexplicable depression hanging over my mind. I tried to analyze my sleep (if I may so describe it); but I could find nothing to explain the sense of dread, or rather I should say of mystery, which seemed to have taken hold of me. I gave myself a "shake," however, crossed myself (for the devil is ever near us), lit my candle, and got ready for my bedroom, if not for bed.

In passing down the hall, I just glanced through the window to look at the storm. A faint flicker of light crossed my vision. In my mood at the moment, I started back; but I soon saw that the light came from the candle lamps of an outside car.\* It was evidently a sick call. I opened the door, and in a moment there stood on the steps Michael O'Brien, a "small farmer," who lived thirteen miles away,—almost on the most northerly boundary of my parish across the long mountain road to L——.†

"Well, Michael," I said, "what is wrong to-night? No one bad,‡ I hope?"

"Indeed, Father, my wife's got a sudden turn,—bleeding from the chest. We caught Dr. Doulan over at Maloneys—they've a baby there,—and he said to fetch you at once. I fear, Father, it's the end of all."

"Michael my boy," I answered, "step in, and God's holy will be done. I'll get ready to go with you at once."

"May His Blessed Mother haste your steps, Father! For you love us all."

I knew that I was once more face to face not only with the Angel of Death, but with another tragedy of chest disease and poverty, so terrible in our land. Michael was one of the best of my people;

\* "Outside car" is the Irish jaunting car, so called to distinguish it from an "inside car" or cab.—Ed.

† There is inserted here in red ink "*R. I. P.*" 7 July, 18—."

‡ "Bad" is colloquial for "ill" in Ireland.

but disappointment and misfortune had saddened him, and to-night the shadow of Death did not seem to add much more pain to the face prematurely old, and to the deep-sunk eyes, which looked out just a trifle wearily (to me it seemed so, but God knows each heart) for a man of six or seven and thirty.

I was soon back from the church and ready to bear to Michael's dying wife the Living Saviour, and to prepare her, if God so willed, for the last mountain road up to the home of God. Michael sat on one side of the car (the right side being toward the horse), I on the left. The horse was tired with the previous miles, and in my hurry I forgot to give Michael some good oats to mix with his poor "feed" (as we say here). The night was terrible. As we left the village behind, the north wind swept down from the passes in the mountains, and the snow fell thicker than I had seen since my boyhood. I knew we must take three hours at least. So I was well covered, and I gave Michael an extra coat. But he seemed almost careless of himself, and a trifle as though he was in a mood which comes now and again to our people: "Well it's just my luck."

"Michael," I said, at last breaking the silence, "let us say the Beads. The Infant Jesus is with us this night so near His birthday."

The hard-worked fingers touched the faded black hat as I spoke the Holy Name. Never shall I forget that Rosary. I thought of the cold journey to Bethlehem, of the first Christmas, and of the many journeys in the history of the Church of the same Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament.

"They be praying there now," whispered Michael.

I glanced across to the northwest. The Matins bell in Mount Melleray Abbey was ringing, high up on the mountain fastness. The lights were quite visible, one by one, in the chapel. It was approaching two o'clock.

"Always praying there, Michael," and we relapsed into silence as we continued to climb the mountain road.

The dreary bog land lay white on my side of the pass, but never a light except the dim rays of our candle lamps. At the top of the pass, some eight miles from home, there branches a wild bog road. It is a well-known place to measure distance by.

"Nearly through now," I said, as we reached it.

"Father O'Connell, the priest! Is that you, Father?" came out of the darkness.

A man seemed to spring out from the narrow end of the bog road, as though he had been lying in wait for us. Indeed, I could not help noticing that his coat was not covered with snow.

"Yes," I replied—"Father O'Connell. Who are you? What do you want? Where do you come from?" I spoke rather short and sharp. Those were dangerous times in Ireland, but a priest was always safe.

"You don't remember me, Father. I'm old Pat Murphy's boy. I'm just back yesterday from the States. Landed a bit sudden,—got the bills though; but the old man's taken bad. I think he's dying, Father." (The voice softened here, I thought.) "He wants you at once. Won't you come? I was trying to walk in, when I caught your hat in the candlelight."

"I don't remember you," I answered. "But I'm comparatively new to the parish. You must have gone before my time. Well, I can't come now. I'm out to O'Brien's, four or five miles off, to see his wife. However—Michael," I said, "when you're putting me home, will you mind stopping here?" (This old cart horse was to be our horse home.)

"Is it stopping, your Reverence? Why, I'd wait all night for the dying."

"All right, then. I'll be back as soon as I can. Is your father bad?"

"Father, I want you at once. Can't you come to him now?"

I did not like his impetuosity, as the Irish are charity itself; so I replied firmly:

"My boy, Mrs. O'Brien's given up by Dr. Doulan, and I must reach her first. I'll come to you with all speed, but she must be first."

"O Father," he answered, "I'll guide you now across the bog!"

I was not to be moved. Indeed, it meant an hour's walk from the road.

"Go home and wait with your father. O'Brien will bring me back. Your father can not expect me so soon. Can he?"

"No, but—"

"Why aren't you driving?"

"The horse is worn out, and the fair's to-morrow."

"All right. Comfort your father, and tell him I'm on my way."

He eased away from the car into the bog road.

"Do you know that lad?" I asked.

"No, Father, nor heard he'd got home. But there it is. I've not been out for a couple of days; and Murphy, living by himself since his woman died, would find it hard this weather to get word even to Burke's down the bog."

"He must have come in at I,—station," I said; and, angry that I spoke on any sacred mission of these things, I hurried to add, "God is merciful! He made it easier for Murphy by letting his son meet us."

"God is good, Father," and we relapsed into silence.

I reached Michael's home at three, and performed the last rites of the Church for his poor little wife. Dr. Doulan was with her. (Our Irish doctors are splendid men.) He said she could not live many hours. I need not write of that lonely home in this place,—I know it all.

Michael had yoked his cart horse to the car, and we started off at 3.30, and reached the end of the bog road in remarkably quick time. (I had broken the Sacred Species in O'Brien's cottage.)

"Michael," I said, "wait for me here in the shelter. I'll be back soon."



"Never along that bog road alone, Father! I'll tie the beast here, and I'll guide you."

"If you will." I was glad to accept the offer, as the road was dangerous at any time.

He took one of the candle lamps from the car, and we began our walk to Murphy's cottage. On and on we went in silence for a considerable time. The snow had stopped; but the wind blew a hurricane, and the night was dark as pitch.

"Do you see a light, Father? We ought to see Murphy's place soon."

"There's no light, Michael; but we're a good way off yet."

On we went, slowly and carefully,—Michael holding the light, so as to be sure of every step. At last, after more than an hour's walking, he suddenly stopped.

"Father, we're dead lost."

"Oh, no!" I answered reassuringly, but in my heart doubtfully.

"Indeed we are. Murphy's light ought to be seen now. His place faces the road. That boy'd be waiting for us."

"We must advance," I said. "If we turn off this, we'll get into the bog,"

"If you will, Father; but we're lost sure."

"Oh, no, my man! We can retrace our steps in the snow and begin again if necessary. Better go on now, for a while anyway."

We began once more to go forward, and inside a hundred yards we came right on Murphy's place, black as night.

"He's dead!" said Michael.

I did not reply. I was upset, because I feared so, too; and I blamed myself and excused myself alternately for not coming at first.

"His son's about, anyway," I said, and advanced to the door. I tried the latch: the door was locked. I was more perplexed than ever. Then (I remember now as I set down the facts) the sense of depression which I felt earlier in the night came suddenly on me. I was hot in a moment. I felt my hands tremble.

"Hammer the door, Father!"

I "hammered" the door for some time. At last I heard a movement, and finally a voice.

"Whose there?" It was Murphy himself.

I pulled myself together, for God knows I was a bit unstrung.

"Father O'Connell," I said as cheerfully and unconcernedly as I could.

"God and His Holy Mother keep you on such a night! Wait till I get a light. Burke's bad?" (Burke was a chronic consumptive.)

"Oh, middling!" I answered on the spur of the moment. "Open the door."

He opened the door in a few minutes. I could hear him raking up the fire and throwin' peat on it.

"Are you alone, Pat?"

"Alone is it, your Reverence? *Indeed* it's alone I am. Come in and warm yourself. Is old Burke bad?"

"Well, not very serious," I said. I could not see my way clear yet, and Michael sat by the fire in a dream. "I've been to Michael's too. His woman's poorly."

"Poor dear, is she real queer?"

"Very low," replied Michael, and relapsed into gloom.

Murphy now busied himself to get the kettle boiling for tea for O'Brien. The innate courtesy of the Irish race, and the fact that their clergy are out at all hours at the call of sickness or death covered my confusion and explained my presence. The kettle boiled slowly,—watched kettles always do. I decided to say nothing at present.

"Father, could I speak to you in the room a minute?" Pat whispered, as he lifted the lid to see, as he put it, "if she's coming to the boil."

"Of course, Pat." It is an Irish custom "to speak to the priest in the room." There are cows and horses and fairs and markets, and one thing and another, which we speak of "in the room."

I slipped into the little room off the kitchen with him.

"Father, I'm feared I won't be at the fair to-morrow. The horse is bad. Would

your Reverence be hearing my confession now for Christmas? I got ready before I went to bed, hoping I might get in to-morrow, but at any rate, for Christmas night."

"Certainly," I answered; and once again took place the great commerce between God and man—repentance and pardon.

It was early morning when O'Brien brought me to the presbytery. My housekeeper was up, and I handed him over to her, telling her to care for him,—to get him another horse through the altar server, and get him home as soon as possible. I had to say Mass in an hour and a half. A fire soon blazed in the study hearth. I lay down—to think.

Who was this son of Murphy's? Where did he come from? Was the thing a plot? Was it persecution? A thousand thoughts flashed across my mind. A thousand questions came. I could not explain the matter in any way. There was Murphy sound and well. There was the son asking me to come. O'Brien heard him as well as myself.

I was walking the floor when my housekeeper entered and said that O'Brien was returning. He had borrowed a horse.

"Send him here," I said.—"O'Brien," I remarked casually, "if you get a chance, ask Murphy to send his son along to see me. I'd like some news of America."

"Your Reverence, I'll do it myself,—I will. Where did the boy get to last night? Was he drunk, Father?" (This in a whisper.) "Surely he wouldn't deceive the priest, Father?"

"Oh, he got lost maybe!" I replied. Indeed, I could think of nothing. "However, when you get a chance take my message. Maybe you'll meet the postman on your way out. I hope your wife will be better, O'Brien. God bless you and her!"

"Amen to that!" and he was gone.

I went to the altar at the usual time; but (God forgive me!) I was unrecollected and distracted. My mind came sharp back to Mary O'Brien as I said the *De*

*Profundis*.\* I could not meditate or say my Breviary. My breakfast went almost untouched. At last things seemed to clear.

"There can be no doubt," I thought, "that the whole thing was the work of Satan to prevent my reaching Mary O'Brien before she died. Murphy was quite well. He never mentioned his son,—a most unlikely thing. He had no news, or he'd have told me 'in the room.' No, the Evil One had made a last fight for Mary O'Brien's soul."

I fell on my knees and thanked God and His Holy Mother that I had been firm in my sacred mission. Everything was clear to me. I fell asleep.

I was awakened at twelve o'clock by my housekeeper. She said Joseph McCabe† wanted me at once.

"Well, Joseph, did you meet O'Brien this morning? I told him to ask you to see Murphy and give him a message."

"Yes, Father. I'd a foreign letter for him, and went across the bog this morning. And, Father—" the boy was excited and deadly pale,—"Father, I've come hard the straight eight miles on the horse."

"You saw him? Thank you, my boy! You must have some food."

"O Father, Father—"

"What is it, boy?"

He touched my arm. He caught my sleeve.

"Father, Murphy's door was open. I went in—he was stone dead—in the big chair—by the hearth."

"God rest his soul! Mrs. O'Leary,"‡ I called. "Just look after Joseph."

My God, how I have once more judged Thee and Thy mysterious ways! Once more Thy hand had stretched itself out to help and save.

I opened the foreign letter. Murphy had not a relative in Ireland. It was from a banker in Montana, saying that Patrick Murphy had met with a fatal

\* Said after every Low Mass in Ireland,—a relic of Penal Days.

† The post-boy, I think.

‡ The housekeeper evidently.



accident in the mines. He had some \$2000 saved, and had left orders for the money to be sent to his father. Identification necessary, and further instructions.

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The ink is faded here for six lines or so, and the writing is very illegible. I took the MS. to an expert at the British Museum, and at last he deciphered the following words:

"Mary O'Brien pulled through and is still alive and well.—16 Aug."

There is a further page almost completely faded; but stray words told me that it consists of a few notes on "Rash Judgments."

### The Holy Thorn of Glastonbury.

BY CHRISTINE HOWE.

DEAR blossom of midwinter, meekly fair,  
That still returns with every Holy Eve  
Of Yule. Deep are the mysteries that cleave  
Unto the story of thy coming there—  
To Glastonbury, in far bygone days,  
To voice, though silently, the Child-God's  
praise.

We would not spare the legend that, in thee,  
Brings us dim visions of the Holy Land:  
Of Arimathean Joseph, in whose hand  
Didst journey safely over shore and sea  
The Sacred Grail, that none might view but  
those  
Blest few whose hearts were clean as moun-  
tain snows.

Thou and the ruins that around thee lie,  
Form the poor relics that alone remain  
Of the once world-wide venerated fane,  
Where the glad *Glorias* mounted to the sky,  
While vaulted aisles and cloisters vast and dim  
Rolled back the echoes of th' angelic hymn.

God must have homage, which, if men refuse,  
Is still His mute creation's joy to yield;  
And 'mongst the humblest flowers of the field  
He found, O happy Holy Thorn, thy use,  
For faithful service through long, faithless  
years,  
Theme all too sweet for words, too sad for  
tears.

### Her Wheel of Fortune.

BY B. D. L. F.

MADAME DE STE. BARBE was driving one day through the busy streets of Paris, when her coach collided with a country van and one of the wheels was damaged. The lady, to her annoyance, was obliged to alight; and, as in a twinkling a crowd had collected, she left the carriage in charge of her servant, preferring to continue her outing on foot.

It was a lovely morning in the June of 1788; and, although Paris did not yet possess its Champs Elysées, its Bois de Boulogne, nor its quays along the river, the air was so rife with the charms of early summer that Madame de Ste. Barbe enjoyed the situation, and resolved to explore this unfamiliar part of the capital.

In a little while she turned into the narrowest of streets, the Rue Brise-Miche, where the dingy, dilapidated houses lurched forward across the gutter; and quaint shops, dimly lighted by slanting mirrors over the window, held her fascinated by their cavernous aspect. She had walked but a little way down the road, however, when a child's piercing scream arrested her footsteps.

Madame de Ste. Barbe had some of the defects of her time: she was vain and frivolous, but she had a kind heart. Now, without pausing to reflect, she plunged into the depths of a gloomy-looking passage, and, after climbing a flight of rickety stairs, entered the room whence the cries proceeded. A single glance sufficed to enlighten her as to their cause.

The room before her was close under the roof,—a bare and dirty attic, with but scanty furniture. Madame's eyes rested on a large oaken cupboard, a relic of happier days, up which two ragged but sturdy little urchins had somehow managed to clamber. The third child, less successful, had doubtless slipped from the top; for she lay screaming on the

floor, with one arm doubled under her.

Madame de Ste. Barbe felt moved to compassion; and although, on ordinary occasions, she would have fled from the spot, picking her steps, her handkerchief applied to her dainty nostrils, yet at sight of the poor little tear-stained face all the motherly instinct to be found in the heart of every true woman rose to the surface. First lifting the boys from the dangerous cupboard, she knelt down by the side of the injured child, whose arm was evidently broken. The children were alone,—alone and in distress. She felt that she could not abandon them.

The lady had, unfortunately, no knowledge of surgery; and, although she did what she could for poor tiny Anne Renaud, she was much relieved when, a few minutes later, the children's father came home. In pursuance of her good work, she then dispatched him in all haste to the Parvis of Notre Dame, where the coachman had been told to wait for his mistress; and within an hour Anne Renaud had been lodged, at Madame's expense, in a ward of the Hôtel-Dieu hospital. Here she continued to visit the delicate child, taking her fruits and flowers; and it was Madame who sent her to a farm in the country, whence she returned, looking rosy and brown, to her delighted parents.

Thus the months passed away until the Revolution burst like a thunder-cloud over the land, striking the unsuspecting aristocratic class with murderous rapidity. The Marquis de Ste. Barbe was away with the army; but Madame continued to abide in Paris, though she lived very quietly in the Rue du Bac, watched over by her faithful servants. Here she had spent nearly three long years, when one evening, after the Christmas holidays, a loud rapping was heard at the outer gate, and Madame had barely time to slip out at the rear when the police effected an entrance.

Fortunately for her escape, the night was a dark one, while the rain falling in torrents discouraged pursuit. Fortu-

nately also, a long, hooded cloak helped to disguise both face and figure. But where should she go? Where could she hide? Her friends were in exile, some indeed in prison. There was little time for reflection; and Madame hurried on, splashing through pools, springing over gutters, paying no heed to the direction she was taking. She knew only that the police were after her; and she hastened on, despite the pain and fatigue that soon assailed her.

All of a sudden some instinct—or rather, was it not Providence?—made her stop and gaze inquiringly about her. A lantern was burning at the corner of a street. She looked up and read its name: Rue Brise-Miche. The poor lady clasped her hands in renewed hope; for, happily, she had reached the one and only place in Paris where, humanly speaking, safety was possible. This was the street where the family of her protégée lived, and she hastened into its protecting shadows.

The children were sleeping in their little cots, but Jaques Renaud and his wife sat roasting chestnuts over the fire, when the door of the attic opened softly and Madame appeared on the threshold. For a moment they stared at her in silent wonder, as, like the wraith of her former self, she advanced into the room, closing the door carefully behind her. Her sodden cloak impeded the freedom of her movements; her damp hair hung in disorder about her face; and her large eyes gleamed with unnatural brightness, looking down at them in mute and fearful supplication.

These were days when friends betrayed friends, servants their masters; and Madame de Ste. Barbe knew it. Mistaking the silence of astonishment for one of displeasure, she thought herself unwelcome, rejected, if not denounced. A low, despairing cry broke from her trembling lips; she tottered and would have fallen. Then, however, to her relief, even as she closed her eyes, strong arms



were about her exhausted form, while tender fingers unfastened her cloak and drew her to the friendly hearthrug. Gratitude is sometimes to be met with in this world, and Madame de Ste. Barbe had found it.

Jaques Renaud and his wife hid their child's benefactress in a large space that existed between the roof and the ceiling. Here the unfortunate lady remained in concealment for nearly a year, until the death of Robespierre opened the prisons of France, and put an end to her wearisome confinement. "That broken wheel," she used to say, "was my wheel of fortune."

### The Sunday's Liturgy.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

#### *December 28, Feast of the Holy Innocents.*

THE great solemnity of Christmas has come and gone. As we are concerned with the liturgy of the Sundays only in these articles, the festival itself does not come within our scope. Yet in to-day's celebration we are brought into contact with it. This is what is known as a vacant Sunday, which means that there is no special Mass arranged for it, since it is generally occupied by one or other of the feasts which surround Christmas. This year sees it appropriated by the festival in honor of the Holy Innocents—those unconscious martyrs whom Herod, in his blind hatred of the Messiah, who, as he feared, would claim his kingship and authority, slew in Bethlehem.

It is not to the purpose to inquire here whether the martyrdom of the Innocents took place on this particular day; indeed, as it happened after the visit of the Wise Men to Bethlehem, that would seem impossible, unless we accept the very probable opinion that the Wise Men did not appear in Jerusalem until the year after Our Lord's birth,—an opinion which renders more intelligible the slaying of all children under two years old. It is

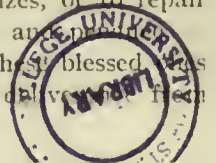
sufficient to say that for many ages this feast has been celebrated on December 28. Holy writers point out a peculiar appropriateness in its following immediately the feasts of St. Stephen and St. John. The first was a martyr both in will and deed; the second, in will but not in deed, as he was saved from the boiling oil by miracle. The Innocents were martyrs in deed but not in will:

As we might suppose, the liturgy of to-day, in spite of a note of sadness, breathes the spirit of Christmas. The Introit sings: "Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings Thou hast perfected praise, O God, because of Thy enemies!" God in His wisdom brought to nought the cruel plot of His enemy, Herod, by turning the massacre of innocent babes to His own glory. Victims of a wicked monarch's jealousy, they gained the crown of martyrdom, and flew to heaven to join the angels in praising the Almighty King. Fittingly does the psalm continue: "O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in the whole earth!"

The Collect runs thus: "O God, whose praise the martyred Innocents published this day, not by speaking but by dying, mortify in us all our vicious inclinations; that we may show forth in our actions Thy faith which we profess with our lips." The Innocents gave their testimony by dying for Christ, although they were unable to confess Him with their tongues; we, who are able to answer for the faith which is in us, are required to do more than lay down our lives silently on behalf of it. We are to confess Christ before men, if we wish Him to acknowledge us on the last day, as He has expressly told us.

For the Epistle is read a lesson from the Apocalypse which narrates the glory and blessedness of those holy and undefiled souls who "follow the Lamb." It reminds us to guard the grace of purity which God so dearly prizes, or to repair the loss of it by sorrow and penance.

The Gradual depicts the blessed souls thanking God for their deliverance from



the snares of the world and of sin. "Our soul hath been delivered, as a sparrow out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." The Alleluia verse—never sung unless the feast falls on Sunday—calls upon them to praise God. "Praise the Lord, ye children; praise ye the name of the Lord. Alleluia!"

The Gospel relates the flight into Egypt of Joseph and Mary with the Divine Child; and the subsequent massacre of the babes of Bethlehem, in the hope of slaying the "King of the Jews," whom the Wise Men had come to seek.

The Offertory verse is the repetition of the Gradual. The Communion verse compassionates the bereaved mothers of Bethlehem. "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted because they are not." Rachel is typical of Bethlehem, as her sepulchre was near it. The passage is quoted by St. Matthew from Jeremias, who saw the desolation in prophetic vision.

The festival of to-day is inseparable in our memories from the birth of the Infant Jesus. Innocent souls are the first to give themselves for His preservation, to sacrifice themselves for His glory. The Divine Babe receives thus the homage of pure and innocent childhood; in reward they are crowned by Him with the halo of martyrdom. Very early—"on the threshold of life," as the Church sings in their Office—their task was accomplished; quickly, without consciousness of pain, they closed their eyes to earth, and opened them to the unfading light of heaven. Their only fault was that they had been born in Bethlehem like Jesus. They died not merely *for* Him, but in His stead. Thus we owe to them, so to speak, all that Our Lord in after years became for us and for all men. No wonder that the Church delights to pay them honor amid the joys which attend the Saviour's birth.

### Practical Considerations on a Subject of Periodical Interest.

THE statement was made very recently in these columns, in a contributed article on "The American Catholic Novel," that the right sort of Catholic novel had not yet appeared. The writer defined what he considered the proper type of novel to be,—a story which should present in a human way the intense "mystical" element which is in the warp and woof of Catholic life; and a story which is the product of knowledge and experience, on the author's part, of the development of Catholic life in this country during the last twenty years. When such a book arrives, this essayist declares, it will be welcomed by a Catholic public, long awaiting it.

It may be conceded that the *ideal* Catholic novel for Americans—one, let us say, like Manzoni's masterpiece—has not yet made its appearance; furthermore, that our people are a novel-reading public, within certain limits. But if it be true that the perfect type of novel has not yet loomed in sight, it is true, nevertheless, that there have been some approximations to that type; and, if one is to judge of their reception by the reading public of Catholics, the outlook for even the ideal Catholic novel when it arrives is not altogether promising. We have in mind, for example, the novels of such writers as Christian Reid and Maurice Francis Egan. A typical example would be "The Silence of Sebastian," by Miss Sadlier. In the first place, the scene of this story is American, as are all the characters. It does not classify as a novel of conversion, nor as a divorce-problem novel,—two types ruled out by our essayist as of too special design to represent the wide range of normal Catholic life. It is a story whose chief interest centers around the principle of restitution, not posed as an abstraction, but worked out in the destinies of real flesh-



and-blood people. For the restitution is not of money merely: it involves the question of honor as well, and in such wise as to create strong dramatic action. Now, if our Catholic public reads, and reads novels, and is eager for the great Catholic American novel, it might, while awaiting the *pièce de résistance*, evidence these facts in the welcome it accords such novels as Miss Sadlier's. In this way our people will take a hand in forming their great story writers.

But there is another element which our essayist does not consider. It is the business side of novel-writing and novel-reading. Between the publisher and the public intervenes a third figure—the bookseller; and the Catholic bookseller is a peculiar person, peculiarly conditioned. He has in stock an abundant supply of holy-water fonts; an imposing array of more or less gaudy statues and colored lithographs for framing; any number of rosaries in gems of colored glass; several cases full of prayer-books, in upholstered bindings,—especially the First Communion prayer-book, for all of which the demand is steady, and on which he can secure good profits. He can not afford to keep a large assortment of miscellaneous publications, for which there is nothing like a general demand. He knows a thing or two,—how few of his customers are ever in search of the latest and best books, and how quickly and completely these are forgotten. He is wise in his generation,—the Catholic bookseller. Let the eloquent assistant pastor deliver an address at the convent school, and he is more apt to receive a box of cigars 'in grateful appreciation of your lovely address' than a gift like Thompson's "Collected Works." (Perhaps he *prefers* to get cigars and to buy his own books.) On one such occasion a young lady who had borrowed some volumes at the presbytery suggested a pearl paper-knife as a gift instead of "those horrid cigars." She had seen such a "lovely one" in an art store down town. Her companions, for some reason

or other, cast searching glances at her.

Catholic publishers are often blamed for their wretchedly bad business sense in not advertising more than they do; and it is pointed out that the great success of the Catholic Encyclopedia, from a financial standpoint, is largely due to its intelligent, persistent, and—to short sight—costly system of advertisement. Catholic publishers might profit by this example, but still there would be the difficulty of the bookseller. Whatever many Catholics may be "clamoring for," he knows what most Catholics buy.

The holiday season is as good a time as any for Catholic book-lovers to assert themselves. Books ought to be the holiday gift *par excellence*. Let Catholic publishers approach the bookseller from the rear, so to speak, and Catholic book-buyers from the front—the one offering the best that is going, the other demanding the best that is to be had,—and the bookseller can be trusted to mend his ways in short order.

The evening light of Christmas doubtless glowed on innumerable happy Catholic boys and girls, clasping one or other of the excellent new books which our Catholic writers are now supplying with such admirable taste and insight; and on thousands of Catholic adults who have laid aside such productions as emanated from Barclay Street in former years, and are accustoming their weary arms to the surprising lightness of weight, and their worn eyes to the good type and attractive binding, and their jaded minds to the refreshing delight of Catholic books that are creditable alike to those who write them and to the publishers thereof; though seldom noticed by the editors of literary journals, who, for reasons of their own, never discriminate against literature that is anti-Catholic. And these Catholic adults must be supremely happy in the thought that by thus showing such thorough appreciation of what they have they are hastening the day of the masterpieces,

### Notes and Remarks.

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There was one passage in the recent speech of Prime Minister Asquith at Leeds which the English people generally, and the sympathizers with the Ulster irreconcilables particularly, will do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." It runs:

If you once lay down that the individual citizen has in his own bosom a dispensing authority which entitles him to offer armed resistance to the law of the land; and, further, that the servants of the State—be they soldiers or police, be they officers or men—may discriminate at will between the binding force of the various orders which from time to time they receive from those above them,—I say, and I say it with all solemnity, once you accept such a doctrine as that, do not be blind enough to suppose that its application will be confined to a particular case.

In other words, if soldiers or police, officers or men, be justified in refusing to obey orders concerning matters in Ulster, they may later on deem themselves equally justified in refusing to carry out legitimate orders given as to the suppression of Socialistic riots, anarchical strikes, or other practical revolutions against organized society.

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There is, very naturally, consternation in Anglican camps on both sides of the Atlantic over an open letter from the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Bishop of St. Albans, pointing out that, at the recent conference at Kikuyu between Anglican and Nonconformist missionary societies, steps were taken for the establishment of a new, united Protestant church of East Africa and Uganda. The Bishop writes in part:

Meanwhile, pending the formation of this new church, the two bishops and the heads of four Protestant missionary societies have pledged themselves—(a) to recognize common membership between federated churches; (b) to establish a common form of church organization; (c) to admit to any pulpit a preacher recognized by his own church; (d) to admit to Communion a recognized member of any other church;

(e) to draw up and follow common courses of instruction both for candidates for baptism and candidates for ordination. And, as a pledge of good faith, and with every appearance of heartfelt joy and gratitude, the Bishop of Mombasa celebrated the Holy Communion on the last evening of the conference in a Presbyterian church, and admitted to Communion as many of the delegates of Protestant societies as cared to present themselves. I venture to say that there has not been a conference of such importance to the life of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* since the Reformation; for it has brought us to the parting of the ways that we have so long dreaded and sought to avoid.

Appealing to the Archbishop of Canterbury for light and leading, the Bishop says:

In the darkness of our days, the one only rule that serves is to do His will and guard His flock until the *Ecclesia Anglicana* find her mind and her voice, and tell us for what it is she came into the world. If she have need of us to Catholicize the heathen world for Christ, I am at her service now as always. But if to Protestantize the world and modernize the Faith be the works that she officially undertakes, I, for my part, have no longer place or lot within her borders. Let the *Ecclesia Anglicana* declare herself, that we may know our fate. I, therefore, beg you, my lord, and with you all the bishops of the Province, to join me in my request made to our Metropolitan, that the matter of the Kikuyu Conference be heard and judged in our Provincial Court, before him and his comprovincial bishops, according to Catholic precedent.

It is safe to assert that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* will not declare herself. However, the Bishop's letter is sure to set many of her members thinking, and, please God, will make them realize that they are dwelling in a City of Confusion.

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The following paragraph from *Rome* gives an adequate explanation of Pontifical action which may have impressed some Catholics as being rather inconsistent:

One of the most curious and unexpected features of the present pontificate is the ubiquity in it of politics. When his Holiness Pius X. succeeded Leo XIII. ten years ago, everybody admitted that he was to be a non-political Pope, and he said so himself in his first Encyclical. Providence has ordained it otherwise. France greeted his accession by a fury of anticlerical politics, which directly in-



volved the constitution of the Church and the rights of the Holy See; Portugal followed in the same direction a few years afterward; great socio-political questions arose among the Catholics of Germany, which imperatively demanded the intervention of the Pontiff; the friendship between Spain and the Holy See was for a time threatened by the excessive claims of the Government; even a marriage law like the *Ne Temere* raised a wholly unjustifiable political storm in various countries; the Roman Question has made its existence felt more than once without any action on the part of the Pontiff; the spiritual liberty of the Pontiff has been wantonly assailed in such incidents as the refusal of the Government to accept the appointment of the Archbishop of Genoa; the growth of Socialism has rendered necessary the suspension of the *Non Expedit*; and so on. It would be very easy to show that Pius X. has been reluctantly forced into this stormy sea of politics by the frowardness of politicians.

The death of Cardinal Rampolla, following so soon upon that of the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Oreglia, will probably suggest to many minds the thought that yet another Prince of the Church will speedily be called away. There is an old saying that Cardinals die in ternaries, and there have undoubtedly been a number of coincidences in which three cardinalitial deaths have occurred at brief intervals one from another. The former Papal Secretary of State who has just laid down life's burden at the Biblical age-limit of threescore and ten has loomed large in the ken of the whole ecclesiastical world, and in that of the European politico-religious world as well. Born in Polizzi, in the Sicilian diocese of Cafalu, Cardinal Rampolla completed his studies at Capranica College at Rome, took Holy Orders, and studied diplomacy in the College of Ecclesiastical Nobles. He was later appointed councillor to the Papal Nunciature at Madrid; but, after two years in that city, was called back to Rome, and in 1877 was made Secretary of the Propaganda for Eastern Affairs and for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He was consecrated titular Archbishop of Heraclea in 1865, and returned

to Madrid as Nuncio; but was soon made Cardinal and appointed to the Papal Secretaryship of State under Leo XIII. Throughout his life his motto was, "We must serve only the Holy See and the Church." And his adequate eulogy is Pope Pius X.'s comment on learning of his decease: "Cardinal Rampolla was one of the greatest men in the Church. He had become even greater after he retired from State affairs."

To say, as so many of the secular papers have said, that "he had aspired to the Papacy ever since he was made a Cardinal," is almost a calumny. Those who knew him best were always in admiration of his humility.

Catholic publicists have long been dinning it into the ear of the public that the influence of religion brought practically to bear upon the labor problems of the day offers the only hope of their ultimate solution. Some idea of how this may be accomplished is to be gathered from an article contributed by Father Lucian Johnston to the current issue of *Truth*. Writing of the Medieval guilds, he says:

Now, the guild, in spite of being a mode of industry, was essentially religious. Whether distinctly religious or frith or merchant or craft guilds, all bore the stamp of religion. Each had its patron saint, supposed to have practised when alive its particular branch of trade, and whose feast-day was celebrated with processions, Mass, etc. Each had its banner, altar or chapel in the church, where Masses were offered up for living and deceased members. The observance of Sunday and holydays was obligatory on all members, the non-observance punishable by some penalty. Indirectly, the guild also showed its religious character by its spirit of Christian charity. Not only were the widows and children of deceased members looked after, not to mention the care of the sick and impoverished living, but outside poor as well. Hence quite a number of hospitals and other like institutions were the outcome of guild generosity. Hamburg, for instance, could boast of over one hundred of such benevolent associations of tradesmen.

And we may add in passing that this charity

was not the personal, unregulated and unwise charity so glibly and so heedlessly stigmatized as Medieval by the modern conceited sociologist, as ignorant of history as he is of psychology. For example, take the statutes of the German mining guilds, and they prove beyond any question that no labor organization can better help the laborer, or elevate higher his position, or maintain fairer relations between employer and employees than did these same mining guilds long ago in the "Dark Ages." The statutes show a remarkable care for, and protection of, the laborer. Hygienic conditions in the mines, ventilation of the pits, precaution against accident, bathing houses, time of labor (eight hours daily, sometimes less), supply of the necessities of life at fair prices, scale of wages, care of sick and disabled—no detail is lost sight of. But the point is that all this was inspired by religion. Other influences—self-interest, of course—operated. But it was to the spirit of religion, permeating the guilds through and through, to which the ultimate appeal was invariably made.

Thus, with Labor as with Literature, Art, and many other life-interests, not excepting Science, our modern day may go back to the ages called dark and borrow light.

The proposal to erect a monument—a stone at his grave—to the memory of the late Canon Sheehan may be expected to interest all American readers and lovers of the creator of "Daddy Dan." The project is being forwarded by an association established for that special purpose. It is customary to quote, in connection with the rearing of monuments, the words of an American sage to the effect that no man who needs a monument to keep his name alive should have one. The dictum embodies only a half truth. The idea of such a memorial as that proposed for Canon Sheehan is not to insure him an immortality: he himself has, from that point of view, erected one more lasting than bronze. Rather, the idea is that the living give in this way an expression of their love and admiration; and that desire is not to be gainsaid even by a New England seer. The only question that may be raised is whether the proposed memorial in stone

is the mode of commemoration fittest for the deceased author and parish priest. Our own choice would have been something in the nature of a permanent charity,—a hospital bed, for example, or a university scholarship, or even a university chair. Be that as it may, we are happy to announce that a fund for the purpose elected is being raised, and shall gladly forward such contributions as any of our readers may wish to make. Our hope is that many American Catholics will respond.

"If the proposal to take the bones of Columbus to the Panama Exhibition materializes," says the *London Universe*, "the dead discoverer of new worlds will have achieved an unequalled post-mortem mileage. Shakespeare, who wrote about most things, had the sense and the prescience to write a curse against anybody who moved his bones; with the result that they have been left in dignified repose, and have made the sweet town of Stratford-on-the-Avon the literary Mecca of the wide, wide world. But poor Columbus has never known any rest since the day he died, which was Ascension Day, 1506. For seven years he was allowed to rest at Valladolid. That was a sort of apprenticeship; which being fully served, he was removed to the Carthusian convent of Los Cuevas, in Seville; and then, in 1536, twenty-nine years after his first interment, he was exhumed, carried across the Atlantic, and reburied in the cathedral of Santo Domingo.

"There for two and a half centuries he rested in peace, till, unhappily for its continuance, that island became the property of France; and, as it was considered most unbecoming—and quite properly so considered—that his remains should be anywhere but on the soil of Spain, he was removed and again buried in the cathedral of Santiago, although Santo Domingo claims that a piece of the skull and a few bones were left in the



cathedral. Once again, when Cuba was ceded to the United States, the already much-travelled Christopher, or what was left of him, set out on another journey, this time to Seville, in the cathedral of which magnificent city his weary bones now rest. Is it thinkable that the removal of them to Panama can add one jot or tittle to the glory of that great accomplished fact? We trow not! May he rest in peace!" In this ejaculation all but the unthinking and the unloving will heartily join.

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A wide circle of friends and acquaintances will learn with regret of the death, on the 19th inst., of Major Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit. He had a long connection with Catholic literature, beginning with *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, to which he was a regular contributor. After his retirement from the army, he devoted himself to the law, but found time to write and translate numerous important books, including a *Life of his famous father and Balme's "Civilization in Europe."* But Major Brownson's greatest service to religion and literature, a service which only he could adequately have rendered, was the editing and publishing of the works of Orestes A. Brownson in twenty volumes. Latterly his health did not permit of his engaging in regular professional or literary work, but he remained an occasional contributor to Catholic periodicals. THE AVE MARIA is indebted to him for a number of valuable articles. Major Brownson was amongst the foremost scholars of the United States. The distinguished Dr. Marshall once said: "Orestes Brownson was the most learned old man I have ever known, but his son Henry is the most learned young man or old man I know of." He was no less remarkable for his modesty, however, than for his learning; and no less conspicuous for piety in private life than for bravery on the field of battle.

"A man severe he was and stern to

view," but under that unwinning exterior beat a loyal and affectionate heart. Something there was so simple and direct about him that only those who were willing to make allowance for his few defects could thoroughly appreciate his many virtues. R. I. P.

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Considering how generally the incident was discussed at the time of its occurrence, it is somewhat singular that in the press notices of the late Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch, daughter of Gen. William T. Sherman, there was no mention of her refusal to dance a round dance with the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. of England, on the occasion, years ago, of his visit to the United States. The refusal was made in the most ladylike manner of course, Miss Sherman declaring simply that round dances were forbidden by her Church. The Prince was no less edified than surprised. He complimented Miss Sherman on her dutifulness, and afterward referred to her action as worthy of the daughter of a great military commander. Like her mother, Mrs. Fitch was devotedly attached to her religion, and all through her life never permitted anything to interfere with the practice of it.

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The need of constant and systematic teaching of Catechism is happily met in New York by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which conducts a Normal Training School for Catechists. "The aim of these classes is to instruct young men and women in the elements of pedagogy for the proper teaching of the Catechism in Sunday-schools. Working under the auspices of the Confraternity, the School tries to promote in every way the most efficient teaching of the Catechism." Not the least advantage of this work is the aid given to such foreign-speaking parishes as must look outside themselves for English-speaking teachers. Only in this way, it seems to us, can proselytism be successfully opposed.



### The Infant King.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

TELL us where, O King of Heaven,  
Is Thy palace fair?  
Little King, we fain would seek Thee  
And adore Thee there.  
Oh, "No room, no room for Jesus!"  
Thus the cold world said;  
For a home it gave a stable,  
Straw for Jesus' bed.  
Blind and cold, it paid no homage  
And no welcome gave  
To the little King of Heaven,  
Come the world to save.  
But the heavenly Dove, Babe Jesus,  
Found a soft, warm nest  
Folded in the arms of Mary,  
Pillowed on her breast.  
And a court the King was holding  
In that cavern bare;  
Mary, Joseph, and the Shepherds  
Were the courtiers there.  
From the Crib a Voice is calling,  
Gentle, loving, sweet;  
Little children, humbly heeding,  
Worship at His feet;  
Grieving that He had no welcome,  
Loving homage bring,—  
Loving little hearts they offer  
To their Infant King.

IN sunny Spain the Blessed Virgin has always been highly honored. At Christmas especially the people delight to pay homage to the Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem. All her sanctuaries are beautifully decorated; and even where tiny shrines dot the slopes of the rude Sierras, flowers adorn the figures of the Mother and her Divine Child, while travelling musicians pause before them to play and sing quaint songs.

### A Cloud with a Silver Lining.

BY AUNT ANNA.

#### II.

MEANWHILE Mr. Austen spent a considerable portion of his time behind the folding-door, which was obscured by a curtain; and the things that he was doing there were truly wonderful to see. He was making, with gilt and transparent paper dexterously touched with paint, the most beautiful stars, and angels with outspread wings. He was gilding walnuts and almonds, or carving them with his penknife into dainty baskets. He manufactured the quaintest toys, little and big, and contrived a variety of unusual decorations for that tree which was to be the grandest ever seen. He gave certain instructions to Mrs. Wallace, which she conveyed to the cook, with the result that that delighted domestic produced, from foreign receipts, numbers of little cakes stuck full of nuts, tinted in many colors, and fashioned into divers shapes, all of which were to figure in the branches of the tree.

At night, after the children were in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were admitted into that workshop, and it is needless to say they thoroughly enjoyed themselves there. Nor did Mr. Austen disdain to lend his services in the cleansing of currants and the stoning of raisins; for it was before the era of seedless raisins and ready-cleaned currants. He did both with skill and expedition, instructing the children (who would not have lost their share in the Christmas cooking for anything) in the best methods. Also he amused them by cutting the citron and candied peel into quaint shapes, which gave a new interest to that commonplace employment. There was a special room



adjoining the kitchen, where all such preparations were made, so as not to interfere with Mrs. Wallace and the cook, whose combined skill fashioned all these materials and many others into the most excellent of plum puddings, mince-pies, and fruit cakes. The indefatigable Mr. Austen went further, and not only worked himself, but initiated the children into the art of icing the fruit cakes in all sorts of dainty and delicate patterns. Fruit, flowers, leaves, moons and stars, and even tiny figures with fairylike tracery, were made to surmount the rich almond icing. This ornamentation hardened into a thing of beauty, which would be permanent until the knife was applied thereto.

Another thing that was left very much to the children that year, since they were under the skilful superintendence of this thrice-useful guest, was the baskets for the poor, into which all manner of good things, substantial and otherwise, were packed. It was one of the joys of Christmas Eve when a capacious vehicle, into which all the children could be crammed, came round to the door to receive them and the portion of the poor. Then there was a visitation from street to street and from house to house, playing the part of Santa Claus. Mr. Austen was deputed to take charge of the expedition; and many were the sly jokes he played as, at the various dwellings of the indigent, little faces appeared at door or window with excited whisperings that Santa Claus had come.

And so wore away those busy, happy days, which seemed fuller and merrier that year than ever before. Those days of the Christmastide are, indeed, like no others in all the round year. After them, the year wanes and dies, as if it had exhausted itself in that one supreme effort of fun and jollity, which have their basis in good feeling no less than good cheer. Christians, and particularly Catholics, are made the happier by that deep abiding sense of the meaning of it all,

and the hope that springs eternal of happy Christmases to come in a land where there will be joy unending.

Christmas Eve arrived at last; and Mrs. Wallace, resting from her labors, declared to her assembled household, as to Mr. Austen himself, that she did not know what on earth she should have done without him. The children, too, from John to the baby boy, hearing this, became enthusiastic in his praise; for they felt that he seemed possessed by the very spirit of Christmas, and had thought of all kinds of things that no one had ever thought of before. Besides all that he was doing in the house, he had found time to go out almost every day, either with Mrs. Wallace, if she needed his escort, or with different relays of the children. Even upon that busy Christmas Eve he had prevailed upon Mrs. Wallace to allow him to take Charles out to see the shops. She had remonstrated, representing the trouble it would give him. But he had assured her so warmly and sincerely that nothing would give him greater pleasure, that she had yielded. So into the crowded streets he had plunged, putting the little girls to the charge of Agnes and Mary; and mounting Charles on his shoulder, much to the latter's delight; for from that post of vantage he could see all the shop windows.

By Christmas Eve night everything had reached the tiptoe of expectation. Even the older children felt that they could not wait till the morning. Just as they were about retiring, but before any one had gone to sleep, they were thrilled by the sounding of a horn. It echoed and re-echoed through the house. It seemed to come from the very top of the house—the roof, as the children supposed,—and then from a disused room which had a mysterious window giving out upon the passage. The children were all excitement, whispering amongst themselves. Baby Charles, his eyes very wide open, was half afraid; the little girls were tremulous with delight; though the boys

had a very good notion of who was blowing the horn. For the moment they strove to give themselves up to the delusion that it might really be Santa Claus who was thus announcing his coming. To the horn had succeeded the ringing of numberless bells, tinkling like the music of a dream, or the faint, far-off music of fairyland, of which they had read in their books. Oh, it was a delicious moment, to be recalled long after when the years had sped by like shadows!

Then, when the little ones had dropped off to sleep, and all sounds within the house had ceased, save an occasional subdued whisper of the "grown-ups" still bustling about on Christmas business, the elder children, wakeful by fits and starts, heard the solemn bells ringing out the midnight, or, in one or two of the convent chapels, proclaiming Midnight Mass. "Christ is born," they seemed to say,—*"Christ is born! Rejoice, all ye children of earth and be glad!"* How the hearts of the listeners throbbed, as they remembered, with the vivid imagination and the generous warmth of youth, that at that very hour Christ had come down upon earth, renouncing His kingship for each one's sake! John called out from his bed to Frank, who slept near, some remark about the manger and the straw, and how strange it all must have been in the little Jewish city of Bethlehem. Frank answered him, awestricken and deeply impressed; and the two lay for a time longer pondering those things, until they, too, dropped off into the dreamless sleep of their age, with the selfsame wish in their minds that had been in that of all the younger ones—that it was Christmas morning.

At last it really dawned, and soon the children were all up and dressed. How alert they were that morning! And how Baby Charles prattled away to the nurse, as she dressed him, about Santa Claus, one of the few names that he could pronounce quite distinctly! All the elder children went off to Mass; and, those

who had made their First Communion, to the altar with their parents and their now beloved guest. The church was an integral part of Christmas, to their minds. They enjoyed the very smell of the Christmas greens by which it was pervaded, the unusual decorations of the altar and the Crib. The dear Crib, how they loved it from long and happy association! And how their pure, young hearts warmed to the Divine Infant who lay there, and who had made Himself thus helpless for their sakes.

The beautiful hymns sung by a choir of children sounded more "Christmassy" than ever. It was a gray morning; but just as they were all coming out of church, and the elders were saluted by a chorus of "Merry Christmas!" from friends and acquaintances, the sun came streaming out, as if anxious to join in the general rejoicing. Indeed, everyone appeared determined to look and speak and feel as cheerful as possible. Even the sad at heart and the weary and the careworn laid down their burdens and became joyful for the nonce. To the Wallace children, it seemed as if no one could be anything but cheerful on such a day. Their hearts were singing within them, and they recklessly gave cherished pennies to beggars whom they met upon the homeward way.

After breakfast, and before the older people had hurried off to High Mass, there was the distribution of presents from the stockings, at which Mr. Austen modestly stood aside, allowing papa and mamma to officiate; though, as he said, he had hung up for himself the biggest sock that he could find, and it was well filled with remembrances from everybody. Each child found in his or her stocking, or in the vicinity of the hearth, something which was particularly desired. Santa Claus, in his knowing way, had divined with wonderful sagacity just what was wanted. Baby Charles was made uproariously happy by the gift of a cartful of blocks, which he began forthwith to drive around the room; a horn and a



drum, a stout walking-stick of pink and white peppermint candy, with a number of trifles from each one of his brothers and sisters. Of course it would be impossible to detail here the gifts received by each member of the family, from the very oldest to the very youngest.

John and Frank presently observed to their sisters that it was a pity Christmas seemed to end so early in the day. But Agnes and Mary loudly protested that there were many good things yet to come; as, for instance, the Christmas dinner, and the lovely Vespers in the afternoon, to which they were going with mamma. Dinner took place as soon as the various detachments returned from Vespers. The hour had been advanced, for fear that little Charles and his youngest sister might get sleepy; though nurse had taken the precaution of putting both to sleep while the others were out.

So the shadows of the afternoon had fallen on the brightness of the day outside, and even the sunset glow had faded from the sky. But the brightness within the house was by no means diminished. Fires blazed on the drawing-room and dining-room hearths; every possible light was lit; and Mr. Austen, in his genial way, devised half a dozen means of keeping the children amused and interested. When dinner was over, the children were depressed by the conviction that the best part of Christmas was gone for another year.

While they were still in the dining-room there was a slight pause, during which Mr. Wallace had disappeared with Mr. Austen, and Mrs. Wallace had kept them talking. All at once there came the sound of tinkling bells and the blast of a horn; and Mrs. Wallace, gathering the children all about her to make sure that no one was left behind, began to go up the stairs. She had whispered a mysterious command to the smiling housemaid, who disappeared down into the kitchen, to return with the cook and the nurse, and an old woman who had

been received there on charity as one of the guests of the day.

"We must go and see what the blowing of that horn means," observed Mrs. Wallace.

"Perhaps papa wants us to say some prayers," suggested John.

"Mr. Austen said something about singing hymns," added Frank.

Curiosity and expectation were raised to the highest pitch. It was only when they got into the middle drawing-room, however, that the sharp young eyes perceived that the curtain which had hidden Mr. Austen's work was withdrawn, and that the room inside seemed illuminated. There was another blast from a horn—a veritable horn from elfland—and the ringing of many bells. Instantly the doors were drawn aside, and the children, large and small, stood in bewildered amazement. Such a blaze of glory as met their eyes,—one of those wonderful trees of which they had dreamed and read! Cries of delight broke from the astonished group, and exclamations of—

"O Mr. Austen, now we know what you were doing!"

But, indeed, it took them a considerable time to see and appreciate all his handiwork. The blazing star in the centre, the angels with outspread wings, shining with the light from behind, were the first to catch the eye. Presently, to add to the children's amazement, there stepped out a figure clad in furry robes, snow-sprinkled, and with a white beard and jovial red face. In fact, it was no other than Santa Claus himself. He shook his head from side to side, and waved his arms, motioning the children, one and all, to approach. These latter broke into various exclamations, which were echoed by the delighted servants in the background. Baby Charles at first was seriously alarmed, and hid his face in his mother's dress. This Santa Claus in the flesh seemed too formidable. Reassured by his elders, however, he was soon quite willing to receive from that outstretched hand the gifts it had to offer.

Santa Claus, rapidly detaching the

various objects from the tree, or indicating those which stood around, said to each recipient of a gift the selfsame words, in a guttural, foreign voice that sounded as if it came out of a machine:

"The Christ-Child sends you this."

At which the children nodded and smiled, and Mr. Austen gravely answered:

"Thank you, St. Nicholas!"

Nor were even the older children, then or for many days after, allowed to penetrate the mystery of Santa Claus. They finally discovered that Mr. Austen had hired for the occasion a German boy specially chosen that the foreign accent might sound more natural, and also because he was alone and friendless in the great city.

Amongst the apparently inexhaustible delights of that tree were many curious and beautiful gifts which Mr. Austen had brought from beyond the seas, and which were quite new both to the children and their elders. Altogether, that was an epoch-making Christmas, often to be recalled long after the kindly hearts that had made its joys had vanished from the scene forever. The elder children were quite remorseful when they remembered how they had been disposed to grumble at the advent of Mr. Austen. They were quite ready to echo the wish to which Baby Charles had given expression. Fixing his solemn eyes on the face of the guest, he had said:

"I would like 'ou to be here always."

"And especially every Christmas!" cried the others in chorus.

Indeed, then and there a solemn covenant was entered into that Mr. Austen should spend every Christmas in the Wallace household whenever he was in that part of the world; for he had assured his hosts, with tears in his eyes, that he could not remember when he had enjoyed a Christmas so much. Mrs. Wallace afterward took occasion to draw a moral lesson for the children, and to point out that very often even the darkest cloud has a silver lining.

(The End.)

## Little Wolff's Wooden Shoe.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.\*

**L**ITTLE Wolff was seven years old and an orphan. He lived with an old aunt who never showed the slightest affection for him, and who heaved a deep sigh of regret every time she served him a bowlful of soup. But the poor little fellow was so good-hearted that he loved the old woman, nevertheless; although he was very much afraid of her, and could never look her in the face without fear and trembling.

As all the city knew that Wolff's aunt owned the house she lived in, and had an old stocking full of savings besides, she had not dared send her nephew to the poor children's school; but she had made such a niggardly bargain with the schoolmaster whose classes little Wolff attended, that that surly pedant, annoyed at having a pupil so poorly dressed and paying so little, heaped all sort of indignities upon him for no fault of Wolff's; and even encouraged his comrades, all petted children of prosperous families, to make a butt of the orphan. The poor fellow was desperately miserable; and as Christmas came near, whenever he was free, he slunk off into a corner to weep.

The day before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all his pupils to Midnight Mass and then bring them home to their parents. As the winter was very severe that year, and as a great quantity of snow had fallen several days before, the other pupils all came wrapped up warmly, with fur caps pulled over their ears, coats doubled and trebled, knit gloves and mittens, and thick boots. But little Wolff appeared shivering in his ordinary everyday clothes — which were also his Sunday clothes, — and with nothing on his feet but woolen Strassburg stockings and heavy wooden sabots.

\* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by Roy Temple House.



His malicious comrades ridiculed his melancholy air and his awkwardness; but the orphan was so busy blowing on his fingers and so troubled by his chilblains that he paid no attention to them. So the band of youngsters, walking two and two, with the master at their head, started for the parish church, where they arrived a half hour too soon.

It was very pleasant in the church, which shone resplendent with lighted candles; and the boys, excited by the grateful heat, profited by the noise of the organ and the singing to carry on a conversation in undertones. They boasted about the Christmas Eve supper which awaited them at home. The sons of the burgomaster had seen before they left the house a monstrous goose, marked with black truffles like a leopard. At the first alderman's there was a little fir tree in a box, and from its branches hung oranges, sweetmeats, and puppets. And the notary's cook had fastened the two strings of her bonnet behind her back, which she never did except on her days of inspiration, when she was perfectly sure of succeeding with her famous Christmas pudding.

Then the pupils talked of what the Christ-Child would bring them, of what He would put in their shoes,—which all of them would, of course, be very careful to leave at the fireplace before going to bed. And the eyes of these children, lively as a handful of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of discovering in the morning little red paper sacks full of chocolates, lead soldiers laid in battalions in their boxes, menageries redolent of varnish, and magnificent jumping-jacks clad in purple and ornamented with tinsel.

Little Wolff knew well from previous experience that his avaricious old aunt would send him to bed without supper; but the simple-hearted child, conscious that he had been careful and industrious all the year, had hope that the Christ-Child would not forget him, and planned

to place his pair of sabots in the ashes just as the others would do.

When the Midnight Mass was finished, after visiting the Crib, the faithful departed, the group of boys, still two by two, following the master.

Now, under the porch, seated on a stone bench surmounted by an oval niche, a child had fallen asleep,—a child covered with a robe of white wool, and barefooted in spite of the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was clean and new; and beside him on the ground, wrapped in a bit of serge, lay a carpenter's square, a small hatchet, and a few other tools. Lighted by the cold stars, his face, with the eyes closed, wore an expression of divine gentleness; and his long, curling hair, of a rich reddish blonde, seemed to make a halo about his head. But his poor little feet, livid with the cold of the cruel December night, made one's heart ache to look at them.

The scholars, comfortably dressed and shod for the winter, passed indifferently in front of the unknown child; the older ones seemed not to see him. But little Wolff, coming out of the church behind the others, stopped full of emotion before the childish sleeper.

"Ah," said the orphan, "it's terrible! This poor little fellow goes around without shoes, in this freezing weather. But, worse than that, he hasn't a shoe or a sabot to leave out this evening when he goes to bed, for the Christ-Child to put something in it to relieve his want and misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, Wolff pulled the sabot off his right foot, set it down in front of the sleeping child; and, struggling off the best way he could—now hopping for a while, now limping along and covering his stocking with snow,—he came home to his waiting aunt.

"See here, you rascal!" the old woman cried, furious at the sight of his loss. "What did you do with your sabot, you young wretch?"

Little Wolff did not know how to lie; and, although he shook with terror at sight of the woman's face, he stammered out an account of his experience at the door of the church.

But the old miser burst into a horrid laugh.

"Ah, so you go barefooted to give shoes to beggars! So you break your pair of sabots because somebody else has none! A fine idea, I'm sure! Well, since that is the way you do it, I will put your other sabot in the fireplace to-night, and I'll guarantee that the Christ-Child will put something in it to tickle your skin in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on bread and water. We'll see whether you will give your shoes away to vagabonds the next time!"

And the wicked old creature, after having cuffed the poor child a few times, drove him into the shed where his pallet lay. Heartbroken, the boy went to bed in the dark; and, cold as he was, he soon fell asleep on his pillow, which was wet with tears.

But the next morning, when the old woman, wakened by the cold and her cough, came down into the lower room—wonder of wonders!—she saw the great fireplace filled with shining toys, bags of magnificent boubons, beautiful gifts of all kinds; and in front of this treasure, the right sabot, which her nephew had given to the little vagabond, stood by the side of the left sabot, which she had put there the evening before, intending to fill it with a handful of switches.

And as little Wolff, aroused by the cries of his aunt, was delightedly occupied with these splendid Christmas gifts, they heard bursts of loud laughter outside. The woman and the child went out to learn the cause, and found all the gossips collected about the public fountain. A very extraordinary and very amusing thing had happened. The children of all the rich families of the city, those whom their parents had planned to surprise with the most beautiful presents, had found noth-


ing but switches in their shoes. Not one had received a gift.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of the riches piled up in their fireplace, were very much frightened. But all at once the priest arrived, greatly agitated. Above the bench which stood by the door of the church, on the very spot where the night before a child dressed in a white robe, and barefooted in spite of the extreme cold, had rested his weary head, the priest had found a circle of shining gold firmly imbedded in the old stone.

And all the people crossed themselves devoutly, realizing that the beautiful sleeping child with the bundle of carpenter's tools was the Boy Jesus Himself, become for an hour what He had been when He worked in the house of His parents at Nazareth; and they bowed their heads before this miracle which God had wrought to reward the faith and charity of a child.

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### The Light of the World.

HE custom of burning lights in churches dates from very early ages. As a rule, it was only where the Blessed Sacrament was preserved that these lights were kept burning continually. At altars of the Blessed Virgin, and before holy pictures and relics of saints, they were extinguished when Mass was over. Our Lord is called the Light of the World; and His light is reflected in His Blessed Mother and His saints, as the moon and the stars reflect the light of the sun.

The lights around the Crib at Christmas are not so much to dispel darkness, or for sake of ornament, as in honor of Christ, who is our Light, in whom we hope for the eternal light of glory. When Our Lord tells us to 'walk whilst we have the light,' He means that we should love and serve Him—walk in His footsteps—all our lives.



## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The second edition of "Francis Thompson," by John Thomson, just published by Simpkin & Marshall, contains some particulars of the poet's family not included in the first edition of the book.

—Recent publications of Pierre Téqui, Paris, include "Méditations sur le Mystère de l'Agonie," and "Armelle Nicolas," the latter brochure being an interesting biography of a Breton mystic of the seventeenth century.

—We welcome the announcement of another volume—it will be the fourth—of Religious Questions of the Day, by Bishop MacDonald. The title alone of this new volume is sure to secure many readers for it—"The Holy House of Loreto: A Critical Study of Documents and Traditions."

—The Rev. Thomas S. McGrath has afforded a "Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion," a small leather-bound manual, vest-pocket size, containing in its brief compass an excellent compendium of reflections and directions, together with a selection of prayers exactly suited to the needs and temper of the American soldier and sailor. Among the matters thus briefly treated and well are: "The Vocation of a Soldier or Sailor of the United States," "Office of Commander," "Character," "Valor," "Benevolence," "Temperance and Modesty." Father Chidwick, chaplain of the ill-starred *Maine*, contributes a spirited preface. We should like, if it were possible, to see this excellent little manual officially adopted for our Catholic soldiers and sailors. Published by the author.

—The new (third) and cheaper edition of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's admirable Life of Cardinal Newman is to be preferred to the earlier issues, if only for the inclusion of a hitherto unpublished letter by him—a characteristic piece of writing,—showing that Newman never bore ill-will or felt resentment toward those who opposed him. The letter is addressed to Bishop Ullathorne, and refers to things said against the writer by Dr. W. G. Ward in the *Dublin Review*. "He has never whispered against me: he has spoken out as a man, and he had a right to do so." Men might—men did—fall from the height of Newman's respect never to rise again, but this did not make them enemies in his eyes. Mr. Ward has also corrected several errors and inaccuracies that appear in the original edition of his great biography. Each of the volumes has a portrait of Newman, the

two being the best and most interesting of those presented in the more costly issues. As we have already reviewed the work at length, we have only to welcome this cheaper edition of it. We do so cordially, hoping it will now be included in every collection of standard biographies.

—Among brochures and pamphlets recently come to our table are: "The Story of Church Extension," by the Very Rev. F. C. Kelley, D. D., published by the Society; "Why I am a Catholic" and "Advantages of Higher Education," by the Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D. (Pittsburgh C. T. S.); and "The Inconsistency of Materialists," by the Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J., a reprint by the London C. T. S. from the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. All these publications are welcome and deserving of the widest circulation.

—"God Made Man," by the Rev. P. M. Northcote (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), is a collection of theological and devotional essays on Christ. In the words of the author's preface, "It is simply a record of the thoughts of one who desires above all things to be loyal, true, and loving toward the Divine Person, who, whether as Creator or as Redeemer, did so much for man." As a volume for spiritual reading, it will appeal to very many who share the author's stated desire, and who will sympathize with the self-abasing spirit in which Father Northcote says: "Many saints have spoken about Jesus; now let a sinner speak." Scarcely less interesting than any of the book's twenty-four chapters is an appendix on "The Coming of Antichrist."

—"The Daughter of a Star," Christian Reid's new story, will be found of a different flavor from her AVE MARIA books. Though one might hesitate to say it is the best of her stories, it is, nevertheless, an admirable one, with a sound moral, which is that we ought not to make what we owe to others depend upon the manner in which they discharge their obligations to ourselves. The scenes are laid in Mexico and in London, where the heroine, a noble figure, after accepting sacrifice and hardship as her portion, wins a great victory over self, triumphs over her enemies, the most cruel of whom is her mother, and gains a deserved reward. The action of the story is unflagging, the characters are drawn convincingly, the dialogue is vivacious, and the love-interest, if not strong, is well sustained. The result is a book of real power and genuine charm,—one which we

think all discriminating readers will consider distinctly superior. If "The Daughter of a Star" is not "the best of Christian Reid's stories," it is certainly the story most attractively produced. The Devin-Adair Co.

—Two story-books for Catholic children eminently suitable for holiday gifts are "The Little Marshalls at the Lake," by Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet; and "The Fairy of the Snows," by Fr. Francis Finn, S. J. While only three of the original "seven little Marshalls" figure prominently in "The Little Marshalls at the Lake," acquaintances of that delightful family will not need to be told that Kitty and Dick and the inimitable Polly—the three in question—were quite sufficient to furnish a series of stirring incidents. Besides, there were Honor and Ben Meath and Pearl and Dolly, and a few necessary "grown-ups," all of whom helped to make the summer at the Lake an enjoyable one, and its story well worth while. Almost the only regret one feels in connection with Fr. Finn's new story is that its title may suggest the erroneous idea that the book is enjoyable only by the little folk. In reality, it is one of those juvenile books that prove fully as interesting to "grown-ups" as to young people. We read the story through at one sitting, and found it thoroughly entertaining. Both of those books are published by the Benzigers.

### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

*The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.*

*Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.*

"The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman." Wilfrid Ward. \$4.50.

"The Daughter of a Star." Christian Reid. \$1.37.

"The Little Marshalls at the Lake." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts.

"The Fairy of the Snows." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. 85 cts.

"Holy Land and Holy Writ." Rev. John Durward. \$4.

"God Made Man." Rev. P. M. Northcote. 90 cts., net.

"The Praise of Glory." \$1.25, net.

"The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth." 45 cts.

"The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord" (for little children). Grace Keon. 60 cts.

"Lyrics of Faith and Hope." Henry Coyle. \$1.

"Glimpses of Latin Europe." Rev. Thomas J. Kenny. \$1.75.

"A Loyal Life." Joseph Havens Richards, S. J. \$2.

"The Living Flame of Love." St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95.

"A Short History of Art." Julia B. De Forest—Charles Henry Caffin. \$3.

"The City and the World." Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D. \$1.50.

"Franciscan Tertiaries." Fr. William, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

"The Catholic Student's 'Aids' to the Bible." The Old Testament. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M. \$1.35.

"Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly." \$1.25.

"Old Testament Rhymes." Benson—Pippett. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

"Spiritual Gleanings for Marian Sodalists." Madame Cecilia. \$1.

### Obituary.

*Remember them that are in bonds.*—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Domingo Governo, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Maurice O'Connor, diocese of Newark; Rev. John Cooney, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Elias Vounan, C. S. P.

Sister Columba, of the Sisters of Loretto; and Mother M. Michael, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Damis Paul, Mr. Butler J. Johnston, Mrs. Mary Corcoran, Mrs. Ellen Gleeson; Major Henry F. Brownson, Mr. Andrew Roth, Mr. John Naughton, Mrs. M. Corcoran, Mr. Charles Gordon, Mrs. Mary Devereaux, Mrs. Isabella McElroy, Mr. Edward Danker, Mrs. Bridget Owens, Mr. Bernard Jostand, Mrs. Catherine Doyle, Mr. Raymond Klasck, Mrs. Elizabeth Keirnan, Mr. Alexander Knop, Mrs. John McLean, Mr. Joseph Miller, Mrs. Margaret Morrissey, Mr. Henry Orthals, Mrs. Regina M. Kelly, Mary Ann Langan, Mr. John Pestka, Miss Genevieve Sullivan, Anna Chevrax, Mrs. Margaret Johnson, Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor, Miss Frances Maher, Mr. Henry Battel, Mr. William Daly, Mrs. Margaret Heslip, Mrs. Johanna Brennan, Mrs. Marie Jerome, and Mr. George Gaynon.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)









BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

